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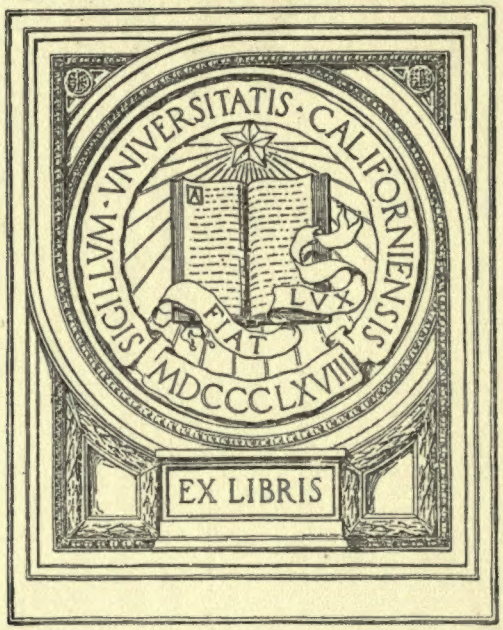

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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OUR THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterwards of years
It is a more familiar place,
A home unhurt by sigh or tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day.
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
The glad home land, not far away,
Where none are sick or poor or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and longing o'er.

—Browning.

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THE JAPANESE SCHOOL CONTROVERSY.

An article by the Rev. C. R. Brown, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, entitled "California and the Japanese," which appeared in The Congregationalist, of Boston, December 22, is receiving considerable criticism on the Pacific coast. Mr. Brown says, for instance, concerning the Japanese school question in San Francisco that "the best reason and the best conscience of the community approves strongly of the classification insisted upon by the school board."

This is inaccurate. There is a difference of opinion as to the fairness and wisdom of the ruling by the school board, and it is safe to say that as much of the best reason and the best conscience disapproves of the classification as approves of it.

Mr. Brown says in the first part of his article: "First of all there has been no exclusion whatever of the Japanese from the public schools. * * * The educational facilities provided for Japanese and Chinese in San Francisco have been in every respect equal to those offered the white children."

This is an unwarranted statement. One school for the Orientals in a great city like San Francisco cannot possibly meet the needs as the needs of the white children are met. The white children are not required to travel many miles to reach their school buildings; and some of the Orientals are so required under this ruling, there being but one school for them in the entire city. The action of the San Francisco school board amounted to practical exclusion; and it is best that there should be no tergiversation about it.

Mr. Brown's article is open to criticism further in that it states that there were ninety-three Japanese in one school in San Francisco, whereas there were only ninety-three in attendance at all the schools in the city; and these were so distributed as to give, with two exceptions, from one to six in twenty-three different schools. The exceptions were in the Pacific heights grammar school and in the Redding primary, the numbers there being nineteen and twenty-three respectively. More than half of the ninety-three were under fifteen years of age, and only twelve had reached the age of eighteen; two were twenty years old.

Distributed as these Japanese were it is impossible for the Pacific Presbyterian to see how they could in any way damage or endanger the white children. Mr. Brown, along with others, writes of what is called the physical and moral menace when the Japanese meet the children of the Aryan race in the intimacy of school life.

That there is any greater danger for our children than that to which they are subjected from association with the depraved and vile of their own race we do not believe.

All persons who are concerned about the purity and welfare of the young should read the article in the Ladies Home Journal for January, by Judge Lindsey, of the juvenile court of Denver. Mention is made there of one little girl who stated that at least fifteen boys in the school which she attended had made improper suggestions to her. The girl was of a good family, and had not done more than to laugh and jest with the boys when they talked to her in this manner. She said to Judge Lindsey that she could give the names of many other girls in the school to whom the boys said the same things, and who talked as she talked. In this girl's copy books were found written many pages of vile stuff concerning which her mother thought her ignorant.

Judge Lindsey says: "An officer once brought to me two school copy books containing some of the most improper literature that the fiendish mind of man could invent. It was discovered that one of the copy-books belonged to a thirteen-year old boy; the other to a girl of the same age. They were both children from good homes of the better class."

It was only a few days ago that a San Francisco paper contained an article from a woman who has been a missionary in Japan for many years in which was thrown down the gauntlet in the emphatic declaration that the morals of the Japanese young people were as good as the morals of the average young American. There is great need that the purity of the young be safe-guarded. But we have yet to see or hear of evidence to the effect that the children of San Francisco were endangered by the attendance in the public schools of that city of ninety-three Japanese.

As stated several weeks ago in these columns we can conceive of conditions in which segregation would be advisable; but that those conditions existed in San Francisco we do not believe. Some of our good people have allowed themselves to be led along by unreasonable clamor to a position which we believe to be inconsistent with their general attitude as Christians. Necessarily therefore, but unfortunately so, they are in alignment to some extent with that bitter element which will hearken not at all to reason on the general question of Japanese exclusion, and the mix-up is greatly to be regretted. The San Francisco Chronicle in its latest editorial speaks of "the spirit displayed by the crawling degenerates of the East who would endure anything from aliens able to buy calico rather than lose the sale of a yard of it." This abuse was drawn out by an editorial in the New York Tribune—a paper which is viewing the Japanese question in its great national and international relations. In general we have seen nothing in the Eastern papers to lead to the thought that the people of the East do not understand the conditions on the Pacific coast. But Mr. Brown, in his article, does not escape making the fling, so characteristic of some of our daily papers, that the East is ignorant as to this matter and that this is a question in which we of the coast have a little more interest than any one can have elsewhere. We do not think so. The question is a national one, and must be settled by the nation. In its settlement we of the Pacific coast may suffer more than people will suffer elsewhere, but that cannot take from the ques-

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tion any of its national import. Neither as to this question nor as to the Negro problem do we believe with Mr. Brown that "it must be settled finally by those who wear the shoe which does the pinching." It must be settled even finally, if it ever is settled, by the whole people—by the nation. The Outlook lays emphasis in a recent issue on the following words from an address by Secretary Root before the Pennsylvania Society in New York: "If any state is maintaining laws which afford opportunity and authority for practices condemned by the public sense of the whole country, or laws which through the operation of our modern system of communication and business are injurious to the interests of the whole country, that state is violating the conditions upon which alone can its power be preserved."

Writing in the January number of the American Magazine on the Negro problem Dr. Washington Gladden says that the only right and proper thing is that the North and the South should take counsel together concerning this great problem. "It is a national problem. Neither section in dealing with it can ignore or disregard the thoughts and wishes of the other section." And this of course must be the attitude as to our Oriental problems or we shall lose soon all world-wide influence. Otherwise we shall be not a nation, but merely a confederation of states.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

A Los Angeles paper figures that 11,000 buildings were constructed in that city during the year 1906 at a cost of $17,000,000.

Occidental College, Los Angeles, has fair promise of securing in a short time a gift of $100,000 for a new science hall and observatory. President Baer is expecting to get it in the East.

The housewives of British Columbia have so great difficulty in securing servants that they have begun an agitation for the removal of the $500 tax on each Chinaman entering the province.

The workingmen of the Pacific coast had more money to spend during the holiday season just passed than ever before, and it is said that they have more on deposit in the banks than heretofore.

The rain last week was without discrimination. It traveled from our Northern to our Southern border; and in promise of prosperity from the products of the soil in 1907 there is wide-spread rejoicing.

Pomona College, at Claremont, California, had an attendance of 435 students last term. There were 266 in the college classes, 112 being freshmen. This was an increase of 50 per cent for the freshman class over the previous year. The total college increase was 25 per cent; the increase in all departments was 10 per cent.

Perhaps the most unique and significant Christmas festivities on the Pacific coast were those of Bethleham Institute, Los Angeles, where the celebration was by nations on different evenings. First came the Mexicans, next the Japanese, and next the Russians. A year ago, for the first time, the Russian children in the Institute made the acquaintance of Santa Claus.

A few days ago the San Francisco Chronicle asserted that the Japanese almost invariably ruined the houses occupied by them. On the contrary a prominent fruit grower in Southern California, who has more than fifty Japanese in his employ, says that they keep the apartments which are provided for them in far better condition than any of the white people in his employ have kept them.

The Rev. Dr. Barton of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions passed through San Francisco a few days ago on his way to Japan, China, and India. Like all others who had read about the great calamity of last April and afterward had viewed the city, Dr. Barton said that he had no adequate conception of the disaster. To see the city was to come to such a realization of the calamity as could not be arrived at from reading about it.

As the new building of the First Presbyterian Church in Berkeley nears completion it presents an imposing appearance. The top of the church steeple will be 158 feet from the level of the side walk. A fine sandstone veneering will be put on the outside of the building to a height of twenty feet, and above that there will be a veneering of concrete cement. The auditorium is 75 by 90 feet, with a large gallery on three sides.

The national pure food law is in operation now. Food shipped into California from other states has to be labeled. That produced within our borders does not need to bear the labels showing whether it is pure or adulterated. A state law is the next thing needed. It should be enacted at the earliest possible date. People should be allowed to know what they are buying and eating. The national law will force the enactment of a state law in all probability. Otherwise things shipped in will be more popular than those produced and put on the market here.

It is a great water-works' enterprise which Los Angeles is considering in the Owens river project. But Los Angeles is a great city—great in that to which she has already attained and great in her expectations. Twenty-four million dollars is a big sum to raise, but the indications are that the bonds will be voted; and not only this, but that they will be bought with Los Angeles capital. The Los Angeles banks are planning to take the bonds in five million dollar amounts. It is said that there are now on deposit in the banks of that city not less than $80,000,000, and that the bankers there can readily take care of the bonds in lots of $5,000,000 each as the money may from time to time to needed. Great is Los Angeles! The present writer heard a real estate man say to a tourist the other day that Los Angeles would in a few years be the largest city in the state and would remain the largest, and the tourist, a substantial looking business man from Boston, believed it.

The Rev. G. W. Trower has resigned the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Monterey where he has labored effeciently for several years. Mr. Trower will make a visit in the East before taking charge of a church again. We quote from a testimonial by the Monterey church: "Mr. Trower is a devoted student, an attentive pastor and an excellent pulpit orator. He

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has unselfishly and uncomplainingly worked hard amid discouragements. On account of the peculiar environment of this place, there being so much of worldly nature to attract from church and hinder spiritual development, this is considered one of the very hardest fields in which to labor and build up the spiritual life, and add to the church. In spite of these hindrances Mr. Trower has labored not in vain. He has increased our church membership over 100 per cent; he has organized a growing and healthy branch Sunday-school; he has identified himself with the interests of the town, standing for civic righteousness on all occasions and questions. The Christian Endeavor societies, senior and junior, have enjoyed continued prosperity, there being great increase in the spiritual lives of the young people." The testimonial speaks highly also of Mrs. Trower as a most helpful and efficient aid in all the work of a pastorate. The resignation is to take effect on the 15th of January. It is with reluctance that the church at Monterey will part with Mr. and Mrs. Trower.

Robert Burdette, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles, spoke last Sunday evening to a congregation of 2500 people, in the new auditorium, on "A New Year Rummage Sale." He catalogued in a humorous way many of the things which accumulate in the households of our land as the weeks and months go by, things which we think we will use again sometime, and so hoard carefully in closet and attic, and then showed how things trashy and cumbersome and even injurious get put away into our lives and characters—tempers and sulks and envies and grudges and feuds. A good assortment of these accumulations were put up at auction by the preacher, but without any bidders. Finally all were invited to bring their own to a big bonfire in the closing hours of the year and to start the new year unincumbered. In the course of his remarks Mr. Burdette spoke of the woman who sulks because no attention is paid to her when she goes to church, and she was depicted as keeping herself so remote and aloof that if any one wished to say "hello" to her at church it would have to be done over a telephone; and to speak to her—it would be necessary to do it by telegram. In his reference to the selfish man, Mr. Burdette said that he was born mean and began to root early. Life, he said, isn't long enough for hate. "One year is long enough for a feud; it is too long." Mention was made of some people who had built "spite fences" on their lots, and it was said that the shadows always fell on their own grounds—and on their own lives also. Speaking of "the simple life", Mr. Burdette said: "A great part of the life before you get to the simple life is the fighting life. Life is developed by struggle—and the Christian life is a hard fight."

The Rev. William Rader says in an editorial in the San Francisco Bulletin that our country is perilously prosperous. "Prosperity has made deep inroads upon the simple, honest life of the old-fashioned American people, and no doubt there is a corresponding loss of moral muscle and strong manhood." Further, Mr. Rader declares: "The future of our country is an open question. No man can tell what the future may be. The domestic problems which face us are even more significant than foreign relationships. The character of the American people has now and will have in the future a greater bearing on the destiny of the republic than any influence from without." After a statement as to the generally prosperous condition of the masses of the people in San Francisco, Mr. Rader says: "If any criticism should be made upon us as a city it is that our courage is misdirected. It does not attack the larger things of life. * * We have courage to make money, not morals." Then Mr. Rader lets his thought reach beyond the city and says: "Money-making in America cannot stand the white light of the highest business ideals. The practical life of the people is far below their ideals. Right here Mr. Rader hits the nail on the head. "The practical life of the people is far below their ideals!" That is so to a great extent in San Francisco; it is so widely throughout the land. At the time of the earthquake and the fire many careless, indifferent, irreligious people were inclined to regard the calamity as a visitation from God on account of the wickedness of the city. People in large numbers felt that they deserved it, whether they so regarded it or not. But today life goes on in San Francisco with the large majority of people as if those impressions never had been. An awakening is needed. How shall the awakening come?

"Veni, vidi, vici," is a familiar Latin sentence—meaning "I came, I saw, I conquered." According to a Los Angeles newspaper a prominent citizen of Seattle will have to change this a little and make the English read, "I came, I saw, I was conquered." If the influence of a brief visit in our South-land on a Seattleite on a return trip from the East, is to be taken as a sample, it is evident that Seattle will have to look to her laurels and keep her citizens at home as much as possible. This one who came and saw and was conquered is reported as saying: "I am a loyal Seattle man, but there are some things you have in Los Angeles that are better than anywhere else in the world. I expected to be at home long ago, and every day I feel that I ought to start, but I cannot tear myself away. I do not like the prospect of going North just yet." When the present writer was in Seattle a few weeks ago a resident of that city remarked to him that Washington had no great interest in California, that the interests of the people there were identified with those of the East rather than with those of California and always would be. The difficulty with the man was that he didn't know what California actually was; nor had he any other than a narrow vision of the future. When this man spoke as he did he had in mind religious interests especially, though his words covered all interests and were meant to be inclusive. We of the Pacific coast ought to be interested in the East, linked with it as we have been and are, but from our Northern to our Southern border there ought to be a closer interest. From the nature of things it is demanded, and in all men of real vision and earnest purpose it will be manifest. It is only a narrowness of view, or selfishness, that can give a Seattle man a more vital interest in and connection with the East, or some section of the East, than with California.

The Los Angeles Express declares that nothing less than the hanging of the Japanese by the toes would satisfy some of the anti-Japanese agitators in San Francisco. With a desire to ascertain the sentiment as to Japanese exclusion the secretary of the

Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles has sent out a letter to the members of the Association. The secretary himself says: "We believe the gist of all of this agitation is to be found in the action of the labor union leaders at San Francisco, and that they are trying to involve the entire state in their own little controversy." And the secretary says further: "If the Japanese labor were cut off from Southern California many interests would suffer." In the days of the Sand Lot agitation Denis Kearney ended every one of his speeches with the words, "And whatever happens the Chinese must go." There are among us now persons who are saying practically, "Whatever happens the Japanese must go." No matter if local industries are greatly damaged, no matter if we do lose influence and trade in the Orient, no matter if we do transgress the laws of human brotherhood, "the Japanese must go!" But fortunately California is only a small part of this great nation, and fortunately also only a small part of our population has this deadly hostility to the Japanese. We have had some interest recently in a glance backward to the days of Kearneyism in California. Bryce, in "The American Commonwealth," says concerning Denis Kearney, out on the sand lot: "At first he had mostly vagabonds to listen to him, but one of the two great newspapers took him up. These two, the Chronicle and the Call, were in keen rivalry, and the former, seeing in this movement a chance of going ahead, filling its columns with sensational matter and increasing its sale among workingmen, went in hot and strong for the Sand Lot party. One of its reporters has been credited with dressing up Kearney's speeches into something approaching literary form, for the orator was a half educated man, with ideas chiefly gathered from the daily press." In one way and another Kearneyism became ere long quite an influence; and, says Bryce, "The Call had now followed the lead of the Chronicle, trying to outbid it for the support of the working man." We wondered when the representative of one of the leading daily papers of San Francisco called the other day, with the offer of various trinkets as an inducement to subscribe, to what length San Francisco dailies will go at this time when Japanese exclusion bids fair to become a burning question hereabouts. As a general thing nowadays daily papers do not try to mold public sentiment. They cater to it in that direction in which it is strongest. Daily papers are money making concerns, or are meant to be such. They want circulation, and trim their sails accordingly.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger condemns the parsimony of many men towards the church. Mention is made of one man with an income of $1,750 who spends $220 a year for cigars and amusements, and gives only $20 to the church.

"The Catholic Church and Higher Education" was the subject of a recent address in an Eastern city by J. J. Murphy, the editor of The Republic, a Roman Catholic paper. He is reported as saying: "In the world of finance we have not done as well as we might. In the world of thought and education we have added scarcely anything of value. It is unfortunate that so few Catholics have their names above the doors of our large mercantile establishments. But it is far worse that the history of thought and mental achievement should have been almost entirely uninfluenced by us. It is of vastly more importance to have men like Bishop Spalding, Dr. Shahan and Father Wynne than that we have multimillionaires. The latter as a rule leave a progeny devoted to automobiling and Monte Carlo. They are usually utterly spoiled. We Catholics should see that the desire for the higher education is cultivated. Our Catholic laity seem to care little for the higher side of life. Our magazines are written in great measure by priests and two of the most important of them are in charge of the clergy. There is no career in our Catholic colleges for a live, energetic man who has independence and a desire to get on. If it were not for the self-crucifying zeal of the religious orders our Catholic colleges could not exist. We Catholics need an awakening."

The Michigan Christian Advocate puts forth the following good thoughts on the subject of half fare railroad rates for ministers: "Recently there appeared again the timeworn criticism on the use of half-fare permits by clergymen. The statement was that the acceptance of a reduction in railroad fare compromises a minister's self-respect. But why a minister's and not the commercial traveler's who usually travels on two-thirds fare? Is the difference in mental attitude occasioned merely by paying a certain sum in advance? That the clergy permit is a courtesy is not denied. It is accepted as such, but it is by no means a philanthropy. The issue of these permits in the central Passenger Association during 1906 will run close to 30,000. For these one dollar each is charged. Assuming that on each permit an average of ten dollars' worth of tickets are bought—a very modest estimate—we have a total of $330,000. The actual sum probably exceeds $500,000. This is a figure held in no light estimation even by the railroads. Take away the permits and many of the trips would have to be omitted. The minister travels often on errands of mercy, or in a representative capacity though at his own charges. Double the fare he now pays and these visits would often be out of his reach. Useless is it to say the minister should receive adequate compenation for his service with a liberal allowance for errands of mercy. He has not been so dealt with in the past and probably will not be in the future. Let the minister use his permit not as the recipient of an alms, but, with the other members of his fraternity, feeling that he is paying a just return for the service rendered."

William T. Ellis, of the Philadelphia Press, writes from Japan that the newly awakened interest in the education of women affords the missionaries an opportunity for work which reaches far. "One reason why mission schools are so popular with the best Japanese families is that girls are considered safe there. This is far from being the case when the daughters are sent to some of the big schools in Tokio. Whatever the cost, however, many Japanese parents feel that their daughters must be educated, for only thus can they hope to obtain educated husbands. The mission schools, I have found, keep home life to the fore as the great goal of education. To that end they teach, in addition to the customary branches of higher education, domestic science, Japanese etiquette and the finishing touches that go to make up the accomplish-

ments of a native lady. It was noticeable, too, that these schools paid particular heed to the ventilation of sleeping apartments; the ordinary Japanese inn and home are open to every breeze that blows during the daytime, but at night they are made air-tight." It is said that the graduates of the mission schools are desired as wives, first of all by the Japanese preachers and Christians. An increasing number of educated men, not Christians, are selecting mission school wives, although the teachers rather discourage the girls from marrying any but Christian men. Mr. Ellis tells of the great service the missionaries were in the time of famine last year, and says that if anything was needed to strengthen the respect of the Japanese for the Christian religion it came in the famine relief work that was done by the missionaries. It was that committee of seven missionaries which "not only touched the heart of Christendom with Japan's plea, but even stirred the Japanese themselves, as the latter avow," the Japanese not being really awake to the seriousness of the situation until the missionaries began to act.

It is announced, says the Boston Transcript, that an effort will be made at the forthcoming general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church to come to an understanding with the old Catholics concerning jurisdiction in this country. "The Episcopal Church contains a considerable element that professes abhorrence of what it technically calls 'altar against altar.' That is, there is the branch of the Holy Catholic Church in America, viz: the Anglican. There is the other branch, the Roman. Two are bad enough in the same field, assert this element, but the introduction of a third is to be prevented at all hazards. Some years ago a large number of Polish Catholics separated from the Roman communion and established headquarters in Chicago, with Bishop Kozlowsky at their head. There are congregations in many principal cities and they are growing in strength. Recently another former Roman Catholic element in this country has set up for itself. It is composed of the Bohemian and other Slavic peoples from southeastern Europe. What is called a National Catholic Diocese of America has been formed, and a former Roman Catholic priest has been consecrated bishop of it. Granting holy orders for these bishops, Polish and Slavic, is the Old Catholic Church, formed in Central Europe soon after papal infallibility was proclaimed at Rome. This Old Catholic Church has been exceedingly hospitable to Anglicans, and has frequently invited bishops both of England and America to sit in councils with its clergy. Strict Episcopalians in this country deprecate Old Catholic intervention here to the extent of setting up new dioceses for their foreign peoples, and assert that an understanding ought to be had, by which they are assimilated and recognized as a part of the Anglican communion, represented in America by the Episcopal Church. The matter was up in the last Episcopal General Convention and received some attention. Since then the situation has grown more grave by the increase of the Old Catholic activity and the larger numbers leaving the Roman communion after their arrival here."

Writing concerning the recently organized Presbyterian Brotherhood, the editor of the Westminister says: "One thing is plain. An annual convention of the volunteer, mass-meeting kind is impracticable. such a body will prove unwieldly and far too expensive. There were fifteen hundred attendants at Indianapolis. An estimate of individual expense caused by the convention, which would not otherwise have been incurred, is not wild if placed at ten dollars each on the average. That is fifteen thousand dollars. Probably no one will say the cost was too great. But suppose that sum could be contributed by an equal number of men to some of the agencies for the rescue of lost men—what then? Another thing seems clear. The union between men's clubs must be federative in character, and not centralized. A president and cabinet with inter-club powers and an executive secretary is wholly undesirable. Salvation, not monetization, must be the Brotherhood's cry. A hard-and-fast bond will be death. The levying of dues for centralization will be disaster. An attempt to unify and induce uniformity in method will be destruction. Still another thing seems clear. We all want something done, but do not know what it is. Ralph Connor came full of ideas of work and how to do it. He had a tremendous hold on the convention. As a correspondent has written us, "he has a grip of men that will last when ninety-five per cent of us men are forever forgotten." But Ralph Connor can do Ralph Connor things, and ninety-five per cent of us are not as he. With an eye for the needs of the plains, he sees what must be done and does it. But we are in the churches of the cities and prosperous towns, and our eyes see business mainly. Dr. Roberts spoke very entertainingly of Presbyterian accomplishment past, but gave no hint of what the new Brotherhood should do in the work of saving souls. Mr. Bryan gave an hour and a half of his unequaled oratory in an epitome of all the theological systems of the world, but set not one cog of his mental wheels moving toward a solution of the problem of work by men for men. The trouble lies in ignorance. If twenty men of a church should go to their pastor any day asking him for some definite work to do for souls, he would feel at the day's end that he had gone through the hardest day of his life. We want to do something, we don't know what, was the voice of that convention. But that our men have that want is a hopeful sign. We believe the problem will be solved."

A CORRECTION AND SUGGESTION.

By S. M. Freeland.

Many of the writers from California to the Eastern paeprs forget in their use of language upon the Japanese question that the "Pacific Coast" is longer in its stretch upon the great sea than the lines of its greatest state. California opinion is not always the opinion of the Pacific Coast.

We have several thousands of Japanese in Seattle, but I have heard of no complaint from the schools which they attend, and no requests for segregation.

It seems convenient sometimes to make separations by races or bodies of peoples, but when this is done because some members of that race or body of people are unwelcome or unfit for association with the rest of us, we put that whole race or body of people under our ban of unfitness. There is the pinch upon the susceptibilities of a proud people in this school matter. Suppose the San Francisco School Board should say: "All Italians and Russians shall go into a separate school. Many of them are beyond

school age, many are dirty, therefore all shall go by themselves." What then? San Francisco School Board says that to the youth of a nation which feels itself the equal in military and naval power and intellectual force of any nation on the face of the earth, and is fast pushing on to make good its claim, if its conduct of the war with Russia did not show this feeling to be already justified. Is this people to be set aside as a race unfit to associate with Americans.

What is convenient is not always wise and right.. Let the unfit and the unclean go by themselves, but not designated by nationality or color or ancestry.

THE LAST SUNDAY OF THE OLD PASTORATE.

A vague sense of something musical was upon me when I awoke this morning. A moment later it burst into reality—this was to be my "finally brethren" day with the people who had been **my people** in a pastorate of nine years. For the last time, as pastor, I was that day to stand at the familiar pulpit and look into the faces that had grown into my life as a part of it.

I went out into the parsonage yard. Rose-vines that I had planted as slips, covered the front veranda. A choice geranium was blooming freely—how well I remember when it came to us, the gift of a valued friend. Out towards the gate was that delicate hibiscus that is so sensitive to air, with a touch of frost in it, and that I have so often protected when the nights were cold in winter. The neat wire fence—there was a ragged hedge about the church property when I came nine years ago; how fine we felt when the hedge was pulled out, and the dainty fence was set in place of it!

The church building—it has not changed much in its outside appearance since I came, except that it has grown longer and stouter at one end. How we have enjoyed "the addition," with its cozy rooms for Sunday-school classes, prayer meetings and social gatherings! The auditorium—there have been changes there. The same carpet is on the floor, the same seats accomodate the people—I note that the front seats do not look so worn as those behind them. Dear front seats, you have had an easy time of it during these nine years, and sometimes you have been a great trial to me, but it was not your fault. I have sometimes thought of picking you up and taking you back to do the work of the back row, and bringing the back row up to the front that it might rest awhile, but I have never done it. And the organ—it is the same, tried and true,—no, not quite **true** always, for it is growing old, but it has been a faithful friend. But there have been changes in the auditorium. The men and women who "set in the singers' seats," as dear Aunt Prudence used to say, have a new place in which they "set" now. And the pulpit platform has been lowered and quite changed in its size and appearance. And the old oil lamps have given place to the electric lights that respond to the touch of the button, and have never yet failed us during service time, except one Wednesday night, just as we were beginning the prayer meeting. And the walls are covered with paper of a daintier shade than the old, and the wood-work has had a new dress of paint that gives it a thrifty look.

But the **people**—after all, it is the **people** who grip the heart, for it is all for them that we build and cleanse, and plant, and preach, and pray, and spend the forces of our lives. Nine years! Why, A——— was with us then, and B———, and C———. It seems as if it were longer ago than that, that I knew them. Deacon T———, quiet, attentive, faithful man that he was, how we missed him after he left us for "the church on high." And Deacon O———, he seldom missed a service; but one Sunday morning he was not in his usual place at the morning service, and a little later word came that body and spirit had suddenly parted company as he sat in his chair at the table that morning. These young men and young women—some of them I have been marrying to each other as the years have passed, and some of them were only hcildren when I came nine years ago. And these faithful women—what helpers they have been! Surely God hath prepared rich blessings for earnest souls that have loved Him and served Him as these women have done! And the little folks—some of them were born since I came, and here they are, boys and girls who are getting well started in school life. Dear Children! I wonder if any other company of youngsters can ever quite take the place they hold in my heart!

But, heart, you and I have a secret. **We** know that as we think of the people we are leaving, there is one group among them that holds the very tenderest place; that grips the very tenderest cords; that we have thought of, and prayed for, and yearned over, and **loved,** more than all the others. They have not known it, they never can realize it, but it is hardest of all to leave **them**—these strong, manly, vigorous **men** of ours, who are so busy out in the world of affairs; whose ability we have so coveted for the church; who have given some of it, but who have not yet quite caught the force of the Master's words, "Seek ye **first** the kingdom of God and His righteousness." O, men of my heart! When I turn to **you,** and feel the heart-strings snapping, I know what is the keenest of all the pain of parting from this people as their pastor.

God bless you, dear people all, and make His face to shine upon you, that in the coming days the vision of Jesus Christ may grow clearer and clearer before your eyes! W. N. B.

STATE-WIDE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT.

Merger of Forces Under Dr. E. S. Chapman, State Superintendent.

The most important step taken by the Anti-Saloon League forces of the State of California was taken when the Southern California League and the Central and Northern California League united. This action was agreed upon by the two Leagues, and has been approved by Dr. P. A. Baker, the National Superintendent of the American Anti-Saloon League. Dr. E. S. Chapman, the hero of many battles, will be Superintendent of the entire State.

Dr. Chapman has just returned from a tour of the United States, which extended over twenty-three States and called for fifty-three addresses in forty of the largers cities. The purpose of this itinerary was the holding of pastors' and temperance workers' conferences, and mass meetings at which Dr. Chapman delivered his famous "Stainless Flag" address. These conferences were attended by pastors of all denominations, many of them having an attendance of from five to six hundred pastors, such as the Chicago

and New York meetings. This great campaign throughout the United States resulted in a resolution being passed by the American Anti-Saloon League, which held its annual convention in St. Louis, Nov. 19-22, seeting apart the last Sunday before the fourth of July, June 30th, as "Stainless Flag Sunday," and winning for Dr. Chapman the reputation of being the foremost temperance orator in the United States today.

Eight years ago, Dr. Chapman was made superintendent of the entire State of California. After three years, the Anti-Saloon League work of the State was divided, and Dr. Chapman was superintendent of the Southern League, the central and northern part of the State being formed into a separate League. It has been deemed wise by the temperance forces of the State to re-unite them, that the Leagues should be merged and under one management. This action will be especially beneficial to Central and Northern California, as we will have the strong financial backing of the Southern League; and "The Searchlight," the official organ of the Southern League, will be the official organ of the California Anti-Saloon League. "The Searchlight" is recognized as the best Anti-Saloon League paper in the country. This merger will also give us, in Central and Northern California, the services, in special campaigns, of the field force of the Southern League, which consists of four field workers of recognized ability in their special lines of work, in addition to the Superintendent. These workers have driven the saloons entirely out of four counties, and out of three-fourths of four other counties which have local option, leaving but one county in the Southern California League where the liquor forces have not felt the heavy hand of the Anti-Saloon League. Rev. R. O. Everhart, formerly assistant superintendent of Illinois, now superintendent of the Syracuse District of New York, will also be added to our field force Jan. 1st. R. W. Tener, attorney and acting superintendent of the Central and Northern California Anti-Saloon League, will continue to devote his entire time to Anti-Saloon League work throughout the State under this new management.

The merging of the two Leagues takes effect January 1st, and one of the most extensive and vigorous campaigns is to be inaugurated throughout the State. Pastors' conferences are to be held in all the large cities, at which Dr. Chapman will be present, and in connection mass meetings will be held at which Dr. Chapman will deliver his famous "Stainless Flag" address. Such a meeting will be held in Oakland, for the pastors of the cities about the Bay, in the near future. R. W. T.

THE IDEAL CHURCH JANITOR.

[Churches perhaps think more about the ideal minister and pastor, and the ideal wife of the minister than they do about ideal janitors. But an ideal janitor, certainly, is something to be desired. We are glad that the subject has been written on by Judson Kempton of Muscatine, Iowa, as it has been. We are indebted to The Standard of Chicago for the article. —Editor.]

I think it is time this subject was touched upon, for I am convinced that one reason why many churches have unsatisfactory janitors is that they lack an ideal. "When there is no vision the people perish." When the people of a congregation conjure up a mental image of the ideal church edifice—temple, cathedral, meeting-house—the way generally opens up for them to secure what they need. When a church sets its heart on the specific type of wingless angels they desire to lead the singing or "furnish the music"—seraphs, archangels, plain angels, a male quartette or a precentor—that type generally materializes. When a couple of the deacons and all the leading sisters finally agree as to what style of young man will make the ideal pastor for their field the church can quite often find a candidate who bears a slight resemblance to the perfect being outlined. But when it comes to appointing a janitor, too often it seems there is no vision and then the people—shall we say perish?—it sounds well, but is really too strong. Let us substitute a weaker but truer expression—the people get cold feet.

But now let me limn the janitor. The printer will take pains to spell that right, for the janitor and I have ever been friends and I would not do him harm. (He would get even with me.)

The ideal janitor will himself have an ideal. As the duty of the modern janitor is to be the housekeeper in the church home it would be best to find a man who has lived in a home that is well kept. It may be humble, but it should be clean, neat and, if possible, tasteful.

The ideal of the ideal janitor will be the spotless church in "Spotless Town." The ideal-less janitor can scarcely bring himself to sweep or "dust" with the feather dust raiser in anv part of the church where he cannot see the clock. But the janitor with an ideal and a conscience as he takes his broom, his hot water and damp rag will work with the spirit of those mediaeval stone cutters who carved the old cathedrals:

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere."

The ideal janitor will love his church. This implies that he will be a moral man of clean life, a Christian, and a member of the church whose house he cares for. A church has no more business to appoint a profane, immoral or drinking man to be janitor just because he is near at hand and a good stoker than to ordain a fellow to the gospel ministry who is a good talker, but of a harum scarum life. Yet I have known a church to keep a janitor who was a saloon habitue and even to joke about it, and another janitor I knew would gather the larger Sunday-school boys in the basement by the furnace and tell them immoral stories, while the pastor was in the pulpit telling the story of the cross! Beware! If the minister of the word has influence at one end of the church building the janitor is not without influence at the other. This is especially true in the country town, where there is often great carelessness regarding this matter.

The janitor should love his church and its belongings. As the true minister does not think much about his salary, nor count the hours of his working day, but is more solicitous regarding the prosperity of the cause of Christ and of the church he serves, so the true janitor should feel that he is not working merely to please the trustees, or the ladies' aid society, but that he is giving his life or a part of it to God and to the service of Jesus Christ, in the success of whose church his work, rough and grimy though it be, is an impor-

tant factor. When he has trimmed the lamps in the sanctuary he may, like Samuel, have fellowship with God. "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

The ideal janitor should have, or should be capable of acquiring, certain professional qualifications. These vary. In some parts he should be a good snow shoveler and an expert axe-man. In others he should know enough about carpentry to handle a hammer and saw; about electricity to do the right thing when the fuse burns out; about plumbing to keep the pipes from freezing and the church from being flooded if the pipes burst; about stoking to regulate the furnace; about ventilation to change the air without making a draught; about music to ring the bell in churchly fashion; about human nature to keep the hymn-books from being lost and about detective service to cause forgotten umbrellas, dropped handkerchiefs and deserted rubbers to be found.

In England he is called a "care-taker," and that is what he must be. In the Central Baptist Church, of Minneapolis, I saw the man whom I shall remember as the ideal janitor. He was all that I have indicated and more than that, an artist in his work. For instance, in the autumn he would spend a Saturday driving out into the country and gathering autumn leaves and flowers with which to decorate fittingly and in good taste the church that was to him, the janitor, a place of worship.

Finally, the janitor should be honered by the church. In Madison, Wis., a new church edifice was to be dedicated. A former pastor was to preach the sermon and felt highly honored by the invitation. But who was to offer the dedicatory prayer? Until the announcement was made this was kept a secret. There was some curiosity on this point. Would it be this doctor of divinity or that university professor? The janitor, a modest, godly man, was surprised by being asked to come to the front and render this important service. The writer has never heard a more fitting and impresive prayer. Honor the man who cares for God's house. His office is a worthy one.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Honor to A Palo Alto Church.

To the Congregational Church of Palo Alto, I think belongs the credit of first, since the cruel outbreak upon the Japanese, showing "the glad hand" of Christians and patriots to the brave brown men who love their country so much, and whom we have taught by our civilization and our missionaries to cherish it as part of their very life. The meeting filled the church. Every member rejoiced. Doctor Jordan did himself honor by his attendance and his speech. The Japanese students of Stanford were eloquent and grateful.

Who Next?

Is there not some sane and patient worker about San Francisco Bay, another at Portland, and others at Seattle and Los Angeles, who can focalize the strong sensible and Christian protest against un-Christian and unkind exclusion acts against these unoffending citizens whom we have, with great ceremony and urgency, publicly invited to come and live among us?

There are many in all our churches who see the inconsistency of sending the word of God's Fatherhood and Christ's Brotherhood to foreign brethren and then treating them like devils when they get here. The agriculturists of the state have protested respectfully against San Francisco's hostile attitude and claimed the industrial necessity of welcoming men who will work. I know that the fruit interests of this great state require the patient Oriental. Having proved it personally on a small scale I believe the fair and just statement of large and distinguished agriculturists.

This don't mean that importations of gangs of Orientals, practically peons or slaves, are desirable. Law properly forbids that. It seems to this scribe that Andrew Carnegie's word is pretty sane sense. "Any man who has sense enough to want to come, sand enough to push his way here, and coin enough to pay his fare is likely to be a useful citizen." Nor would any wise rally of philanthropists crowd grown up Orientals on the same benches with young American girls. We do not want, save in very exceptional cases, that adults of any sex or nationality shall crowd juvenile departments. School boards in any community are bound to protect the moral and physical well being of school children. A conference of all fair friends of foreigners might, by full and patient discussion, by sound resolution, and discreet organization bring light on the vexed questions agitating our communities, particularly our cities. President Roosevelt ought to be endorsed in his broad philanthropy and splendid Americanism.

We do not want our Eastern friends to think we are all color-haters on this beautiful coast. The noble stand of the Pacific Presbyterian would be endorsed by any wise and humane convention.

Work For Young Historians.

Meanwhile will not some young historians whom these patriotic lines may reach, search out and set in their historical and picturesque relations the steps by which "America, the land of the free and the home of the brave" first brought foreigners to our shores. Negros, Chinamen, Japanese, have not thrust themselves here. By our robbery in the case of the negros, by urgent diplomatic entreaty in the case of the Japanese and the Chinese, they are here, and more want to come.

When a college boy at Yale I heard the eloquent Anson G. Burlingame tell of his embassy to China, when he made, as he was instructed to do, a treaty with China by which Chinese were invited to cast in their lot with the land which needed their plodding industry. As a child I say the first Chinese junk which sailed into New York. I did not fall in love with the Chinaman. But I did fall in love with the flag of my country. I wish it might be stainless of all injustice and of all insult to our nation's guest. I heard the cry "foreign devil" in China and trembled lest they revenge on me the bitter insults I have seen heaped on unoffending Orientals here.

With a hearty Happy New Year to all comrade readers of the Pacific Presbyterian, and an entreaty that every pulpit will flame for fair play, and every foreign missionary society will plead for kindness to the foreigners already among us, I send this little cluster of acorns, which may the Divine Gardner make fruitful in the evil of human hearts.

Saratoga.

"THE STRANGER THAT IS WITHIN THY GATES."

By Mrs. James Hazlett.

(A paper read at the meeting of the San Francisco Association of Congregational Churches, Dec, 20, 1906,)

Years ago in some parts of the older countries, the good minister preaching a sermon nearly two hours in length, would divide that sermon into the following heads: firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, lastly, finally, and in conclusion. The subject to be considered now will be diided into only two heads: "The Value of the Stranger", and "How to Reach Him;" and we will consider the stranger who is not a Christian; a person who believes the church ought to exist, who even believes, perhaps, in the Savior, but who has not affiliated himself with the visible body of Christ.

Let us note the part of the fourth commandment in which our subject appears: "But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. The first thought in connection with the stranger that suggests itself is that he, no matter what his religion, nationality or station in life was on a level with the master on the Sabbath day;—"thou, nor thy stranger shalt not do any work." There is at least one day in the week when caste is to be eliminated. Permeate this thought of the stranger of the old dispensation, through and through with the love of Christ of the new dispensation, and what a high ideal we have to which we may live! How dwelleth the love of God in us, if we make not the stranger to have as comfortable and an as "at home" a feeling in our churches as we members enjoy?

Let us take a workingman stranger as one type of the visitor we often entertain. I say often entertain because I believe the workingman forms a large per cent of the Sabbath congregations, not to speak of the numbers who may be found upon the church rolls. Is he of value to the church, and if so, to what extent? He is of great value. The ideal workingman must face the problems of his little world with good hard common sense. This makes him practical. He has had to fight for his rights in some instances, and in other instances there has been no fight, but a most sympathetic and amicable adjustment of affairs between himself and his employer. If these amicable adjustments were as generally known as the settlements by strikes, perhaps we would concede that the capital and labor problem is being solved in a more beautiful way than that with which it is usually credited. The member of the union supports that union well financially. He patronizes only white labor, even if it costs him more, because he is willing to give his brother as broad a chance at a good living as he himself enjoys. As a rule he is free with his money, or rather the money of which he is steward. And so when he comes to us a stranger and has finally been taken into the church home as a member of the household, we find him a ready and substantial giver. He appreciates keenly that a church like any other organization must be conducted on business principles and that no business can be on a firm basis without funds. Too practical and not spiritual do you say? No. When a man draws his purse strings wide open it is a good sign that the heart strings have been touched by the divine Master Musician. I make this argument for the workingman, because the opinion seems to be prevalent that he is not to be found to any extent in the church.

And this divine music of giving is sounded just as truly from the heart of the capitalist and from the soul of the business man as from the lowlier instrument. By virtue of their training the stranger capitalist and the business man proves of incalculable value to the church. From their ranks may be drawn the trustees of the society. Then, too, they will fill the high office of deacon with the dignity, and sincerity and devotion that that calling demands. And the college bred man. Is there a field of work for him? He may easily be won to the Sunday-school work, to the Endeavor Society, and to the ranks of the young men workers that the wise pastor gathers about himself. To know the value of these men is one thing, but to be sure of the way to win them is a more difficult problem. It requires tact; and how many of us lack that quality, and indeed take very little or no pains to cultivate it? The only way to reach the stranger is to have the heart so full of the love of Christ that at the least approach, a spark of interest will be kindled between the two personalities. If when we are introduced to a stranger we could keep our minds on the conversation then being engaged in, try to remember what his interests are, and speak of them in some way on our next meeting him, instead of being in a hurry to speak with some member with whom it is easy to be one's self, we would accomplish much more for the stranger. It is right and beautiful that we should have the fellowship of souls dear to us, but for that very reason we ought to be willing to forego our own pleasure sometimes, and draw one more into the magic circle. And, after all, what "thank have we" if we always claim the fellowship where we keep drawing for our own gain, instead of giving of ourselves for the gain of one who perhaps is longing for just the sympathetic friendly word that we can give? In his description of the last judgment, Christ says: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." I think we have not given the "ye" of this verse the relative value it should have. Read it: "I was a stranger and ye took me in," and immediately it becomes personal. You and I are to take the stranger into our personal time, our personal interest, yes and our personal prayers.

I wonder if the men of our churches take the interest in men strangers that they ought to, or whether they leave that for the pastor and his wife to do, or for some good motherly soul, thinking within themselves that such social work is for the women to do. The women, I feel, would be glad to interest this stranger in the activities of the church, but he certainly should first be approached by one who ought to thoroughly understand how to treat men. We do not ask the men to do what we consider our work with those of our own sex, but, indeed we need not, for woman is generally acredited with being able to talk enough for herself and for a few others besides. At least some of our husbands are prone to think that way, and bless their hearts, they certainly have cause—sometimes. Then when the man has spoken to the stranger, he should see that he is introduced as generally as possible. Of course this cannot be accomplished in one casual meeting, but see to it that it does not end in a casual meeting. Watch for your man at the next service and make it a point to speak with him. A plan that has been tried and that has given results is to give the stranger a visiting card. This opens the way for you to ask for his address. Do not trust to your memory, but jot it down. Now you see, you have a means of reaching him. When there is some special service or a social gathering write a kindly note inviting him to be present. Do not trust to his hearing the announcement from the pulpit. Back your pastor's general invitation by your personal one, and mean it, and you have as good as caught your man. It may take time for this leaven of interest to rise, but do not throw away the effort you have already made; just add a little more leaven and—wait.

Now, as to the woman stranger. What is her value? If she is a teacher in our public schools, her value cannot be estimated, because she is ready and trained to take interest in the Sunday-school work. If she has means at her command, she will give of them lavishly; if she has not, she will consider no sacrifice too great to give all she possibly can for the furthering of the Kingdom. You will find woman ready to accept out of a full heart the plan of tithe giving. And who can measure the weight and devotion of the woman stranger's prayers and sympathy? It is easy, perhaps, for the woman member to approach this stranger because there are the women's meetings to which she can invite the visitor. Then, too, it is more within woman's domain to call during the week, and this makes an easy means of access. In this case also, the address of the stranger is a valuable thing to have, and the plan already suggested should be carried out.

A case came under my own observation in which it was believed that a young couple would eventually join the church, but a dreadful disaster came, and it is presumed that these good people returned to their Eastern home. If they never affiliate themselves with the church of Christ, this we can feel certain of, they carried away a beautiful memory and the convincing fact that the church cared for them as strangers—as individuals. A case quite the opposite to this was once sadly noted. It was when a stranger happened to be shown into a pew that never received strangers (more's the pity). The coldness with which the lady was eyed must have made her feel like an intruder. If the stranger was a Christian, perhaps she overlooked this fault, but if she was not, it is very probable that she went away from that service with one more argument

against the church. What effect do you suppose the best sermon that could ever be preached would have on a soul disturbed by such a discourtesy?

If members do not wish to be kind to the stranger for the stranger's sake, then I wish they would be kind for the pastor's sake, and above all, for the sake of the exalted name they bear. I admit this last instance is an exception to the rule, as it ought to be. But do you know, indifference sometimes produces nearly as bad results? How many of us are utterly indifferent to the stranger even if he is in our own pew. Do we try to speak to the visitor and show at least a faint interest in him? In a sense we who are members of a church are hosts and hostesses, and the little courtesy that costs us just a little palpitating of the heart, may be greatly appreciated by the stranger. But you say within yourself, I may be repulsed by a cold reply, or no reply at all. Even if you are, do not mind. I would rather speak and be repulsed, than not speak and perhaps lose one of my greatest opportunities for service. And again let me emphasize that if our hearts are so filled with Christ's love, we cannot meet with any unkindness in this connection, for He will draw that soul unto Himself through us, and He can never fail. Then, too, you may say that you never **could** speak to a stranger. Very well; then you can put the atmosphere of love about the stranger and make it easier still for the one who does the speaking. The point is, do you care about the stranger? Is it in your heart to be kind to him? If it really is, it cannot help but show in your face. Then, too, if you cannot speak to the stranger **first**, what is your attitude toward him after the formal introduction? Christ demands that your one talent of conversation be put out to gain unto itself its double, as well as that your sister and brother put out their five talents. See to it, that thou bury not thy them other five talents. See to it, that thou bury not thy talent. It may be, nay, it cannot help but be that **you** will help a soul to say, "Now, therefore, I am no more a stranger and a foreigner, but a fellow citizen with the saints and of the household of God."

What is a clique? It is a small exclusive party or set associated for a common purpose, usually a selfish or unworthy one. There ought not to be cliques in any church or Endeavor Society, but if you find them in your church, set your young people and your older people to paying attention to the strangers within thy gates, and this selfish thing will fall of itself.

What attention do we pay the stranger at our social gatherings? There is an easy and helpful way if we would do a little planning beforehand. A chairman of a social committee under whom it was my good fortune to serve, herself would introduce a stranger to one of her committee, and that committeeman was not to leave the stranger until she in her turn had introduced him to another Endeavorer, and had left him in good hands for a social chat. By that time others would probably be joined to the circle in which the stranger found himself, and the first one who then made his acquaintance was held responsible for the pleasure and further introduction of the visitor, and so on down the line. In this way the first introducer in each case had done his or her duty and was free to enjoy complete relaxation in a pleasant evening. Not that the Endeavorer must necessarily forget that the stranger ever existed, for a good member would not do that, but the method part of the work was over.

I trust that out of the discussion to follow this paper we may find methods that will be of real value along this line, for a great work lies before the churches in our city just at this time. In the burned districts strangers will form a large part of the congregations, while in the unburned portions of the ctiy, they will be found to a very great extent because the personnel of these parts has been changed almost altogether. What is to be our attitude toward these good people? And by "our" I mean we members. Will you and I listen and heed the call of the Master to pluck the fruit that is ripe and ready to harvest, and bring at least one precious stranger soul into the realization of His love and joy and peace?

Keep in touch with God. The reason we falter, and stumble, and fail in religious experience, is because we fail in holding secret communion. Jesus was never out of touch with the Father. We need the power that comes from prayer infinitely more than He did.

THE NEW YEAR'S COVENANT.

If thou wilt walk, O Father, by my side
Along the climbing pathway of the year,
In lowland mist, through forest gloom, on radiant height,
I will not fear.

No man can harm me but myself. Gray ghosts
All vanish in faith's dawn. What I must do,
I can. And Death? He is but doorkeeper to Life.
I will not fear.

I will be true—
True to myself, that thought of thine in flesh
To be made perfect; true to man, to thee,
O God. Keep me, lest I prove false to one and all.
I will be true.

I will be free;
Free not apart from law but in thy law:
For perfect freedom in obedience lies,
Not in the petulance of childish wilfulness:
I will be free.

I will be wise.
I am Life's pupil. Earth's my schoolroom,
Babe and sage my teachers, thrush's song
And glint of star my mood; yon cliff, rose, brook, my books.
I will be wise.

I will be strong.
Burdens are muscle-makers; tests wake powers,
And weariness well won brings happy balm.
'Tis fretful, coward weakness saps our strength and kills.
I will be strong.

I will be calm.
The age's worry never stirred a leaf,
I'll drown mine deep, then, in a sea of trust,
On which my care-freed soul shall sail in quietness.
I will be calm.

I will be just.
I know so little of myself, of men,
Of life. Shall I interpret harshly? Bind
And loose as in the seat of God? Bend low, O soul.
I will be just.

I will be kind.
To bird and beast, to friend and foe alike—
A priest of joy. O churl, to make aught sad.
Better unborn than leave a crawling trail of woe.
I will be kind.

I will be glad,
Glad of the whole of life. Bitter rue
And fragrant thyme are good. Serpent and dove
Thou madest. Let me drink Life's cup, not sip its foam.
I will be glad.

I will be Love;
Not loving merely, but Love's very self,
That gives its life to do while others prate
Of doing, and grows Christlike 'neath the dross of Man.
I will be Love.

I will be great;
Not in my littleness, nor in the mouth
Of men, but in my work and spirit. Must
I fret if Fame doffs not its cap? Use me, O God.
I will be great.

I will? I—dust?
Nay, I said, if. And yet there is no if
With God. All's mine if I will take the if's
With me. I can do all, be all, attain the Christ.
I will—with God.

Then walk, O Father, daily by my side
Along the climbing pathway of the year;
For so I shall clasp hands with Love and Power.
And shall not fear.

—Henry Hallam Tweedy.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Pomona.—The membership of the Presbyterian Church of Pomona has had large increase during the last six months under the leadership of the Rev. T. T. Creswell. In all probability a new church building will be built in the near future at a cost of $25,000.

Pasadena, Calvary.—Work will begin soon on a new church building to cost about $22,000. Only a part of it however will be built now, and for this purpose about $15,000 will be expended. The new building will be on the corner of Center street and Fremont avenue.

Springville.—On December 16th the Presbyterian Church of Springville, Tulare co., was organized by Dr. Noble, Synodical Home Missionary. This church is the outgrowth of the labors of Rev. H. J. Furneaux, Sabbath School missionary in Stockton, Presbytery. During the past fifteen months five churches have grown from mission Sabbath School work in the San Joaquin Valley. H.

Pleasanton.—Rev. E. H. Avery, D.D., pastor of the Pleasanton Church, is just recovering from a severe illness of several weeks. Under his ministry of the past two years the church has been prosperous. The old manse was sold and a new and more convenient house built adjoining the church property. In a couple of days recently, the last indebtedness of $500 was subscribed. There is money in the treasury for further improvements and the outlook is very encouraging. Dr. Avery and his family are most highly esteemed in the community and have had the sympathy of all during his recent illness.

Orosi.—St. James Church, Orosi, under direction of Rev. J. D. Black, is making substantial progress along all lines. A strong Christian Endeavor Society and a well organized Sunday-school, under care of Mr. F. E. Sloan,, are caring for the young people of the community. Recently a valuable piece of land with a house was purchased for the pastor's home. Orosi is in the orange belt and its development is just beginning. Many sales of fruit land recently, encourage the people of the district to look for rapidly increasing population. Any Presbyterian families looking for homes will be furnished with information concerning the community by writing to Mr. Black.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. John W. McLennan of Templeton, Cal., who was a graduate student in the Seminary in the year 1904-1905, has published a catechism based on the Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith. It contains fifty-two questions, one for each Sunday of the year. They cover all the principal points of our faith in a clear, simple manner. The catechism is designed for use in the home and in the Sunday-school. It is very neatly printed, and can be had of the author at four cents a copy, or at three cents for twenty-five or more copies.

Rev. Robert A. Crichton, '06, pastor of the church at Healdsburg is greatly encouraged in his work. He has recently welcomed fourteen to membership on profession of their faith, nearly all of whom are adults.

Profs. Moore and Paterson with Messrs. Bingham and Day of the middle class, and Chess of the junior class, are in attendance this week at the students' Y. M. C. A. conference at Pacific Grove.

Rev. John W. Berger, who took a part of his theological course here, was installed pastor of the church at Wenatchee, Wash., on Dec. 6th. On the Tuesday evening preceding, a dinner was served to the men of the congregation, at which stirring addresses were made by Rev. J. R. Macartney, '96, of Bellingham, Wash., and Rev. Arthur H. Barnhisel, '97, of Tacoma.

Dr. Day and representatives of the theological seminaries in Berkeley are this week giving a day of bible study to each of the three towns of Healdsburg, Santa Rosa and Petaluma. Dr. Day's subjects are "Amos—The Spokesman of Israel's Conscience," and "Hosea—The Interpreter of Jehovah's Love."

Rev. H. Jacobs, '01, has recently moved from Blunt, South Dakota to Millerboro, Nebraska. He has charge of the churcuh at the latter place and also at Willowdale.

Rev. Arthur H. Barnhisel, '97, pastor of the First Church, Tacoma, Wash., has just published a neat pamphlet of four discourses preached to his people during the month of November. The general theme of the course is "The Constructive Forces of Life." The several sermons are entitled "Think on These Things," "The Power of the Will," "The Power of Desire," and "The Power of Expression. They are thoughtful, practical sermons written in a clear, chaste style.

The Home.

IT MATTERS MUCH.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;

But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care,
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best that I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It maters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

A GROWING EVIL.

The girls and young women of this city are novel readers, says the Kansas City Star.

Eight of every ten books taken from the public

library, by young women, are the lightest, silliest and trashiest kind of fiction.

"The novel reading habit among young women is increasing at an alarming rate," says the librarian. "Ten years ago the per cent of novels taken out of this library by young women was only three in ten. Now it is eight in ten. I think that is disgraceful."

'What is there wrong or injurious about it?"she was asked.

"Well, there are no really bad books upon the fiction shelves accessible to young women. We scan each book before we put it in. But the habit of reading this trash is ruinous to the intellect. Young women say to me:

"I can't remember a word of what I read last week, but I must have another to read."

"Reading this trash is a sinful waste of time; it has a weakening effect upon character and develops in the girl's mind a flippant view of life and a loose habit of thought. Novel reading is the crying sin of the age

'Let's take a look at the class of stuff on these fiction shelves most popular with our young women," continued the librarian.

She took down the first seven books in a row on the shelf. They were new, had just come from the book store and had been tagged and placed there. Here is the list of titles:

Danny, The Undefiled, The Story of a New York Working Girl, The Master Spirit, The Queen's Hostage, The Corner House, Joseph Vance, etc.

'Now there, in that first seven books is not one I ever heard of, and I never before heard the name of one of those seven authors That's the sort of wishy washy stuff the future mothers of this city are reading. These light love stories are not always pure. They are too loose for young women to read. Fifteen years ago the mothers of this city would have been horrified if their daughters read this kind of trash or if they went to a theatre where they could see the spectacles presented nightly now. I do'nt know what we are coming to."

The librarian recently asked the teachers in the public schools to inquire of the pupils and make report of what they were reading outside of the books they took out of the library. The result showed that boys and girls under 12 years of age read practically the same class of books. After 12 years the boys take to reading books about mechanics, and stories of adventure, travel and history. But the girls over 12 years of age drifted into the reading of novels and love tales.

Girls under 18 are not permitted to take books of fiction from the public library, but they get around the rule by drawing books upon the green cards of adult members of the family. Each member of a family may have a card. Often a girl will leave the library with a dozen books under her arms. A young woman over 18 is entitled to the same book privileges as any woman.

In one school not one girl pupil in the seventh grade, including girls over 14 years had read a single book except light fiction and the list included:

Driven From Home, The Hidden Hand, Lady Audley's Secret, Lovers Once, but Strangers Now, Woman Against Woman, Under Two Flags, Peck's Bad Boy, Another Man's Wife, Off With the Old Love, Little coquette Bonny, Another Woman's Husband, A Siren's Love, Estelle's Millionaire Lover, A Wasted Love, Beautiful, but Poor, For a Woman's Honor, Wedded for an Hour, The Trials of an Actress.

In the public library are over 80,000 books, the best collection in any Western city; 8,000 are novels.

In the library years of 1904-05 there were 14,448 novels taken out. In the library year of 1905-06 there were 16,889 novels taken out, an increase of 2,441.

The Quiet Hour.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

"Make channels for the streams of love
  Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
  To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
  Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
  Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
  That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give we cease to have—
  Such is the Law of Love."

CHRIST'S NEED OF US.

By Rev. Theodors L. Cuyler, D.D.

That we need the Lord Jesus Christ is a religious axiom that certainly no Christian will dispute. But it is equally true that, in order to the fulfillment of his glorious scheme of the world's redemption, he needs all of us who profess to be his people. Jesus Christ is our proprietor; all that we pretend to own is only a lease from him, and to be used not for self, but in his service. We do not even own ourselves, "in fee simple." We are bought with the price of Christ's precious atoning blood, therefore are to glorify him with our bodies and our souls, our time, our money and our influence.

There is a sidelight thrown upon this important truth by the little incident that occurred before our Lord's remarkable entry into Jerusalem. He sends two of his disciples into the village of Bethphage with certain explicit instructions. "Go your way into th village over against you; in which, as ye enter, y shall find a colt tied whereon no man ever yet sat; loose him and bring him." Their omniscient Master predicts not only just where the beast will be found, but that they will be asked, "Why do ye loose the colt?" The sufficient answer was to be, "The Lord hath need of him." That was the claim which they were to present.

Sagacious old Matthew Henry (the prince of practical comentators) remarks that our Saviour "went to sea in a borrowed boat, rode on a borrowed colt, and was buried in a borrowed sepulchre." It seems presumptuous to dissent from any of Henry's bright expressions, but there is an important sense in which our Lord never "borrowed" anything. He had supreme ownership. The Father had given all things into his hands. He owned the sea, and commanded it to be quiet at his bidding; he put even the fish in

the sea under tribute when he told Peter to go and get one with a half-shekel in its mouth. He owned the trees, and smote a fig tree with perpetual barrenness when it was playing impostor. He owned the Temple, and scourged out the sacrilegious hucksters who were turning it into a house of merchandise. That ass's colt was really Christ's property; he required it for his own use, and was only asserting his sovereign claim when he aid that he "had need" of it.

Jesus Christ describes himself under the figure of a Shepherd coming to seek and to save his wandering sheep. That the poor, forlorn vagrants needed the Shepherd's restoring love, and needed to be brought back, and fed, and sheltered, is very true. It is equally true that the Divine Shepherd had need of his flock; his infinite heart of love could only be satisfied by their recovery. A sick child requires a mother's care, but still more does the mother's heart require the darling of her love. If heaven would not be heaven to us were Jesus not there, neither would it be such a heaven as Jesus desires if a multitude of redeemed souls were not there also to chant his praise. Reverently be it said that the glorified Redeemer needs us in his many mansions, or else he could not "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." That was the joy set before him, for which he endured the cross and bore all its shame and agonies.

The true idea which every Christian should keep in mind is that he does not own himself. Christ owns us, and has a perfect right to put us just where he chooses, and to demand of us just what he wants. He has a right to the firstlings of the flock, to the brightest sons and daughters of our families. The best brains and highest culture are none too good for his service. If his pulpits and his mission fields need them, then in God's name let them not be confiscated to mere money-making or office-seeking or earthly ambitions of any kind.

What we call our property really belongs to Christ; we only surrender to him his own when we pour it into his treasury. Jesus has the first claim—a claim to the best—and is not to be put off with the candle-ends and the cheese-parings. Is this great principle acknowledged by those church members who squander their thousands on fine houses and equipage, and then dribble out stingily what "they can afford" (!) to him who has purchased for them an eternal salvation? Ah, let such remember that they cannot afford to rob their loving Master of what is his own. It is no sin to have money, but it is a sin to let money have us. If we put the chest of gold on our own shoulders, it may crush us into selfishness and ruin; if we put it under our feet, it may lift us up to usefulness and the smile of our approving Lord. How much of my time and money and talents does Jesus Christ need? That is the way that Christians should look at the matter.

This supreme ownership by Jesus Christ allows him to take away from us whatever he will and when he will. A beloved and eloquent young minister—a Summerfield, a MacCheyne, a Nott, a Dudley Tyng—is called away to heaven, and a bereaved church wonders why they are bereft. "The Lord hath need of them" somewhere else. That is enough. He puts his own where he needs them most. He gives us the discipline that we most require. Then, good friends, if our Divine Lord once had need of a little bit of a beast in Jerusalem, let us comfort ourselves with the thought that he puts honor on such humble creatures as we are when he condescends to use us or ours for his blessed service.

Young People.

HOW HAZEL SHOPPED.

Hazel lived in Atlantic City, where the sand is always beautiful and white, where the merry-go-rounds whirl all the year, and the shops are filled with treasure from all the world. Of course there are grocery stores and butcher shops, too, and Hazel went with her mother to these every morning to market. Hazel, watching mother's process, decided that shopping was made up of three things: First, lists had to be made out; second, shops had to be visited and selections made; third, the goods had to be sent home C. O. D. She decided that some day she would do some shopping on her own account.

One day shortly before Christmas mother went to Philadelphia, and then Hazel proposed to carry out her plan. Norah had said she might play on the sidewalk, but Hazel went down the cross street toward the broad walk.

She knew just where to go, and straightway made for a Japanese curio store. There was a life-sized Japanese doll in the window, and Hazel longed for that particular doll for weeks. Mother had told her to wait for Christmas, for perhaps Santa Claus would have one for her just like it, and Japanese twins of such size would be very troublesome; but while Hazel's faith in Santa Claus was firm, she felt that a doll in her house was worth half a dozen in Santa Claus' work-shop 'way up North, so into the shop she went. The polite Jap who came forward to wait upon her smiled at her when she asked the price of the doll, pointing to it in the window.

"Five dollars," he replied.

"Five dollars" repeated Hazel. Isn't that a lot of money?"

"Not for such a big dolly," said the Jap.

"Well, I'll take it," said Hazel. Please send it C.O.D. to Mrs. G.W.Steele, Pennsylvania Avenue."

The shopkeeper knew the child, and knew that her father had plenty of money, so he said:

"All right, little missy, I'll send it this afternoon."

"Not till after six," commanded his business-like customer. Mother always sent her C.O.D. packages that way, and Hazel felt that "after six" was a necessary part of the proceedings.

The next booth was where sea shells made up in various articles were sold. These Hazel had always thought were the most beautiful things in the world. She knew mother didn't care for them, but her mind instantly flew to Mrs Halloran, their washerwoman. Mrs Halloran had seven children and a husband who abused her. That handsome red pincushion would be a great comfort to her, thought Hazel, and would make even the tumble-down, untidy shanty that the Halloran's called home quite splendid.

After that she bought a necklace for mother, a pair of gold spectacles for Tony, the furnace man, a lace collar for Norah, and a lot of other things, including toys for all the children in the neighborhood. Then, her shopping finished, she started homeward, while visions of her purchases danced through her

head. Wouldn't everybody be surprised!

Mother did not get home in time for dinner, so Hazel and papa sat down alone. They chatted pleasantly together until ding-a-ling-a-ling went the door-bell. Hazel's heart thumped as Norah came in with a package, saying, "Five dollars, Mr. Steele." She knew by the shape that the package contained her own big Japanese doll.

"All right," said papa, handing Norah the money. "Put the package in Mrs. Steele's room."

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling" went the bell again. "Ten dollars and a half," said Norah, coming in with another package.

"Mother must have been busy today," said Mr. Steele, as another ring brought another package. This time he had to get his check-book. "Whew!" he whistled, "mother will break me up."

Here Hazel's conscience began to twinge.

"Papa," she said, from behind the fern dish, "that package isn't mother's. It's mine. I bought it for her."

"Oh, you did!" said papa, looking surprised enough to satisfy even Hazel. "And the other things—are they yours, too?"

"Yes," said Hazel. "I shopped by myself today. I've bought something nice for everybody I know. Of course I didn't have enough money, so I sent everything C. O. D., just like mother does."

"Well, upon my word," said papa, "you'll do! Do you expect me to pay for them all?"

"Of course," said Hazel, "Isn't that what C. O. D. meant? I heard mother say once it meant 'call on dad,' you're my dad, arn't you?"

"Ha? ha! ha!" shouted papa. "Call on dad! And so it does—poor dad! But I tell you what we'll do, Tot. This shall be our surprise and our secret, yours and mine. Mother and Santa Claus shan't have all the secrets themselves. We'll hide our packages until Christmas Eve. Perhaps you had better show me what you have bought, so we can understand better just where we are."

Before mother got back the gifts were all stowed safely away, and then papa took his litle girl on his knee and talked to her very seriously. He told her she must never again buy anything without permission, and that to buy things without having money was very wicked. He was so grave that Hazel almost felt that she had been very naughty. His kiss, though, was very loving when she went to bed, so she made up her mind that shopping C. O. D. was one of the things that are all right for grown-ups, but all wrong for children.—Adapted from Washington Star.

NEVER LOSE TOUCH WITH HOME.

The restraints of home, the atmosphere of the home will be needed in the emergencies of life. Cherish the memory and the lessons of the old home.

Take time to communicate freely and frequently with those at home. Never allow the cable that binds the heart to the home to be slipped. There are many American institutions of which we have reason to be proud and jealous. Chief among them stands the home. We ought to look with suspicion on everything that has a tendency to weaken home ties or destroy the sacredness of home. The college is good. Other institutions where young people are intimately associated together may be excellent. But when they begin to make one think less of his home and care less for its fellowship, they are exerting an evil influence which must be counteracted in some way or there will be a wreck.

Be loyal to every right relation, but be loyal especially to your home . Better be without education than without the home spirit. Better never enter upon a grand career than lose touch with home. Better lose all other good things in the world than lose the benediction of home life.

"My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam.
And thou must go, but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

"Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When treading thy lonely way.

"But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire—
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same
For nature feeds the pyre."

According to the exchanges it is not improbable that this nation's Chief Executive will be the champion of reform in the Congo Free State. This is as it should be. No nation is more competent to put an end to those horrible brutalities than is ours, and no man more calculated to go to the bottom of these shameful evils than is our fearless and peerless Roosevelt.

The Constitutional Convention held in Guthrie, Okla., recently, adopted the following as the basic law of Oklahoma, to wit: "Invoking the guidance of almighty God in order to secure and perpetuate the blessings of liberty, to secure just and rightful government, and to promote our mutual welfare and happiness, we, the people of the State of Oklahoma, do ordain and establish this constitution."

With the dawn of the new year comes the possible birth of the new French Republic. Intense has been the struggle between papal and government authority over the citizenship of France—between stupid submission to church domination and civic liberty. As the former is held in subjection through ignorance, it must give way before the light and truth of Christian liberty. Victory here for civic liberty means victory for papal subjects throughout the whole world and a doom to Catholicism.

America is the asylum for the whole world. She throws wide her doors and invites all to become fellowcitizens with her people and of the household of Aemircan faith. 1,000,175 aliens immigrated to our country during the year 1906. It might be interesting to note what a "tempest in the teapot" has been created by the Japanese school question in San Francisco, when it is found that of this more than a million aliens coming to our shores, only about 14,000 are from Japan, and one-third of that number stopped off on our Hawaiian Islands, making those American possessions their adopted home. Such a small representation from a foreign country should not call forth so much talk. There is danger of hurting the "little brown man" by thus making so much of him.

Two Great Spellers.

The shades of Noah Webster and of Josh Billings, reclining on a fleecy cloud, received the news by celestial wire.

"Triumf! Triumf!" cried Billings exultantly. 'Prezident Rozevelt haz ordered that the nu speling must be uzed in al ofishial despatches and komunicashuns. This is the beginning of the end. Only a little wile now and my speling will be uzed. But wy do yu weep, Noa?"

"I grieve when I reflect that by one fell stroke of his pen Mr. Roosevelt has decapitated millions of dipthongs," answered Mr. Webster, wiping his eyes.

"Oh, cheer up," retorted Billings. "Be consoled bi the thought that after the fonetic alterashuns sanchuned by the Prezident your dikshonary will be a more unabridged than ever."

"But there is my old friend, double P." moaned Webster. "He is gone."

"I'll ask Andru Karnage to hav him decently intered," said Billings, rather sympathetically. "Around the grave wil be asembled Brander Mathuz & al the lerned skolars hu are komited hart & sole to the nu code. Dry yur i's, Noa."—New York World.

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I suppose I am like most people in that respect. My opinion depends a good deal on how fit I happen to be feeling myself."—Washington Star.

"It is said that the Emperor Constantine had a thousand cooks. Most remarkable, eh?"

"That depends. At once, or during his lifetime?"—Pittsburg Post.

Bella—Prof. Muggins tells me that the first principle of Socialism is to divide with your fellowman.

Tom—Not as I understand it. On the contrary, the first principle of Socialism is to induce your fellowman to divide with you.—Ex.

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"Are you chief engineer of this concern?" asked an excited individual of the sub-editor.

"No, sir, I'm not the engineer. I'm the boiler." And he proceeded to "boil down six sheets of matter into a note of six lines.—Sel.

"They say that young Richleigh is very proud of his family tree."

"Yes, he can trace his ancestry back for many degenerations."—Princeton Tiger.

"What does your wife think of woman's suffrage?"

"Not much," answered Mr. Meekton. "She believes that a woman who can't make at least one man vote the way she wants him to, doesn't deserve to have any influence in affairs."

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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FINDING THE CHRIST.

I cried aloud, "There is no Christ
In all this world unparadised!
No Christ to go to in my need—
No Christ to comfort me and feed!
He passed in glory out of sight,
The angels drew Him into light:
Now in the lonesome earth and air
I cannot find Him anywhere.
Would God that heaven were not so far
And I were where the white ones are!"

Then from the gray stones of a street
Where goes an ocean drift of feet,
I heard a child's cry tremble up,
And turned to share my scanty cup.
When lo, the Christ I thought was dead
Was in the little one I fed!
At this I drew my aching eyes
From the far-watching of the skies;

And now which ever way I turn
I see my Lord's white halo burn!
Where ever now a sorrow stands,
'Tis mine to heal His nail-torn hands;
In every lonely lane and street,
'Tis mine to wash His wounded feet—
'Tis mine to roll away the stone
And warm His heart against my own.
Here, here, on earth I find it all—
The young archangels white and tall,
The golden city and the doors,
And all the shining of the floors!

—Edwin Markham.

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THE HELPING HAND.

"Gin ye find a heart that's weary,
And that needs a brither's hand,
Dinna thou turn from it, dearie;
Thou maun help thy fellow man.
Thou, too, hast a hidden heart-ache,
Sacred from all mortal ken,
And because of thine own grief's sake
Thou maun feel for ither men.

In this world o' seesaw, dearie,
Grief goes up and joy comes down,
Brows that catch the sunshine cheerie
May tomorrow wear a frown.
Bleak December, dull and dreary,
Follows on the heels o' May.
Give thy trust unstinted, dearie,
Thou may'st need a friend some day."

OUR GREATEST DANGER.

A few weeks ago we made mention of the presence on the Pacific coast of Dr. Krishna of Bombay, India, an educated Hindoo of considerable note. Dr. Krishna has been giving lectures at different places. A press dispatch says concerning him: "He is a member of the International Peace Congress and the Indian Social Reform, a master of languages, and the person upon whom Herbert Spencer depended for his data concerning India."

It is stated that he is traveling in this country and in Canada studying the social, industrial, educational and political conditions. While at Chico a few days ago he stopped at a Japanese boarding house "to avoid the embarrassment due to dislike of Asiatics on the Pacific coast." In an interview he said concerning the treatment in this country of people from India that it arose from ignorance and was not representative to any great extent of the most enlightened of our people, saying in that connection: "Washington, Jefferson and Franklin were inspirations to me as they fought for religious and civic freedom, but I have been in your state five days and five nights and at Red Bluff had to sleep in a bar room. They tolerated, but did not welcome me at the hotels."

Dr. Krishna was educated at Cambridge, England, and is the German universities. In England he came under the influence of Herbert Spencer. He is not friendly to missions, saying: "What we want is not missionaries, but American students of science, economics, sociology and education in general. The crying need in India is for education to draw us from our superstitions."

Perhaps the time may come when Dr. Krishna will realize that what people want is not always what they need. The putting of the real spirit of brotherhood more generally into our religion and into all our institutions and customs will help to show this man and his people that they do need missions and missionaries. No long-distance interest and effort will suffice. We must get to a point where our Christian people will love and yearn after the Asiatic, for Christ's sake, as much here in the home land as when he is in far off Tokyo, or Shanghai, or Bombay. It will not do to draw close to us our skirts when these people come among us. Sir Launfal did not find the Holy Grail when from a distance he flung of his abundance to the leper near his gate; but when, after long search, he returned and shared in close association his crust of bread with that same leper at the gate it was then that he found that holy cup.

One of our poets has written beautifully concerning this:

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
Himself the gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snow on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer that silence said,
"Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water is my blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

Today on the Pacific coast there is great need that people take heed to their ways, lest in an effort to escape from what is termed the physical and moral menace through association with a limited number of Asiatics, sight be lost of him who is the way, the truth and the life. This is our greatest danger.

"Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Our lives are well worth the living
When we lose our small selves in the whole,
And feel the strong surges of being
Throb through us, one heart and one soul.
Eternity bears up each honest endeavor;
The life lost for love is life saved and forever.
—Lucy Larcom.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

That abominable prayer chain of which we made mention several weeks ago keeps on its way. The intimation that some great calamity would befall any person not sending it along has worked on some nervous persons in such a manner as to make them ill. Burn it, if it put in an appearance at your home.

The Unitarian churches in California have increased in number since 1900 from eleven to eighteen. Fifteen of the churches have houses of worship and all the church property is free from debt. In the Pacific district there are thirty-two churches, twenty-two of which number own buildings.

The United Brethren expect to begin religious work in San Francisco at an early date, and a church will be organized er long. The work will be in charge of the Rev. Mr. Bauder. The statistics of the United Brethren Church for 1906 show a net gain of 12,912 members, making the total membership in the United States at the close of the year 272,184.

Bible study meetings in which considerable interest was manifested were conducted by Professors Day, Nash, Hill and Vankirk of the Presbyterian, Congregational Baptist and Christian theological seminaries, in Healdsburg, Petaluma and Santa Rosa last week. One day was spent in each of the places. This is the initiative of an attempt to make the seminaries of more interest and benefit to the churches.

The California Christian Advocate printed, the last week of December, an edition of 10,000 papers, having articles and illustrations showing the damage the Methodist churches of California suffered in the earthquake and fire of last April. The papers will be distributed in the East in aid of the effort to raise funds for the rehabilitation of the churches. The value of the Methodist church property destroyed in San Francisco is put at $297,000. The Methodists lost more in San Francisco than any other denomination. Nine churches were destroyed, one being a Chinese, another a Japanese. Ten others were damaged, some of them greatly. It is estimated that $692,000 will be required to build such churches as this denomination requires to take the place of those destroyed in San Francisco, San Jose, and other places in California. This, however, will give far better buildings in many instances than the churches had before the disaster.

Certain portions of an editorial on the Japanese question in the Outlook of December the 29th need wider reading on the Pacific coast than they will have in that journal and we therefore quoite as follows: "It is well that those people on the Pacific slope—whether a majority or a minority we are by no means sure—who are beginning an agitation for the exclusion of the Japanese should understand that they cannot exclude the Japanese unless they can persuade the people of other sections that it is just and wise so to do. They will find this a difficult task. In the Atlantic states there is, on the contrary, a growing inclination to modify the present exclusion law in favor of a more generous treatment of the Chinese. There is a growing belief that our treatment of the Chinese has been insulting, abusive, unjust; there is a growing opinion that it has been economically impolitic, that it is very desirable to admit with measurable freedom all members of the upper classes of Chinese, and under proper limitations a certain proportion of Chinese laborers—that the country is suffering from a dearth, not from an excess, of laborers; and there is a rapidy growing conviction that it is commercially important to promote friendly relations with both China and Japan, and that this cannot be done by continuing our past methods of exclusion, still less by extending them to a high-spirited people like the Japanese. There are several reasons for excluding Oriental laborers coming in large companies to our shores which do not apply to laborers coming singly or in small groups from European nationalities. But such exclusion should be managed with the greatest tact. It ought, if possible, to be arranged by treaty with the excluded nation, and enforced in the ports of departure abroad, not in the ports of entrance in America. Ever since the caravans from the East made Tyre and Sidon the chief commercial cities of the Mediterranean, commerce with the East has made rich every community which has engaged in it. Our geographical position gives us great advantage over Europe in cultivating this commerce. Its development should make San Francisco, Seattle, and Portland cities of the first magnitude. The nation will not allow and ought not to allow a small minority of short-sighted labor leaders, playing on the prejudices of a relatively small section, to deny the American nation this advantage. We are glad that there are men on the Pacific slope who have initiated this agitation. For the effect of the agitation will be to convert throughout the nation what has been a vague feeling into a positive and strong conviction. It will be far more likely to lead the nation to resolve upon a modified admission of the Chinese than upon the wholesale exclusion of the Japanese."

THE JAPANESE ISSUE.

The Position of President Jordan of Stanford.

The fairest article from a California source, on the Japanese controversy in California, which we have seen in any Eastern paper, appeared in the Boston Transcript of December 29th. It was written by Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University.

Dr. Jordan says that the San Francisco school question is but a side issue of the greater one of immigration.

While Dr. Jordan is of opinion that the action of the school board may have been legal, like the large majority of the best people he is calmly awaiting the decision of the courts as to that. But it is very evident that he doubts the wisdom and justice of the action of the school board, saying concerning it:

"Various ex post facto reasons for the board's action have been suggested. Among the Japanese are a few grown boys who try to learn English in the grammar grades. It might be well to shut out these, but as a matter of fact, their occasional presence has made no trouble of any consequence. Neither have the Japanese children been the source of any friction. They are intelligent, docile and clean—more so than the average children of most European immigrants The school board may have good reasons for their action, but these reasons have not appeared. The weak point is in their acting on racial grounds alone. That it appears to be a step towards relegating the Japanese in America toward the 'Jim Crow' position of the Chinese and African, is the reason why the local

Japanese resent it. It is also clear that the Japanese government will not allow its subjects to be placed in that attitude by anv other nation. Since the humiliating foreign control of the treaty-ports was abrogated in 1899, Japan has looked upon herself, and justly so, as a nation of the first rank. and as such a nation should, she looks after the welfare of her citizens wherever they may be."

Treating of the immigration question, Dr. Jordan says that there is "a legitimate hope wide spread in California that Asiatic immigration may be limited in amount, even from the best of countries."

Contrasting the Japanese with the Chinese he says: "The Japanese are much more readily adjusted to our forms and traditions. They adopt themselves readily to new ideas and new conditions, and the best of them would make excellent American citizens. The laborers are however, not the best of them. They are mostly from the Hawaiian sugar fields, and still earlier, roustabouts and farm hands from the towns of the Inland Sea, Okayama and Osaka. The Californians have no feeling against these people, but they do not want too many of them, and the supply in Asia is inexhaustible.

In the heat of controversy many wholesale charges have been made against the Japanese, but most of these things are true of offensive individuals only. Comparing men of the same social rank, the Japanese make as good a showing in California, morally and intellectually, as the immigrants of any other nation."

Of course it will be understood that Dr. Jordan in the words "Californians have no feeling against these people," means that the large majority of our best citizens have no feeling against them. There is an unreasonable and bitter feeling against them by some Californians, and the whole of Dr. Jordan's article shows this.

As to the criticisms currently made of the Japanese Dr. Jordan says that they are "skin deep," and that there are Japanese good, bad, and indifferent. As to immorality he says: "The man of the world finds the Japanese immoral, not remembering that vice is everywhere near him that seeks it."

While standing for some restriction of Asiatic immigration Dr. Jordan says frankly: "California is suffering for want of common laborers. There are not men enough to till the fields, to gather the fruit, to build roads and railroads, or to properly attend to the coarser needs of civilization. A large body of Oriental laborers would mean a great increase of the wealth of the state."

In considering how best to restrict Asiatic immigration, the words are as follows:

"How is this to be accomplished? Not by mass-meetings, sand-lot demonstrations, hysterical oratory and the wholesale denunciation of a race of people on the whole as worthy as our own. This method is ineffective. It is dangerous. Unfortunately Japan has also her water-front mobs, her jingo press, her politicians in opposition to the government. When our mob shrieks, the mob in Tokio responds in like fashion. It was not the sane statesmen of Tokio who burned the Grant monument. It is not the good citizens of California who throw tomato cans at the heads of Japanese men of science, or who station lawless pickets at the doors of Japanese restaurants. In both nations it is the recklessness of men who have nothing to lose through lawlessness that the danger of the future lies. A Denis Kearney or two on each side of the Pacific might hasten a disaster far more appalling than a dozen earthquakes.

"Appreciating all this, the government of Japan has used every effort to avoid sources of friction. Since 1901 not a single Japanese of the laboring class has been allowed to leave Japan for the United States. They go, however, freely to Hawaii, where the demand for Japanese or other forms of cheap labor in the sugar plantations is insatiate.

"From Hawaii the Japanese laborers come, often at the rate of a thousand a month to San Francisco. This Japan cannot control. Once in Hawaii these people are no longer subject to the laws of Japan. On the other hand, as Hawaii is part of the United States, our laws permit no check on travel within our own country.

"It is proposed in California to extend the Chinese evclusion act against the Japanese. This is politically impossible, and even the discussion of it is fraught with danger. The Chinese exclusion act is possible only because China is not politically a nation. The central government is powerless to assert its national rights as against the insults or the encroachments of any organized government. It is therefore perforce obliged to let its people rank as inferiors whenever they leave China. And so bad are the conditions at home that any Chinese laborer betters his state by leaving China, no matter where he goes.

"But Japan will never again accept an inferior position for its people. It will not be forced into a 'Jim Crow' position, and the United States will never take part in its humiliation.

"Behind this whole discussion looms up the race problem. The primal principles of our government, equality before the law and freedom for personal development, have never been willingly accepted by a large portion of our people. We wish to mark our own superiority by having a race or class below us."

For this attitude of mind there is no remedy, says Dr. Jordan, except patience and education. "With the enlightenment of men racial prejudices disappear. We come to think of men as men, not as members of races superior or inferior."

Dr. Jordan is of opinion that it is wise for our government and the Japanese government to remove quietly as many sources of friction as possible, and says that it would be the proper thing for Japan to check quietly the emigration to Hawaii, turning the current of laborers into other channels. He says however, that it is not true that Japanese have crowded out white labor in Hawaii. "There was never any white labor worth mentioning on the sugar plantations, and there never will be any. Even on the farms of California, under the most favorable climatic conditions, the demand for white labor exceeds many times the supply, and every year hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost to the fruit grower because men cannot be secured to pick the fruit when it is ready for shipment."

It is stated by Dr. Jordan in his Transcript article that the Japanese tell him that their government is willing at all times to do whatever we may wish in the matter of the exclusion of labor. And his words in this connection are: "They ask only a polite and diplomatic indication and they will generously respond. The point is, that they must act and not we. They will keep away any class of their people, but we must not exclude any class because they are Japanese. We can frame no exclusion act against Japanese, un-

less the same act applies to the same classes in all nations. We cannot admit Armenians, Slavonians, Russians, Portugese and Greeks, without question, unless the doors are left open to Japanese also. And in this contention, which must be taken for granted, the Japanese are wholly in the right. We can take no steps in the direction of exclusion, except with the full accord of the Japanese government and along lines in no way derogatory to Japanese self-respect. The open door of Asia must swing both ways."

We have quoted at length from Dr. Jordan's article in the Boston Transcript for the reason that it is important that there should be no misunderstanding of this great question, either in the East or on the Pacific coast. It is a time when Christian people stand in great danger of being misled. It is the aim of The Pacific Prebyterian to set forth so far as possible the attitude of the best reason and the best conscience on this and all important questions.

SOME STATISTICS FOR NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX.

Gifts and Bequests.

We condense for the benefit of our readers the record of gifts and bequests kept by the Chicago Tribune for 1906.

The record of beneficence for the year 1906, expressed in gifts and bequests, shows a total of $106,338,063, no items of less than $1,000 being included. It further should be considered that this total does not include contributions to charity in the general sense, church collections, or minor subscriptions, but only such donations and bequests as have been published in the daily papers. As compared with former years the record stands thus: 1901 (the record breaking year), $122,888,732; 1902, $77,397,167; 1903, $76,634,978; 1904, $46,296,980; and 1905, $104,586,970. The donations for the year 1906 have amounted to $61,179,093; the bequests 45,208,970; total $106,338,063. The total amount was distributed as follows: To educational institutions, $32,492,636; to charities, $49,897,615; to religious organizations, $5,443,475; to museums, art galleries, and public improvements, $16,849,700; and to libraries, $1,704,617.

As usual, Andrew Carnegie is the most conspicuous figure in this distribution. His donations for various purposes amount to $11,094,000, which is $8,864,700 less than those of last year ($19,958,700. He has provided buildings for seventeen libraries at a cost of $273,000, as compared with fifteen libraries at a cost of $355,000 last year, and has given $1,167,500 to forty-four small colleges, as compared with $2,755,700 to 144 colleges last year. His gifts of organs to churches as reported are $10,925, as compared with $11,825 in 1905. The list of his principal donations is as follows:

Gifts of organs to churches	$ 10,925
Additional gift for library to Louisville, Ky.	200,000
For John Hay library, Brown University	150,000
For library of Swarthmore College	50,000
Additional gift to Richmond, Va., public library	100,000
To Amherst College	75,000
To Lake Forest University	45,000
To Illinois College	50,000
For Fine Arts building, New York	1,000,000
To Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.	50,000
To Lehigh College	100,000
To University of Pennsylvania	100,000
To Seaman's building, New York	5,000
To library of St. Andrew's College, Scotland	50,000
To Dundee University, Scotland	62,500
To church	5,000
To library at Baltimore, Md.	500,000
To Carnegie Institute	7,000,000
To seventeen libraries	273,000
To forty-four small colleges	1,167,500
To athletics	1,000
To College of Physicians, Philadelphia, Pa.	100,000

John D. Rockefeller falls behind in the race with Carnegie, his contributions amounting to only $7,130,000, as compared with $11,620,000 last year. These contributions have been directed as follows:

University of Chicago	$4,890,000
Young Men's Christian Associations	645,000
Juvenile Reformatory in New York	1,000,000
School of Applied Design for Women	25,000
Children's Hospital in New York	125,000
Foreign missions	275,000
Richmond (Va.) University	25,000
Church	40,000
McMaster's College	60,000

A new philanthropist, Mrs. Russell Sage, appears. Her gifts thus far are small, amounting to $52,200 for schools, $16,000 in the church, and $1,000 to charity, but it is intimated that she will make some large donations in 1907.

The donations and bequests during 1906 amounting to $1,000,000 and upward were as follows:

San Francisco relief fund	$15,000,000
Charles T. Yerkes, by will to found Yerkes Hospital	9,000,000
Charles Yerkes, by will to found Yerkes Art Gallery	5,000,000
Marshall Field, by will to Field Museum	8,000,000
Andrew Carnegie, to Carnegie Technical School	7,000,000
P. A. B. Widener, gift to found Home for Crippled Children	3,000,000
David Rankin, St. Louis, Mo., gift to Industrial school	2,000,000
John D. Rockefeller, New York, gifts to University of Chicago	1,500,000
Marianne Brimmer, Boston, gifts to Museum of Fine Arts	1,315,000
D. B. Shipman, Chicago, will to charities	1,260,000
Andrew Carnegie, gift to Fine Arts build'g	1,000,000
John D. Rockefeller, New York, gift for Juvenile reformatory	1,000,000
W. V. Laurence, N. Y., gift to charities	1,000,000
Charles Fergus, Philadelphia, Pa., will to charities	1,000,000
Albert Wilcox, Seabright, N. J., will to Audubon society	1,000,000
C. E. Schoelkoof, Kansas City, Mo., will to charity	1,000,000

The list thus far given contains no gift of less than one million dollars except the smaller ones by the persons herein named, and mention is made of these smaller gifts so as to make the list as to them as complete as possible.

The Tribune' list contains several five hundred thousand dollar gifts, among them being one to Tuskegee Institute by Andrew J. Dotger of Orange, N. J.. Tuskegee is credited also with a gift, by will, of $656,000 from A. T. Dotger of New York. Among

the large donations of the year is the one of $700,000 from Theodore Kearney of Fresno, Cal., to the University of California. There were a large number of $100,000 donations. There was one of $300,000 to Princeton University, by Mrs. J. T. Swann of Washington, D. C. Mrs. John Mackey gave $400,000 to the Vatican; and Mary Ives $300,000 to New Haven, Connecticut for a library. From various donors the Presbyterian hospital in Chicago received $352,000.

Among the gifts of $25,000 is one to Occidental College, Los Angeles, from an unknown donor.

Concerning Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the Tribune says:

"Dr. D. K. Pearsons' 'lever' has not been as actively employed as in past years. He has given $145,000 to the following small colleges: Guliford, $50,000; Yankton, $30,000; U. S. Grant, $50,000; McKendrie, $10,000; and $5,000 to charity."

The Tribune reports no gift of less amount than $1,000. As we have glanced over it year after year we have noted the fact that it has been incomplete; that there have been not a few gifts each year which evidently have not come to the notice of the compiler. Sometimes this has been due to the fact that the person making them did not wish publication to be made. But it is not possible for any paper to learn of all the smaller gifts—those ranging from $1,000 to $25,000.

Doubtless those not reported would raise the total considerably above the $106,281,063.

Embezzlements in 1906.

The record of embezzlements, forgery, defaulting, and bank wrecking shows a large increase over 1905 and is the largest total since 1894, being $14,734,863 as compared with $9,613,172 in 1905. This large increase is principally due to the looting of bank deposits by such bankers as Stensland in Chicago, Hipple in Philadelphia, Silveira in New York, and others. The losses of 1906 are distributed as follows:

Stolen by public officials	$ 1,684,554
From banks	10,745,387
By agents	379,571
Forgeries	223,687
From loan associations	248,100
By postoffice employes	22,585
Miscellaneous stealings	1,433,969

The summary of embezzlements, etc., by years from 1894 to 1907 is as follows:

1894	$25,234,112	1901	$ 4,985,560
1895	10,423,205	1902	6,769,125
1896	9,405,821	1903	6,562,165
1897	11,248,084	1904	4,742,507
1898	5,851,263	1905	9,613,172
1899	2,218,373	1906	14,739,653
1900	4,500,134		

Hangings in 1906.

The number of legal hangings in 1906 was 123, as compared with 123 in 1905. Classified by states and territories the record is as follows: Alabama, 5, Arkansas, 6; California, 3; Georgia, 10; Idaho, 2; Illinois, 5; Iowa, 2; Kentucky, 8; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 4; Massachusetts, 2; Mississippi, 10; Missouri, 5; Montana, 1; Nevada, 2; New Jersey, 8; North Carolina, 1; Ohio, 1; Pennsylvania, 6; South Carolina, 7; Tennessee, 4, Texas, 9; Virginia, 6; Washington, 2; District of Columbia, 2; New Mexico, 3; Indian Territory, 1. There were 35 hanged in the North and 88 in the South, and of these 45 were whites, 76 negroes, and 2 Indians. The crimes for which they were executed were murder, 114; rape, 8; murder and rape, 1.

Lynchings in 1906.

The lynching record for the year is not encouraging. During the first six months there was a prospect that the showing might be less than that of 1905, but the number for 1906 is three more than for 1905. The number of lynchings for the year is 69. The twelve negroes killed in Atlanta in September and the twelve killed at Scooba and Wahala, Miss., in December, are not included in this total. They had not committed any offense and were not under arrest charged with any crime. They were killed by infuriated mobs because of the crime of some unknown negroes. As the lynching evil is a problem of general interest, occupying the attention of courts, legislatures, congress, and the president himself, the record of the last twenty-one years is given:

1885	184	1896	131
1886	138	1897	166
1887	122	1898	127
1888	142	1899	107
1889	176	1900	115
1890	127	1901	135
1891	192	1902	96
1902	96	1903	104
1893	200	1904	87
1894	190	1905	66
1895	171	1906	69

The number of lynchings in the various states and territories was as follows: Alabama, 6; Arkansas, 5; Colorado, 1; Florida, 6; Georgia, 5; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 2; Mississippi, 12; Missouri, 3; North Carolina, 5; South Carolina, 5; Tennessee, 2; Texas, 6; Indian Territory, 2. Of this number 64 were negroes and 5 whites. The crimes alleged were as follows: Murder, 24; murderous assault, 7; murder and rape, 1; rape, 15; attempted rape, 14, suspected of rape, 1; theft, 3; insulting women, 1; arson, 1; miscegnation, 1; disorderly conduct, 1.

Homicides in 1906.

The total number of deaths by murder and violence of every kind during 1906, as reported by telegraph, shows a small increase over 1905, being 9,350, as compared with 9,212. The record is made up to December 26, so that a complete list for the year would have added a few more to the total. It was remarked last year that "the startling feature of the record is the increase of murders committed by highwaymen, burglars, holdup men, and that class of criminals." This feature is even more apparent in 1906, for the number of murders to be credited to them is 605, as compared with 582 in 1905, 464 in 1904, 406 in 1903, 333 in 1902 and 103 in 1901. These figures show steady increase of this class of crimes. Another and even more startling feature of the record is the number of those who have committed murder and followed it by suicide, and of those who have been guilty of two or more murders. The record shows that 160 men and 11 women, after killing some person, have committed suicide, and that 108 of these double tragedies have followed love estrangments or connubial infelicities of various kinds. The number of double murders is even larger, amounting to 280, and 19 of the murderers were women. The number of triple murders was 96, and 3 of the murders were

women. There were 44 quadruple murders, 30 cases where five were killed, one case where 6 were killed (for money), two where 7 were killed, one where 10 were killed, and the race riots at Atlanta and Scooba, Miss., caused the death of 24.

The various causes of all these violent deaths were as follows:

Quarrels	5,320	Unknown	1,481
Liquor	641	By Highwaymen	605
Jealousy	721	Insanity	243
Infanticide	151	Resisting arrest	41
Highwaymen killed.	46	Self-defense	42
Strikes	14	Riots	30
Outrage	15		

Suicides.

The steady increase of suicides noted during the last few years continues. The number for 1906 is 10,125, which exceeds the homicide record. The following table shows the gradual increase of self-murder during the last eight years:

1899	5,340	1903	8,597
1900	6,755	1904	9,240
1901	7,245	1905	9,982
1902	8,291	1906	10,125

The proportion of suicides as between men and women has increased in favor of men. In the last few years about twice as many men have committed suicide as women, but last year there were nearly three times as many men, the record showing 7,242 men and 2,883 women. Physicians, as usual, head the list among professional men, the number in 1906 having been 39, as compared with 34 in 1905, 32 in 1904, 35 in 1903, and 52 in 1902. The various causes of these suicides were as follows:

Despondency	4,561	Unknown	435
Insanity	1,326	Ill health	388
Domestic infelicity	2,125	Liquor	119
Disappointed in love	1,113	Business losses	58

The common agency of destruction as usual was poison, 4,931 persons having chosen that route to the hereafter; 3,102 others shot themselves. Besides these, 952 used the rope, 438 drowned themselves, 497 cut their throats, 46 threw themselves in front of trains, 134 from windows or roof tops, 23 stabbed themselves, and 2 blew themselves up with dynamite.

War Losses in 1906.

The losses of life occasioned by war in 1906, amounting to 44,500, were small when compared with 540,000 in 1905 and 400,000 in 1904, and more than half of this loss is to be credited to the civil strife which has raged in Russia. Outside of Russia the record is as follows: Africa, 7,088; Guatamala, 3,800; 424, Santo Domingo, 215; Arabia, 2,000; Madagascar, 360; Bulgaria, 216; Cuba, 201; Servia, 58; Greece, 52; Morocco, 130; and Algiers, 12.

FOREIGNERS TRAVELING IN CHINA.

Recently the following appeared in an editorial in the San Francisco Chronicle: "Outside of the big cities on the seaboard a white traveler in China has to travel under the protection of an escort, and is hampered with all sorts of restrictions."

The Rev. Dr. George Smyth, the Pacific coast secretary of the foreign missionary society of the Methodist Church, North, writes concerning this:

It is shamelessly false. It is so stupidly false that the wonder is that any newspaper should publih it, epecially one which is so given to denouncing what it calls Eastern ignorance of the Chinese. It is, however, unhappily the kind of thing to be expected of the paper which did so much to promote the Kearney propaganda in the seventies and write that infamous story into the history of California, and which disgraced every honorable Californian last spring with its long series of shameless attacks on the Japanese.

In times of general distrubance like the Boxer uprising, it is not safe for foreigners to travel in some parts of China, but such occasions are rare, and except on such occasions, foreigners may travel in the interior of China with perfect safety. For ever fifty years missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church have traveled without escort in the great province of Fokien, and very seldom have they ever been molested or hindered by restrictions of any sort. I have myself gone time and again into the interior of the province without escort and without passport, and have never been hindered.

And the same freedom of movement has been enjoyed by all foreigners in nearly all parts of China through almost the whole time since I went there twenty-four years ago. Foreigners in China "outside the big cities" do not travel under the protection of an escort, and are not hindered with all sorts of restrictions. I can assure any one who may be contemplating a trip to that great country that they may, even now, in spite of all the boycott agitation, go almost anywhere in the Empire with perfect safety if they will learn the language or take with them a competent, tactful interpreter, and conduct themselves as considerately and courteously as they would if traveling in England or France. They will need no escort, and will find themselves hindered by few restrictions beyond such as come from poor methods of transportation and the curiosity, in most cases quite harmless, of people who never saw foreigners before.

A couple of weeks ago we sent a young man, who up to the time of his going was an instructor in the University of Illinois, to Chenghi, the capital of Ssu Chuan, the most remote province in China. It is in the very heart of Asia, but he will travel with no escort, and will need none. In nearly every province in the Empire foreigners are traveling, and none that I know of, except such as may be traveling on official business, or engaged in the survey of railways, are accompanied by soldiers. On the whole, and except in times of unusual trouble, travelers return from journeys into the interior of China, far away from the great cities on the seaboard, impressed with the kindliness of the people.

Unhappily, it is not always so, but when it is not, the fault is nearly always in the conduct of the foreigners themselves. After the butchery of three thousand Chinese by the French at Foochow in 1884, or the brutalities committed by the same people in Shanghai in 1894, after the German outrages in Shantung in 1899, and the Russian infamies in Manchuria and Port Arthur of other years, traveling was not entirely safe in the regions affected, but it was quite as safe as it would be for Chinese traviling in Wyoming after the Rock Springs massacre—though the Chinese were the victims in that dread butchery—or, as it would be for the Chinese who went to Humboldt County, in California, a few months ago, if they had not left when ordered to. Unhappily, race prejudice is not the curse of any one race, and America, glorious

a country though it is in most respects, is not free from outbursts of that most inhuman of all passions.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY FORCES.

A statement of the foreign missionary forces of the different denominations was made last week by Secretary Strong of the American Board.

Is shows a total of 29,386 stations and out-stations, 6750 men and 6039 women missionaries, 70,735 native laborers, 1,349,908 communicants, 1,120,802 under instruction, and an income of $18,605,748. The totals show an increase over the reports of last year as follows: Increase in the number of stations and out-stations, 8745; of male missionaries, 747; of women misisonaries, 885; of native laborers, 5449; of communicants, 24,023; in the number under instruction, 219,690; while the increase in contributions as reported has been $3,452,853.

The statistics of the principal foreign missionary societies of the evangelical churches of the United States are as follows: 1048 stations, 10,004 out stations, 2043 male missionaries, 3031 women missionaries, 25,093 native laborers, 5543 churches, 577,500 communicants, 70,467 added last year, 306,681 under instruction, $282,299 native contributions, $8,260,321 total income.

The statistics of the principal foreign missionary societies of Great Britain are as follows: 11,232 stations and out-stations, 3150 men and 1990 women missionaries, 34,494 native workers, 587,456 pupils under instruction. 496,353 communicants, $7,298,097 total income.

The last enumeration of missionaries in China gives their number as 3270. The native Church is doubling about every seven years and the missionary force every ten years. The issue for 1906 of the Christian Movement in Japan gives the Christian communicants in the Protestant churches of Japan as 48,087, with 5099 adult baptisms during the year—the same pamphlet affirming that "the influence of Christianity in Japan is far and away greater than the statistics of the churches would indicate."

In India eighty-nine societies are engaged in Christian work; of these thirty-two are American, thirty-one are British and nine are continental European and seventeen international. These societies report 3447 foreign missionaries, of whom 1879 are men; 1846 stations and 8082 out-stations. There are 497,965 comcunicants in the native Protestant churches and 420,296 pupils in the schools; 541 hospitals and dispensaries, having within the year 2,800,956 patients.

The missionary force in Austria from America consists of two ordained men with their wives. There are thirty-nine native Christian laborers, thirteen of them being pastors. The twenty-four organized churches have a membership of 1734 of whom 197 were added the past year. The Christian work which is done in Prague and in other centres in Austro-Hungary is accomplishing much for America, inasmuch as Bohemian and other converts brought to Christ in their native land are coming to labor as Christians among people of their own race who have flocked to Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburg and other portions of the United States. This mission has also established two churches in Russian territory, one at Lodz and one at Zyradov.

Recent statements from the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, as well as from Ponape, Micronesia, show that there is a vigorous Christian life among the native churches. In the Marshall group 661 were added to the churches, and 318 to the Gilbert group.

PILOTING A BAD BOY TO A BETTER LIFE.

The Experiences of an Indianapolis Probation Officer.

Harriet Ritter.

The volunteer probation system as operated by the Indianapolis Juvenile Court is unusual. This court, with only two regular paid probation officers available for the work of investigation, found impossible not only adequate supervision, but even more so any close personal relationship with individual children, and so was brought face to fece with the fact that such functions must be performed by some other means. Thus, appeal could only at first be made for a volunteer service. This was made and the system proved so efficacious that this arm of the court body is one of its mainstays.

To the credit of its chief probation officer be it said that under her guidance the obtaining, training and supervising of this corps of volunteer probation officers has resulted in a body of capable, conscientious, faithful and enthusiastic men and women which would lend profound efficiency to any court to which its forces might rally. This branch is perhaps the characteristic feature of the Indianapolis court. Among these officers may be found Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis and representatives from every denomination and faith. Each, regradless of creed, is heartily responding to "the bitter cry of the children." And this, it seems to me, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. We shall surely never come into our own until the cry of the children is heard above everything else; and not only heard but heeded.

Not a Sit and Wait Affair.

It a recent meeting given over to the interests of the Juvenile Court, the question was asked: "What is required of a volunteer officer? What are his duties? What must he do?" I found myself wondering if there was anything ever invented or not invented by the human mind that a probation office must not do.

It is obviously not enough to find one's boy a job and a boarding place (if he must have a boarding place) and then fold one's hands, in peace and rest, waiting for him to make his weekly visit, feeling one's work done. O, no! The work is only just begun.

The result of a few months' labor with one of my boys has been particularly gratifying, because the beginning was very unpromising, and every one predicted failure for me. This particular boy had been peculiarly and outrageously sinned against, had no home and no very wholesome or cheerful view of life. In fact, his case was thought to be of a rather hopeless nature.

Never Had a Square Deal.

He had never yet had a square deal in life and he was not much inclined to expect it from the court. He was a handsome lad but for a sullen, stubborn look This, however, was largely due to embarrassment rather than sullenness. He had been taken from a six-dollar job and put into one where he got only three—and taken from a boarding place where he was familiar with the surroundings and domiciled with a family who lived as he had then never had the vaguest

dreams of any one's living. The transplanting was too radical and the plant could not grow. It was not accustomed to the sunshine, and so one evening the lad being on suspended sentence to Plainfield, the boy unceremoniously returned to his old haunts. This, we thought, was rather descouraging, and the court officers were quite in the mood to believe nothing would reach him but a term there.

He was brought into court by one of the court patrolmen, and I closeted myself with him in the consultation-room, to see what might be done. Looking him in the eyes, "John," I said, "what was the matter with you? Why did you leave your good place? Look me straight in the eye and tell me what the trouble was. I'm your friend and want to help you—but I can't help you unless you help me."

What Troubled the Boy.

He sat for a minute looking the other way, then turned his face to me and said: "There wasn't anything the matter. I didn't think I could learn the work. I made so many mistakes. I didn't like the job. And it was too lonesome."

"But, John," I said, "do you think it was treating us right to leave that way without saying anything about it? Do you think that was quite honorable?"

Well, after thinking it over a little he was not sure that it was quite right, though he did not intend to do anything bad.

"Now," I said, "the judge and all the court are disgusted with you. They consider you a quitter, and a quitter is the worst thing on earth. Just about the worst. They tell me there isn't much use trying you further. You've had several chances. Now what I want to know is this: If I stand between you and Plainfield and get you another job, are you going to keep it until I see some reason for your giving it up?"

He promised he would do whatever I said.

"Well, then, you're my man," I said, "and will come out all right after all. But you see, John, if you don't make good this time you disgrace not only yourself, but me, too, for I have promised the judge that if he will give us one more chance we'll make good."

Started on a New Job.

I obtained him a job with a firm, the members of which were personal friends, and all of whom I knew to be most excellent examples. He was allowed to remain in his former boarding place until he had got accustomed to his new environment with his work, thus avoiding the first mistake of at once making the change too hopelessly complete.

After a few days I called him up by telephone, the manager understanding the case and being anxious to help me, and willing to have me talk to him. I asked him how he liked his work.

"Oh, I like the work all right," he said, "but you know the pay." He was getting only $3, just barely enough to pay his board.

"Yes, John, I know about the pay." I replied, "but if you'll forget that and try to grow eyes in the back of your head to see something to do which they have not had to tell you to do, and do it a little better than any one else has ever done it, and try to do a little more than any other boy has done and do it a little cheerfully, I'll promise you to see that you have the things you absolutely need until you get on your feet . (He needed everything.) Come to me Saturday and we'll talk it over."

Giving Him a New Outfit.

In the meantime I haunted bargain counters and laid the matter before one or two of my friends who were interested, and, with other assistance, had a good beginning to a respectable wardrobe when John arrived Saturday. Now, John had it explained to him that the suit which was much better than one he could afford to buy if he were getting a new one, had been given me by a friend whose son had outgrown it, and this was given him to help him get a start; that every one had to be helped in the beginning, if not by one's own family, by some one else, and that it was all right for him to accept this and appreciate it. The other things I had bought at as reasonable a price as possible and these I should charge to him and as he got to a place where he could, he could pay me for them, a little at a time. "But don't worry about it until you do get to that point," I said. "Just keep your mind on your work and do your best; that's all any of us can do."

His face lighted up, and for the very first time, I believe, he looked me frankly and squarely in the eyes and said: "You are awfully good . I hate to have you go to so much trouble for me."

"I'm glad to do it, John," I said, "and it isn't the least trouble, but a great pleasure if only it makes you happy and helps you to get a start, and to be a good boy." I was fully paid for any sacrifice of time or comfort which I may have made when I saw how light-hearted that boy started home that day.

Leading a Sunny Life.

The next week he did better work. The next he got a raise and now he is getting $5.50, and is the best boy these people have, and is a happy, handsome lad, who, a few days ago, looked frankly and happily into my face when he said: "You've done an awful lot for me, Miss Ritter, and I appreciate it, too. At first I wished I could get out of your hands, and I wouldn't have kept my job only I knew I had to, but now I'm glad you made me. I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for you."

And to one of my other boys whom I had not had so long, both being with me for the afternoon, he said: "You needn't ever try to fool Miss Ritter. You can't do it. She may say nothing, and you may think she is fooled, but she isn't. But if you are square with her she'll be your best friend."

It was not at all smooth sailing to get him to this point. But was it worth the price? I am paid every time I look into this face. For weeks we spent Friday evenings scanning the papers and listing what we would buy on our shopping tour Saturday afternoon. It was for some time a standing joke among my friends and it went without saying that every time I went downtown I was shopping for John. And one of the officers laughingly said that the first thing I did with a boy who was put into my hands was to buy him a tooth brush and a nail brush. And there was more truth than poetry in this, too, for I have a firm conviction that "cleanliness is next to godliness," except that I feel that cleanliness usually precedes godliness.

From his abundant experience in answered prayer, Paul writes this glorious sentence to the Philippians. "According to His riches;" a phrase we can ponder over again and again until the depth, height and length of God's love, mercy and consideration dawn upon us.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIEY WORK IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. H. B. Swafford, a colporter of the Tract Society, writes as follows concerning his work in November and the early part of December of last year:

The past month has been one of strenuous work and great anxiety. Having about despaired of success by the house-to-house method of colportage, owing to the prevalent sentiment against any one who seems to be a peddler, I secured a sort of business headquarters so as to be ready for the holidays.

Then came the delicate and difficult work of more fully explaining the work of the Society before the churches and community at large, so as to insure patronage without waiting, in every instance, for the colporter to call. This has required personal presentation, public addresses, circular letters and notices for the religious and secular papers.

The people of San Francisco now have a much clearer idea of the true character and claims of the Society, and without doubt it is growing in their esteem. One of our leading city papers, "The Call" has voluntarily tendered me the free use of its columns, with cordial invitation to write whatever I wish in the interest of the Society's work. In response to an address that I recently delivered before the San Francisco Church Federation, the president—a Methodist minister, said: "This movement by the American Tract Society at the present juncture, certainly is very timely."

The room secured for my holiday work is in the basement of the Centenary M. E. Church. It is not uncommon for such places to be used for business purposes here since the fire. As a result of my humble misionary efforts, I have reason to believe that many souls have been helped and blessed. The Sunday-schools are making good use of the libraries donated by the Society. One pastor writes: "These books are out on their holy mission in a section where books are very, very scarce." Others express like sentiments of gratitude and appreciation. Several instances have been brought to my notice showing how heartily the Society's literature is appreciated by individuals.

I am also endeavoring to enlist individual workers, missions and churches more fully in general tract distribution. Great help has been afforded the missions by this literature: I shall give it my special and prayerful attention. Necessarily much of my work has been with individuals, congregations and miscellaneous masses of people.

All in all, I can truly say that, notwithstanding the many hindrances and discouragements, I have found much to encourage and inspire me in this work.

CAN A READING ROOM BE MADE AS ATTRACTIVE AS A SALOON?

In a recent issue of the Christian Register the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale asked: "Is there any way in which a reading-room can be made as attractive as a liquor saloon?"

In reply Mr. A. R. McAlpine of Chicago writes:

Let me tell of the work being done by a church in Chicago which seems to have found a solution for this problem for the neighborhood in which it is situated.

In the rear of the church there is a coffee-room where coffee is sold at two cents per cup, three cents per pint, five cents per quart. Cards are distributed through the neighborhood advertising this fact.

At noon many workmen take or send their pails to be filled with coffee who formerly sent them to the saloons for beer. Many others, men and working-girls, bring their lunches here and enjoy them in the pleasant surroundings. The Sunday-school room adjoining is converted into a parlor where these guests spend the noon hour in resting or singing, a pianist being usually furnished to lead the singers.

This neighborhood, 14th and Wabash, was formerly a fine residence district; but now the residences are occupied as boarding or lodging houses. These are filled principally by young people of both sexes. To counteract the deadly loneliness of the long winter evenings, which drives many to sin, this church provides a "Community Parlor" where, in the evening, the whole neighborhood is welcome to come and enjoy themselves in games, singing, social converse, etc. The rooms are crowded. The latest magazines and the best weekly papers are provided for those who prefer them, so that this church has succeeded in furnishing a more attractive place than a saloon for its neighborhood.

No religious instruction is attempted at these gatherings, yet there is some one at the church day and evening to counsel or comfort troubled souls. The word "Hope" is inscribed over the door, which is not closed by day.

This particular work has been going on for but a few months, and is, as yet, hardly known outside of its immediate neighborhood.

This church supports, and has for years, several other departments which I will only enumerate. A free dispensary, rescue work for men, rescue work for women, employment bureau, jail work, mothers' meetings, cooking classes for women, cooking classes for girls, salvage sales.

The church, I belive, is a Methodist, Rev. C. A. Kelley is pastor. This work, which they have recently undertaken, is growing more and more successful every month.

There are many similar neighborhoods in this and in other large cities where there is a call for just such work.

The fact that these gatherings are held in a church edifice and under the auspices of a church has a salutary influence upon the young people that perhaps would be missed were a public hall the place of meeting.

How few people live at their physical best! Everywhere we find half-alive individuals tinkering up bodies weakened by the neglect and the ignorance both of themselves and of others. It is not a superstitious fear of death that should cause men to live strong and clean, nor a selfish eagerness to save their own souls, for that is a petty motitve. But it is to be able to have life more abundantly, to get into the stress and storm of life, into the very heart of action and so to have full share in the making of men. It is even difficult for those to preach effectively to the soul who habitually neglect the body. The preacher who ruins his temper and digestion by gormandizing on hot biscuits and black coffee will eventually become a very small factor in regulating the lives of those who sit in the pews.

Among the Churches.

South Berkeley.—Eleven persons were welcomed to membership last Sunday at the communion service.

Arcata.—The Rev. C. P. Hessel has entered on his sixth year at Arcata. During the past year 18 persons were received into membership.

San Francisco, Lebanon.—The reopening of the reconstructed church building and the 25th anniversary of the organization of the church was celebrated last week. Professor Wicher of San Anselmo gave an address and in the evening there was a praise service and an address by the Rev. William Rader.

San Francisco, Mizpah.—Interest in the work as carried on in the temporary building is increasing. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, the attendance at Sabbath School and church services has been very encouraging. The festival was held Christmas afternoon and greatly enjoyed by the children and older friends who were present. Last Sabbath, the Lord's Supper was observed. A mother presented her infant son for baptism, and at her side stood her little daughter, who was received into church membership on her own profession of faith in Christ. It was indeed a blessed scene.

Camp Meeker, Mizpah.—In the quiet of the mountain forest, the work of this church was greatly blessed during the strenuous year just ended. Regular services were held beginning with Easter, and continuing until the end of November, conducted by the following brethren, viz.: Rev. D. A. Dodge, Rev. G D. B. Stewart, Rev. Geo. W. Lyons, D.D., Rev. H. N. Bevier and Rev. F. A. Doane. A lecture, entitled "Under Italian Skies" was also delivered by the Rev. David James. The Lord's Supper was observed in August and special services held on Thanksgiving. At the former service, an offering was taken up for the Orphanage, and at the latter for the Chilean sufferers.

Vacaville.—On the last Sabbath in December, Dr. Curry preached a sermon on the fourth anniversary of his pastorate here. During this time he stated that 52 persons had been received into the membership of the church. Over $9,400 had been contributed for all purposes, of which about $682 were for the Boards and benevolences, $600 for improvements in the church and manse, and $1,300 to pay off in full an old debt of a dozen or more years' standing; that through the work and contributions of the church and the preaching and special addresses by the pastor, the influence of the church in the cause of religion, patriotism, education, improvements and the like, had been extended in many directions, among many people in our own community, state, nation and in foreign lands. The church of Christ ever makes good returns for all it costs to support it.

ANOTHER PIONEER HOME MISSIONARY GONE.

On the second day of this month the Rev. Harlan P. Dunning died of paresis at his home in Oakland, California. Mr. Dunning was born in 1841 at Havana, N. Y. After taking the usual course in the public schools, he enlisted with the Wisconsin Battery for three years in the civil war. At the expiration of one and a half years of military service he was honorably discharged on account of a wound received in battle. He completed his education at Beloit College and at Auburn Theological Seminary. He was ordained to the gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Geneva in May, 1872. He labored as a Home missionary a year and three months at Seattle, there building a church; seven years at Corvallis, Oregon, there building a parsonage, and in the adjacent country a church; and eight years at Walnut Creek, California, there also building a church. He left Walnut Creek to take the position of Superintendent of Colportage on the Pacific coast for the American Tract Society. He held that position until the American Tract Society was compelled by financial difficulties to relinquish for considerable time its work on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Dunning was a man of genial, modest deportment, and of fine ability and scholarship. As a pastor he was very successful and greatly beloved in the churches where he labored.

The Rev. William Rader is holding a Sunday morning service now in the Colonial Theater on McAllister street near Jones, San Francisco. The Colonial is artistically furnished, has a seating capacity of 1000, and is a pleasant place for service. It has been engaged for this purpose permanently. In order to have time for the proper conduct of this work Mr. Rader has laid aside some of the editorial work he was doing on The Bulletin, he having been for several months the principal editorial writer. He continues to write signed editorials several times a week. The religious work of which he is the head is supported by contributions made regularly by the envelope system. The attendance is good, and there is no doubt that Mr. Rader is therein doing excellent service for the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ. His sermons always make for righteousness.

WOMAN AND WORRY.

"How bright and charming she is," a visitor remarked of a neighbor who had run "in" for a chat with her hostess. "She is as refreshing as a west wind."

"She's always that way," the hostess returned. "You would'nt imagine, would you, that she had a sister who is a hopeles invalid, and that now her father has got to go to the hospital for a very serious operation? I don't know how they will get along if anything should happen to him. I should be wild with anxiety; but you saw how she took it. Ellen never was a worrier."

"I should think she'd be a joy in a sick-room," the friend said.

"I suppose she is—I know she does everything for poor Susie—only—well, of course it does no good to worry, but you feel as if one who does'nt must be lacking in sympathy. I suppose it is a foolish idea, but you can't help feeling so."

The attitude is a common one; every woman will recognise it. We all agree without hesitation to those

perennial and most excellent treatises which declare that worry is a stealthy foe of all health, mental moral, and physical, a barrier to all success, whether material or spiritual, a chain, a clog, a poison.

Worry, we know, is all this and more. Nobody has discovered any good in it, yet few of us are brave enough to resist it, because—it seems heartless not to worry! In some curious fashion worry and love are so inextricably entwined in the feminine consciousness that the average woman feels it impossible to uproot the one without injuring the other.—Youth's Companion.

THE BEST BOOK FOR BOYS.

Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune, was once asked by a New York merchant what was the best book for him to put into the hands of his clerks for a business handbook. He recommended "The Book of Proverbs," and the man went to the American Bible Society and bought a lot of them. We give below a few samples out of the book:

A wise son maketh a glad father.

A soft tongue breaketh the bone.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Buy the truth and sell it not.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup.

A faithful witness will not lie.

The borrower is servant to the lender.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.

He that soweth iniquity shall reap calamity.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.

Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

San Francisco has now 2,200 saloons, as against 3,400 before the fire. The license before the fire was $84 annually; since the reopening of the saloons last July, the tax is $500 annually. But the way these dens of iniquity have multiplied it certainly shows that money as high license cuts very little figure when it stands in the way of opening up a saloon. What does the little sum of $500 mean when an open saloon will take in that sum of money in a very few nights? All they have to do is to put up the price of drinks, and very soon the license money is raised. Again, the city thus gets a revenue from the rum traffic for the year on 2,200 saloons, of $120,000. But how far, may we ask, will this paltry sum go towards meeting the expense of the Police Court at the present rapid rate of expenses incurred by the running of the saloons? And yet some ill-advised people think saloon money is good revenue money for school funds. Statistics and common sense are against—unalterably against such a conclusion. It never reaches the school fund.

The return of our Saviour to heaven restores the broken link between earth and the throne. The disciples had hitherto prayed to Him, now they, and all others who pray must present their petitions through faith in His name. The servant of Christ who uses His name, is bound to consult His wishes to carry out His purposes, to submit to His will.

The Home.

DAY BY DAY.

Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of the Master faithful and dear.
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than he bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load—
Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God.
Daily only he saith to thee,
"Take up thy cross, and follow me."

BREAKFAST FOODS.

There is such a bewildering variety of cereal breakfast foods on the market, with such difference in appearance, taste, and claims to nutritive value, that it is hard to make an intelligent choice between them. For that reason the bulletin by Dr. Charles D. Woods and Prof. Harry Snyder recently issued by the Department of Agriculture should prove of interest. True economy here, as with other kinds of food, depends upon the amount of digestible nutrients which can be obtained for a given sum of money.

Of the five cereals most commonly used for breakfast foods, oats contain perhaps the largest quantities of the important nutrients, with a fairly low proportion of crude fiber. Wheat ranks very close to oats in all respects, however, and even when prepared with the bran is freer from crude fiber. Many persons consider that the bran contains so much protein and desirable mineral matters that it chould be retained in spite of the crude fiber which it contains. Digestion experiments indicate, however, that the crude fiber makes the whole material so much less digestible that more protein is actually available to the body when the bran is excluded. Moreover, the ordinary mixed diet probably furnishes all the mineral matters which the healthy body needs, so bran is not need for this purpose. The bran-containing preparations should be avoided by persons of weak digestion, but are often useful in cases of constipation. Such differences are, however, too small to be of importance to normal, healthy persons, and all the ordinary varieties of breakfast cereals are wholesome. Individual taste must determine which are most palatable. Appearance, palatability, and relative cost will always and rightly be important features in the selection of all these cereal breakfast foods. Corn and its preparations are rich in carbohydrates and fat, but are slightly less digestible than the other cereals. Rice is poor in protein, but remarkably free from crude fiber, and consequently furnishes a large proportion of digestible carbohydrates. Barley contains a fair proportion of nutrients and is moderately digestible. All these differences in composition and digestibility are comparatively slight and may be disregarded by healthy persons living on the ordinary mixed diet.

Throughness of cooking is a factor which has a bearing upon digestibility. It not only makes the cereals more palatable, but also breaks down the walls of indigestible cellulose which surround the starch granules and other nutrients and produces other changes so that the digestive juices can work on the nutritive ingredients more effectively. Poorly-cooked cereals are less palatable than the same dishes well

cooked and may cause indigestion and be really harmful. When the partially cooked preparations are used care should be taken to insure sufficient recooking before serving. The majority of the ready-to-eat brands are apparently thoroughly cooked.

In choosing between the various breakfast foods it must be remembered that a novel appearance and a quasi-scientific name do not necessarily represent any unusual food value. Unless something is added during the process of manufacture, all brands must have just about the same composition as the cereals from which they are made, as manipulation cannot increase the amount of food material, though it may modify its appearance and flavor. As far as the claims to pre-digestion are concerned, it is safest to assume that in at least the majority of cases the goods do not contain a much larger proportion of soluble—i. e., partially digested—starch than any thoroughly cooked cereal. Fortunately, the matter is of little importance to healthy persons, since they are probably better off for doing their own normal work of digestion. If any one is so ill as to need predigested food, he should depend upon the professional advice of a competent physician in selecting it. The predigested and malted cereals should be judged by the same standards as the others.

It should not be forgotten that breakfast cereals of all sorts are usually free from harmful adulterants and that, especially in the case of package goods, they reach the consumer in a clean, fresh condition.

The investigations made at the agricultural experiment stations have thus far failed to discover any uniform relation between price and nutritive value. The retail prices of breakfast cereals run all the way from 3 cents a pound for some of the plain meals sold in bulk to 15 cents or more for some of the ready-to-eat brands. The proportion of nutrients supplied pound for pound, does not differ greatly. The partially cooked brands, usually medium priced, are certainly easier to prepare than the raw grains and may be more truly economical in households where time, labor, and fuel are scarce. In general, the ready- to-eat brands are higher in price than the partially cooked goods, though they have practically the same nutritive value, pound for pound, as other classes of cereal breakfast foods. The extent to which they should be used for their special flavor and the variety they give to the diet must be decided according to individual circumstances. It is only fair to add, however, that, whatever the relative food values of malten and unmalted foods, the cost of the former to the manufacturer is greater, and the increased price is to this extent justified.

In the selection of cereal breakfast foods the consumer may be guided by the results of analyses of disinterested chemists, by the digestibility as determined by actual test, by cost, by taste, by economy, or by the observed effects of the goods upon individuals. It seems fair to conclude that the chemical composition, considered in connection with digestibility and cost, furnishes a satisfactory guide for selection, due attention being paid to palatability and individual preferences.

All things considered, the cereal breakfast foods as a class are nutritious, convenient, and reasonably economical foods and worthy of an important place in the diet when judiciously combined with other foods. —The Scientific American.

The Quiet Hour.

ASPIRATIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To be more reverent,
  To know the truth,
To find the secet
  Of eternal youth,
Not to grow weary
  In doing well,
With quiet thoughts
  Always to dwell,
To hope in the darkness
  As well as in light,
To walk by faith
  As well as by sight,
To live for the highest,
  Believe in the best—
Be loving, be fearless:
  Trust God for the rest.
—G. C. L., in Christian Register.

A MORNING PRAYER.

O God, our Defender and Guide, we thank Thee for Thy watchful care over us through another night, and rejoice in the assurance that Thou art our Keeper. O may the fiery cloudy pillar which protects us each night go before us by day, guiding us all the journey through, showing us the love of a covenant-keeping God. We praise Thee, O Father, for the gift of this new day, and would consecrate its hours to Thee. Every morning may we say, "This is the day the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it." Guard us this day from the Evil One, and keep us from the easily besetting sins of selfishness and pride. Help us to be loyal to our Master Christ. Trusting in His redeeming love may we have grace and power to follow in His footsteps, and to manifest His spirit. Amen.

DISCIPLINE.

By Wayland Hoyt.

This is a probationary world. This is a world in which we are getting ready for another world, infinitely nobler. Discipline must be a constituent element in the process of getting ready for that better world. It makes all the difference imaginable how you take the discipline—whether it be blight or blessing to you, whether it be useful or useless.

Sometimes God must treat us as a wise father treated his boy, who became, through that discipline, a most successful man in a noble profession, because he met the discipline in the right fashion. The boy had been an indolent student at college; had made but poor use of his advantages. As soon as he was graduated, he besought his father that he would let him go to New York City to study law. But the father, with apparent harshness, made answer, "So far as I can make it out, you have wasted your time at college, and there is no ground for faith in your success at the bar. Still you may do as you like. I will give you $100; but remember, that, when you have spent your last dollar, it will be useless for you to ask me for money."

Well, the boy went to New York and his store of

money dangerously dwindled. But, at last, he got a place in a law office, and began to get on. This, now most prosperous and successful, man declares that that seemingly harsh treatment by his father was the best thing his father ever did for him. It somehow evoked the strong, manly heart really latent in him. The boy met the discipline with the heart of a cheerful courage and a stiff attempt.

Meet discipline thus, and it will be full of use to you; it will brace will; summon energy; brighten intellect; compact and nurture character; fit for even the "great weight of glory" yonder.

Here is a poem I am fond of:

"Where slopes the beach to the setting sun,
On the Pescadero shore,
Forever and ever the restless surf—
Rolls up with sullen roar.

"And grasping the pebbles in white hands,
And, chafing them together,
And, grinding them against the cliffs
In stormy and sunny weather—

"It gives them never any rest;
All day, all night, the pain
Of their long agony goes on,
Sinks, and then swells again.

"And seekers come from every clime,
To search with eager care,
For those whose rest has been the least;
For such have grown more fair.

"But yonder, round a point of rock,
In a quiet, sheltered cove,
Where storm ne'er breaks, and sea ne'er comes,
The seekers never rove.

"The pebbles lie 'neath the sunny sky
Quiet forever more:
In dreams of everlasting peace.
They sleep upon the shore.

"But, ugly, and rough, and jagged, still
Are they left by the passing years;
For they miss the beat of the angry storms
And the surf that drips in tears.

"The hard turmoil of the pitiless sea
Turns the pebbles to beauteous gem.
Those who escape the agony
Miss also the diadem."

You can interpret the poem easily enough. Discipline is needful. He who meets it with a heart which puts a cheerful courage on, gets the good of it, rises steadily into nobler character, is getting ready and fitted for the vast and shining temple to which this present world is only threshold and vestibule.

Philadelphia.

INFLUENCE.

"The tiniest streamlet seeks the larger river,
The river swells the far-extending sea,
The seas roll on throughout the vast forever;
Each deed is wrought for all eternity."

Young People.

A MISSPELLED TALE.

A little buoy said: "Mother deer
May Eye go out to play?
The son is bright, the heir is clear—
Owe, mother, don't sa neigh!"

"Go fourth, my sun," the mother said;
His ant said: "Take ewer slay,
Your gneiss knew sled, awl painted read;
But dew knot lose ewer weigh."

"Ah, know!" he cried, and sought the street
With hart so full of glee;
The weather changed, and snow and sleet
And reign fell fierce and free.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw wat'ry pool,
He flue with mite and mane.
Said he: "Though Eye wood walk by rule,
Eye am not write, 'tis plane.

"I'de like to meat sum kindly sole,
For hear gnu dangers weight;
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole;
To sloe has bin my gate.

"A piece of bred, a gneiss hot stake
Eyed chews if Eye were home;
This crewel fate my hart will brake—
Eye love not thus to rome.

"I'm week and pail; I've mist my rode!"
But hear a carte came passed.
He and his sled were safely toad
Back two his home at last.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A VISIT TO WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

The Whittier home at East Haverhill is very easy to reach, the trolley line from Haverhill to Amesbury passing within a moment's walk of the house.

One beautiful morning in fall, a friend and myself stepped off the cars and made our way to the house with whose picture I had been familiar since childhood.

Paying our admission fee of ten cents, we entered the door nearest the street and found ourselves the only visitors, and our guide, one of the neighbors, Mrs. Ela, the woman who is hired by the Whittier Association to take charge of the house, being off for the day.

The first room to be entered was the kitchen—one which contained almost nothing to remind one of modern times. Here are several shelves of antique dishes—those on one shelf being his mother's wedding present, and those on another heirlooms from his grandmother.

Here we see the fireplace just as it was in Whittier's boyhood, and about it the family baker, roaster, candle molds, and foot stove. Here are to be seen the porringer, the kettle, the peck measure, and a quaint old apple dish and the old family saddle-bags.

In one corner stands the poet's desk, which was one hundred and fifty years old. It has come into the possession of Mrs. Pickard, Whittier's neice, and

for many years his housekeeper. In front of this desk is Whittier's chair, and near by stands his mother's tow wheel.

It is necessary to go up one step in order to reach the bedroom of Whittier's mother. There was a big rock in the cellar, and instead of having this removed, the floor of the bed-room was raised above the level of the other rooms in the house. Upon the bed in this room were sheets the mother had with her own hands spun and wove. In this room Whittier was born.

No room in the house impressed me more than did this, and I made the remark to my friend that no doubt the lad Whittier often brought his poems here for his mother's inspection, and he no doubt received from her more encouragement than he did from any one else.

But there are various other articles of interest scattered throughout the house; almanacs, an old-time lantern, an infant's shirt and adult's chess board, both belonging to his ancestry; candle snuffers, a curious round mirror, a portrait of Joshua Coffin, the poet's school teacher, a green rocking chair which was his father's.

Nothing in the house was more pleasing to me than was the sampler made by the little heroine of school-days—Lydia G. Ayers. It was "wrought" when she was eleven years old and bears the date of June 29th, 1824. Below it hangs the picture of the school-house. Many have expressed a desire to know what the word was the little girl spelled correctly, thereby gaining the right to go above him, but surely no one has ever gone above him, although the whole country has learned to love him.

"We seldom let visitors go upstairs," said our guide, "but you can," and she led the way to the stairs near which was a "cuddy hole" which the boy Whittier had for a play corner. "These are the stairs," she explained, "down which Whittier's sister rolled him wrapped up in a bundle when he was a baby."

The house was burned a few years ago, and the upper portion is new but a reproduction of the old.

We entered a large room. "This is just as it was before the fire," said our guide. "His bed was by that window, and there was a table by the bed and he would get up nights and write."

"Some women cry when they go into this room, for they think it must have been so cold for the child Whittier. One woman said, 'And they didn't even have a furnace, and he was such a dear, good man.'"

Up-stairs was Whittier's cradle, which interested me more than any other object that I saw.

Having visited every room in the house, we took a tramp about the farm—following up the brook made immortal by the poet's allusion to it in "The Barefoot Boy," visited a group of graves not far from the house, and the old-fashioned flower garden where we were told to help ourselves to flowers, and then back to the homestead, where our hostess insisted that we should partake of some of the products of the place upon the kitchen table, which, by the way, stood near the window through which Whittier's mother saw one night the face of an Indian pressed.

When we finally bade good-bye to this historic place and mounted our trolley for Amesbury, we realized that our visit had brought us even greater delight than we had anticipated.—Alice M. Douglas, in Western Christian Advocate.

CIVILITY IS CAPITAL.

It pays to be polite. Even if the result of unmannerliness is never so serious as in the following from the Youth's Companion, yet from the standpoint of our own self-respect, it pays to be polite:

"Black neckties, if you please."

Drummond, the salesman, stared across the counter at the speaker, as if his thoughts were in Egypt.

"What is it?" he said at last.

"Black neckties. Silk."

Drummond drew a box down. The customer opened it. "These are red—and not silk," he said quickly.

"Nobody wears black silk now," Drummond said, yawning, and looking indifferently at the plain old man before him. Then he took up the box and threw it back into its place.

"Have you none of the kind I want?" asked the old man.

"No! That kind of goods went out years ago. We don't keep 'em, said the salesman, insolently.

"There are plenty of black silk ties," said Sanders, the man at the next counter, in an undertone

"I know; but what's the good of bothering with an old back number like that? Methodist preacher, I'll bet five to one! But I was telling you about my cousins, the Harts. The three brothers all left the village and came up to town. One is now a railway boss, one a banker and the third a sugar man. All of them millionaires."

"A lucky family! How was it?"

"They all had capital to start with. The man with capital wins out every time."

"Perhaps you have neckties—black silk?" the old man who had been lingering near, said to Sanders.

"I think there are some sir," said Sanders, taking down some boxes. He opened one after another, but there were no ties of the kind the old man wanted.

Drummond, with a half-amused stare at the persistent customer, turned away to gossip and giggle with a salesgirl. Sanders anxiously took down box after box.

"I am afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble," said the old man, kindly.

"That's what I'm here for," said the salesman pleasantly. "I am sure I shall find them." The box was found at last and a necktie of the right width chosen wrapped and handed to the troublesome customer with a smile.

The next morning Sanders received a printed slip, notifying him of his promotion in the store. Drummond also received a slip, but it informed him that after the end of the next week his services would no longer be required by Colton & Co. Underneath the printed form were written the words, "Civility and efficiency are capital as well as money. You will fail because you have neither."

"Who was that old bore," demanded Drummond.

"It was John Colton, the silent partner of the firm," said one of the men.

"Our deeds are petty, but our dreams how great!
What though our barks are impotently whirled,
Are we not mariners of a venturous world;
Shall we not front the foam-splurge, free, elate,
Let the waves roll, and let the shrill winds cry?
Free-willed are we, free-willed in spite of Fate—
Our deeds are petty, but our dreams how great!"

QUEER FACTS ABOUT THE OYSTER.

Nature study tells us that oysters see their food without eyes, catch it without moving, eat it without a mouth, and digest it without a stomach. As they live in their little tightly-closed shells they hardly seem like living creatures, yet they are active enough not only to feed themselves, but to know when danger is near and defend themselves against it.

Have you ever heard an oyster make a noise. It does make one, in spite of what is said about the "silent oyster."

Majory, a little girl who lives down South, near the seashore, could tell you about this. Under her grandpa's house is a dark, water-tight cellar, where oysters, just from the sea, are kept and fatted for market. They are brought in, pailsful of them, and spread over the floor, then sea-water is poured over them and a quantity of cornmeal sprinkled on the water. When every one has gone out of the cellar, and the door is shut, the oysters feed, but they are cute enough to know when any one is in the cellar.

Majory used often to amuse herself by opening the door quickly, so she could hear the "snap" the oysters made in shutting their shells. That is the only sound they make, but when some dozens of oysters snap their shells at once the noise is quite loud. When no one is near they lie with their shells open, the cornmeal floats in with the water, and is gradually absorbed into their queer little bodies. Isn't that a lazy way to eat?

Once Majory's grandpa told her that oysters often catch mice. That seemed rather a difficult story to believe, but there came a time when she proved it true with her own sharp eyes. She had opened the cellar door quickly, as usual, and had heard the snapping of the shells, and then, by the light that streamed in through the door behind her, she saw such a strange sight that she ran back for her grandpa to come and see it, too.

And what do you suppose it was? Why, out of the oyster shells stuck the body of a mouse. The head was inside, for the oyster had snapped down on him just like a regular mousetrap, and of course the poor little mouse must have been killed at once. Majory often wondered whether the oyster was greedy enough to absorb such a big meal all by himself, but she never found out, for the next time she went into the cellar the mouse had disappeared. And though she often looked after that, she never again saw such a strange and interesting sight.—Christian Advocate.

Mrs. Newlywed—My husband admires everything about me; my voice, my eyes, my form, my hands!

Friend—And what do you admire about him?

Mrs. Newlywed—His good taste.—Transatlantic Tales.

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I DO! — DON'T YOU?

"Summer," said the humming Bee,
Summer is the time for me!
Richest fields of luscious clover,
Honey-cups all brimming over,
Not a cloud the long day through!
I like Summer best—don't you?"

Said the dainty Primrose sweet:
"Summer is the time of heat.
In the Spring when birds are calling
And the crystal rain is falling,
All the world is cool and new!
I like Springtime best—don't you?"

Said the Apple: "Not at all,
There's no season like the Fall!
Golden skies thro' soft mists glowing
Where the golden-rod is growing,
Reaping done and harvest through—
I like Autumn best—don't you?"

Said the Holly: "It is clear
Of all seasons of the year
Winter is the best and dearest,
Winds are stillest, skies are clearest—
Snowballs, sleigh rides, Christmas—whew!
I like Winter best—don't you?"

FER U.

They's lots uv kids whut's bigger'n I;
'Nd p'raps they's lots whut I can't do,
But they ain't nuthin' I won't try
Fer U.

If Jones' cow'd get mad some day,
'Nd hook at folks and holler "Moo!"
I'd grab a stick 'nd drive her away
From U.

If we'd get shiprect off somewhare,
'Nd cannybulls should seeze us two,
I wuddent let um hurt a hare
Uv U.

If evon piruts cum sum nite
To rob yore folkes 'nd kill um, too,
If I wuz thare, U bet I'd fite
Fer U.

'Nd if amung the things I'd try,
I'd tackle sum I cuddent do,
It wuddent be so hard to die
Fer U.

—Selected.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. V. BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY 17, 1907. No. 3

COURAGE AND HOPE.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.
Be strong, be strong!

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long;
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—Maltbie D. Babcock,

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A SOUTHERN GEYSER.

Senator Tillman has not broken loose again on the negro question; he broke loose some time ago and has staid loose. But he took occasion last week in the Senate in an attack on the President, to repeat his pet expression: "This is a white man's country and white men must govern it." We are inclined to think that God, as well as Senator Tillman, may have something to say about this. It remains, at any rate, for the future to show whether this is to be a white man's country. Just now it is both the white man's and the black man's country.

The white man will have to give the black man a square deal, will have to treat him justly or go under finally. This is the way of the world in the long run; for it is God's way.

As usual when Senator Tillman gets on his high horse he rants about the danger of miscegenation. President Roosevelt stood on the platform framed by the Man of Nazareth when he wrote in his message:

"It is of the utmost importance to all of our people that we shall deal with each man on his merits as a man and not deal with him merely as a member of a given race; that we shall judge each man by his conduct and not his color.

"Every far-sighted friend of the colored race in its efforts to strive onward and upward should teach first, and the most important lesson alike to the white and the black, the duty of treating the individual man strictly on his worth as he shows it."

But Mr. Tillman has the effrontery to stand up in the Senate of the United States and ask: "Is it possible or desirable that all consideration of race and color shall be dismissed from our minds, and not govern our action; that racial instincts obtained in us by nature are to be ignored and all men of all races to be judged and treated on the basis of individual merit? Are men to be made over and the caste feeling and race antagonisms of centuries to disappear in the universal brotherhood of man?"

Since Senator Tillman has asked for information we are pleased to inform him that this is exactly what all thoughtful and far-sighted people foresee. And it is passing strange that there should be a United States Senator who has not seen it thus.

But the Senator asks further whether there are any who would have "the Caucasian, the highest and noblest of the five races, descend to the level of the others and share his birthright with them, with the inevitable result that pure white blood will disappear from the face of the earth, and after the mixing of centuries shall have completed the amalgamation, have all men of one skin and one type?"

This is quite a mixture of questions, with a vast deal of assumption in each one of them. In the first place, we do not expect the Caucasian race to descend by reaching out a helping hand to the other races; it will ascend; and this is the only path by which ascent is possible for it.

That there lurks along this pathway any danger of pure white blood disappearing from the face of the earth, we do not believe. If that is inevitable, then let the inevitable come. Men must do the right though the heavens fall. It is useless to fight against God. Mr. Tillman, it appears, does not have any fear about all trace being lost of white blood; it is that there will be a general mixture of white and colored blood. If there should ever be—what then? Something worse than that could easily happen to the white people—a blotting out entirely from the face of the earth. Noted writers have argued that our civilization will eventually be replaced by that of a race less over-refined but more vigorous. Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, writing concerning what he calls "the adolescent races," says that we of the highest civilization have left as it were large brain areas fallow; culture factors of the highest importance have been neglected, and that there is such a thing as "barbarism with electric lights." While he regards our type of civilization as the best in many respects he looks on it at best as only a certain group of excellences, and says that while we are at present the bearers of the world-consciousness, it by no means follows that the highest human perfectibility is along the lines that we have followed. Well worth the consideration of all thoughtful men are the following words by Dr. Hall: "Back of and independent of all current questions may we not urge that the time has come for us to consider occasionally problems of statesmanship and religion and history from the broad standpoint of the education of races with whom a thousand years are hardly as a day? Our democracy needs a type of historical study that glimpses these larger questions, and while hopeful, does not assume that we are the beati possidentes or our age the culminating period of history, but rather that its brightest pages are yet to be written because the best and greatest things have not happened yet. Nor does this necessarily imply that even our own blood or our own institutions will dominate the far future. In many lands the victims have been the real conquerors. In later ages other stocks now obscure, and perhaps other tongues now unstudied, will occupy the center of the historic stage, appropriating the best we achieve, as we learn from Semites, Greeks and Romans. If this be true, every vigorous race, however rude and undeveloped, is, like childhood, worthy of the maximum of reverence and care and study, and may become the chosen organ of a new dispensation of culture and civilization. Some of them now obscure may be the heirs of all we possess, and wield the ever-increasing resources of the world for good or evil somewhat perhaps according as we now influence their plastic stages, for they are the world's children and adolescents."

But as to our question, If there should be a large mixture of white and colored blood—what then?

It is the belief of eminent anthropologists that the entire white race has a large percentage of the African in its composition. It was the mixture of Arab and

African that gave the brilliant civilization of the Moors in Spain. And from the large blending of African with Aryan and Semite elements in the centuries agone, in the lands about the Mediterranean, enlightenment and advancement ensued.

Not long ago an article concerning Brazil appeared in The Outlook in which were some significant statements and facts. Mention was made of the blending of the races there and it was said that in this was the very process of race building that has been completed for ages in Mediterranean lands. There are many negroes in Brazil, but a prominent Brazilian statesman was quoted as saying: "In two hundred years there will be no negroes left in Brazil. They will all be absorbed." Also the story was told of members of some fine old Southern families, irreconcilables, who emigrated to Brazil just after the civil war. That was a land of slaves then. But ere long those slaves were liberated. But more than this: some of the children of those men and women who fled from our Southland have married into proud families there in Brazil in which can be traced African blood. The writer of the Outlook article says: "Forty years ago, among the cloud-shapes that piled themselves upon the mountainous coast as the ship that bore those colonists came into port with its emigrants from the dead Confederacy, perhaps there might have been traced the figure of Nemesis. Could the newcomers have seen what she then wrote in their book of fate. they might have read: "Welcome to your new home! You are building better than you know. You have come from a land of new freedmen into a land of slaves, here to live holding slaves that shall yet be free. Here you will increase and multiply; your children shall be many in the land. But your descendants will also be descendants of African slaves. With your blood shall be merged the blood of the race that vainly you seek to keep forever enthralled and apart. In posterity's veins that blood will course coequal with yours. It is well that you come from afar to this land. For, as with your own people back in the distant North, so it is with this—the blood of many races must blend to build up a nation capable and strong."

It is said that when Secretary Root was in that country not long ago a group of these men from the old Confederacy, venerable, white-haired, courtly, waited for him at a station and paid him homage; later they wrote to acquaintances that they hoped he would be our next President and that if they were citizens here they should vote for him. Truly has it been said: "Time not only allays rancor; it effaces prejudices that once seemed ineradicable."

Simply because President Roosevelt speaks of the duty of treating the individual man strictly on his worth as he shows it, Senator Tillman asks:

"Is President Roosevelt ready to act up to his own theory and have his children marry men and women of the other races? Would he accept as a daughter-in-law a Chinese, a Malay, an Indian or a negro, in accord with the doctrine laid down in his message?" And the Senator answers: "We all know he would not, and while fine words butter no parsnips, words like these are a source of incalculable evil, coming from such a high source."

The present writer has a Southern friend here in California who puts a similar question to him whenever he argues for such treatment of the colored man as is accorded the white man. It is beside the mark. The question is not pertinent; it is the last resort of a man who has been worsted in the argument. Suppose that a recognition of the God-given rights of the black man should result in some racial intermarrying, is there anything in history to show that it is damaging? The present writer would not take a black woman as a wife, but if any other man so desires, or any black woman desires to marry a white man, it should not be for any one else to say nay to them . Doubtless the time will come when laws forbidding such marriages will be wiped off of all statute books.

Will the time ever come when there will be a blending of the races? We do not know. There are some things to indicate that after centuries of culture there may be a mingling to a great extent of Caucasians and Mongolians, and of others most closely allied—and perhaps with them even of Africans. Only God knows.

As to the blending of Caucasian and African there is far more doubt than there is as to the blending of other races. What we write here is in no sense an advocacy of any such mixture. It is merely to show that there have been such race mixtures in the past, and with good instead of damaging results, and that in the high culture to which all races alike are destined to attain to in the world's future, it is reasonable to suppose that the blood of the black man and of the brown man and of the yellow man and of the red man will be held to be as good blood as that of the white man; and further, that in this high culture of all races alike there may come about such intermarriage as is today not thought of by the people of these different races.

It is this that Senator Tillman fears; and to prevent the possibility of it he would bind the fetters about the black man in America.

Senator Tillman,—"Old Faithful," may go on spouting. It will not matter. He will go down to his grave ere long, and what God planned when he laid the foundations of the world will be worked out. Perhaps Senator Tillman may help to work it out, for it has been said that even the wrath of man shall praise Him.

But of this one thing let the white man in America be assured: If he shall heap oppression on the black man, if he shall deny him equal rights, it will be to heap up his own condemnation. In ancient days plague after plague came upon the Egyptians because Pharaoh would not let the Israelites go. In the long run never has it been well with the wicked, and never will it be.

In the death of Principal Rainy of the New College, Edinburgh, Scotland, the whole Christian world sustains great loss. Dr. Rainy was one of the greatest men Scotland has had since the days of Chalmers. He was nearly 81 years old, and his life was crowned with usefulness, both as a preacher and teacher. His connection with the college in Edinburgh began in 1862. He was a leader in the movement for the union of the Free and the United Presbyterian churches of Scotland and was made in 1900 the first moderator of the United Free Church. When the trouble with the minority who repudiated the union arose and the House of Lords had made that strange decision which gave the "Wee Frees," the property, Dr. Rainy stood as a great tower of strength around which were rallied the forces which finally brought justice in part at least to the United Church.

A BACK NUMBER.

Ex-Governor Pardee is quite an up-to-date man in very many respects, but as to things pertaining to the Asiatics his recent message to the assembled legislators at Sacramento shows him to be a back number. His lack of information on this important question in its various aspects and relations is due doubtless to the fact that he has been busied with the duties of his office and with keeping himself in such trim politically as to stand a chance of geeting into some other position of public trust ere long. Nevertheless he ought for his own reputation and good, as well as for the good of the people who elected him to the governorship, to have given the question of Asiatic exclusion, especially that of Japanese, a little more investigation before declaring himself as he did in his message.

The assertion that was most unwarranted, perhaps, was this: "Both Europeans and Americans have lived for many years in both of these countries, (Japan and China) yet there is no mingling of the races even there, no intermarriages." The facts are that there have been several intermarriages. Captain Brinkley, a retired British army officer, a resident of Japan for more than a third of a century, and editor of The Japan Mail, married a Japanese woman and they have a family of several children, Professor John Milne of England, one of the world's most famous seismologists, long connected with the Imperial University of Tokyo, took a Japanese bride back to England with him a few years ago. Sir Edwin Arnold, who has been termed "a connoisseur in femininity," when in Japan several years ago took a Japanese woman as a wife, and taking her with him to his old English home raised her to the British peerage. Other such unions can be named.

Mr. Pardee expresses the opinion that President Roosevelt and the people of the East do not understand the Asiatics and our problem here because of "coming in contact only with a few educated and intelligent individuals of these races." The difficulty with Mr. Pardee lies in the fact that he has no farvision on this question. He seems quite unaware that one of the remarkable features of the 20th century is a new cosmic consciousness and a new sense of solidarity among all the peoples of the earth. As Dr. Sidney Gulick says in his book "The Evolution of the Japanese," "The age of isolation and divergent evolution is passing away, and that of international association and convergent social evolution has begun. * * *Universal economic, political, intellectual, moral and religious intercourse is the characteristic of the new aeon on which we are entering."

Mr. Pardee should let his mind dip into the future and consider what the Asiatics will be not only when in large numbers they are what these few educated ones now are, but what they will be when along with us they have attained to the grander heights to which mankind is to attain in the future. It will not be long before they will have climbed right up alongside of us and will be aspiring to all that we may aspire after.

In one of his poems Kipling says:

"O! East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat."

But a little further in his poem he gets at the truth of the matter and gets in the lesson he wished to teach, in the words:

"But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

Further, Mr. Pardee lays it up against the Chinese that they cling to their queues, and in this and other ways fail to conform to our customs. He hasn't kept informed as to movements amongst the Chinese or he would know that the queue has begun to go both in China and in this country. The Rev. Jee Gam, of the Congregational Mission, was the last Chinese clergyman hereabouts, to cut off the queue, and his went off at least a year and a half ago. The high officials in China have abandoned it, and many others also.

Mr. Pardee said further: "It is useless to expect people with such different racial characters, of such different civilization, can ever mix with our people and become absorbed into our body politic. They cannot become good American citizens; it is useless to attempt to make them such."

This brings to mind the remark a certain European gentleman made to Bishop Thoburn when he went as a missionary to India thirty-eight years ago: Pointing to a brick pillar he said: "You might as well undertake to make a Christian out of that pillar as out of these people." Today there are thousands of native Christians in that part of India.

If Mr. Pardee had looked about a little he could have found here in California both Japanese and Chinese beyond intelligent question with just as good material in them today for American citizenship as one half of those persons who are already citizens. No unprejudiced person can come in contact with these Asiatics and not so conclude in a very short time. In saying this we are not arguing for the franchise for them; we are merely stating a fact. And there is every reason for the belief that if this nation had treated European immigrants as it has treated the Asiatics there wouldn't have been any large assimilation of Europeans. Mr. Pardee's whole utterance on the question of Asiatic immigration is based on the assumption that those people are going to remain as they have been or now are. And it shows either an ignorance of or a disregard of the great changes which have already occurred among them and of those greater which all well-informed persons realize are soon to occur.

Arizona has 163 churches with property estimated to be worth $1,000,000 Some recent statistics are: Roman Catholic 29, with 30,000 members or adherents; Mormon, 4, with 7000 members; Presbyterian, 22, with 2,375 members; Protestant Episcopal 10, with 1,781 members; Methodist Episcopal North 21, with 1,161 members; Baptist 15, with 686 members; Congregational 6, with 384 members; Methodist Episcopal, South 7, with 524 members; Disciples of Christ 2, with 300 members; Seventh Day Adventists 5, with 170 members; Lutheran 2, with 58 members; Free Methodist 2, with 62 members. The Christian Scientists have 2 churches and 26 members. These figures are not exact, a few churches not reporting.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

When asked why he did not say something, in his message, on the Japanese question, Governor Gillett replied that he did not wish to interfere with or embarrass the national administration. That was wise and considerate action and expression on the part of the governor.

Our columns this week contain a sketch of the life of the Rev. Dr. Myron Eells who passed on into the life beyond recently. Dr. Eells' life entered largely into the history of the Pacific Northwest, and we therefore give space to all that his long-time friend, Mr. Himes, has written concerning him.

We have received a large number of letters endorsing the position the Pacific Presbyterian has taken on the Japanese school question as well as that of the general Japanese problem. Undoubtedly there are some of our readers who do not agree with us; but these many letters, and their sources, indicate that there is but little difference in the Christian sentiment of the coast as to this matter.

A writer in Leslie's Weekly tells of some of the queer foods on sale in New York, saying concerning a California product: "The canned abalone, which is pretty generally known as a shell-fish, with beautiful mother-of-pearl shell with a row of perforations along the edge is largely a California product, and is a delicious and delicate sea food which differs from other fish, and is something like a combination of lobster and chicken."

Bishop Bell of the United Brethren Church writes in the Religious Telescope of Dayton, Ohio, of a recent visit made by him to Reno, Nevada: "A number of members of the United Brethren Church were found and work might profitably be undertaken in that part of this district. Reno is a fine and rapidly growing city and we are greatly needed right now to contribute our efforts to the salvation of the people. Will our people hear the cry of this and other most needy fields by giving our societies the funds to inaugurate the work? Reno has a population of 15,000 and only four active Protestant churches with a total membership of 750."

The First Congregational Church of Oakland is considering an offer of $400,000 for its property on Clay street between 12th and 13th in that city, 200 by 150 feet. The members of the church have been asked to vote on the proposition next week. The property of the First Methodist Church on a nearby corner has been sold, or is about to be sold, for $250,000. The First Presbyterian Church has decided to sell ere long and has purchased a new site on the corner of Harrison and 19th streets. It is said that the First Methodist Church contemplates going out Telegraph avenue as far as 26th street for a new location. Oakland claims a population of 250,000 now. This may not be; but the demands of business are such nevertheless as to make those church locations very valuable.

An Anti-Saloon League conference will be held in the First Methodist Church of Oakland on Thursday, January 24th. Dr. Chapman, who was asked recently to take again the superintendency of the work in the whole state, will be present, and in the evening will give his famous address, "A Stainless Flag." The conferences in the forenoon and afternoon will be under the direction of Dr. Chapman. In the forenoon the story of the good work done in Southern California will be told, and the methods pursued will be considered. In the afternoon attention will be centered on local conditions. A similar conference will be held in Stockton on the 22nd; and arrangements are under way for conferences in Sacramento, in Fresno, and in other cities. It is to be hoped that the interest in all these places will be such as to lead Dr. Chapman to take up again the work in this part of the state in connection with his work in Southern California.

The Congregational Church at San Mateo publishes a weekly four page paper called "The Hearty Welcome." The number just before Christmas contained an article by Mr. G. W. Dickie who was for many years superintendent of the Union Iron Works, but who has been in New Jersey for the last year. We quote a few words: "The shepherds were not expecting angel visitors: they were busy keeping watch over their flocks. But their eyes and ears were open, and the curtain of night was drawn aside a little while that they might get a glimpse into the first Christmas held in Heaven. How was it that only humble shepherds were permitted to see this first Christmas celebration? They were watching and listening—that was their business—and the real heavenly vision only comes to those who have their eyes open, and the angel choirs sing only for those who have their ears open to catch the heavenly strains. It was the man of God with his eyes open that saw the mountains full of horses and chariots, while the man whose eyes had not been oponed saw only the hosts of Syria. We miss many angelic visions by not looking for them, and fail to hear many heavenly songs by not listening for them." Not only in San Mateo, but far more widely will Mr. Dickie be welcomed back when the time shall come for his return from the East.

A writer in one of our Eastern exchanges says concerning Portland, Oregon: "The churchman finds much in Portland to admire, noting the magnificence of her temples, the ability of her preachers and the cultured religious integrity of her preachers." The fact that the Presbyterian Church is the strongest in Portland is chronicled. It is said that 22 of the 178 places of worship listed in a Saturday evening paper were Presbyterian. Sixteen of these were organized churches, having a total membership of 4,929, and preperty worth about a half million dollars. The following concerning the Frst Presbyterian Church is suggestive: The 'swarming' of the Old First Church is an interesting feature of the story. In 1882 the session adopted a resoultion in which they said, 'We do heartily commend the enterprise of a proposed second church,' to which they dismissed fifty members. This was the beginning of Calvary Church, which now has fifty per cent more members than First Church had then. The same year, nineteen members were dismissed to the Third Church, on the east side. From that time down to date, few years have passed in which First Church has not assisted with men and money in organizing new churches. Thus she has 'decreased' in order that Presbyterianism might 'increase,' and has found it more blessed to give than to receive, the roll of First Church increasing in that time from three hundred to twelve hundred and fifty."

During the last 35 years the First Church has given to home and foreign missions $289,544. High water mark for home missions in 1905—$38,341. In 1904 the amount was $35,344.

The Rev. Dr. D. C. Greene, a veteran missionary in Japan, writing on the San Francisco School Question, in the Mission News of Kyoto, says that no responsible Japanese would object to any suitably framed regulation which should exclude Japanese of practically adult age from the lower grades of the schools intended for children. Dr. Greene says further: "Neither would any object to the strictness of regulations framed for the purpose of segregating individuals whose presence might reasonably be supposed to have an unfavorable influence upon the morals of the pupils of the public schools. The claim of the Japanese is simply this, that the existing treaty requires that no such educational or other laws and regulations shall subject their countrymen to a different treatment from that accorded to other foreigners. They feel, and feel strongly, that special legislation like that which the San Francisco Board of Education has put in force is not only in flagrant violation of the existing treaty between Japan and the United States, but is an indignity to which they cannot be expected to submit. Perhaps no other form of indignity would wound the **amor propre** of the Japanese nation more than this plan of segregating the children of their representatives. Smooth it over as one may attempt to do, the Japanese are bound to regard the regulation as tantamount to saying 'your children are not fit to associate with ours.'"

The Presbyterian Church has 300 churches in California and Nevada with a membership of about 34,000. The contributions for the support and spread of the gospel are about $900,000 annually. The Rev. Dr. Noble, the synodical missioinary, says in an article in the Cumberland Presbyterian of Nashville, Tennnessee, in a review of the last five years: "These five years have been of marvelous material progress in California and Nevada, and the energies and resources of the church have been taxed to the utmost to keep pace with it, and to meet the opportunities which are continually opening before her. In the general prosperity many of our feeble and struggling churches have grown to self-support; but more than an equal number of new communities have sprung into being, needing the gospel and calling for the Sunday-school and the church. Population is pouring in from all parts of our own country, towns are springing up, cities growing larger, rural regions developing, and calls are coming from all quarters for the preaching of the gospel. Foreign immigration is bringing in many thousands of people from all parts of the world, presenting to the church a pentecostal opportunity to preach the gospel to 'men out of every nation under heaven,' and though for the lack of suitable men we are able to do but little for the evangelization of these mingled multitudes, yet beside the Spanish tongue, which is native to the soil, our church is preaching the gospel here in the most familiar languages of southern Europe, and also in Russian and Turkish, as well as in Japanese and Chinese. Mining camps are rising in the deserts of Nevada and growing into towns and cities, and in most of these our church has been the pioneer in missionary work, occupying in advance of all other denominations such places as Tonopah, Goldfield, Manhattan, Rhyolite, and Bullfrog. The logging and lumber camps of the Sierras and Coast Range of California furnish also a missionary field of great interest and need, but owing to the shifting character of the population it is difficult to establish permanent work, and little more can be done than to hold evangelistic meetings in the camps from time to time. The reclamation of arid lands which is going on under the direction of the general government is opening up wide areas to cultivation and population, and will greatly enlarge the sphere of missionary operations. And so the field is ever widening, the horizon going before us as we advance; and instead of hoping to finish the work once for all, we find it continually growing upon our hands."

THE CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS AND THE JAPANESE QUESTION.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity discussed the Japanese question last Monday. The subject was introduced by the Rev. Miles Fisher of Oakland in an able paper which left little to be added. Mr. Fisher's positions were in all essential particulars those taken by the Pacific Presbyterian, and he fortified them by an array of what seemed to nearly every one in attendance at the meeting incontrovertible facts. Only one person of at least thirty-five in attendance made any objection to his statements or took exception to conclusions, and all gave expression to their sentiments.

Concerning the morals of the Japanese young people Mr. Fisher said:

"Curious to know the experience of our educators I enquired of Mr. Keyes, the principal of one of our Oakland schools of 1100 pupils, and he said he had never had the least knowledge of any morally reprehensible conduct on the part of Japanese students. I talked with Mr. J. H. Pond, the principal of the High School, and out of experience both in Oakland and Sacramento, where he has had many scores of Japanese students, he has no knowledge of any immoral conduct on their part, but much which leads him to esteem them as pupils. I talked with Mr. McClymonds, superintendent of the Oakland schools; he has never had any improper conduct reported of any Japanese. Similar testimony was given by Mr. Crawford, county superintendent of schools."

Two Americans who had lived in Japan from seventeen to twenty years respectively were quoted as having said in substance:

While among the lower classes in Japan laxness is more common than with us, among the middle and upper classes such safeguards are thrown about both men and women as to present a degree of social purity quite the equal of ours." The student body in our schools is recruited almost without exception, said Mr. Fisher from the middle and upper classes where fair standards prevail. Refering to the action of the state convention of superintendents of education recently in session in San Diego, it was said:

"It appears that resolutions were drafted in San Francisco and given publicity in the press endorsing the action of the school board, and giving this moral reason among others for such action. These resolutions were announced as intended for the consideration of the superintendents then in session who would beyond all doubt endorse them. But they didn't. When the testimony of the superintendents was in,

so I am informed, there was no warrant for the position taken in the resolutions, and they were not passed."

Mr. Fisher concluded his consideration of the San Francisco school question with these words: "The educational difficulties provided for the Japanese and Chinese in San Francisco are in every respect equal to the facilities offered the white children."

As to the matter of assimilation, the writer of the paper said:

"We have the charge that the Japanese are hard to assimilate, only less difficult than the Chinese. Well, what wonder when he has no franchise. I am not advocating the franchise. But I say, what wonder? If then we shall compel the Japanese by this affront to maintain his own Japanese school we might write all over this hopeless problem of assimilation, what wonder! It is our national safeguard to imbue every alien who comes to our shores with American ideas, standards and feelings.

"Our public schools have been our great boast as we have watched the deluge of immigrants pour in upon us. By their leavening and reforming influences we have been sanguine of a happy outcome."

Several persons expressed the wish that Mr. Fisher's paper be sent to The Congregationalists for publication so as to correct the impression given by the recent article in that paper. A motion was made to this effect, but it was not carried, for the reason that it was stated by Mr. Fisher that an article by Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary had already been sent—and for the further reason that the paper of Monday was regarded as too lengthy for acceptance by The Congregationalist.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Tri-Church Council of the Congregational, United Brethren and Methodist Protestant churches, will meet in Chicago on the 19th of March to further consider the question of the union of these three denominations.

In contributions for foreign missions in 1906 the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, led the denominations in the United States, giving $1,599,044. The Presbyterian Church stood next with $1,145,230; the Baptist next with $1,025,392; the Congregational next in order with $913,159. The Protestant Episcopal gave $566,137; the Methodist Episcopal, South, $467,846; the Disciples of Christ $315,249; the Presbyterian, South, $259,617; the United Presbyterian $262,369; the United Brothren $61,378; the Methodist Protestant $18,650; the Free Baptist $62,582. The total amount was $8,980,448. The totals for Christendom were $21,280,147. This was an advance from $19,661,885 in 1905; and from $13,620,982 in 1895. The total income from the mission fields was $3,535,432. Ten years ago this income was $1,545,000. The American Board (Congregational) income from the field was $212,353; the Presbyterian Board income from the field was $213,205. Of the churches in the United States, The Methodist Episcopal Church, North, had the largest income from the field—$345,381. The Presbyterian Church had the largest number of missionaries in 1906—889. These figures include ordained missionaries, wives, unmarried women and laymen. The Methodists listed 808; the Congregationalists 565 and the Baptists 549. In 1895 the communicant church members on the foreign field numbered 995,793; in 1906 they numbered 1,843,309; and the native adherents had increased from 2,770,801 to 4,859,322.

The second series of Dr. Alexander Maclaren's expositions will be on sale in this country ere long. Six volumes were ready early last year. Six more will be ready soon. Dr, Marcus Dods says concerning a late volume: "Dr. Maclaren's amazing work proceeds with regularity and rapidity. Volume after volume appears, and each exhibits the same wealth of experience and knowledge of the religious life, and the same felicity of illustration. Open the present volume where you may, you find what arrests the mind and touches the heart. In a series of expositions of Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and 1 Samuel, there is variety of subject sufficient to test the capacity of the preacher; but Dr. Maclaren takes the measure of Joshua the soldier, and Ruth the gentle widow, with equal accuracy. Indeed, wherever human nature in any of its infinite phases and varieties is concerned, we can have no better interpreter than Dr. Maclaren. Those who do not own his volumes are shut out from much of what is most vitalizing in the literature of today. These expositions seem to come very close to us, to enter into our life and into our heart, for, as it is said in one of them 'everything is my friend, that helps me nearer to God.'" Dr. Robertson Nicoll said recently: "I am convinced that by far the most useful books for preachers recently published are Dr. Maclaren's 'Expositions.' They are based on a real critical knowledge of the Bible and a full understanding of what criticism has done. They are lucid, terse and logical on the intellectual side, and poetical and beautiful on the literary side. Above all, they have the merit of being profoundly suggestive. I myself have often got a sermon out of a paragraph. They are books which the preacher may put to a legitimate use without plagiarizing. Any preacher in possession of a set can turn to his books, and he will always find help. I don't know if I could say the same of any similar series of volumes."

At the recent annual meeting at Kyoto, Japan, of the trustees of the Doshisha, the Rev. Tashuku Harada was elected president. Mr. Harada has been pastor for some time of the Kumiai church at Kobe and president of the missionary society of the Kumiai churches of Japan. The Mission News says: "Mr. Harada has long been known as one of the strongest men among the alumni of the Doshisha and his accession to the presidency is heartily welcomed by the alumni. He is well known in the United States and he has also traveled somewhat widely in Europe. It will be remembered also that last winter he, with Dr. Motoda of the Episcopal Church, was selected to visit India, where they both lectured in the principal cities with great success. President Harada has been identified with the Christian Endeavor movement in Japan from the beginning and has always been a valued speaker in the various Christian gatherings, not only those of the Kumi-ai churches but also those of the church at large. For some years past the President has been a non-resident and the chief responsibility has rested upon the Principal who during the past eighteen months has been Mr. Seijiro Niwa, formerly secretary of the National Y. M. C. A. Mr. Niwa gave himself to his work with great self-sacrifice and has rendered much-esteemed service to the Doshisha. He

still remains in office and will share in the administration now that a resident president has been so happily secured." The News says further: "During the past year there has been a growing interest in the Doshisha on the part of the alumni and we may well believe that an era of unwonted prosperity has been entered upon. Outside of the Doshisha there is a large body of men, old friends of Dr. Neesima's, who have forgotten neither him nor his wide plans for the Doshisha. Now that the alumni have become reunited, there is every reason to believe that, just so far forth as the local administration shows itself efficient as regards inculcating that moral principle based upon religion, in which Dr. Neesima so thoroughly believed, those friends will rally to its support and gladly contribute what may be needed to place the institution upon a firm foundation." The growth in the theological department was particularly gratifying the past year, about fifty students being in attendance. The return of Dr. Sidney L. Gulick is looked forward to with pleasure.

Among the Churches.

Tustin.—Seven persons were received into membership the first Sunday of the year.

Pasadena.—The new $100,000 edifice of the First Presbyterian Church is ready now for roofing.

Los Angeles, Spanish.—This church now has 133 members. It is greatly in need of a building in which institutional work can be carried on. For this purpose $6,500 have been secured. About $20,000 is needed.

Oakland.—For the lot purchased by the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland on the corner of Nineteenth and Harrison streets $30,000 was paid. It is 150x150 feet in size. The present location will not be sold for less than $300,000.

Riverside.—The Rev. Walter Mitchell who gave up the pastorate at Elsinore last year on account of illness died in Riverside on the 3rd of January at the age of 47. Mr. Mitchell was a graduate of Hamilton College and of Auburn Theological Seminary.

Los Gatos.—Reports at the recent annual meeting showed a membership of 253. Thirty-six names were added during the year; the net gain was fifteen. The amount contributed for home and foreign missions and benevolences was the largest in the history of the church. The total contributions for current expenses etc. were $2,886.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. Dr. W. S. Young has tendered his resignation as pastor of Knox Church and will take the superintendency of the Hollenbeck Home for Aged People. The Rev. E. J. Harper has been called to succeed Dr. Young as pastor of the church. Dr. Young has made for himself a large place in the hearts of Los Angeles people and it is gratifying, widely, that he is not to depart from the city.

Long Beach.—The new house of worship of the First Presbyterian Church will cost about $80,000. Its total seating capacity will be 2,500. The building will be of sandstone, 150 feet in length and 100 in width. The architecture is Gothic. Pictures of the structure as designed indicate a beautiful edifice. The old building has been moved and will be used until the new one is completed.

San Rafael.—All the Protestant churches united here in observing the week of prayer, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, large audiences were present at all the meetings, which were held alternately in the various churches. The pastors of the city were assisted by a number of the professors of the Seminary at San Anselmo, whose timely words will not soon be forgotten. A pleasing feature of these gatherings, in addition to his splendid addresses, was the singing of a number of sacred songs, in excellent taste, by the Rev. Ernest Bradley, rector of St. Paul's Church. Much regret was expressed that Rev. Mr. James of the Presbyterian church was not able to participate in any of the meetings, on account of illness.

San Francisco, Lebanon.—The interior of the church building since its renovation presents an attractive appearance. Only three of the original members of the church now remain. At the recent communion service nine persons were added to our membership. The celebration of the 25th anniversary which began January 6th continued through the week with services each evening. Neighboring pastors of our own and other churches participated, as did also several of the Seminary professors, and the week was one of helpfulness and encouragement.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. H. H. Wintler, '98, pastor of Emanuel Church, Oakland, lost his home by fire on Tuesday, Jan. 8th. It occurred so early in the morning that the family barely escaped with their lives. The following day the faculty and students assembled in their weekly conference unanimously instructed the chairman to expdess to Mr. Wintler their sympathy and affection, and, as a proof that these were genuine, sent him a small purse which they asked him to use towards replenishing his library.

Rev. Ng Poon Chew, '92, is the editor of a Chinese daily paper called the Chung Sai Yat Po. It was founded by Mr. Chew in San Francisco several years ago and was the first Chinese daily to be published in America. He says of the Chinese and of his paper: "Americans do not realize how much the Chinese have been awakened in the last few years. When the first Chinese paper was started here it had very few readers, even among the merchants; now every merchant reads his daily paper, as does every other intelligent Chinese, and keeps himself thoroughly posted on the condition of political affairs. When he goes home to China, his paper is mailed to him, and we send papers to South America, Cuba, the South Sea Islands and the Transvaal." Though Mr. Chew is not now engaged in distinctively evangelistic or missionary work, he is active in the Chinese church and endeavors to exert a wholesome Christian influence through his paper.

The Week of Prayer was observed in the Seminary Church by services every evening except Saturday. The services were led by the different profess-

ors. Professors Day and Paterson also assisted in the union services in San Rafael, and on last Sabbath morning Dr. Moore preached for Rev. David James who has been ill for the past two weeks.

The January conference was held last Monday evening. As usual the faculty and students with their guests dined at six o'clock. The subject of the conference after dinner was "Work for and With Young Men." Prof. Wicher presided. Mr. Luther Newhall, retiring president of the Y. M. C. A. in the University at Berkeley, gave a detailed and interesting account of their methods of working among university men. Mr. Withington, a senior in the Pacific Theological Seminary, who is the president of a new organization of candidates for the ministry, spoke effectively of the purpose and need of this organization. Students Chess, Day and Bingham and Prof Moore gave brief accounts of the meeting of the students' conference at Pacific Grove, and Prof, Paterson gave a careful summing up of the points that impressed him at that conference. He mentioned particularly the earnestness and frankness that characterized it, and emphasized again the need of the new movement among candidates for the ministry which was initiated there. A profitable evening closed with all joining hands around the table singing "Blest be the Tie That Binds," and a prayer and benediction by Dr. Landon.

Rev. Geo. D. Byers, '06, reports his safe arrival at Hoihow, Island of Hainan, China, after a long but peaceful voyage. He made short but pleasant stops at Honolulu, Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe, Nagasaki. Shanghai, Hongkong and Canton. At Hoihow he was welcomed to the home of Dr. John F. Kelly, '06. He found them mourning the loss of a baby girl. They have left, one little girl of two years. Dr. and Mrs. Kelly have since gone to Nodoa, Hainan, to take charge of the hospital there. Mr. Byers says: "I have no regrets that God has opened the way for me to come as an ambassador of the King to Hainan, 'I am an ambassador in bonds,' however, as the language is a bond. It takes years of labor and prayerful study to acquire a working knowledge of it. 'But this one thing I do,' as my daily task, study the language. I have a Chinese teacher, who cannot speak English, from four to five hours a day. We are making some progress and can communicate a few thoughts already. It is by no means an insurmountable task. Pray for me 'that utterance may be given me' to preach Christ in Haimanese."

THE DEATH OF THE FOUNDER OF THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH.

"Dr. Dickinson died this morning—come on first train."

In less than ten minutes the train was carrying me away from the new parish where I had been four days, back to the old parish where I had worked nine years. The last year of that pastorate had brought into my life a new friend whom I had learned to think of as "The man with the sunny smile." Dr. Charles A. Dickinson carried on his face the sign of a great heart open to his fellowmen.

With his name, and with something of his work I had been familiar for years. No one could read our denominational papers week after week during the past thirty years, and not become familiar with the name of the pastor of Berkeley Temple, Boston, who threw the doors of "the old red church" wide open to everybody, and successfully launched the "institutional church." "Have you known that Charles was the founder of the institutional church?" said Mrs. Dickinson to me the other day through her tears.

His place was in the front rank of American Congregationalists. For three years he was pastor of the Payson Memorial Church, Portland, Maine. A pastorate of five years with the Kirk Street Church, Lowell, Mass., followed. Then he went to Boston and did the work of his life in a thirteen years' pastorate at Berkeley Temple. His health failing, he came to California several years ago, and for two years led the work of the First Church, Sacramento. Compelled at the end of that time to give up wholly the work of the ministry on account of a persistent throat trouble, he lived for a time at Ceres and at Modesto, coming to Southern California about a year ago, his family following him last May to make a new home in Corona.

From the first Dr. Dickinson was in close fellowship with Dr. Francis E. Clark in the Christian Endeavor movement. Probably he is the man who must be thought of as second only to Dr. Clark in the earlier history of the Christian Endeavor work. The two men were close friends. They counseled together, worked together, traveled abroad together, and understood each other well. "Dick," was Dr. Clark's familiar name for his friend. "It has been one of my pet plans to some day write the life of Francis E. Clark," said Dr. Dickinson to me, one day. "I have much of the material at hand, if I only had strength to undertake the work."

Dr. Dickinson had the spiritual mind; and he had the temper of the poet. He was chosen class poet, Harvard, '76. I was privileged to look through a book of his manuscript verses the other day, and found bits of humorous verse, children's verses, religious poems, and a number of choice hymns. Four of his Christian Endeavor hymns which are found in the "Christian Endeavor Hymnal" were read by the present writer as a part of the service that day, when we gathered to pay our last tributes of affection, before we laid the body in its burial place. "O Golden Day," and "Endeavor and Endure" ought to become very familiar to all "Endeavor" workers.

Wednesday, January 9, was his coronation day. The funeral was held at the home in Corona the next day, conducted by the writer of this sketch, who was assisted by Superintendent John L. Maile, of the Southern California Home Missionary Society. He lay with something of the sunny smile of life still on his face, amid a profusion of beautiful flowers. No man ever loved flowers more than he. I have seen him bury his face in a bouquet of roces as a mother might fondle her babe. The service was a simple one. Besides the two brief addresses, two psalms were read, a prayer was offered, a quartette sang, "Rock of Ages and "Jesus, Lover of My soul," a friend from Los Angeles with a rich, tender contralto voice sang "Just for Today," and then we rode down through orange groves laden with golden fruit to the cemetery, and lovingly laid away the body of this rare, good man

La Jolla, January 11, 1907. W. N. Burr.

THE PASSING OF MYRON EELLS.

By George H. Himes.

It is with great sorrow that I chronicle the death of Rev. Myron Eells, who passed away at his home near Union City, Mason county, Washington, January 4, 1907. He was the second son of that devoted, indefatigable and self-sacrificing pioneer missionary, Rev. Cushing Eells, and his equally devoted wife, and was born on Walker's prairie, near the present city of Spokane, Washington, on October 7, 1843; was graduated at Pacific University, Forest Grove, June, 1866; took a theological course at Hartford Seminary, graduating June 14, 1871; was pastor at Boise, Idaho, 1871 to 1874; the latter year he was appointed missionary of the A. M. A. to the Indians on the Skohomish reservation and was in that work at the time of his death. He was given the degree of "D.D." by Whitman College several years ago. He was a trustee of that institution as well of Pacific University for many years, and for a good while has been assistant secretary of the latter. In addition to his Christian work, and the educational work growing out if it directly, he was a member of numerous scientific societies, among them the Anthropological Society at Washington, and the Victoria Institute, London, England.

He was a contributor to the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, and furnished therefor numerous vocabularies of different Indian tongues. In that particular field of research it is probable that he had no equal; at least no superior, in the Pacific Northwest, and he came to be recognized as excellent authority on all questions pertaining to the Indian life. In addition to being the author of frequent articles of a historical character for the daily and weekly press of the coast and a number of pamphlets, he was the author of two books, the first, the "History of Indian Missions on the Pacific Coast—Oregon, Washington and Idaho," published by the American Sunday School Union in 1882; the second, the life of his father, entitled "Father Eells, or the Results of Fifty-Five Years of Missionary Labors in Oregon and Washington," issued in 1894 by the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.

He was married on Jan. 18, 1875, at Boise, Idaho, to Miss Sarah M. Crosby, who, with a number of children, mostly grown, survive him.

My acquaintance with Dr. Eells began in 1876, and it has been more than ordinarily intimate ever since; and in all these years I have always found him the same cheerful, industrious and painstaking man in his Christian and educational work, exemplifying in the highest degree his intense desire to do all he could in the sphere in which he was placed to lift up those who were in darkness and enable them to see and be guided by the true Light. I am truly thankful that I have been spared to this hour that I might be permitted to record this humble tribute to this most devoted Christian man and brother.

Dr. Eells for many years had been most diligent in gathering a library not only of a general character but also with particular reference to the history of the Pacific Northwest. In this latter respect it is believed that he had one of the best private libraries of any single individual in the State of Washington. In addition to this he had made a careful and systematic study of archaeology in connection with his work among the Indians, and in so doing had many implements made and used by the Indians in various ways. These were made of stone, bone, wood and iron. He also had numerous articles of wearing apparel made by the Indians in early days out of bark and skins—all in all a most valuable collection. It is understood that the library and the major part of the Indian collection was bequeathed to Whitman College. The last time I saw Dr. Eells at his own home about three years ago, and had the pleasure of casually examining his library I was deeply impressed with its value, and expressed a fear that it was in danger of destruction, and urged him to put it in a place of greater safety. He then said that he was not quite through with it, but expected to donate it to Whitman College. This will be a fitting depository, and it is to be hoped that the authorities of that institution will provide a place for safely keeping this library commensurate with its worth. Whitman College is to be congratulated upon the certainty of receiving so important an accession to its library material.

Portland, Jan. 5, 1907.

AN HISTORICAL HIGHWAY.

Rome had its famous Appian Way, starting from the capital and running east and west a thousand miles, over which marched her legions to the conquest of the world. England had its Wattling Street, the old Roman highway of solid stone that led from London to York and Carlisle, a distance of a hundred miles. More famous than either of these great highways is the great central highway stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the heart of the republic, known in its eastern branch as the old National Pike, and in its western branch as the Santa Fe Trail.

Along this great artery has coursed the life of the nation for a hundred years, and its story, almost forgotten by the present generation, save by the historians and those who live along the dusty thread of McAdam that binds together Washington and St. Louis, is an interesting chapter in the history of civilization. The flavor of romance, the memory of vanished glories, of a noble, ambitious mission successfully accomplished, clings to every hoary monument of this ancient highway.

The National Pike (or the Cumberland Road, as it was popularly called) was first a buffalo trace worn deep across the Appalachians by the pounding hoofs of millions of bisons. The Indians followed this same trail in their hunting excursions and war expeditions, retreating over it to the West before the ever-advancing, relentless frontier of the white man.

Over this path came the Anglo-Saxon hunter and trapper, followed hesitatingly and timidly by the home maker, until at last the tide of emigration, taking courage, poured in a deluge through the mountain passes to the land of promise. In the early days of settlement long trains of pack ponies picked their way to and fro over the old Cumberland Trail from the Potomac to the head waters of the Ohio, to be displaced as increasing commerce and traffic widened the trace into a road by the huge Conestoga freight wagons and speedy mail coaches of the opening years of the nineteenth century, in turn to vanish when the

steam railroad accomplished the supposedly impossible feat of climbing the mountains.

Every mile of the old Cumberland Road is historic ground, consecrated by the bleeding feet of heroic nation builders. The ancient life of the famous highway has vanished beyond recall; but we can imagine the picturesque features of that old life—the caravans of great freight wagons and the long processions of mail and stage coaches and the historic taverns that lined the way, where the old time wayfarers told more startling and romantic stories than Longfellow ever wove into his "Tales of a Wayside Inn.'

Life on the old pike was not without its hazards and dangers. In the wild passes of the Appalachians lurked the prototype of the modern road agent, and daring bandits frequently relieved panic-stricken passengers of their valuables in the good old Dick Turpin style. Fatal wrecks sometimes occurred, in which coaches were hurled from high cliffs, dashing their passengers to death on the rocks below. In fact, tragedy as well as romance is written along every mile of this historic highway.

Before the advent of the steam car twenty speeding coaches in a single line was a familiar spectacle, and the caravan of hugh freighters, each wagon carrying from six to eight thousand pounds, sometimes numbered close to a hundred. This great freight traffic created a class of men of its own, strong and daring, a tribe that was later reproduced in the West by the "bull whacker," now in its turn disappearing with the vanishing frontier life.

Perhaps the greatest event in the life of the old highway, when it throbbed in its greatest intensity, was when a President or a President elect passed in triumphal procession along its dusty stretches. It was the gala day of the "pike boys." All the taverns and houses along the route were bedecked in the welcome, and cheering crowds from miles around thronged the stopping places and crossroads. The finest horses and most gorgeous carriages procurable were assigned to the task, and the proud position of "charioteer to the President" was given to the pick of the Jehus on the line, who were ever marked and noted personages.

Nor are the historic associations confined to the eastern end of the old National Road. From Kansas City to the Pacific Coast the old Santa Fe Trail presents as stirring a history as any thoroughfare in the world. What pictures can be conjured up of the old time caravans that traversed this trail in the exciting day of the gold fever and the early colonization of the great West! A continuous stream of humanity poured along this route, and the sight of the baggage wagons "prairie schooners," as the freighters termed them—was wonderful to behold. It was not unusual for oxen, horses, and mules to be hitched to the same vehicle, and the name of "lightning express" was conferred upon some of these strange turnouts. In the space of twenty years it is estimated that more than two millions of men, women, and children passed over the Santa Fe Trail for the Golden West.

It was like a throbbing artery, this great highway, carrying hundreds of thousands of population and millions of wealth into the western part of our country, and acting as a bond to strengthen and harmonize the sections of this great union. In brief the story of the National Pike is an epitome of the history of our republic.—Children's Visitor.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP GEORGE MONTGOMERY.

F. D. Bovard, Editor California Christian Advocate.

The sudden death of Archbishop Montgomery is universally regretted. He was a man of far-seeing sagacity. He came to California in 1879 and from the first had unusual opportunities as secretary to Archbishop Alemany, and also continued in the same office under the statesmanlike administration of Archbishop Riordan, to become thoroughly acquainted with the work of the Roman Catholic Church on the Pacific Coast and particularly in California. He understood the social, political, and educational forces of the State in all their details.

It is impossible to know how great his influence on these problems really was. He was educated as an American Roman Catholic. His grain and fiber and temperament were Roman Catholicism in action. He made a powerful attack upon the National Educational Association in 1887. He was a strong debater and put his case into the most plausible formulas. He was so skillful in the use of "freedom," "fair play," as to turn them to the service of the most despotic principles. To Father Montgomery, perhaps more than any one else, belongs the execution of that shrewd and farseeing policy of the Roman Catholic Church of "rendering the public schools harmless." When he came to California there were not a dozen Roman Catholic teachers in the public schools of the State, not a dozen Roman Catholic students in the State Normal schools. The policy was changed. Now the majority of nearly every graduating class in the Normal Schools is Roman Catholic. Literally thousands of Roman Catholics are teachers in the public schools and many of them conspicuously successful. Of course this change of attitude may not be wholly due to Father Montgomery, but he was propagator and the defender of this policy. It is just possible that Roman Catholicism on the Pacific Coast has suffered a greater change by this attitude toward the public schools than it is aware of. It was feared in 1888 and 1890 when this policy was adopted that the Roman Catholic teachers would saturate the public schools with radical Roman Catholic ideals. The extent to which this has been carried cannot be stated accurately. Generally speaking the best ideals of the Roman Catholic system have been more adequately understood. But this is true, whether it was in the mind of Archbishop Riordan and Father Montgomery at the time, it matters not, that a neo-Catholicism has arisen on the Pacific Coast. Thousands of the most loyal citizens, educated in the public schools, in the State University, in Stanford, in the University of Southern California, are to be found everywhere. This public school bond has broken down the middle wall of partition and made possible a unity between the Roman Catholic and Protestant ctitizenship gratifying to all who love the State. The hierarchy has remained the same but the Roman Catholic citizenship has become more liberal and more progressive. Thanks to the influence of the public schools.

Archbishop Montgomery was not a bigot, but an intense, an intelligent sectarian. He believed in the Roman Catholic Church from Rome to the uttermost parts of the earth. He organized the cadets of the cross after the fashion of the boys' brigade, and pledged them to total abstinence until they reached the age of twenty-one. He was a man of the highest character and had the confidence of the clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic, of the whole State. He was apparently liberal, but as a matter of fact he was not. In all his public addresses before audiences composed of Protestants, or of Protestants and Roman

Catholics, he invariably, and strongly, defended the Roman Catholic ideals and the Roman Catholic system even to the most minute details. He was by nature and by training subtle, sinuous, powerful. In every address the Roman Catholic system from "a to z" was exalted. His whole career might be analyzed word by word and not color of compromise with Protestantism could be found. His attitude was friendly, his utterances deeply, essentially antagonistic. His policy was a wise one. He believed that the way to overcome Protestantism was by an adroit substitution of Roman Catholicism.

Archbishop Montgomery was a trained diplomat. He had that temperament, that finesse, that delicacy of political touch, that judgment of men, of situations, that dexterity in retreat, that finest of arts of disappearing in a dissolving view, which fitted him for the execution of any plan no matter how intricate it might be. It was no fault of his that he knew more men in the State of California than any man in the Roman Catholic Church.

If the Roman Catholic Church in this State ever had any need of mixing in politics to any extent at any time, all the conditions and requirements were in Archbishop Montgomery. We do not believe he enjoyed that sort of work, and it was only when he was convinced that some interest of the Roman Catholic Church was at stake that he ever took a hand in that fine art.

From a Roman Catholic standpoint Archbishop Montgomery was a good man and a truly great man. From any standpoint he was a man of great devotion, deep consecration to his ideals and great natural endowment and finely cultured attainments. No one ever heard him openly or coarsely abuse Protestantism. We may learn this lesson from Archbishop Montgomery: Substitute Protestantism for Roman Catholicism. His whole purpose seemed to be to show that Roman Catholicism was better in every way than Protestantism. For this we admire him without conceding anything to the principle of his contention. Had he lived the Roman Catholic Church would have continued in the hands of a powerful prelate. Archbishop Riordan is an ecclesiastical statesman, Archbishop Montgomery was an astute and powerful ecclesiastical diplomat.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SITUATION IN FRANCE

The effort is being made in certain quarters to prove that the French government is persecuting the Roman Catholic Church in France. These newspapers promoting that falsehood forget that the men who voted for this law are members in excellent standing in the Roman Catholic Church. French Catholics have made a law which the "Roman" Catholics do not want to obey. It is a case of French Catholics against French Roman Catholics. There has been a party in France for centuries which has believed that all power should be centered in Rome but until Napoleon, feeling the need of the Pope's influence, united the clergy in his scheme to crush all Europe, France was among the nations which believed in an independent form of church government. The French Catholic Church was comparatively independent until Napoleon in 1801 required them to resign their sees into the hands of the pope at Rome. Napoleon reserved the right to nominate all the bishops and arch-bishops, and the clergy was put absolutely at the mercy of his Episcopacy. The sin of Napoleon was that he destroyed the last vestige of Catholic independence in France and organized the church into an absolute despotism. It was a part of his gigantic plan to have one empire and one church. The Concordat was a bargain for blood and is a part of one of the political crimes of the ages. For a century, from the time of Fenelon, the French Catholic Church had been growing more and more independent of Rome. Fenelon was sent to convert the French Protestants but came dangerously near becoming a Protestant himself. This concordat of Napoleon, this wicked agreement with the Vatican, not only put $10,000,000 into the treasury of the Vatican annually but it converted an independent Catholicism into a despotic hierarchy more exacting than the hierarchy of Spain or Austria. It was the hierarchy of France that bowed most abjectly to the hallucination of papal infallibility.

The French people have been cut off for a hundred years from any outside religious instruction. The hundred years of the concordat has been a period of conflict between popular freedom and a foreign ecclesiasticism. If the Vatican forces this matter to an open rupture it is more than probable she will be sorry for it. There is a smoldering conviction that the Vatican's direct influence had much to do with the Dreyfus case. The Vatican has dominated the French army until France has come to see a prevailing condition of military weakness not a little alarming. The French hierarchy has been true to the Napoleonic ideals and of course hostile to the French Republic. That disloyalty has had its hand on the throat of French patriotism for a hundred years.

It is all well enough to say by way of Roman Catholic defence that French Republicanism and American Republicanism are essentially different. That difference will largely disappear when this ultramontanism is eliminated. The question is whether the property of the French Catholics situated in France shall be held by the Vatican in Rome and subject to the Vatican, or whether it shall be held by church corporations in France which corporations shall be created and controlled by the French government. If transferring the title of the church property from the Vatican at Rome to a local corporation in France under French control is confiscation, then France is confiscating Roman Catholic property. We do not know how it comes that when the Concordat was drawn up in 1801 transferring the property from an independent church in France to the absolute control of the Vatican in Rome was not also a confiscation of church property. Transfering it to Rome in 1801 is all right, transferring from Rome back to France in 1906 is confiscation.

This final word should be said to the subsidized and Romanized and terrorized press in this country: If America is guilty of aiding the Vatican in this struggle against France the time is not distant when the Vatican will claim the ownership of the Roman Catholic property in America. If French Catholic property must be vested in the Vatican in Rome then American Roman Catholic property for the same reason must be vested in the Vatican in Rome. We are surprised at the torpid condition of public sentiment on this question. Protestanism in this country seems to be hypnotized or terrorized or stupefied in some fashion. That Romanism should openly and violently advocate extreme ultramontanism in this country and that the daily press should not only not rebuke it but actually lend itself to such a deadly ideal, such a disloyal and vicious doctrine, is an awful comment on the condition of public sentiment in this land of religious freedom.

Zumoto, former Editor of the Japan Times has purchased the leading paper in Seoul, Korea, and will reflect the Japanese view of the Korean situation. The former editor was exceeding bitter against Japan's occupancy of Korea, and did all in his power to stir up opposition to the government of Japan in Korea.

The Home.

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE.

There's a cheery little proverb
  It is very well to heed,
In a world where pain and sorrow
  Are quite plentiful indeed.
If you would not have them double,
  Then keep this well in view,
To never trouble trouble
  Until trouble troubles you.

Don't think when storm-clouds gather
  You are certain to be drowned;
The very darkest tempest
  May quickly blow around.
And up above the blackness
  Shines evermore the blue;
So never trouble trouble
  Until trouble troubles you.

Ofttimes a gloomy morning
  Precedes a sunny day;
So, without a word of warning,
  Our trials slip away.
What pangs we oft have suffered
  Form ills we never knew!
So never trouble trouble
  Until trouble troubles you.

Quit counting all the bridges
  You may never have to cross.
Quit climbing all the ridges
  Of future pain and loss.
Trudge on and do your duty,
  To God and conscience true,
And never trouble trouble
  Until trouble troubles you.

—Anna R. Henderson.

WHEN YOUR BOY IS AWAY.

"Dno't you suppose we had beeter get a frame for the pictures in Ned's room?. I mean those he brought home after the last term of school. There is the one of the football team he belonged to; and then, too, I think the one of the class would be nice framed. They are both good pictures. They are quite large, I know, and probably he did not expect them to be framed; and yet, I feel sure he would be pleased to find them all framed and hung in his room when he comes home at Christmas."

"Then we will have them framed, wife. I will take them over this afternoon. I remember once when I came home mother had standing on my table a bit of a card neatly set in a frame she had made herself. It was a little 'reward of merit' card—nothing more; and yet it never looked so good to me as after mother had fixed it in that way."

"And you have not forgotten it yet! That is what I think about having these of Ned's framed. He will think of the old room here at home some day when perhaps he may not be able to come back, and the remembrance will lead to somethings else."

Something else? Oh, yes. Back to the hearts and the love of the dear ones who were there in the years gone by.

And so the pictures were framed. When Ned came back home at the midwinter vacation, there the two hung, on different sides of the room. In the corner was his tennis racket. On the wall by the side of the dresser was his noseguard hung by its strap. Mother had not "fired thee out," as Ned said some mothers would have done. There they were, reminders of the days when he played halfback on the school team, and saved the day by hard work.

"It is awfully good of you, to think of a fellow this way, mother!" he said, sitting down where he could look the pretty room over, and see what had been done to make the room—his own room in the old home—as comfortable and cheery as possible. "I thank you for it. I shall think of it when I go away."

That is what we want, mothers. If we can keep the hearts of our boys glad when they think of the old home, we have gained a victory, for home means father and mother, the bright family fireside, good things, kind words, a shelter from the world's storm, and all that makes for higher and better manhood.

And if we can help the boys to know that while they are away we think of them, it will mean something, too. When we write to them, why not tell them that we often go into their room and sit down just because it is their room, and when we are there we think of them, and wish them all that is good and pure and true? Suppose we take our writing material in there, and write our letter from that quiet place. It will touch a tender cord in the boy's heart as he snatches time away out there on life's highway to read the word from home.

We so little know what will be the thing which will strike the string in the young man's heart-harp! It pays to let the heart live with the boys when they are away from home.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

DON'T BORROW TROUBLE.

Loaded to the chin with packages, traps and parcels, tensely erect in a straight-back chair, sat the weary shopper in the station waiting-room at the close of a bargain-day.

The place was nearly deserted; there were empty rocking-chairs galore; an inviting couch beckoned from a secluded corner. But the tired, rigid little soul would none of these creature comforts, and when I went to my train, I left her still sitting in the same position, with that strained, set look on her face, while she convulsively clutched her lapful of bundles.

Type everlasting of those who hug their burdens of care when they might just as well let them drop down to their feet; who choose the stiffest, most cramped position in life, while an easy, relaxed attitude is to be had for the taking; who seem almost willfully to select the hardest seats of duty, ignoring the big-armed, comfortable rocker of rest made just to soothe racked nerve and weary brain.

Why should we go out of our way to hunt for hard times? As we go along, enough of that sort of thing will be provided for our highest development. There is no reason why we should go about as roaring lions to seek what of trial or of tribulation we may devour. There is large virtue in that necessity which bows to

the inevitable, but there is none in needless self-inflictions. Inglorious ease is one thing, asceticism is another. Seeking trouble is about as bad as fleeing from it, and bearing trial needlessly is no better than shirking it.

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." has in it more of philosophy than of poetry. Whenever possible, rest the hands, rest the head, rest the heart. never take up a burden that is just as well off where it is.—S. S. Times.

The Quiet Hour.

Beyond the gathering mists,
To make this life worth living
And heaven a surer heritage."
"Might every life that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt,
One bit of courage for the darkening sky,
One gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies

A MORNING PRAYER.

O God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for Thy protecting care through the hours of darkness, and for permitting us to see the light of day. Thou art our chief good, and Thy mercies are new every morning. We would begin this day with praise, and dedicate its hours to Thee. As we wait upon Thee, fulfil to us Thy promise and renew our strength. Teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Father, keep us from sins of thought, word, and deed. Give us grace that we may be calm in spirit, watchful in tongue, yielding in temper, loving in word, and steadfast in the principles of truth and righteousness. Help us always to do to others as we would they should do to us. Amen.

LIFE WITH GOD.

Religion is not something exterior to a man, which can be put on or off like a garment, as circumstances suggest, or as the mood impels, but is an interior realization in the heart of the man himself. It may not be a cloak because it must be an experience. Hypocritical pretense of a faith that is really foreign to a man may impose on the world, but it can never deceive God, who reads the intents of the heart, and who seeks to tabernacle in the humble soul that casts out its idols that it may welcome as its Savior a heavenly Guest. The higher life with God is always first the inner life into which he enters, and which he purifies and inspires.

WHAT TO DO WITH A BAD TEMPER.

Starve it. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart, in the face of great provocation, is a hero. The world may not hold him or her as such; but God does. The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and the pain is given to others as well as self. That pain too often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam-boiler, it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.

"JERKILY GOOD."

"Yes, Julia is good—usually," said a young girl who was running over a list of acquaintances in search of one who might be able and willing to help in some work she had undertaken. "If it happened to appeal to her in just the right way, and just the right mood she would be the best of help, but that is what one never can be sure of with Julia. She is so—jerkily good."

She laughed a little over the phrase that came to her lips, but it was an apt description. There is a great deal of goodness—real goodness in its way—that goes by fits, starts and jerks, and can not be depended upon to run steadily and smoothly. Its possessors sometimes wonder why others do not confide in them more, why their aid is not oftener invoked in causes they are willing to help. They know themselves to be kind-hearted and well meaning, but their prejudices and unreasonableness, like their better impulses, are jerky, and no one can be quite sure which will be uppermost.—Ex.

A LESSON FROM THE MIRROR.

What happens when a person is looking into a shop window where there is a mirror, and someone comes up behind—someone he knows? He does not look any longer at the image; he turns to look at the person whose image is reflected. Or, if he sees reflected on the mirror something very striking, he does not content himself with looking at the image, he turns and looks at the thing itself. So it is always with the persons that you have to do with. If you become a mirror to Christ, your friends will detect it in a very few days; they will see appearing in you, the mirror, an image which they know has not been originated in you, and they will turn to look straight at the Person that you are reflecting.

Now we often in the Christian life deal with ourselves as if we were painters and sculptors, not as if we were mirrors; we hammer and chisel away at ourselves to bring out some resemblance to Christ in some particulars, thinking that we can do it piecemeal. We might as well try to feed up our body piecemeal; we might as well try to make our eye bright without giving our cheek color and our hands strength. The body is a whole, and we must feed the whole and nourish the whole if any one part of it is to be whole, and you can only deal with your character as a wole.—Marcus Dods, D.D.

Young People.

WORK AND PLAY.

I know a little boy—
His name begins with C—
Who, when he's busy playing,
  Is as strong as strong can be.

He can lug a heavy box,
  Roll a barrel big as he,
He's as nimble as a fox,
  When a bonfire there's to be.

He can pull his great big Flyer—
  He is feeling well, you see;
It's astonishing how very strong
  That little boy can be!

But when father wants the snowdrifts
  Cleared away before the door
Or mother wants a package
  From the corner grocery store,

That tired feeling comes apace—
  He is not well, you see;
It's astonishing how very weak
  This little boy can be!

—Exchange.

WHY THEO SUCCEEDED.

"The pay is forty dollars a month, and a good youth is sure of promotion. That is what the permanent men at the railroad shops complain about; this place is now vacant because the lad your partner sent us, and who filled it worthily a year, is now placed where he gets eighty dollars a month. So we trust you to choose his successor. They may ask you a few questions about the candidate for form's sake, at the office, but your man is sure to pass muster."

The above was addressed by a busy railroad official to a city lawyer, who replied:

"There is my friend's son, Urban Starr; his father spoke to me about employment for him. To be sure, Urban is rather above the place as to talent and culture; but times are hard, and the young should climb the low rounds of the ladder. I'll see about proposing him."

"Thank you! I'll be doubly obliged if you will take your applicant up to the office and see him accepted." And the railroad man hurried away.

To this conversation there had been a deeply interested but sad-hearted listener—Theodore Young, the faithful office boy, who longed with unspeakable desire for some such place as the one described. He was the eldest son of a widowed mother, whom he yearned to help, and who was so poor that forty dollars a month seemed wealth to her boy. When the railroad man left, the lawyer turned to Theo, saying:

"Here, Theo, though it isn't your work, won't you note the dates of these letters and file them away in order while I write a letter for you to take up to Mr. Starr's?"

Theo attended carefully to the papers, and was waiting for the letter before it was finished. A great desire was swelling in his throat till it ached, and when the finished letter was handed to him his request burst forth in trembling eagerness:

"Do you think, sir, there are, or may be, any low places at the railroad shops for which you would venture to recommend me? I would begin very low, and work very hard to deserve promotion, and perhaps in years I might come to such a place as this for Urban Starr."

"How can we spare our good, trusty Theo? But, I own it is too bad to keep you here. If Urban consents to apply, when I go with him you may go, too, and I'll interview the parties about something for you."

"Oh, thank you sir," cried Theo, and he was so glad that he ran instead of walking on his errand. A few hours later found Urban and Theo waiting in an ante-room, while the lawyer made known his business about Urban to the railroad officials, who said:

"Oh, yes; thank you for bringing him. The last employee your firm sent was a treasure, and we don't need to ask questions about this one; yet there is one essential thing that I will mention. Of course, you know this person, like the last, to be strictly temperate—total abstinence, pledged and practiced?"

"No, sir, I know nothing of the kind; but on the contrary, while my friend, Mr. Starr, is temperate, he isn't one of the total kind. There is wine for the guests at New Year's, and Urban takes his glass like the rest."

"Excuse me, then; but he won't do for our employ. Total abstinence principles and habits are our first requirements."

"He is no drunkard. Perhaps if you see him you will think he has qualifications of great value to you."

"It is useless for us even to see him, since we desire one who has been from boyhood voluntarily abstinent."

"Very well; Urban Starr is above need of the place. Good morning! Oh, excuse me for having forgotten another matter; there is here a lad with me—in fact, our own office boy—for whom I've promised to ask if you've any kind of a place ever coming vacant into which you could put him with hope of the future. We hate to lose him, for he is trusty, capable, willing, writes a good hand, and is quick at figures."

"How is he on total abstinence?"

"Oh, he is square on that. Signed the pledge when a child. Never took a first glass. Regards a glass of wine with superstitious horror."

"Send him in if you please; we would like to talk with him."

Theo came back to the lawyer's office radiant with joy, exclaiming: "They say I'm just the one they want for the place you didn't take for Urban. They only laughed when I said I feared there was some mistake. Don't Urban want the situation?"

"It is all right, Theo. Please remember when you are a railroad president that you owe your success in life to———?"

This occurred, for this is all true, several years ago, and Theo has now a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, with the love and confidence of all who know him, while Urban is intemperate, out of employment, and a grief to his parents.—Christian Statesman.

THE CALIFORNIA BIBLE SOCIETY.

Desires to inform Churches, societies and the people generally, that ALL who desire can be supplied with Bibles and Testaments from their Depository at the San Francisco Training School, 129 Haight St., in charge of Rev. Dr. E. R. Willis, or at the Headquarters of the American Tract Society, Rev. Dr. Swafford, Agent, 1755 Bush St. It may be well to state that the Depository on Haight St. was opened not many weeks after the fire. Bibles will be given to all worthy applicants who are unable to pay. The California Bible Society is a California institution and should be supported by all the Churches of the State—not allowing funds to be diverted in other directions. The Bible House on McAllister was burned.

The large stock of Bibles in the Depository on Grant Avenue was a total loss.

D. GILBERT DEXTER,
President,
684 Waller St.

WILLIAM ABBOTT,
Secretary,
2350 Fulton St.

SOME USEFUL DOGS OF EUROPE.

In America dogs are valued chiefly as pets and house guardians, but in Europe they not only fill these positions, but others of much greater importance. In England and Scotland the beautiful Scotch collies are used as shepherd dogs, and are taught to herd and guard the sheep as carefully as their masters.

High up among the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland in a great stone house called by the name of Saint Bernard live the kind monks whose mission it is to aid travelers who are snowbound or who have missed their way, and these monks keep a number of Saint Bernard dogs, which they have trained to help them in their work. In the higher Alps most terrific snowstorms come on without any warning whatever, and when one of these storms is raging the big dogs are turned loose to scent out lost persons and direct them to the shelter of the monastery, or to drag them there if they are too exhausted to walk. Fine fellows are these noble Saint Bernards, and many wonderful rescues have they to their credit.

Then there are the milk dogs of Belgium—that is to say, the dogs that draw the little milk wagons about the city in the morning, when the milkman or milkwoman—for it is as often one as the other—is making rounds. If any of our boys or girls should have the good fortune to visit Brussels or Bruges or any other Belgian city some day, they will see for themselves this novel and interesting sight.

Of course, we must not forget to mention the clever police dogs of Paris. Part of a police dog's duty is to protect his master, the policeman—who is called a gendarme in France—when attacked by the ruffianly thieves who hide under the dark arches of the numerous bridges; and another part of it is to help rescue the people who fall into the Seine—which, as you know, is the big river that runs through Paris—and are in danger of being drowned. The dogs are Newfoundlands, and every one of them loves the water, and thinks it great fun to jump in and bring some one to shore. To train the dog a dummy figure is used, and this is thrown off the quay into the water. Then, while the trainers are busy with lifelines and lifebuoys, the dog plunges in, seizes the dummy with his strong teeth, and swims ashore—if he can. If he cannot, he just holds on until his master can help him out. It takes about four months to train a dog properly, but when he is trained he knows just how to seize a drowning person without hurting him, and how to hold his head above water until he gets him ashore.—The Christian Advocate.

The witness which Christ desires is two fold—by life and by lip. Commonly in addresses this order is reversed by the speakers, and we hear first of testimony by word and then of the character which should reinforce the witness. Logically the order is as stated above, namely, first a good character, and then an effective confession. No man can properly confess a character which he does not possess. Be good, do good, speak good—that is the proper sequence of Christian service. A bad man cannot utter a testimony that is worth anything. The life that tells for Christ must precede the words that tell of Christ. It takes a saved man to make a good witness. A man who was asked how he was converted under no man's preaching, but under my aunt's practicing!" The moral is evident. A good life draws men to him whose grace makes all virtue possible and actual.—N. Y. Observer

Think little of yourself,—not at all, if you can help it. Think of the King in His beauty. Think of His glorious work. Talk with Him about it. Plan for it. Get into the swing of it, the largeness of it.

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1907

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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Divine Guidance.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage!

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our Faith, our Pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand, through the years to be!

Kipling.

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A STORM CENTER.

One of the storm centers in California during the last week has been around Chaplain Darling, of the California senate, in Sacramento, who seems to have "lost his head" when a member of the senate who is a Jew asked him to omit from his prayers the name of Jesus Christ. Because of this the chaplain has become a much discussed man. Prominent among those who have taken him to task for his ready granting of the request is Bishop Moreland of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We quote as follows from the bishop's address in a Sacramento pulpit last Sunday:

"It is a strange thing that in the United States, a land famous for religious liberty, and here in California, where even the Buddhist and Hindoo are free to worship according to their conscience, there should have broken out such an exhibition of intolerance as lately disgraced the senate of this state. The chaplain of the senate, a Christian minister, is asked to omit the name of Jesus Christ from his prayers lest it offend the susceptibilities of Jews in the audience. The chaplain should have declined or resigned at once. He could have said: "No, I was known to be a minister of Christ when I was chosen to this office. I will not remain in it another moment if I am not left perfectly free to voice my convictions, to pray according to the dictates of my conscience. You are asking me to deny Jesus Christ for $4 a day. If I do it, I am no better than Judas who betrayed him for thirty pieces of silver.'"

Bishop Moreland said further: "I have a great respect for the Jewish religion, but also a great respect for the principle of religious freedom. I would see no incongruity in inviting a Jewish Rabbi to act as chaplain of the senate, and should he do so, I believe there is not a Christian in that body who would demand that he trim down or modify a single one of his convictions. If the name of Jesus Christ is to be eliminated at the request of the Hebrew, then the name of God may be omitted at the request of the agnostic; then the prayer itself may be eliminated at the request of the infidel. If the chaplain is a hired official, whose theology is to be regulated or colored by individual legislators, let the office be abolished. If he is permitted to make no reference to divine truth except such residuum as may be left after the prejudices of each senator have been considered then he is not a man, but a slave."

"If the office is a mere sop to tradition or convention, and legislators feel themselves to be so perfect in righteousness and beyond all temptation as to have no need of prayer then away with such a solemn farce. But, if a Christian minister is to be asked to pray, let him alone. The value of the prayer is in its reality. The value of the man is his sincerity. If I were a Jew I should rejoice to think that the name of Jesus Christ—a Jew after the flesh—is honored in every Christian assembly. If I were a legislator, I should honor above all other names of history the name of him who has been the supreme legislator of human liberties—the one most successful emancipator and deliverer of the human race."

Bishop Moreland followed this by a graphic word picture of what Christ had accomplished in the world in 1900 years, concluding as follows: "As winter ice is melted under the sun, the selfish heart of man has melted under the reign of Jesus Christ, the Sun of Love, the Good Samaritan of the world. His triumphant reign is ever advancing. He is on the side of the shorter working day and the living wage. He is identified with the oppressed everywhere. A mighty change in our social system is coming in and Christ is leading it, whether men acknowledge him or not.

What an anomaly! An assembly of men in the twentieth century of Christian civilization, supposed to be special students of the public good, banish the one name of history most worthy of honor among lovers of mankind. But the epiphany bells of hope will go on ringing nevertheless. The new century is marching in to the matchless music of Christ's imperial name."

Never was a question handled better than Bishop Moreland has handled this one. Along with him we say: Let the chaplains be free and unhampered. If a Jew is asked to serve, let him pray as the Jews pray; if a Unitarian, let him pray as the Unitarians pray; if a minister in any of our evangelical churches, let him pray as such ministers are accustomed to pray.

Chaplain Darling is a member of the California conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, and a man who has been much esteemed by his brethren. Nevertheless some scathing resolutions were passed by the Methodist ministers of San Francisco and vicinity at their meeting last Monday. They have not been published for the reason that some have desired further information. The California Christian Advocate says in an editorial note: "We are sorry that the report has gone out that Chaplain Darling has yielded to the request of Senator E. I. Wolfe, to omit the name of Jesus Christ from his prayer. That is despicable. That is the surrender of a principle for which Christians of all the ages have counted it a privilege to die any sort of a death. We are not ready to believe the published report. We have known Rev. Mr. Darling for many years and that is just the sort of a thing we would not expect him to do. We must also ask a suspense of judgment for Mr. Darling, in regard to the raising of the chaplain's salary. He has always been a self-sacrificing minister, accepting the humblest and weakest appointments and serving them almost without support."

To the present writer Chaplain Darling was spoken of by one of his ministerial brethren as a good-hearted man, seeking the good and the happiness of everyone with whom he comes in contact, and as one "who would not hesitate to shake hands even with the

devil." He is a Grand Army man, and it is due doubtless in part to this fact that he received appointment as chaplain.

We cannot do as the California Christian Advocate has done, ask suspension of judgment for Chaplain Darling. The published reports so far as we have seen them are fairly accurate, even as to the effort on his part to secure an increase of compensation. One senator has been reported as saying to him that he was already receiving $8 a minute for his services, and that the compensation was adequate.

They who were instrumental by their request, in bringing this remarkable storm of disapproval upon Chaplain Darling, and others who seek excuse for his action, say that chaplains in former years have been asked to do what he has done and have done it, and that there has been no such outburst heretofore. But it seems that the matter did not in previous years come to the public knowledge as it has this year.

THAT "BACK NUMBER" EDITORIAL.

A friend informs us that some of the friends of ex-Governor Pardee interpreted an editorial in our columns last week as a reflection upon that honorable gentleman. We had no thought of calling Mr. Pardee "a back number" except as to his acquaintance with things relating to the Chinese and Japanese. The first sentence of the editorial referred to him as an up-to-date man in very many respects, but claimed that his recent message to the assembled legislators showed lack of information as to the Asiatics. We are of the belief that our editorial made evident that charge, but as to this our readers must of course decide for themselves.

But it appears that objection is made to the words: "His lack of information on this important question, in its various aspects and relations, is due doubtless to the fact that he has been busied with the duties of his office and with keeping himself in such trim politically as to stand a chance of getting into some other position of public trust ere long."

This was written without any intent to reflect on Mr. Pardee. It is quite laudable for a man in office to keep himself in trim for another term or for some other position of public trust. Senator Harrison did this when the present writer was editing a political paper in Indiana and the writer tried to help keep him in trim. And the country never had a finer citizen than Benjamin Harrison, nor the nation a man more servicable either as United States senator or President.

These words, to which objection is made, were in connection with the declaration that the lack of information was due in part to the fact that he had been busy with the duties of his office. We have never thought that Mr. Pardee neglected in any manner his duties as governor. The editor of the Pacific Presbyterian hoped that he would be renominated; and if he had been, should have voted for him for the second time with pleasure.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Pardee will go on keeping himself in trim for public life. The state and nation need such men.

The action of the government in admitting a large number of Japanese and Koreans this week is meeting with severe criticism from some sources. But Commissioner Sargent says that no other course was possible, that they had a right to enter. If the angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven just now commissioned to act in any capacity as to this exclusion question there are those who would denounce him.

Some of the newspaper attacks on President Jordan of Stanford, because of his position and utterances on the Japanese question, have been a disgrace to journalism. He has been called a liar, a hypocrite, a moral pervert, and epithet has been piled upon epithet in the frenzy of the writers who seem entirely unaware that in so doing they injure themselves and their papers far more than they injure Dr. Jordan. Not many of the persons who have stood for what they regard the right, in this controversy, have escaped the venom of the persons who write with the same savagery with which men are clubbed and shot to death by other elements of our society who cannot tolerate any opposition to their aims. Our daily papers, and some of the weeklies also, need to learn that what the public wants at this and all other times are facts and arguments, not abuse.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

When the World's Sunday-school convention meets in Rome next May a vesper service will be held within the ruins of the colosseum, where in the early centuries of the Christian era the blood of many martyrs became the seed of the church.

The 40th anniversary of a notable pastorate, that of Dr. Alexander McKenzie at Cambridge, Massachusetts, will be celebrated this week. Located as Dr. McKenzie's church is, in the shadow of a great university, Harvard, it has been given to him to do a great work in the world.

Statistics show that there were added to the membership of the Friends Church—commonly known as the Quaker Church—4,215 persons during the year 1906. The membership of the Yearly Meetings at the close of the year was 95,603. The largest membership is in Indiana—20,284. California showed 3,477; Oregon, 1,944.

The American Missionary Association asks the Congregational churches of the country to observe Sunday, February 10th, as Lincoln Sunday, in memory of him who was the great leader in the striking off of the shackles of the African in the United States. The work of the Association which includes the Chinese, the Japanese, the Indian and the African, in the United States, will have special consideration on that memorial Sunday.

The great Episcopal church in New York City, known as St. Bartholomew's, received for its work in 1906 $224,493.74 A large part of this was spent in carrying on the work of the parish house and clinic. There are 249 salaried workers connected with St. Bartholomew's. Among them are 7 clergymen, 1 deaconess, 1 lay reader, 5 organists, 75 choristers, 3 parish visitors, 9 kindergartners, 25 instructors in clubs, 21 teachers, 6 nurses, 16 secretaries and clerks, 6 engineers and firemen, 35 porters, cleaners and laundresses, and 9 cooks and helpers. The volunteers number 896 and include Sunday-school teachers and offi-

cers, physicians who visit the clinic, volunteer choristers and working members in clubs and societies.

At one of the meetings of the Presbyterian Brotherhood recently in Indianapolis the vocations of the persons in attendance were recorded. some of the figures were as follows: Ministers 284; lawyers 130; clerks, 90; "business men," 79; merchants, 80; real estate men, 30; manufacturers, 62; bankers, 53; grocers, 13; publishers, 11; coal dealers, 4; promoters, 13; commercial travelers, 27; salesmen, 41; accountants, 14; physicians, 23; dentists, 9; civil engineers, 13; insurance underwriters, 42; newspaper men, 19; school teachers, 30; college presidents and professors, 14; policeman, 1; newsboys, 2; machinists, 11; printers, 10; farmers, 49; railroad men, 33.

President Roosevelt's reason for choosing the little church was given recently in response to an inquiry. He said: "You know I was raised in the Dutch Reformed Church, and when at the capital of the nation I selected a permanent church home, I took some sentimental satisfaction in choosing the church of my fathers in which to worship the God of my fathers. Another reason why I came to this church is that it is a church of the plain people. There are persons of means among them, but most of them are the common people, to whom you know I am so partial. If there is any place on earth where earthly distinctions vanish it is in the church in the presence of God. He knows no difference between the highest ruler and the humblest subject. All he cares for is character. I have been not a little grieved in attending services in some of the rich churches of the great cities to see so much attention paid to social distinctions. I cannot think that the plainer people would be very happy if they were to attempt to worship in such places, and I fear that some of the rich and fashionable would be just as unhappy to have them do so. There is a minister in New York City to whom I have always given especial credit for having succeeded more than any one I know in holding a large congregation of rich and poor people in happy fellowship for a long number of years. The nearer the people get to the heart of Christ, the nearer they get to each other, irrespective of earthly condition."

In a personal letter to the Editor, Dr. A. P. Peck of Tientsin, China, writes: "You will have noted with interest I am sure the items which appear in your exchanges from time to time in regard to the changes which are taking place here in China, but no one not in close touch with daily events can appreciate the rapidity with which new things are coming in; the extent and variety are bewildering even to those of us Westerners who have spent the best years of our lives endeavoring to bring these things about, and of course it is simply incomprehensible to the great mass of people. The basic fact which gives significance and potency to the new movement is that there is a new spirit abroad in China. We may feel that the many years of seed sowing and watering in the mission churches, schools and hospitals has been a great factor in the preparation for the new feeling, and now the Imperial government is organizing public instruction on a vast scale; their own antiquated boards which have served the purposes of government for so many centuries being found unsuited to modern conditions, are being changed into proper bureaus; and public spirited and patriotic officials like the great viceroy, Yuan Shih Kai, who has set the example, are voluntarily resigning many profitable official posts in order that they may be put under properly organized boards." Dr. Peck is foreign medical attache to the Pei Yang government and consultant to H. E. Yuan Shi Kai, viceroy of Chihli.

The Yale Alumni Weekly says: "Analysis of the list of students in the Yale divinity school as it appears in the preliminary catalogue of the university causes some disquietude and more perplexity. The school is old. It has mighty theological traditions, deep-rooted in such names as Taylor, Bacon and Dwight. Its atmosphere is liberal in times when dogma has been superseded by duty. It has an able, loyal and hard-working faculty, a high grade of students, a good plant and fair endowment. It does its scholastic work under the protective wing and patronage of a great university in which Dwight hall attests vigor and growth in both religious and moral effort and in which the ethical tone of undergraduate life has been lifted much during the last decade. Yet the school retains this year but 47 students in the three regular classes as compared with 52 yast year in two buildings which would house 120. Its entering class numbers but 13 men, none of them from a New England university or college; and in its three classes appear the names of but six students from New England colleges and only two from Yale. Some 30 undergraduates of the academic department this year receive aid from the so-called "ministerial funds" given to assist students intending to enter the ministry. Yet, apparently, hardly one of them will enter Yale's own theological seminary, which, numerically, is in stagnation not to sav recession."

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

A Survey of Religious Movements And Conditions.

[The first week of the new year the Boston Transcript contained an interesting and valuable survey of important movements in the leading religious bodies. We reproduce it here in the main.—Editor.]

At the beginning of the new year churchmen of all religious bodies are looking forward in the consideration of large plans which are to influence the churches during the twelvemonth, and also studying the religious movements of the year just closed, to find wherein influences are to continue and what new movements are calling for support. Nineteen hundred and six was an eventful year for the churches along several lines. Notably these were the awakening of the laymen of the churches to realize responsibility and endeavor, the impetus which church union and federation movements received, the arousing of a new interest in missions, home and foreign, and the increase in definite evangelistic effort. All these promise to be keynotes of religious advance in America during 1907, and it is especially along these lines that church leaders are working.

Leaders say that there has never before been in this country so widespread and definite a movement among the laymen of the churches as at the present time. A feature of this movement is referred to as a new attitude taken by the laity toward the clergy. The laymen look to the ministers for spiritual leadership, but they are taking up for themselves the direction of secular and material phases of Christian work,

including church support and the maintenance of missionary effort. This is true of practically all the men's organizations newly formed, as distinguished from older organizations like the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the Episcopal Church, the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, an interdenominational organization, the Wesley and St. Paul Brotherhoods in the Methodist Church and others, which are doing increasingly successful work along spiritual lines.

Of the new organizations the Presbyterian Brotherhood combines both the spiritual and the material in its outlined work. For it is a federation of all parish men's organizations in Presbyterian churches, regardless of the purpose or work of the individual organization. The Men's League of the United Presbyterian Church has a similar organization, but has set itself the definite task of increasing the amount of contributions for church and mission support. The Universalist Brotherhood is not unlike the Presbyterian in its plans. The new Episcopal organization, the Seabury Society, has set itself the definite tasks of training laymen for Sunday-school work, to take part in church extension effort, serving as lay readers in missions until the people are able to support a settled clergyman, and holding a summer conference of church workers. These movements among laymen promise during the year to extend to other denominations than those named, for already there is talk among leaders in the Congregational, Baptist, United Brethren and other bodies looking toward men's organizations.

Movements toward the union of different religious bodies, which have been stirring church circles for several years, received marked impetus in 1906 and promise still further in advance during this year. The most notable accomplishment of last year was the union of the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian bodies, which, although accomplished last May, does not take full effect until May of this year, when delegates from both bodies meet in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. A minority in the Cumberland Church has tried, by legal methods, to block the union, but thus far has had little succes. It is not unlikely that the Reformed Presbyterian Church will also join the larger Presbyterian body, and action to that effect may be taken in 1907.

The proposed union of the Congregational, United Brothren and Methodist Protestant denominations advanced a step in the closing months of 1906, although the committee which met at Pittsburgh decided on what is a close federation rather than organic union. These three bodies differ so widely in polity that the difficulties in the way of union are considered far greater than those of the Presbyterian movement. The Congregational National Council meets in October of this year, and a further step in the union movement is then looked for. The general conferences of the Methodist Protestants and United Brethren do not meet until 1908, when final action may be looked for. Baptists and Free Baptists are getting closer together and are expected to find some basis for union. Some Baptist leaders look to see the Disciples of Christ included in such union movement and some leaders among the Disciples are working for it. Both Baptists and Disciples have found that they are hampered in the consideration of such matters because they have no general meetings save missionary ones, and in both bodies there are strong movements toward the establishment of general conventions before which union and other general matters may properly be brought for action. Baptists are to try the experiment and have appointed one of the days of their missionary society anniversaries of next May for a general meeting.

Over in Canada there is a well-advanced movement towards the union of the Congregationalists, the Methodists and the Presbyterians. Action has been taken by several of the general bodies, all of it favorable to union. Joint committees are studying the problems involved in the movement, the last meeting having been in Toronto last month. Statements of faith are now under discussion and the discussion has brought out differences and difficulties which it may be impossible to reconcile. Differences in the polity of the three bodies have thus far offered no insurmountable difficulties, and it is believed by leaders that even if organic union is found to be impossible at this time the movement will result in a close federation that will be almost as effective.

As distinguished from movements looking to denominational unions the federation idea is everywhere finding favor. A new federation of bodies holding the Presbyterian system of government was effected last year, in which practically all have joined except Southern Presbyterians, who see in the movement, their leaders claim, a scheme on the part of the Northern Presbyterian Church to absorb all Presbyterian bodies, the Southern included. After long discussion of the matter in the General Assembly of the Southern Church, it was referred to the presbyteries for action, and will therefore come up again next May. The larger federation, inaugurated over a year ago at the Federation Conference in New York and now being voted upon by the different evangelical denominations, has thus far met no setback, and everything looks favorable for the organization of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America in December of 1908. A number of denominations will vote on the matter during this year.

In theological matters there is, leaders say, in almost all evangelical bodies a movement towards greater orthodoxy. What is called the higher criticism made little or no advance during 1906, rather it has lost some ground. A sane and healthy faith in the fundamentals of the Christian religion has, according to many leaders, taken the place of the ultra-scientific interpretation of the Bible and the older orthodox teachings which made more of the letter of the book than of its spirit. The Episcopal Church was the only one having a notable heresy trial last year, and it is said that it might have been avoided had not Rev. Dr. Crapsey of Rochester insisted on being tried.

It had been expected by some leaders that an effect of the Crapsey trial would be that others, perhaps ministers in other bodies as well as Episcopal, holding equally pronounced views, would come forward and ask to be tried by their respective ecclesiastical courts. Thus far, however, just the opposite effect has to be noted. Ministers who had previously been suspected of unorthodox views are making haste to proclaim their soundness in the faith, and to repudiate the much condemned Rochester divine. In the EpiscopalChurch one presbyter, a Cincinnati rector, sought to be tried only to be told by a committee of inquiry that while the committee disapproved of the views held, it also disapproved of a trial for heresy as being a cure somewhat worse than the ailment.

The outlook for the immediate future, especially for the year just opened, is an orthodox wave that will

and to some extent now does extend to all bodies. There are no heresy trials in sight, and there are, it is thought, likely to be none. There are men in the ministry who sympathize with Rev. Dr. Crapsey in his views, but they are keeping very quiet. Two strong men, both in the Episcopal Church, and among the foremost of American divines, Rev. Dr. William R. Huntington and Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, have recently preached sermons on the authority of the faith. Neither takes anything so much as approaching an unorthodox view.

In the Roman Catholic Church evangelistic effort and church extension are attracting wide attention. The Apostolic Mission House in Washington is giving priests special training for conducting missions to non-Catholics, and these are being sent out, supported in large part by the Catholic Missionary Union, to conduct the missions in the various dioceses. This movement has met marked success during the past year, and its scope is to be extended during 1907. Catholic Church extension work has been put upon a basis approaching that of the Protestant home mission boards, and churches are being organized throughout the West and Southwest. Another organization is working to extend the Catholic Church among the negroes.

It was freely predicted that the Catholic Church would have another American cardinal before the close of 1906, hopes of many leaders being based upon the consistory held by the Pope in December. Archbishops Ireland and Farley were both talked of for the honor, and leaders are now saying that the friends of the two prelates have been over zealous and have defeated their own object. Notwithstanding the fact that there are now sixteen vacancies in the College of Cardinals, those familiar with the situation both here and in Rome say that the likelihood of an American appointment is further away than it has been for some years, although others hold that the gratitude of Pius X. toward American Catholics for their support of the Holy See in its troubles with France, may lead him to elevate some American bishop to the Sacred College before the close of the year.

In almost all religious bodies evangelistic movements were prominent during 1906, and are to be equally if not more prominent this year. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Disciples and many other bodies have been conducting carefully planned campaigns in various parts of the country, and it is reported that all of them have had success beyond the anticipations of their leaders. Some of these campaigns have been interdenominational, although denominational in their leadership. Notably has this been true of the work of Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman for the Presbyterian evangelistic committee. In the cities where he has worked simultaneous campaigns have been organized in the Protestant churches, and as Dr. Chapman himself expresses it, the work has been to make Christians rather than Presbyterians.

A leading evangelistic feature has been afforded by Gypsy Smith, who came from England at the invitation of the Congregational committee. His work began in New York, where the fervor of a political campaign impaired its efficiency, but in Boston and other New England centers he made a strong impression. Similar results are looked for from his work in the West, where he will spend the early months of the year. Another Congregationalist figure is that of Rev. Dr. W. J. Dawson. Dr. R. A. Torrey, working independently, continues to make a deep impression, although he has recently been deprived of the assistance of Mr. Alexander, kept away by the illness of his wife.

The Methodist commission on evangelism is working among the conferences, directing in large part the work of the pastors along definite evangelistic lines. In much the same way the Baptist committee, with Rev. Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, as secretary, works in cooperation with State associations. This method carries the evangelistic movement into the smaller communities and the policy is to be continued throughout this year.

During last year missionary matters received such impetus that leaders look for a still wider interest, especially in foreign missions, during the coming twelvemonth. The celebration of the Haystack Centennial had much to do with the aroused interest last year, but other causes were the Jubilee Celebration of Missions in China, to be held in a few months in Shanghai, the Young People's Missionary and the Students Volunteer movements, and the summer conferences of these and other organizations. The presence in this country of Dr. S. M. Zweimer, a pioneer in missionary work in Arabia, has also roused new interest in missions to Mohammedan countries. A new and successful feature of missionary work and one that has helped rouse interest, is the support by a home church, of one or more missionaries on the foreign field. This adds a personal element that helps swell contributions. Officers of missionary societies are to work this year on the extension plan.

Among young people's societies there have been few movements of note during the past year, nor are many changes in prospect. The Baptist Young People's Union has been put upon a better basis and now gives promise of stability and growth. The Epworth League of the Methodists, the Luther League of the Lutheran young people, and other denominational organizations of similar nature are continuing excellent work. The United Society of Christian Endeavor starts the new year with several new leaders, although they are new only in their offices, not in their identification with Christian Endeavor. Mr. William Shaw, long treasurer of the organization, becomes secretary in place of Mr. Von Ogden Vogt, and Mr. Hiram N. Lathrop becomes treasurer. A new office, Editorial Secretary, is filled by Amos R. Wells. President F. E. Clark is to spend some of the new year extending the movement in South America.

A NEW MOVEMENT

.. Student Recruits for the Christian Ministry.

Over one-fourth of the men at the recent college Y. M. C. A. conference at Pacific Grove, California, bound themselves together with a declared "purpose to become ministers of Jesus Christ" and to "aggressively promote the consideration of the ministry as a vocation for Christian young men." The movement thus formed received the name, "The Student Recruits for the Christian Ministry."

These men have returned to sixteen different educational institutions to maintain and increase organized groups for fellowship in this purpose. It is their hope that they may be joined in this movement by students from all over the world.

For a tangible basis the "Recruits" are using a declaration card similar to that now used by the Student Volunteers for Foreign Missions. Many "Volun-

teers" were instrumental in initiating the new movement, because they felt, with the other members, that the ministry of Jesus Christ has no geographical limits.

The Recruits in California went a step beyond the initiation of a general movement. They formed a State organization and adopted a general policy which is to be carefully distinguished from the general movement. The policy adopted is as follows:

"We stand for

I. A United Church.

"We believe that churches divided against each other cannot stand. We declare ourselves against competitive missionary work anywhere. We agree to work for church harmony and unity of spirit.

II. Missioinarv Agressiveness.

"Believing in the last command of Jesus Christ in the broadest world-wide sense, it is the purpose of this organization to stand for and promote an intelligent study and a wide-awake, active interest in missions.

III. An Up-to-date Ministry.

"We seek preparation to meet and satisfy both the fundamental and the new and special needs of the church in our own generation. 'Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'"

The California division of the Recruits Movement will include over one hundred men after those enroll who were unable to attend the meeting at Pacific Grove.

The California division is desirous of getting into touch with students in every part of the world who are interested in the movement. They will be glad to send literature or any information desired to all who will communicate with

G. C. H. McPheeters, Palo Alto, Cal.

Among the Churches.

Long Beach.—At the service January 16th, 24 persons were welcomed to membership.

Los Angeles, Bethany.—Seven persons were received into membership at the recent communion.

Alhambra.—Four persons were welcomed into the fellowship of this church at its last communion service.

Los Angeles, Highland Park.—Twenty-two persons united with the Highland Park Church at its recent communion service.

Los Angeles.—Work among the Japanese in the peat lands in Orange county has been taken up by the Presbytery of Los Angeles.

Fresno, Belmont Ave.—This church is taking on new life under the direction of the Rev. W. H. McElwee and his dovoted wife.

Los Angeles, Japanese.—At the communion service on Sunday, January 13th five persons united with this church, three on confession of faith.

San Pedro.—The fine new church building is nearly completed. On a recent Sunday the Rev. W. G. Mills, the pastor, announced the gift of an organ by Andrew Carnegie.

Oakland, Brooklyn.—Twenty-four were received into Brooklyn Church in November and fourteen more the second Sunday of January, most of them on confession of faith. Two mission study classes are being organized.

Pomona.—Plans for the new building have been adopted. The edifice will be in the old English style and will cost about $27,000. Work will begin soon, and the building will be finished the latter part of the year. The lot, on the corner of Holt avenue and Gibbs street is 120 by 127 in size. The new building will nearly cover it.

Merced.—The Cumberland church of this city is entering the union and reunion with the right spirit. Under its efficient and wide-awake pastor, the Rev. James M. Webb, it has organized a Brotherhood of thirtv-two members. It held its first meeting on the evening of January 8th, and listened to an address by the Rev. Thomas Boyd, D.D., of Fresno, on "The New Brotherhood and Its Possibilities."

Fowler.—The church here is in a most prosperous condition. The Week of Prayer was observed by union services, and has been followed by cottage prayer meetings in a half dozen centers. These meetings are largely attended, and spiritual life is on the increase. Evangelistic preaching services will follow. The pastor, who was severely burned by an explosion of gas during the holidays is almost recovered, and is directing the meetings.

San Joaquin Presbytery.—The Board of Home Missions in its great wisdom has just commissioned the Rev. N. C. McKay as pastor at large for the presbytery of San Joaquin. Mr. McKay has, up to his appointment been the successful secretary of the Y. M. C. A., of Stockton. He goes into this new, wide and needy field with a very valuable experience. The great San Joaquin Valley lies wholly in this Presbytery, and it is rapidly filling up, so that a great door and effectual is now open to Mr. McKay.

Fresno, First.—There have been several things doing in the First Church recently. It has paid a debt of $3,500, and is now without any incumbrance of any kind. It has assumed the support of Claude W. Mason, M. D., a medical missionary at Chieng Mai, Laos. It has opened a new mission Sunday-school within a few months, which it has comfortably housed, and which already has an enrollment of nearly one hundred. It reecived thirteen additions to its membership at the last communion, and it is now in the midst of a series of very helpful and instructive Bible readings, which are being given by the Rev. Dr. H. W. Gilchrist, of the Mt. Hermon Association, from which it looks for large results.

Los Angeles.—Sunday January 13th was the 10th anniversary of Knox Church in this ctiy. On that day the Rev. Dr. W: S. Young who organized the church and who has been its beloved pastor ever since gave his farewell sermon and the newly called pastor, the Rev. E. J. Harper, was installed. The church was organized with 40 members, 9 of whom are still con-

nected with it. In all, 336 persons have been received, and the present membership is 175. During the ten years of its existence Knox Church has expended for current expenses $14,044 and has given to benevolences $3,556. The church property is valued at $15,000. The new pastor came into the Presbyterian fellowship recently from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He is a brother of Mayor Harper.

Fresno, Piedmont Ave.—This church is taking on completed an epoch in their history. Under the wise leadership of their earnest and consecrated pastor, the Rev. Dr. John B. Haygooni, they have been doing a great work. Doctor Haygooni came to this church in the hour of their sore need; they were burdened with debt and discouraged. The Doctor has just returned from a very successful trip East on behalf of the church. Through a gracious and generous grant on the part of the Board of Church Erection and from other large gifts secured from personal Armenian friends, the whole debt of the church has been provided for. They have now a fine, commodious church building, with a seating capacity of nearly 1,000, and a remarkable feature of the congregation is that it is composed largely of men. There are about 3000 Armenians in Fresno and vicinity,—the largest single colony of these people, perhaps, in the United States. They fled from the massacres to this asylum for the oppresed. Their numbers are being constantly augmented. They are exceedingly thrifty and have already gained large vineyard holdings. The young people are quickly transformed into American citizens by our public schools, while Doctor Haygooni cares for the spiritual needs of both old and young by preaching to them in English and Armenian. He has a large constituency and is doing a splendid work among them.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. Robert A. Crichton, '06, pastor at Healdsburg, has in the last month welcomed seventeen to membership on profession of their faith. This is an increase in the membership of about thirty per cent, over which both pastor and people are rejoicing.

Rev. William H. Darden, '81, has just celebrated the first anniversary of his pastorate at Corning. One of the marked features of the year's work has been the remodelling of the church building. It is now practically new, and beautiful as well. Better equipment for service is certainly a mark of progress.

Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., the stirring Synodical missionary of Oregon, who is an active and interested director of the Seminary, has been summoned East by the Home Board to spend the month of February in Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania, making home mission addresses. He expects to be home in season to attend the Seminary commencement exercises.

Rev. J. S. Mitchell, '76, has been making improvements on his church at Prineville, Ore. They are now contemplating the building of a manse.

Rev. Edwin B. Hays, '05, of La Grande, Ore., who is moderator of the Synod of Oregon, preached the sermon at the recent installation of Rev. S. W. Seeman, D.D., as pastor at Union, Ore.

The Seminary Church has just issued invitations to about seventy men to a supper to be served to men only in the Sunday-school room on Monday evening next. The Seminary, after being for some time in a quiet country place, suddenly finds itself in the midst of a rapidly developing suburban residence district. The church is increasing its efforts to make itself helpful to the incoming population.

Rev. Fred R. Marsh, '05, is about completing a fine new brick church at Wray, Colorado, which will be the finest church building of any denomination in Eastern Colorado. This was a struggling home mission church when Mr. Marsh went there less than two years ago. He is soon to go to his old home in Florida for a short vacation.

WHAT WOULD I DO?

If I were told to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this;
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee
Or heaven serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

—Susan Coolidge.

Newell Dwight Hillis, in a recent sermon said: "Time proves all things, sifts the chaff out of the wheat, burns the dross out of the gold, strips away the sheep's clothing from the wolf. Time exposes every form of weakness, deceit and unreality. But nineteen centuries have come and gone again and lo! all His foundations stand sure. All things else have been destroyed by time, or else changed beyond recognition.

These nineteen centuries have destroyed the old astrology, the old medicine, the old plow and oxcart, the old houses, the old arts, the old ships, the old laws; lo! all these are new. But after nineteen centuries His charter of Christianity, His sermn on the Mount, a divine pity that redeems and saves, a hope that is immortal, a Savious that is the same yesterday, today and forever—these abode midst things that are in ruins, these are unchanged midst innumerable changes."

BEHAVES NOT UNSEEMLY.

One of the crowning graces of the heart is its gracious bearing towards others. Of the many qualities of love given us by St. Paul, this quality is given: "It doth not behave itself unseemly." That means that it is thoughtful of the feelings, moods and temperaments of others, and so considerate of them as that its general bearing toward others provokes their admiration and love.

The most gentlemanly man is the man who doth not behave unseemly toward his neighbors. This grace of the heart is manifest when no principle is involved as well as when one is involved.

Religion touches the courteous side of man and makes him obliging. It mellows and sweetens his spirit, till before all men he is a lovable spirit. In the home, on the thoroughfare, in the marts of trade, everywhere it abounds with the crowning grace of the courteous and obliging,not behaving unseemly, keeping sweet when the most inexcusable provocation arises; possessing a dignified bearing before insolent oppression, maintaining silent endurance before irreconcilable hatred, silently and generously enduring persecution, reviled but reviles not again committing one's self to Him that judgeth righteously.

This is the spirit that retaliates not. It shines with supernal brightness when it has as its background jealous envyings, that would hand out its name as evil.

Some stars refuse to be seen till viewed in blackness and darkness. The richness of the pine root is greatly enhanced if it sustains bruises, as occurs when crushed beneath the weight of heavy freight wheels; the life of the whole tree responds to this bruised member of its being, which power of life appropriated under this crippled condition makes the fat torch wood which lights the traveler on his way, lights up his dwelling, or, if allowed to remain in the forest, lasts for centuries after all the other parts of the tree shall have returned to dust.

Of the immortal deeds among men, those that linger most sacred and in memory are those of kindness to one's fellows. When we shall have gone from the walks of life, not our wisdom, however great, will cause us to be remembered; not our heroic deeds, however chivalrous; but the gentle deeds in the home and social life, when our spirit stole its wav through gates of kindness into the hearts of our fellows.

These are the qualities of heart that make us immortal in the memory of others. And they sweeten life and make it worth living. This quality of the heart that doth not behave itself unseemly gives coloring to all thoughts, words and actions, and makes the whole life luminons with the light of peace and joy of heaven.

EARTHQUAKE IN JAMAICA.

The seismic disturbances continue. There seems to be no way of even guessing where the next one will occur. Jamaica is the last to feel a heavy shock. On Monday, January 13, at about 3.30 p. m., a severe shock was felt, damaging the city of Kingston and killing about one hundred people. The fire broke out and great damage followed.

Not long ago we heard an eminent scientist say that the entire Pacific basin, Japan, Hawaii, South America, and California had been and would be subject to seismic disturbances. We cannot deny his statement but how about Mount Pelee, Vesuvius, and Jamaica in the Atlantic basin? The fact seems to be that the whole earth is somewhat uncertain and we know of no more reason to fear an earthquake in the Pacific Basin than in the Atlantic basin. If we were not bound by a rule—"Thou shalt not exhort!" we would like to say to the Atlantic basin, "Be ye ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the earthquake may come." This is not Jamaica's first earthquake. In 1692 the whole Island was tumbled about in the most ruthless fashion. Whole villages were swallowed up. Port Royal was the finest city in the new world. It was renowned for its quays, its warehouses, its broad streets, but the earthquake laid it low. That was 215 years ago.

Jamaica has had a remarkable political history. It was discovered in 1494 by Columbus. The original inhabitants under Spanish rule completely disappeared. In 1655, Cromwell, that great English free-booter sent of God to do things as a storm is sent to clear up a poisonous atmosphere, sent out some buccaneers to capture Cuba, but they fell short and captured Jamaica. They were imprisoned for not capturing Cuba. His Despotism not liking the quality of the inhabitants, captured 2,000 young Irish men and women and sent them to Jamaica to change the domestic complexion of the Island. To this company was added all the vagrants from Scotland and criminals and political offenders from England. In 1700-1786, over 600,000 negro slaves were imported into Jamaica. It was a vast slave pen. It being a mountainous country, these slaves hid from their masters and insurrection after insurrection followed until 1833 when slavery was abolished, the mastered being paid $30,000,000 by the English government as a compensation. The population now in 639,521. Of this number 488,624 are blacks, 121,955, half-breeds, and only 14,692 whites in the Island. These people have over 700 elementary schools with an average attendance of 47,441 pupils.

The last great political struggle of Jamaica occurred in 1865. It had its origin in a religious quarrel, but really a deep seated grievance in the fact that the landlords held the lines of administrative justice in their own hands. The governor as soon as the agitation got well under way, declared martial law, seized and executed the leaders in the most summary fashion. For this vigorous suppression of the insurrection, he received the thanks of England and for the cruelty and brutality of methods he received the condemnation of mankind. English sentiment respecting the conduct of Governor Eyre in suppressing the insurrection of Jamaica was divided in the middle. On the side against the Governor were no less persons than Mr. Mill, Herbert Spencer, Thomas Huxley, Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Bright. On the side of the Governor were Thomas Carlyle, Tennyson, Kingsley, Ruskin, Dickens and Mr. Disraeli. That is certainly a curious alignment. On the whole, England suffered in the estimationof the public. It had a bad effect on her reputation as a mother of colonies. Much must be taken into the account. The population was not normal. Conditions were inflammable and the Governor and his advisors might have been less cruel and protracted the contention. The people of Jamaica will no doubt have the immediate assistance of Great Britain and the sympathy of the world. The hope that at least 215 years more may elapse before another earthquake will disturb the Island.
—California Christian Advocate.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

The Home.

A CLOSE RACE.

The sun was bright, the sky was blue,
It was so fair a day,
The wind sprang up, drew in his breath,
And cried, "Come out and play!"

The little waves cried, "Wait for us
Before the sport begins!"
Then tied their little white caps fast
Beneath their dimpled chins.

"Now," cried the wind, "we'll have a race,
And see who first can reach,
By running fast and running far,
The line of yellow beach!"

The little waves ran hand in hand,
To win was all their mind;
With steady step and eager breath
The wind ran close behind.

"O," cried the waves, "the race is ours!
We're first to reach the land!"
"Ho!" laughed the wind, then pushed them all
Down on the yellow sand.

The little waves cared not a bit,
But laughed aloud in glee,
Then smoothed their rumpled dresses out
And scampered back to sea.

—Sarah Chamberlin Weed.

CHILDREN LOVE POETRY.

A child at its play is a natural rhymer, having also a latent sense of metrical truth, writes Grace Duffield in Good Housekeeping. Take any bright child of four or five and see how imitative he is, how readily he forms a little idea-less verse upon some simple model. His thought comes later; he will find the rhyme, and, after a brief struggle, the meter, and then he will instinctively choose poetical words. He heaps them together in splendid and meaningless masses, but out of it all you will get a sense of color, of beauty, of richness. He has emptied his treasures. Every lovely word he knows is there regardless of its meaning. To him it is lovely, not because of any attempt at an embodied idea, but because of its soft vowels, its singing consonants, its beat of music.

A child of five listened long to an older person reciting softly that most exquisitely musical poem of Hogg's:

"Bird of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea,
Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling place;
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee."

After a moment of deep thought she arose, waving her arms slowly like a bird in flight—"it's like wings, mother," she said.

Here is an instinct to be trained for service. It is ministered to in the nursery so long as the old-fashioned, simple rhymes will answer the purpose, but the child of four or five, who refuses longer to listen to the rhymed inanities which satisfied his first sense of musical numbers, is left without provision. The critical age for the budding little poetry lover is from four to eight, and if those years are not filled with something which answers to the developing instinct, that instinct seems to die, and with it perishes a great factor for happiness in mature life.

HUMAN BEINGS AS LINKS.

"I'm only a link," said one of the most useful women in the world laughingly the other day. She was referring to the fact that she had recently been the means of bringing together a youth who wanted to work and an employer of labor who was looking for that kind of a fellow.

That is just what she has been doing in one way and another all the sixty years of her modest and unselfish career. A wide acquaintance in the working classes together with an entree into circles of wealth and influence has given her the joy and privilege of acting as a go-between in almost innumerable cases So if there is in her community a middle-aged spinster desirous of a position as housekeeper, or a lady wanting a companion for a European trip, or a weary mother eager for a helper with her children, or a young man anxious for a chance to work for his board while taking a course in architecture or engineering, or a Sunday-school superintendent seeking in despair a bright teacher for a class of restless boys, it has come to be a matter of course for those acquainted with the situation to say: "Oh, go to Miss Greatheart; she'll know the right party."

We all owe a good deal to the people who serve as links between ourselves and something worth having.

One day years ago a young man was standing on the banks of an Oriental river with two companions. Suddenly a fourth young man appeared. "Behold him," remarked the leader to the other two, and there was something in the radiant countenance of the stranger and something in the tone in which their friend referred to him that led the two to follow up the stranger. After cultivating his acquaintance a few hours they went forth to say the same words, "Behold," to their own particular friends, and from that day to this the Christian church has been recruiting because one and another have been willing to say "Behold," and thus to serve as links between the founder of Christianity and those who had not made his acquaintance.

To be a good link requires, it is true, some self-effacement and much consideration of others. A young woman started on a journey the other day, and just as the train moved out of the station a gentleman entered whom she knew, accompanied by a young woman whom he placed in the next seat. Then he introduced the young woman, saying, "You'll have a good talk together on your way." Ah, but that was just what young lady number one didn't want, for she was tired. But overcoming her reluctance, she entered on a long and what proved to be a mutually interesting conversation.

As a result young woman number two is in social settlement work in the Hawaiian Islands today. The outcome was furthest from her thoughts when she entered the train, and she owes her present place to

the fact that her chance acquaintance on the train, who knew of the position, took pains then and there to guide her to it.

Every good person, from Secretary Root, going to South America to bind the nations closer together, to the humblest mother, strengthening the ties between her children and God and truth, is a link, and there is no more honorable calling in life.—The Parson, in Washington Star.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
  Though undervalued by the hosts of earth;
The great eternal government above
  Keeps strict account, and will redeem its worth.
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost,
    In the long run.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Quiet Hour.

DO I A BATTLE FIGHT?

If thou, my Christ, today
Should'st speak to me and say:
What battles hast thou fought for me?
Show me Thy scars; I fain would see
  Love's depth of victory.

If Thou should'st speak, my Christ;
My Leader and my King;
And bid me lay my wounds in sight,
The scars borne just for Thee in fight,
  What love-scars could I bring?
Do I a battle fight:
Do I a stainless shield
Bear where I tread, in sacred trust
Trampling sin's every birth to dust,
  Along the battlefield?

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF IT?

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

"Which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature?"

Here is the next argument. Sit down and fret for a year, and see how much bigger you are. You may well perhaps be something smaller; certainly shriveled in soul if not in body—but you will be no bigger. Put the finger of one hand on the finger of the other, and carry it down to your elbow, that is a cubit. Can you add that to your stature by your fretting and your care?

How quickly should we cease from worry if we did but think within ourselves. What good is it? Can you undo anything by fretting? Can you change it? Can you lessen it? If minding will not mend it, then better not to mind.

Some time ago I was talking with a friend of mine whom I had met in the train. I inquired after the health of his wife. "Well," said he in reply, "my wife is well, always well, and always very well, and what is better still, she is always happy. I used to think that she had not the same sensitive nature that I have. When anything occurs to annoy me I am utterly upset. I cannot eat my breakfast; I cannot do my business; I am really ill. But the other day I found out the secret of my wife's complacency. Something had gone wrong which very much worried me. In the course of the morning I went into the house and found her cheerily going on with her work, actually singing as she bent over it; I felt quite annoyed.

"Really, my dear," I said, "You don't seem at all put out by what has happened today."

"O, no," she said, "I am not."

"Well," I said, rather angrily, "then I think you ought to be."

"No, no, you must not say that,. Look here. Years ago I made up my mind that when anything went wrong I would ask myself honestly and earnestly—'Can I do any good by thinking about it? Am I to blame in any way? If so, do not let me spare myself. Can I do anything to put a better face upon it?' If after looking at it honeslty all round I found I could do no good, I made up my mind that I would give up thinking about it."

"Thank you," said I to my friend. "That is the philosophy of the highest life—'Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things.'"

"But," said one to me one day, to whom I told this story, "I cannot help thinking about them."

"Then," said I, "you are the slave of the thing, and not the master. You remind me of a story I have heard of a soldier who on the field of battle called to his commanding officer, 'Captain, I have got a prisoner.' 'Bring him on then, my man,' said the captain. 'Please, sir, he won't come,' was the answer. 'Then come yourself,' cried the captain. 'Please, sir, he won't let me.'"

We ask often how much a man possesses. That is not the question. The question is how much possesses him.

Some time ago I was at the house of a gentleman in Yorkshire, who said to me, "I used to be a most irritable man. When anything went wrong I fussed and fumed, was miserable myself, and made all about me miserable. My religious influence was worse than undone. I suffered in health and I suffered in my business. But one day I pulled myself up and said, 'Look here, you are a fool!'"

While we are forbidden to call our brother a fool, it is well to hurl the epithet at ourselves if we deserve it.

"'You are a fool,' I said to myself. 'If your religion does not cure your temper, what has it done for you?' I made up my mind that I would bring all the strength of my will and all the grace of God that I could get to bear upon this besetment. Now I do not want to boast, but I thank God that it is a very long time since I found myself fretting or worried. I cannot tell you the difference it makes, not only to myself in the happiness of my own life, but in the happiness of those about me."

A PRAYER.

O Jesus Christ, my Master,
  I come to thee today;
I ask thee to direct me
  In all I do and say.

I want to keep my promise
To be thy servant true;
I come to thee for orders,
  Dear Lord, what shall I do?

Young People.

THE SIGN NED HUNG OUT.

A little Lie, one summer day
Met a Bad Habit on the way.
"Come right along," it cried with joy,
"We'll make our home with this small boy
Who lives upon the corner here;
He'll give us welcome, never fear!"

But Neddy Green was not the kind
Of boy the Lie had hoped to find;
He had a sign that he hung out,
When such intruders were about—
A good big sign, with letters clear
Proclaiming, "No Admittance Here!"

"Pshaw," said the Lie: "That's just a game!
We can get in here, all the same."
So both of them began to knock,
They pushed the door, they tried the lock,
But no! the sign was really true,
For Neddy meant it, through and through.

"Well," said the Habit, with a sigh;
"We can't get in here, you nor I.
If signs like this should come in style,
We'd starve in just a little while!"
And off the y slunk with footsteps slow—
Oh, how Ned laughed to see them go!

—William Rittenhouse, in S. S. Visitor.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S EXPERIENCE.

For eighteen years I was a commercial traveler. My territory was in all of the Southern states, and I traveled through them all. In one of the largest cities in these states I had a good customer to whom I sold many large bills. The buyer of this house was a man who drank regularly and very often.

On one trip I went to see this buyer, and he sent the stock clerk to see how many cases of my goods were needed. When told, he ran his arm in mine and walked out of the office and up the street to an alley (talking all the time about business), and then down the alley to the back door of a bar-room. When he struck the alley I saw his object, and said: "If the Lord will help me now, I will not break my rule." When we got within ten feet of the door of the accursed hole I stopped, and, looking at my customer (for he certainly was not my friend), I said, "I don't drink anything; no use my going in there." He looked at me, and said, "Come on and take a drink." I replied, "No, I don't drink." "Take a cigar, then." "No, I don't go in bar-rooms at all." He stopped and loked me squarely in the face, and took his arm out of mine, and went in. He soon came out, and we walked on back to his office, but he didn't arm me back nor speak a word to me. When we got into the office again, I took out mv order book as though nothing had happened, and said politely: "How many cases shall I put down?"

"None," said he; "I don't want any."

I answered, "All right, sir; we have a surplus on hand at all times, and when you want any of our goods we will be pleased to have your order," and bade him good day. This was Saturday. I remained over in the city until Monday. Sunday morning I went to Church, as was my habit, and when the collection was taken up who should I see passing the plate my way but this buyer whom I had offended the day before. I don't know whether he recognized me or not, but I knew him, and was told that he had been an officer in that church twenty years.

Now for the application. This man of whom I speak was a full partner in the house, which rated at $2,000,000. I lost the custom of this house. It failed in about two years after this for over half a million dollars, but did not get my house for a cent. Since that time this man has gone down the hill, until today he is a complete whisky wreck. He is very poor, and has but few of the necessaries of life, and has to work very hard to make both ends meet. His head is now white, and his steps feeble and tottering. I never see that man that this incident doesn't come up in my mind. My employer commended me for what I did, and retained me in his service for thirteen years. If it had not been for bad whisky this man would have been well off today, and have plenty to start all his children and grandchildren in life.

MARK TWAIN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mark Twain, in the instalment of his Autobiography which appears in the current number of The North American Review, gives a droll description of an incident that occurred at the White House.

He was always liable, as Mrs. Clemens knew, to absent-mindedness, and here is the story as Mark Twain tells it:

"When I was leaving Hartford for Washington, Mrs. Clemens said: 'I have written a small warning and put it in a pocket of your dress-vest. When you are dressing to go to the Author's Reception at the White House you will naturally put your fingers in your vest pockets, according to your custom, and you will find that little note there. Read it carefully and do as it tells you. I cannot be with you, and so I delegate my sentry duties to this little note. If I should give you the warning by word of mouth, now, it would pass from your head and be forgotten in a few minutes."

"It was President Cleveland's first term. I had never seen his wife—the young, the beautiful, the good-hearted, the sympathetic, the fascinating. Sure enough, just as I had finished dressing to go to the White House I found that little note, which I had long ago forgotten. It was a grave little note, a serious little note, like its writer, but it made me laugh. Livy's gentle gravities often produced that effect upon me, where the expert humorist's best joke would have failed, for I do not laugh easily.

"When we reached the White House and I was shaking hands with the President, he started to say something, but I interrupted him and said:

"'If your Excellency will excuse me, I will come back in a moment: but now I have a very important matter to attend to, and it must be attended to at once.'

"I turned to Mrs. Cleveland, the young, the beautiful, the fascinating, and gave her my card, on the back of which I had written 'He didn't'—and I asked her to sign her name below those words.

"She said: 'He didn't? He didn't what?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'never mind. We cannot stop to discuss that now. This is urgent. Won't you please

sign your name.' (I handed her a fountain pen).

"'Why,' she said, 'I cannot commit myself in thay way. Who is it that didn't?—and what is it that he didn't?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'time is flying, flying, flying. Won't you take me out of my distress and sign your name to it? It's all right. I give you my word it's all right.'

"She looked nonplussed; but hesitatingly and mechanically she took the pen and said:

"'I will sign it. I will take the risk. But you must tell me all about it, right afterward, so that you can be arrested before you get out of the house in case there should be anything criminal about this.'

"Then she signed; and I handed her Mrs. Clemens' note which was very brief, very simple, and to the point. It said: 'Don't wear your artics in the White House.' It made her shout; and at my request she summoned a messenger and we sent that card at once to the mail on its way to Mrs. Clemens in Hartford."

HOW THE WORLD SAYS "GOOD-BY."

The Turk will solemnly cross his hands upon his breast and make a profound obeisance when he bids you farewell.

The genial Jap will take off his slipper as you depart, and say with a smile: "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeying; I regard thee!"

In the Philippines the departing benediction is bestowed in the form of rubbing the friend's face with one hand.

The German "Lebe wohl" is not particularly sympathetic in its sound, but it is less embarrassing to those it speeds than the Hindoo' performance, who when you go from him falls in the dust at your feet.

The Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers.

The natives of New Guinea exchange chocolate.

The Burmese bend low and say: "Hib! Hib!"

The **"Auf wiedershen"** of the Austrians is the most feeling expression of farewell.

The Cuban would consider his good-by anything but a cordial one unless he was given a good cigar.

The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's whale-teeth necklace.

The Sioux and the Blackfoot will at parting dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence and mutual esteem. This is the origin of the term "burying the tomahawk."

In the islands in the Straits of the Sound the natives at your going will stoop down and clasp your foot.

The Russian form of parting salutation is brief, consisting of the single word "Praschai," said to sound like a sneeze.

The Otaheite Islander will twist the end of the departing guest's robe, and then solemnly shake his own hands three times.

A MOTHER WORTH MINDING.

"My mother says—"

"Ho! your mother—she isn't one of the kind that's worth minding."

"What do you mean?" advancing threateningly toward the boy standing with his back to a tree. "She's as good a mother as ever lived, and I won't have you say such things."

A knot of boys gathered close to the speakers, one cool and quiet, the other with angry, heated face.

"She isn't worth minding, and you know it, Jack Somers," was the reply. "You've said so yourself many and many a time."

"That's true;" came in a loud whisper from one of the boys standing near.

"Everybody knows it, too," came from another.

Jack turned upon the speakers in angry amazement: "You're a pretty lot of boys talking about mother that way, and pretending you like her all the time!"

"We do like her," came in chorus from the half-dozen boys.

"Well, what do you mean?" anger giving place to surprise.

"Why, just this—that you don't think she's worth minding."

"I never said such a thing in my life," said Jack, trying to recall any remark of this kind.

"Look here, Jack," said one of the boys, coming forward, "you don't seem to see what George and the other boys are driving at. You may not have said so in so many words that your mother isn't worth minding, but you do say so by your actions. This morning, when your mother asked you to post a letter, you said you wouldn't have time to go around by the post-office, and yet you have had half an hour before school in which to play ball. When she told you to put on your coat for fear you would be cold, you still left it hanging over the fence, paying no attention to what she said. Tell you what it is, old fellow, I don't know of anything so satisfactory in the long run as minding mother."

The angry light died from Jack's face before Tom had finished his speech, and as it came to a close he turned and walked away.

Here was a boy who loved his mother dearly, and yet how unmindful he had been of her wishes!

"Guess I needed that lesson, and although the boys may never know it, I am obliged to them for it. I'll see that they don't have to tell me again!"

And they did not.—The Evangel.

A most important meeting of the Board of Managers of the Young People's Missionary Movement was held in New York on January the eighth. The Movement organized less than five years ago, represents the best development of cooperative educational work on the part of the home and foreign missionary boards of the Protestant churches in the United States and Canada.

So marked has been the prorgess of mission study among the young people, that through the promotion of the various missionary boards, there were more than sixty thousand young people systematically studying home and foreign missions during the past year. The success of these efforts among young people has now led to a much larger development. Not only is the Movement to continue to operate among young people's societies, but it is to seek a wider field of missionary cultivation among the fourteen million members of Sunday-schools, and is also to have a Laymen's Department, for the purpose of increasing home and foreign missionary interest among the younger business men.

THE MAKING OF A NEW STATE.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, holds the attention of tens of thousands in the "Empire of the Southwest" just now, and rightly so. A new State is in the making in Guthrie. And when one thinks that the provisions of the Constitution now being shaped there will affect hundreds of thousands of God's children, politically, commercially, socially and morally for centuries he cannot but be profoundly interested in the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention now in session there. For gradually it is growing clear to Christian workers that "the Kingdoms of this world" are to become "the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ" only as their laws, institutions and practices swing more and more nearly into line with the will of God. The delegates of this Convention are shaping the Constitution of what is destined to be a great state. It has the size and resources, and has made wonderful use of these resources. The area of the new state will be 70,430 square miles. Thus it is larger than all New England, and larger than the combined area of Ohio and Indiana. It had a population of 1,500,000 when admitted to the Union, and immigration is pouring in. Thirty-seven states in the Union have a greater percentage of illiteracy than this clear-eyed young commonwealth. It has a soil and climate which make possible an unusual variety of crops and fruits. While not wholly true, the answer given by an enthusiastic Oklahoma farmer is fairly well justified by the enormous yields of cotton, corn, wheat, potatoes, oats and fruits of many kinds. I asked him where the richest soil in the new state is to be found, and he said, "My friend, there ain't no poor dirt in Oklahoma." Among the nine gold, sixty-four silver and 127 bronze medals awarded to growers of Oklahoma grains and fruits, six gold medals were for cotton, corn, wheat, broom corn, peaches and apples. I never ate finer Jonathan apples than those grown near Guthrie last year. Logan County, of which Guthrie is the county seat, raised more cotton last year than the entire state of Virginia, and not one half of the possible acreage was under cotton. Alfalfa does well there. Cattle live out of doors twelve months in the year, and need to be fed only two to three months at the most. The average annual rainfall is thirty inches. Average temperature sixty degrees. Coal, oil and gas abound. Cities have sprung up like magic. Oklahoma City boasts 42,000 inhabitants. Muscogee claims 28,000 while Guthrie, Shawnee, Lawton, Kingfisher and a score of other cities claim from eight to twenty thousand. Farm lands sell for from $25 to $60 per acre with ordinary improvements, and prices are steadily rising.

The Convention meets in the City Hall, which has served as the Capitol these 98 are Democrats and 14 are Republicans. The preponderance of Democrats is a great surprise to nearly every one. Many Republicans say it is due to the "pestiferous activity of the Prohibitionists of the Territories," while Prohibitionists declare that they could scarcely find a Republican candidate who would promise to vote for a Prohibitory clause in the Convention, while Democratic candidates favorable to the proposal were numerous, and, therefore, the Republicans have themselves to blame if they did not receive the temperance vote.

Eleven delegates have Indian blood in their veins, and one of these is a full-blood Cherokee. More marvellous than this is the fact that he is a fully ordained Methodist Episcopal minister and a member of the Oklahoma Conference. The Chairman of the Convention—Mr. W. H. Murray—has been adopted into the Choctaw tribe and has received an Indian name. Because he has been very active in introducing Alfalfa into Indian Territory, and sought to put a bill through the territorial legislature for the encouragement of Alfalfa growers, he has been jocularly named "Alfalfa Bill Murray," or "Alfalfa Bill," for short. The Indian Territory influence apparently dominates the Convention.

By courtesy of our pastor at Guthrie, Dr. W. H. Rose, who was to have opened the Convention with prayer on the day of my visit, I was given that honor, and I esteemed it an honor indeed! What lover of his fellow-men would not be moved to pray in such a presence! Standing "In the foremost files of time," with all history from which to draw wisdom, with the Initiative and Referendum, Constitutional Prohibition, Woman's Suffrage, Employers' Liability and a score more vitally important measures before the Convention, what need of "the wisdom that cometh down from above!"

The day before, debate had been long and heated as to whether the words, "The Supreme Ruler of the Universe," or "Almighty God," should be used in the Preamble to the Constitution. At last the latter words were voted in. One of the members declared that it cost $1200 to get these two words, "Almighty God," put into the Constitution; but was quieted by another member who declared that it was well worth it at twice that sum!

On the 14th of December the Convention had been about thirty days in session, and had only completed one type-written page of the Constitution! Congress voted $100,000 to defray the expenses of the Convention, and it was nearly all spent. A few days later delegate Haskell estimated that it would require $150,000. as a "deficiency appropriation" to enable the Convention to complete its work. Chairman Murray appointed a committee of three to go to Washington and urge Congress to grant this amount. Delegate Henry E. Asp, the only Republican on the Committee, declined to act, alleging needless extravagance, and precipitating a hot parliamentary fight. Asp is reported to have made such a powerful arraignment of the Democratic majority that their demands will be very greatly modified.

On the 17th of December a scene was witnessed in the Convention that will not be often repeated in the country which originally belonged to the Red Man. Chief Quanah Parker of the Comanches aided by a committee of chiefs of the Kiowa, Comanche, Apache and Cheyenne Indians appeared before the body and asked that their customs or habits should not be interfered with. There was a touch of pathos in the event. A poet or a painter could make the event a theme for a historic work of art.

The Convention does not lack for advisors. The Anti-Saloon League and other temperance organizations are laboring to secure Constitutional Prohibition. Brewers, distillers and saloonists oppose them. Standard Oil representatives, railway interests, labor union men—all are camped in Guthrie seeking to so shape the new constitution as to favor their various interests. Rumors of corruption funds of divers kinds are in the air. It is to be hoped that these one hundred and twelve delegates will not sell out the welfare of a new state for lucre or for political advantage. But the tempters are wily, and the stakes for which they play run away into millions, and would enrich unborn generations—the unrestricted manufacture and sale of intoxicants, monopolies of vast fields of gas, oil, and coal, and financial advantages of a score of kinds.

When I visited the Convention it was not likely that Prohibition of the liquor traffic would be made a part of the Constitution. It was more probable that the question would be submitted to a popular vote, along with one or more other special proposals. It was felt that as long as the acceptance or rejection of the Constitution must be as a whole it would not be best to jeopardize the entire work of the Convention by inserting a section which might not command a clear majority of votes. Friends of the measure feel sure that a popular vote will be favorable to temperance. But all friends of the cause should pray and help without one moment of relaxation until the new State is rid of the curse of the licensed liquor traffic.

HOMER C. STUNTZ, D. D.
Mount Vernon, Iowa,

CHILDREN'S NAMES IN SYRIA.

In Syria the names of children are very odd. They suggest those of our Indians, inasmuch as the child's name is apt to be something which occurred at the time of its birth—something which interested the parents. For instance, if you were a child of this country, your name in all probability would be "Stuffed Cabbage," or "Hotel," or "Civil War," or something akin to these. If a child falls sick his name is immediately changed, instead of his parents thinking that a piece of pie or too much pudding disagreed with him, they attribute his sickness to the fact that his name did not agree with him. When one understands what these names are, he does not wonder that the child may have fallen sick because of them.

When the children get angry, they call each other names, very much as children have a habit of doing the world over. What is strange—to us—is that they do not heap abuse on their enemy, but on his father, grandfather or great-grandfather. The further back the angry one can get the more insulting his companion finds him.—Selected.

The more regular we are in communion with Christ, the more we shall commune with Him also at irregular times.

THE SUNDAY SABBATH OR LORD'S DAY.

The question of the Sabbath faces us in the midst of the Ten commandments.

These were specific directions for faith and conduct from God to his own people, the Jews. They were absolute principles for life practice towards God and man,—they were not given to the heathen and were not obligatory on them. The Jews were under obligation of obedience.

The Sabbath was God's institution for man, not angels. It was also man's day for God. The regular observance of the day by the Jews was a distinctive mark of separation from the heathen. It was an object lesson of monotheism.

The statutes condemned all abuse or neglect of the day. It was for institutional worship and rest from secular duties. Its original plan and spirit of observance was a delight. The Pharisees added perplexing burdens unto God's instructions until the true day was nearly buried by unessentials and rubbish and its keeping became a burden.

In the confusion of eras of time there has been a mix-up of exact division of days. We have no technical Sabbath. We have Monday and Wednesday and Sunday, but no Sabbath in name. Sabbath and Sunday are not synonymous terms. We must not beg the question but at once admit the P. T. Sabbath was at the week's end. Yet emphatically affirm New Testament principles and rules do not enforce forms and observance of terms and seasons and feasts of the Sabbath day.

Catholics did not originate the Sunday Sabbath. They found the first day of the week in use by the Christians as a weekly memorial of the resurrection of Jesus and a day of practical and public worship. They accepted the custom as a divine precedent and confirmed its use. A large part of the early Christians were not Jews and cared not for its days or forms. Our Lord said, "The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath-day: the Sabbath is made for man and not man for the Sabbath." The day honored as a living memorial of Jesus' resurrection is not the Jewish Sabbath. It is not under law. Its observance is not merit before God for His blessing as merit of works! Yet its religious keeping is a blessing to Jew and Gentile as well as Christian!

This is Our Lord's Day and a universal distinctive Christian institution. Christ kept the Mosaic Sabbath but not the Pharisaic Sabbath and thus became known as a Sabbath breaker. The Pharisees at one time sought to kill him because he broke customs of tradition. He made it a day full of good works and words. He dined with company and walked through a grain field on the Sabbath. Christ came to "fill up the law!" Here is freedom in Christ. Christ did not need to abrogate the day of type by express words. As the Lord of the day he set a comprehensive and absorbtive "New Commandment."

We serve under grace where law is spelt l-o-v-e! Sabbatarians are under law and duty and negations. Moses is their master and Phariseeism their creed. The Christian's day is one of obedience under obligation of love. The obligations for its keeping are not on the sinner. He may wisely follow its purpose but that is not one part of merit unto salvation for him. Though its recognition is one of grace yet no place is found for self-ease or selfish pleasures or secular business. Though all day are alike holy, no other day is set apart for peculiar worship. The day affords time for relaxation and proper recreation anl services, for fellowship and gospel ministry of mercy and message, and methods.

The Puritan Sunday was wholesome in its order but its coercion forced a reaction into laxity and levity. It became Pharisaic in interpretation and demand. There are many cases of duty on Sunday which we cannot settle. Bigotry on the Sunday questions is to be condemned. Arrogant assertions of duty may be uncharitable, misleading and biased. It seems cruelly harsh in this day of labor complications to adjudge that man unregenerate who finds himself compelled to labor on "The Lord's Day." God will adjust what we cannot help. We sincerely claim the conditions of these days make permissible different forms of observance and certain services a necessity and travel often a wholesome need.

Do not judge your brother a sinner because he does not interpret God's will and grace as you do. So far as is us lies may we be devoutly worshipful on "Our Lord's Day." We may weep over the wicked destruction of the day which is everywhere prevalent, but the "keeping of the Sabbath" by Christendom in harmonious unity is for the millennium. May that time hasten on.

Martin Hilbish.

THEODORE'S BUNCH OF KEYS.

Mother had lost the key of her trunk and was trying to find a new one to fit the lock. Theodore stood by, watching her as she tried different keys in turn, until finally one was found that opened it like magic.

Soon after, Theodore was trying to button his coat in a great hurry to go out to play. But the top button seemed hard to fasten, and though he tugged, fretted and pulled, he could not manage it. "You haven't tried the right key, Theodore," said his mother.

"Why, what key could work this?" exclaimed the little boy, stopping in surprise.

"Suppose you try how the 'patience' key would work there," suggested mother.

And sure enough, with just a little quiet patience the button was fastened.

Later in the afternoon Theodore came running in again, looking quite vexed. He hardly liked to tell mother the trouble, but at last it came out that he and some of the other boys had disagreed over what they should play.

Mother was quiet for a little while, then she said, thoughtfully, "I wonder how the 'unselfish' key would work there."

Theodore was puzzled for a moment, and then a bright look of understanding came into his face, and with a smile he went out to play again.

Before bedtime Theodore found another chance to try the magic powers of one of mother's useful "keys." It was just about his little brother Ted's sleepy time, and the wee man was inclined to be rather cross and unreasonable. But Theodore remembered what a small boy Ted was, and didn't answer him back. So, as it always "takes two to make a quarrel," of course there could not be one that time.

When nurse came in to carry Ted off to bed mother said softly to Theodore, "The key of 'silence' was useful that time, wasn't it, dear? You will soon have quite a bunch of keys to carry with you, son, and you will often find them useful."—Jewels.

"IN A MINUTE"

If you asked Dora to do anything she would reply, "In a minute." This was a very bad habit she had. "Dora, please bring me a drink of water." "In a minute." "Dora go upstairs and bring me my comb." "Yes, mother, in a minute." "Dora come down to dinner." "In a minute."

One day Dora's bird was hopping about on the floor. Somebody went out, leaving the door open, just as "somebody" is always doing. Dora's mother said, "Dora, shut the door or the cat will be after your bird."

"Yes, mother, in a minute," said Dora, "I just want to finish this line in my drawing." But the cat did not wait. In he came, and with one dart had the bird in his mouth.

Down went the slate on the floor and away went the cat, bird and Dora. There was a wild chase out on the lawn. "In a minute" Dora came back weeping, with the dead bird in her hand.

Dora cried; mamma was sad, but said, "A great many things may happen in a minute."

Dora has never forgotten that lesson and never will.—Baltimore Methodist.

No dark trials, no grievous judgment, can cross our sky without revealing some spot of heavenly blue in the midst of it; or, if concealed for a moment, breaking forth again with a greater brightness and beauty. No mysterious dispension can ruffle the surface of our peace, and raise up agitating doubts and fears, without leaving behind a purer joy, a calmer and deeper satisfaction, that best and truest peace which is born of conflict and trouble. Behind every storm of trial and every cloud of sorrow is the heavenly blue of Christ's unchangeable love—a love stronger than death, a love that follows us amid all our wanderings and backsliding, and our changes of heart and of circumstance, and remains steadfast and unwavering even when our love is suspicious and cold. I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee;" and every mutation of earth passed away from before that love as the cloud from the sky and the wave from the ocean.—Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D.

Kloseman—It's an awful thing to discover, just as the collection plate comes around in church, that you are absolutely without a penny.

Newitt—Yes, because then you have to drop in a nickel or a dime, don't you?—Philadelphia Press.

MOMENT BY MOMENT.

Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine;
Living with Jesus, a new life divine;
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine,
Moment by moment, I'm under thy care.

Never a trial that he is not there,
Never a burden that he doth not bear,
Never a sorrow that he doth not share,
Moment by moment, I'm under his care.
Never a heartache, never a groan,
Never a tear-drop; never a moan,
Never a danger, but there on the throne,
Moment by monent he thinks of his own.

Never a weakness he doth not feel,
Never a sickness that he doth not heal;
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Savior, abides with me still.
—Major D. W. Whittle.

THE PIE BELT.

Secretary Shaw paid a visit to the pie belt region of New England, the past summer.

He stopped one night at a small country hotel, where the youthful daughter of the proprietor officiated as waitress.

Seating himself at the breakfast table the next morning, Mr. Shaw asked:

"Have you any breakfast food, young lady?"

The ingenious little Vermonter stared perplexedly at the secretary, cast her eyes with significance over the well-laden table, upon which was spread the usual assortment of preserves, jellies, pickles, Worcestershire sauce, ham, eggs and bread, and stammered out:

"Excuse me, sir, but what did you want?"

"Why, some breakfast food, please," repeated Secretary Shaw, politely.

The girl frowned, and then, with sudden illumination of the distinguished guest's meaning, replied glibly:

"Oh, yes, sir, we have apple, pumpkin, gooseberry, and—I believe—squash pie!" And she hurried from the room to execute Secretary Shaw's order.—Washington Herald.

THE PROPER WAY TO BEGIN WORK.

John Ruskin once gave the following advice to an Edinburgh student in a letter dated August 6, 1854: "I am sure I never said anything to dissuade you from trying to excel or to do great things. I only wanted you to be sure your efforts were made with a substantial basis, so that just at the moment of push your footing might not give way beneath you; and I also wanted you to feel that long and steady effort, made in a contented way, does more than violent effort made from some strong motive or under some enthusiastic impulse. And I repeat—for of this I am perfectly sure— that the best things are to be done only in this way. It is very difficult thoroughly to understand the difference between indolence and reserve of strength, between apathy and serenity, between palsy and patience. But there is all the difference in the world, and nearly as many men are ruined by inconsiderate exertion as by idleness itself. To do as much as you can healthily and happily do each day, in a well-determined direction, with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only essentially profitable way."

TWO SILVER KEYS.

In the castle of Smiles there are two closed doors,
Behind which, waiting there,
Are beautiful gifts for every child,
Useful, lovely, and fair.

But the two closed doors are locked quite tight,
Each with a silver key,
As each little lad and each little lass
Can very plainly see.

And no matter how hard they tug and pull,
The doors will not unclose
Without the two little silver keys,
As every good child knows.

So if these beautiful gifts you wish,
You must carry the silver keys
That unlock the doors to the castle of Smiles.
They are "Thank you" and "If you please."
—Pearls for the Little Ones.

AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

An autocrat in an autocrat
Wailed: "Oh, this vehicle auto start!
And if autographs of the makers here
Have auto do with the running gear,
I'd not be wasting an autumn day
In such a monautonomous way."
But he sat and sat, in the frosty Fall,
Till an autopsy was the end of all.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in the Reader.

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FEB 4 1907

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HOLDING FAST.

In the bitter waves of woe,
  Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
  From the desolate shores of doubt;

Where the anchors that Faith has cast
  Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
  To the things that can not fail.

I know that right is right,
  That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite
  And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
  The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
  Some sure reward shall find;

That the rulers must obey,
  That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
  For the beautiful feet of Peace;

In the darkest of the year,
  When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
  That faith is better than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
  And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
  Have the universe on their side.

—Washington Gladden.

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THE RIGHT TRACK.

The speech of Senator Wolfe, in the senate at Sacramento, in reply to some of those who have criticised him for asking Chaplain Darling to omit the name of Jesus Christ from his prayers, was, so far as we have seen it in print, a dignified one. The senator stated that he believed in religion and in the efficacy of prayer; that ten years ago, when there were three of the Jewish faith in the senate, he and the others had called on the chaplain and had asked in a respectful manner if he could not modify his prayers somewhat. "We told him that we had respect for his convictions," said Senator Wolfe, "and asked him if he thought he could so modify his prayers from a sectarian standpoint that all the members of the senate might pray with him. We found him to be a broad-minded Christian, and thereafter it was quite possible for every one in the senate to pray with him." Mr. Wolfe says that it was in the same respectful spirit that he asked Chaplain Darling "if he thought he could without sacrificing his convictions so pray that Jew and Gentile might pray with him."

In the course of his speech Senator Wolfe said: "I stand for liberty of conscience, for freedom of thought, and the right of every man to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. The history of this State will show that I have fought for this principle." In conclusion he said: "I desire to state that I shall never again, even by suggestion, attempt to indicate to the chaplain aught along the line of his duty in this position, and if it be possible that I can pray with him I will do so. If not, I will do as I do every day of my life—pray in the silence of my chamber to the God of my fathers."

Senator Wolfe is to be commended, and it is to be hoped that chaplain Darling will so conduct the devotional services as to make them as unobjectionable as possible to him and others of the Jewish faith. We mean of course that this should be done without the sacrifice of his convictions. There are some percons who go to unwarranted lengths in the effort to stand by their convictions. As we expressed ourselves last week: Let the chaplains be free. If a Jew is asked to serve, let him pray as the Jews pray; if a Unitarian, let him pray as the Unitarians pray; if a minister of any of the evangelical churches, let him pray as such ministers are accustomed to pray.

Senator Wolfe made a mistake in that he made the request that he did make. It is evident from his own statement that he will not make it again.

Today there sits in President Roosevelt's cabinet at Washington, with the approval doubtless of the American people in general, a man who is a Jew—one who has always adhered to the faith of his fathers. Several years ago when this man, Oscar Straus, was United States Minister to Turkey, he won some remarkable diplomatic victories for the Christian church in the Mohammedan empire.

"When the name of Mr. Straus was suggested to President Cleveland as a cadidate for Minister to Turkey, the President hesitated," says a current magazine article. "It was a delicate matter. There were five hundred American mission schools and four American colleges in Turkey. The Mohammedans had been forcing the Christians to close their schools. Would it do to send a Jew to protect Christian church interests? The President asked the Presbyterian board of foreign missions. The Presbyterians knew of Mr. Straus and promptly indorsed him."

Among those who urged his appointment was Henry Ward Beecher who after writing of his ability and fitness added: "Is it not also a duty to set forth in this quiet but effectual method the genius of American government, which has under its fostering care people of all civilized nations, and which treats them without regard to civil, religious or race peculiarities as common citizens? We send Danes to Denmark, Germans to Germany; we reject no man because he is a Frenchman. Why should we not make a crowning testimony to the genius of our people by sending a Hebrew to Turkey? The ignorance and superstition of medieval Europe may account for the prejudice of that dark age. But how a Christian in our day can turn from a Jew I cannot imagine. Christianity itself suckled at the bosom of Judaism; our roots are in the Old Testament. We are Jews ourselves gone to blossom and fruit. Christianity is Judaism in evolution, and it would seem strange for the seed to turn against the stock on which it was grown."

And so Mr. Straus was appointed and after a little while thanks and congratulations poured in upon him from all over our country for what he had done and was doing for the Christian churches and colleges in Turkey.

In his boyhood this broad-minded man attended for a time a Baptist Sunday-school in a village in Georgia. His father was faithful to the religion of his fathers, his own sire being a member of a great Jewish sanhedrim which Napoleon once convened in Paris; but there were no religious services of his kind in the community in which he settled, and wishing his boy to be under some religious influence he sent him to the Sunday-school conducted by the Baptists.

Today Oscar Straus remains a Hebrew of the Hebrews; it did not damage him any as a Jew to study the story of the life of Jesus of Nazareth; nor to listen to prayers in his name. Rather, we are confident that it had considerable to do with making him the broad-minded man that he now is—a man whom President Cleveland honored with a great diplomatic position; a man to whom Secretary Blaine of President Harrison's cabinet, when his resignation came from Constantinople, conveyed the information that sixteen American colleges and many Christian societies and associations asked that he reconsider and remain in Turkey; a man whom President McKinley consulted many times and who finally at his urgent request, and at much personal sacrifice, went back to Turkey and won other great diplomatic victories.

Senator Wolfe got on the right track when he decided and stated that he would never again say any-

thing to a chaplain as to how he should pray. That track will not, probably, lead him up to any such exalted position as Mr. Straus now occupies; but it is the right track—and to be on the right track ought to satisfy any man; for the right track is never a back track; it points only forward.

NEED FOR WATCHFULNESS.

Not many papers hereabouts are attempting to stay in any way the anti-Japanese agitation. Among the few that have taken a stand against it is The Argonaut, of San Francisco. In the last number the editor quotes from an address given recently by President Jordan of Stanford, the principal features of which address were contained in the article by Dr. Jordan, quoted in our columns a few weeks ago, and says concerning it:

"Now, The Argonaut finds itself, with one or two exceptions, fairly in approval of Dr. Jordan's utterances as above quoted. We cannot admit that an exclusion act would be a 'hoodlum act;' but whoever has been at the least pains to get at the temper of the East knows that there is not the slightest prospect, indeed hardly the possibility, of a Japanese exclusion law. Furthermore, it may be said that if the law excluding Chinese were not already a fixed fact its enactment now as a piece of original legislation would be a practical impossibility. There is no use in denying the plain facts of a situation because we would have it otherwise. It is believed in the East that we cannot do business successfully with the Orient in competition with Europe and at the same time maintain the closed door in the matter of immigration. It would be the sheerest stupidity to shut our eyes to the fact."

Concerning Dr. Jordan personally The Argonaut says: "Dr. Jordan's eyes are not shut, and being by temperament and habit a man of plain speech, not wanting to get into public office, and having no favors to ask either of the politicians or of the trades unions, he has said precisely what he thinks. It is striking only because it is unusual in California for a man in public station to stand before the public without a gag in his mouth or to speak his mind without concession, evasion or quibble."

We do not believe that a Japanese exclusion act will be passed by congress. But we can by no means say with The Argonaut that there is hardly a possibility of it. It is well to be watchful. Quietly a most determined effort is being made by the rabid exclusionists to mold public sentiment in the East; and it is a well-known fact that nearly all persons in this part of California who have declared themselves against exclusion have been made the subjects of most virulent attacks. No one who does not see a large number of papers can have any conception of the abuse that has been heaped upon many of those who have had the courage to declare themselves; and there is among us an element that would as readily club a man for opposing them in this matter as in some other matters over which clubs and revolvers have been used. There are in this fight those who made up their minds that it should be of "a rough-and-tumble" kind. Thus far only the tongue and pen have been used; but the boycott has been threatened and timid ones have been scared already into their holes.

Worth consideration in this connection are the following words from an able article in a recent number of the North American Review:

"Thirty years ago it did not seem in the least probable, to the greater part of those Americans living east of the Rocky Mountains that Chinese exclusion would form a distinctive feature of our national policy. Only a few years before we had given to the Burlingame-Chinese Embassy an effusive welcome, and had taken to ourselves with perhaps characteristic light-heartedness—in contradistinction to the reticence shown by European nations the role of friend and promoter of the Chinese in their wish to have their country received and treated as a member of the great sisterhood of modern nations. It was also known that Chinese labor, in the absence of an adequate supply of white labor, was greatly needed to bring about the expeditious industrial development of the Pacific coast, and it was supposed that the self-interest of the farmers and of practically all classes of business men in California, Oregon and Nevada would be more than sufficient to neutralize the influence on party policy which Denis Kearney and his fellow 'sand-lot' orators had begun to exert. Yet in five years from the time the movement was definitely started, a law was enacted by congress which in effect embodied in their entirety the demands of the anti-Chinese agitators of San Francisco. As history frequently repeats itself, one may be warranted in discovering in the anti-Japanese agitation recently begun in San Francisco more serious grounds for apprehension than would be found if the question at issue went no further than whether Japanese children residing in that city should go to a public school attended only by Orientals, or should be permitted to receive instruction in the public schools of the municipal districts in which they live."

The writer of the NorthAmerican Review article declares—and with good reason—that the hostility to the Japanese is something more on the coast than a school question, and a warning is sounded which in connection with all that is being said here and there ought to cause the people to rally against this unreasonable clamor for exclusion. The writer of the article is Osborne Howes who has been a writer on economic and commercial questions for the New York Evening Post, the Boston Transcript and The Globe, and who was for many years the leading editorial writer on the Boston Herald.

Mr. Howes says: "There is no probability of any large migration of Japanese to this country. Their movement, like that of the great tide of humanity will be westward. For years to come there will be ten emigrants from Italy and Russia and Hungary arriving in this country to every Japanese who comes hither. If in obedience to a proscriptive sentiment we bar our doors against the entrance of those relatively few Japanese, our countrymen on the Pacific slope can bid farewell to any hopes they may have entertained concerning their future commercial development, because by this action we shall have destroyed their Asiatic trade and turned the ocean that faces from an avenue for commerce into a trade barrier."

Mention is made by Mr. Howes of the fact that Japanese influence is now the dominant factor in Eastern Asia. "Should Japan erase our name from her list of commercial friends, one may be sure that the greater part of the markets of the Far East would be directly or indirectly closed to our trade."

The Pacific Presbyterian does not wish to see the coast flooded by coolie laborers, but we do ask our people to be broad-minded and just, and to treat the Japanese and other Asiatics as we treat other foreigners no more deserving. We cannot agree with Senator Anthony who said in the senate at Sacramento the other day: "Discrimination, though it may be at variance with the broadest principles of comity, is for our salvation." In the long run it will be to our detriment—perhaps even to our destruction. God is not dead, and justice must prevail.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

A Los Angeles paper states that the house of worship of the Central Christian Church has been sold to the First Presbyterian Church and will be placed on a lot adjoining the present church edifice.

At the Anti-Saloon League conference in Oakland last week Dr. Chapman stated that Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, gave more money for Anti-Saloon League work than any other church in the United States.

The Rev. Dr. L. A. McAfee, who has labored ably and faithfully in the work of the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley for the last year and a half lays down the work now and goes East to assist for a few months in the campaign which is on for the raising of an increased endowment for Park College, at Parkville, Missouri, a suburb of Kansas City. This is Dr. McAfee's old college and he is greatly interested in its upbuilding. It is likely that he will return to the coast later. The family will remain in Berkeley until the close of the school year at least. In Arizona and in California Dr. McAfee has made large place for himself in the hearts of the people and he will be missed from the work hereabouts.

The Anti-Saloon League conference in Oakland last week was well attended by ministers and laymen in this vicinity, and hearty cooperation was promised Dr. Chapman in the work of the League if he should decide to undertake it again for this part of the state. Dr. Chapman has decided to take the work in connection with that of Southern California and will associate with him some able men long devoted to the great temperance cause. We welcome Dr. Chapman and his co-laborers. We know of no other organization that has waged so valiant and so successful a battle against the saloon as the Anti-Saloon League has; and Dr. Chapman, as a leader, has long stood at the fore-front in the battle. We congratulate the temperance forces in Central and Northern California in that he is again to take charge of the work. The battle against the saloon is a battle God calls us to fight. The doors of the churches should be wide open to these workers, the hearts and pocket-books of the members responsive.

The Bible study work carried on by the Rev. T. C. Horton, the assistant pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, has so developed that Dr. Horton has resigned the assistant pastorate and under the Federation of Churches will conduct the rapidly widening Bible study work. The Los Angeles Times says: "The work developed so rapidly under Dr. Horton that at the time of his resignation he was teaching nine different Bible classes each week, and but one of them in Immanuel Church, and it was at his own request that he was turned over to the federation. He will continue to teach the young men's classes in Immanuel Sunday-school, and will also continue the Tuesday evening class in that church, though it has no connection with it, being attended by large numbers of people from all denominations. One of his classes, to which reference has been frequently made in The Times, is the Fishermen's Club, which meets every Monday night at the Federation Club. It consists of a regular attendance of more than one hundred young men, who lunch together prior to the lesson. The method of Dr. Horton is so intelligent, brusque and businesslike, and so free from anything like cant, that it appeals to men in a remarkable way, and on no other hypothesis can his phenomenal success in gathering and holding men be accounted for. He is supported in this work by a benevolent gentleman of this city."

At the time of the writing of this note it has not been settled by vote of the First Congregational Church of Oakland whether it will accept or refuse the offer of $400,000 for its property. But it is perfectly safe to say that the offer will be refused, and that the church will remain where it is. Commenting a few days ago on this fact a leading real-estate man in Oakland said: "Right in the heart of New York, at the head of Wall street, is the grand old Trinity Church. The land on which it stands is worth millions, yet even the most ambitious New Yorkers would hardly want to see the site of Trinity removed. The First Congregational Church in this city will soon be surrounded by business blocks, and even now the big new Orpheum is being erected right next to the church. Of course, from a purely commercial point of view, it would be better to remove this big place of worship. But there are other things than mere commercialism to be studied in connection with laying out a city, and a large church with an influential membership is not at all a bad thing to have even in the midst of business blocks. Clay street presents an interesting spectacle today. In several places the old-time dwellings are being removed to make place for business blocks. Several large local merchants have about completed their plans for magnificent blocks of six or more stories, and the activity prevails clear from San Pablo avenue to the water front. If the big block of land on which the First Congregational Church stands, surrounded with a good wide strip of green lawn were to have been acquired years ago as a public park, nobody would have had any grievance at this late day. A handsome church, with a powerful membership taking a keen interest in it, is surely of greater value to the community even than a public park, and this is the view I take of it. Two other large down-town churches are preparing to dispose of their property. Not long ago the First Baptist Church sold its down-town site and moved to Twentieth and Telegraph. Several years ago the First Synagogue moved several blocks westerly, and so the First Congregational Church may soon be the only remaining house of worship in the heart of Oakland. This is even more emphasized by the fact that today the historical old St. Paul's Church is on its way to a new site to make room for Oakland's great $2,000,000 hotel. It is well to have at least one reminder that there is something better on earth than to be forever chasing the almighty dollar."

CHRIST AND THE ETERNAL ORDER.*

A Book by the Professor of Christian Theology in Pacific Seminary.

Dr. Buckham states in the opening article of his book that "the most virile and hopeful movement in modern theology is what is known as the **Christocentric Theology.**" "It has laid hold of the true worth and significance of Jesus Christ with an insight and a power that have aroused attention and produced conviction. But it has failed to move onward beyond a certain range of affirmation. The principle has been clearly stated, the method justified, the sufficiency of the Christ personality demonstrated, but progress is arrested. It still remains to show how nature and humanity are to be interpreted through Christ."

The reason for this stand-still in the Christocentric theology is: "The Historic Christ (to whom the modern Christocentric thought has confined itself) alone is insufficient to interpret either humanity or nature. The difficulty is that nature and humanity were here before Jesus. Unless therefore, Jesus was intimately related to a Logos, who was before him, nature and humanity explain him rather than he them. With a thrill of insight and joy the new theology has caught the universal significance of Jesus as the new science of history has disclosed him. Not until the evolutionary principle had reconstructed the conception of history was it possible to realize how commanding and constructive a place Jesus Christ occupies in human history. It is no wonder that the new theology, smitten with the splendor and significance of this new disclosure of the centrality of Jesus, has confined its attention to this illuminating fact, and failed to coordinate with it the fact of the presence of a spiritual presence in humanity before the Incarnation.

Dr. Buckham is of opinion that the time has come when the Christocentric theology must enlarge its conception of Christ if it is to maintain its position. His book is an earnest, scholarly, devout attempt to delineate the Larger Christ, to show him to be the center and power of the whole sphere of the religious life of man in all ages and among all peoples.

The consideration is under three divisions: The Significance of Christ; Aspects of Christ; The Potencies of Christ. Under the first there are chapters on: The Christology of Today; Revelation, Progressive and Final; The Christocentric View-Point; Christ Interpreting God; Christ Interpreting Nature; Christ Interpreting Man; The Worship of Christ.

Under Aspects of Christ there are: The Human, the Historic, the Eternal, the Living and the Cosmic Christ.

Under the Potencies of Christ the thought is centered on Christ as Pre-Present and Pre-Potent, the Christ Indwelling, the Christ in Conscience and the Regenerating, Atoning, Risen and Returning Christ. There are chapters also on Christ and Social Redemption and The Kingdom of Christ.

In one of the opening chapters Professor Buckham moves along the ascent of revelation and says finally: "It is only in a single life, unitary in its purity and radiance, all-embracing in its winsomeness and sympathy, that we can hope to find a true incarnation, a perfect revelation of God, in his human kinship and character. Given such a life, and a true knowledge of God and an assured confidence in him follow. Personality alone suffices. Only a person can reveal a person. If God is personal, nothing less than a personal being can reveal him as he is. Nature may reveal certain of his qualities and attributes; humanity in its corporate and superior life may disclose even more of his nature; but only a person, conscious, clear-souled, perfect, can reveal his very Self."

In the chapter on Christ as an interpreter of God it is shown that although in point of originality the truth of divine Fatherhood was not absolutely new with Jesus, yet in potentiality and universality it was new with him. "No one before Jesus, Jew or pagan, had ever made it a vital, personal, practical reality. No one before him had given it universal significance and application.

To the question, Whence did Jesus derive this truth of the divine Fatherhood? the answer is: "Partly through the ancient normal medium of social, national, parental instruction. But this teaching alone, though passed through the alembic of religious genius and raised to the highest level of the prophet, fails to account for the intensity and confidence with which Jesus realized this truth. Nothing less than a unique religious consciousness will suffice * * * The man through whom humanity entered into its richest experience of God can hardly have been less than holy, guileless, undefiled, a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek, one to whom we may apply every term of endearment and homage without fear or constraint. From the character of his mission, from the quality of his personality and from the quiet confidence of his own words concerning himself (e. g. Matt. xi: 27) we are impelled to find in him a sonship peculiar to himself."

In treating of Christ as an interpreter of man the author says: "In order to understand any organic species it is necessary to know it in its origin, its development and its maturity. Most emphatically is this true of humanity. It is not enough to trace its origin and its development; we should see it also in its perfection. Anthropology alone is insufficient to explain man; anthropology and history are insufficient; we need also revelation. Since we cannot see the future man, the final product of social evolution, by him to know what manhood is, we require a prototype. a forerunner, an ensample, by whom to interpret ourselves and our race. But is this possible? Is not the perfect man impossible save as the product of a perfect society? Yes, unless he enter the race from above, as a sent and supernatural being, 'trailing clouds of glory from God who is his home.'"

In the case of Christ, Dr. Buckham believes that the law of evolution was transcended. "Evolution is God's process," he says, "beautiful and fruitful, but it is not his only process. He is not limited to one method. Evolution and revelation are not mutually exclusive terms. With the advent of self-consciousness evolution yields to a higher law. 'Resident forces' are supplemented by non-resident ideals. An amoeba does not need an ideal before him in order to stimulate him to perfect development, but a man does. Conscious development cannot proceed without a goal, an ideal,—a Christ.

In the course of his thought on Christ as an in-

*** "Christ And The Eternal Order." By John Wright Buckham, D.D. Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1 Net.**

terpreter of man Dr. Buckham says: "It is as unreasonable to study man and leave the Man out, as to study history and leave Christianity out. Christ has woven himself into the very mind structure of humanity. Psychology tells us that it is impossible for a person to read a book without being a somewhat different being for it. Much less is it possible to hear the Christ story without being changed by it. And when an entire civilization is saturated with the Christ as its acknowledged ideal, he must enter, consciously or unconsciously into all thinking and doing, with a force that it is impossible to measure. Individuals reject him, but humanity has received him." And only through him, he continues, can we know ourselves, our possibilities, our imperfection, our true harmony of being.

The following is a banner of inspiration: "The light of the incarnation falls upon the entire nature and history of man. It lights up the dull eyes of our low-browed simian ancestor with the promise of immortal progress and attainment; it falls upon the slowly developing, plodding savage and makes his every upward step significant; it falls upon the most hopeless individual member of the race and reveals him as a brother of the imperial Christ and capable of illimitable progress."

In considering the Historic Christ his transforming work in the world is graphically depicted, and then it is said: "Christ means far more to humanity than an historic individual. The unique and potent place which he holds in the life of the race can be explained only as we connect the Historic Christ with the Christ who was before history and above history —the Word who was in the beginning with God and was God." This Christ, he says, was in the world before Jesus came, and remained after he departed. "The Eternal Christ was the first Messenger of the Incarnation and the first Missionary of the Cross. It is he who was preferred before the Historic Christ, for he was before him; it is he who survived Jesus and glorified him. This is the Christ of consciousness, the Christ of the Fourth Gospel, the Inner and Eternal Proto-type and Ideal."

Going further into Professor Buckham's study of the Larger Christ we find him setting forth Regeneration as "a divine process as ancient and as varied as humanity, yet coming to full effect only in Christianity; the Holy Spirit no late-sent visitant from heaven descending to earth at Pentecost, nor yet a divine influence restricted to one people alone, but the Father's gracious Paraclete sent to help his children from the beginning; and the Christ through whom the spirit operates, not merely the God-man coming in the flesh in the fulness of time, but also the ever-present Word, the Light that lighteth every man coming into the world."

And the Atonement he regards as an eternal process in the heart of God, saying: "An eternal atonement is the necessary corollary of eternal divine love. A love that never suffered for human sin before the crucifixion, or that never before the incarnation in great compassion sought to win men away from sin, would not be love." Mulford, author of **Republic of God,** is quoted, "The redemption of the Christ was the manifestation of that which is eternal in the being of God," and the thought of Dr. Buckham in continuance is: "An eternal atonement is the only explanation of an historic atonement. To hold any theory which contains the implication that God made up his mind, at a certain point in the history of human sin, to be atoned by the death of his Son, or even that he determined from eternity to be atoned at that particular time and by that particular event, is to degrade one's thought of God." Mention is made of the parable of the husbandmen as refuting this notion: "Many messengers of atonement are sent, and all suffer ill-treatment, the Son comes only when the refusal of other endeavors toward reconciliation makes his coming possible and needful." But in all this there is no absolute exclusion of "the thought to which theology has clung so tenaciously, that in the sacrifice of Calvary the heart of God was moved to a still deeper and fuller forgiveness of men."

The concluding thought on Christ Atoning maintains that eternal atonement does not lessen the need and value of the historic atonement. As to this we quote: "Here as elsewhere, neither a purely historic Christ, nor a Christ who was preexistent with the Father, but entirely unknown to humanity before the incarnation will suffice. God must have been in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, even before the great historic reconciliation. Otherwise it is impossible to account for the sense of divine forgiveness and compassion experienced by men before Christianity, as reflected, for example, in the penitential psalms of Assyrians and Egyptians, and in the tender assurances of divine forgiveness in the words of Hebrew prophets and psalmists.

"And yet, how almost universally was this inner revelation despised; how persistently men preferred darkness rather than light; how urgent became the need of an historic atonement! Eternal love has always waited with the ring and the best robe and the forgiving embrace, and never without cost of suffering and sacrifice; for although the parable does not tell us what the Father suffered on the day the prodigal took his journey, and the days that followed, we may read it between the lines, in the very warmth of the welcome. But humanity in its sin had rejected the Indwelling Christ, had forgotten the deserted home and the forgiving Father, and it needed the suffering Son of man and the uplifted cross to restore mankind to itself and to God. Thus does the sacrifice of Jesus in time, disclose the heart of God in eternity and reveal the sacrificial nature of Love."

Throughout, this book by Professor Buckham is an exaltation of Christ. On one of the closing pages, writing of social salvation and world redemption, he says: "Inspiring and impelling as is the man Jesus, as such alone he would be insufficient to accomplish the redemption of humanity. The reduction of Jesus to the level of ordinary humanity and the corresponding deification of humanity as sufficient to attain its own salvation apparently results in stagnation of effort. And in Christocentric theology he finds not only the principle of social redemption but also the motive for it. As he surveys the progress of the world and notes how near the kingdom is and yet how far he asks: "What, then, if men should learn at last to recognize their own impotence and to rely upon God? What if the heart of humanity should turn and become again as the heart of a little child? What if a wide-spread dissatisfaction with material prosperity, with ease and pleasure and selfishness should come over our twentieth century civilization,

—a great longing for righteousness and faith? Would not the Golden Age be ushered in and humanity come at last to its own?"

Some such longing and hope as this seems to him to be stirring in the hearts of many throughout Christendom today, "based upon the conviction that political reform and industrial improvement and social betterment are not enough; indeed that they are not possible in any real way, without a regeneration that goes deeper than external wrongs and defects and renews the very heart of the individual and of society." Nothing of power and permanence, he believes, can come in social redemption so long as we continue to make God an adjunct, an assistant, an abettor of humanity in the struggle for progress, and of Christ simply a teacher, a type, a helper to our ends. Thus is humanity self-exalted and God affronted.

THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

It may be a few years before all our people are awake to the value of the missionary movement that has been inaugurated, primarily among the young people's societies, but now widening out until all the departments of the churches are being reached.

The Institutes lately held in San Jose and Berkeley, were grand schools of missions, and lacked only in atttendance. Concerning the one held in the Methodist Episcoual Church in Berkeley, we can speak of personal knowledge; and can bear testimony of the benefits obtained therefrom.

The thorough business spirit in which everything was carried forward by the leaders, impressed those in attendance. The dependence on prayer, to obtain the presence and blessing of God's Spirit, was manifest in every one of the sessions.

The meetings were seen to be not only places of knowledge on the subject of world-wide evangelization, but were also a means of inspiration, in the cause of missions, to each person present.

The method of procedure was, First, Devotion. The early hours of the forenoon and afternoon, during each of the three days the Institute lasted, were given to prayer for missions and misisonaries, at home and abroad; and that God would raise up more workers for the waiting harvest. A room was set apart—opened and warmed constantly—to which any one could repair for communion with the Lord of the harvest, and this room was much in use.

Second, Conference. In the general assembly room, with all who had registered taking part, such themes as, "The Sunday-school and Missions," "How Conduct Missionary Classes," "Systematic Giving," "How Interest all the Members of the Churches in Missions," were, by skillfully asked questions, thoroughly discussed. In this way a large fund of information was elicited, to assist those desirous of knowledge in this department of church work.

Third, Teaching. The whole number registered were divided according to their own choice, into home and foreign classes, and these again, when large, subdivided into smaller sections, under specially able teachers. like Dr. —— Chivers, who led in the Home Department Class; Mr. —— Millikin and Dr. —— Zweimer, who conducted the classes in the foreign work.

Fourth, Inspiration. Adresses were given on great missionary themes by Dr. —— Bissell, Dr. Chivers and Mr. E. D. Soper.

This fourfold manner of presenting the work—by devotion, conference, teaching, and by inspirational addresses, is certainly ideal. In this way the attack is made at once, upon the heart and mind. The facts presented before the classes serve as fuel, which the speakers in their addresses set on fire.

The large number who attended the Home Missionary Class, conducted by Dr. Chivers, in which the book of Dr. Howard B. Grose, "Aliens or Americans?" was used as a text-book, all bear witness how the wonderful and terrible facts therein contained, skillfully manipulated as they were by that prince of teachers, thrilled and stirred them. He made us feel that we would like, at once, to go forth to have some part in the blessed and exceedingly necessary work of changing hundreds of thousands of foreigners who yearly come to our land, into American citizens, and if possible into citizens of the kingdom of Christ. A large number of these immigrants are ignorant of our American ideals, and prejudiced against all forms of government by the oppression from which they have fled to our shores.

One main purpose of the Institute, and ever emphasized by the teachers, was to secure persons who would organize classes in their home churches(like these they were there attending), and bv this teaching prepare them to conduct such classes, and also, so to inspire them, through the addresses, that they might create enthusiasm in others. In this way the work of the convention would be multiplied manyfold.

This Institute was happily conceived, prayerfully planned, wisely conducted, and grandly successful. The only disappointment was in the part the churches in the vicinity alone could do, but which they failed to perform. From the locality where the Iistitute is held must come the attendance. That it was not up to the expectation of the local promoters was the fault of the Berkeley and Oakland churches. If the Institute did not do all it was capable of doing, the cause was, the teachers did not get an opportunity to meet the people. We are sure, however, that when the next Institute is held, many who are now sorry they missed the good things of the one lately conducted, and all those who were in attendance upon the sessions lately closed, will surely make the Institute of the future the power it should be in our churches for the advance of mission work at home and abroad.

SHOP MEETINGS BY THE NEW YORK FEDERATION OF CHURCHES.

During ten days in February 500 gospel meetings will be held in at least 200 shops in the city of New York, and addresses will be be made by leading preachers of the city. The Federation Committee represents the leading Protestant denominations, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Episcolians, Lutherans, Disciples and others. The leader in the work is Rev. Charles Stelzle, and his clerical associates who have already accepted appointments are: George Alexander, University Place Presbyterian Church; William Carter, Madison Avenue Reformed Church; John Bancroft Devins, editor of the New York Observer; George P. Eckman, St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church; John C. Fagg, Middle Collegiate Church; Newell Dwight Hillis, Plymouth Congrega-

tional Church, Brooklyn; Edward Judson, Memorial Baptist Church; Morris W. Leibert, Moravian Church; C. E. Locke, Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn; C. A. Miller, Holy Trinity Lutheran Church; John P. Peters, St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church; Henry A. Stimson, Manhattan Congregational Church; E. T. Willis, Disciples' Church, Bronx; and Warren A. Wilson, Arlington Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. Laymen who will assist are Frank Harvey Field, Baptist; James D. Merriman, Methodist; F. B. Tasker, representing the Young Men's Christian Association; W. H. van Steenbergh, Reformed, and John Seely Ward, Jr., Episcopalian.

"Having secured permission from a shopowner to hold gospel meetings in an appropriate place in his building, the workmen will be invited by posters to attend it at the noon hour. As soon as the whistle ceases to blow a cornetist will begin to play a familiar selection, sometimes but not always sacred music. This will go on while the men are eating their luncheon. Then souvenir programmes supplied by the committee will be distributed, containing familiar hymns and a few Bible passages. A hymn by a soloist will usually follow the hymn sung by the men, and at 12:15 o'clock the preacher will begin his address of ten minutes, stopping promptly five minutes before the whistle call the men to work. Meetings will he held, so far as possible, for three or four consecutive days in each shop. Where meetings are desired for the entire period by the men and their employers, their request will be granted so far as possible.

Mr. Steizle who leads in this work was an East Side boy who served his apprentice days in a large printing-press works. Later he became an ordained clergyman, who has been the successful pastor of churches in New York, St. Louis, and Minneapolis, which have been attended largely by working men and their families. Four years ago he started the church and labor department of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. At the meeting of the General Assembly in Des Moines he addressed more than two thousand workingmen on a strictly religious theme. At the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor, in Minneapolis, he carried the fraternal greeting of the new Presbyterian Brotherhood, then in session in Indianapolis; at both of these meetings he was one of the leading speakers. As a labor man and a clergyman he has access to the meetings of both classes, and each has the greatest confidence in him.

"At the time of the World's Fair in St. Louis two years ago Mr. Stelzle had charge of an important evangelistic campaign in that city, in which Dr. Wilbur Chapman and many of the leading evangelists of the country took part. Last year he had charge of a shop-meeting campaign in Chicago backed by the Union Evangelistic Committee, representing five hundred churches. Three hundred meetings were held for ten days in one hundred and ten centres. The attendance of workingmen aggregated nearly 100,000. Fifty thousand souvenir programmes containing hymns, Bible selections and a brief address to the workingmen explaining the motives of the committee and commending to them the advantages of the Christian life, church attendance, and church membership, were distributed.

"Among the many results of the campaign the committee received seventy-five requests for permanent weekly meetings. These were distributed among the churches situated nearest the factories desiring the meetings. Another result was the stimulus which came to preachers and law workers alike, as they saw the possibilities in this form of church service."

THE CALIFORNIA COFFEE CLUBS.

Ernest Fox.

Editor of Pacific Presbyterian:

I have just read with interest "Can a Reading Room be Made as Attractive as a Saloon?" in your columns of the 10th inst, and I am glad to see that a Chicago church is tackling this problem with such a large measure of success, but I venture to think that the California Coffee Clubs have done more towards finding a solution to this problem than any other one agency.

As far back as Oct. 5th, 1899, W. H. Porterfield, secretary of the San Diego Coffee Club, which was at that time the only coffee club in existence, wrote: "The average daily attendance at the rooms is probably one hundred; fifty per cent of these men were more or less frequenters of the saloons before the Coffee Club opened for business. From obscurity the Club has risen to a conspicuous place on the street. From being an object of ridicule, the Club has risen to a position of respect and honor." A few months later, the president of the Club, Chas. Babcock Jr., wrote: "Our Coffee Club has proved beyond a doubt that men frequent the saloon for the social enjoyment it gives, and they will patronize a room where there is interesting reading, and especially games, and leave the saloon alone. Since that time the San Diego Club has moved into a much larger room, and has established a branch on the water front. Both rooms are crowded with men daily.

It is now 1 p. m.; the rush at the San Jose Coffee Club is over; yet I have just counted seventy-six men and boys in the social room, reading, playing checkers, dominoes or crokinole, or enjoying a social chat. The room is not by any means so quiet as the public library, yet perfect order prevails; fifty-nine men are still in the lunch department and there can be little doubt that the San Jose Coffee Club is as popular as any saloon in the city.

The San Jose Coffee Club opened its men's department Nov. 22, 1900. A women's department was added Aug. 4, 1902, and this department has become as popular as the men's, proving beyond question that in California cities, women as well as men need a social meeting place, free from objectionable features. Light refreshments only are served, yet the Club has been more than self-supporting since the third month of its existence.

The following named articles of food are served for five cents a dish each: Soup, pie, baked beans, fruit nut, grape nut, granola, toasted wheat flakes, toasted corn flakes, flaked rice, salad, meat loaf, warm meat pies, fruit, berries, sandwich, bread and butter, malted milk with doughnuts, coffee bun, coffee, tea, cocoa, milk.

New items are added from time to time, the rule being that nothing shall be served which would give to the room any unpleasant odor or make the service slow, or require an experienced restaurant cook.

Quick service and the genial, social, home-like atmosphere which prevails have made the Club so popular that it now employs 22 people, 7 of whom are short

timers, and though the floor space occupied is 50 feet by 100 feet, it is none too large.

Other cities which have followed the lead of San Diego and San Jose and have established successful coffee clubs are Los Angeles (which has three club rooms, equipped at a total cost of over $8,000), Santa Clara, Watsonville, Los Gatos, Campbell, Santa Cruz, Petaluma, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. One will soon be established in Stockton, and one in Santa Rosa. The young people's societies of the state have taken up the movement and pushed it forward vigorously, and that is the chief reason of its rapid, substantial growth, but the young people have not been exclusive; they have invited and obtained the hearty support of the churches.

The Coffee Club is not a charity; it is a fraternal cooperative, benevolent association. The man who eats at a Coffee Club is not receiving charity, as he pays a fair profit on what he gets, and this helps to perpetuate and enlarge the institution. Most of the improvements in the San Jose Coffee Club have been paid for out of the profits from the lunch department, and this is also true of many of the other clubs.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Little Annie.

Doctor Adams' frank story of the Railroad man who owed all he was to him, his faithful pastor, prompts me to tell this incident which a late joyful visit East has brought freshly to memory:

The tramp of the tin pail brigade on the streets of the booming city had won me from a delightful parish pulpit to a city mission. Engines snorted opposite us; car bells rang loud; saloons were on either side. A brothel, we had not discovered ere we rented our hall, was on the top floor above us. The sorry girls sent down beer mugs by strings to be filled in the back alley, while we struggled to teach the children in the Sunday-school of temperance. Faithful Brother B—— did much of the visiting, while I told rich master millers that men needed whitening as well as flour. We sung out the brothel and won the boss bartender.

We had been working a few weeks only when New Year's Day came. A lot of boys wrote letters home that day, telling anxious fathers and mothers they were among safe friends. Many had a splendid dinner, which Christian friends provided. I confess to a readiness for a frolic and a jubilee, for it is strenuous work to finance and run a mission. It's like being a general without having a trained line of officers. But the grateful crowd clamored for "another gospel meeting." They were not sated. How the gospel wears! Can I ever forget the dear child who stood up first to give her witness for Jesus? "Little Annie." This was her testimony, "This has been the happiest time of my life. I have found Jesus here. Mother and father have come to Him and we pray at our house; and Grandma is a Christian, and Uncle too. We are pretty much all for Jesus at home now." And then the father rose for his first testimony. "Brother, I've drunk the intoxicating cup to the dregs and then drank the dregs. I could not go by the saloons. But Annie led me here and brought me to Jesus, and now I have a home and a hope." The timid mother could not rise, for she had a babe at her breast, but she smiled through her tears and said, "It is all true." The Grandmother added her testimony, which she did many times that winter and long afterward, and made it emphatic by her fidelity in washing and scrubbing in many homes, until observing and supporting churches said, "the change in that one family is a sure dividend on our mission work." The uncle's testimony followed, but alas! he afterward fell under the power of the tempter; yet has he not gone beyond the power of Christ's forgiveness. Let us pray that he comes back. Little Annie did her part in the family struggle for independence all that winter. With her yet younger sister, she did errands, running her little express sled and cart here and there where she could be helpful. But the spring's cold and exposure were too much for her tender little frame. Our first known convert was our first loss by death from the Sunday-school.

A Whole Family Redeemed.

I had not been long back in the dear old parish when the father of this family called on me. He wanted me to preach on the streets with him again, but my old voice is out of practice for out door work. It was harder yet to face his praise on the brilliant street and to meet the crowd he drew up stairs to hear the Californian. But I got sure confirmation that the whole family who once lived over a saloon, where the broken windows with obtruding rags showed what rum will do to down a fine mechanic, were now in comfort in their own hired house. I dined there with a healthy company of happy and well fed workmen. "Little Annie" was not forgotten. They said that God gave me the dear child's heart for my Master, and that she had led all the others to him. The venerable grandmother is a "shock of corn fully ripe." As I baptized Annie's sister's babe, and realized what Jesus Christ had wrought for that household, I felt indeed that no millionaire in that beautiful city could buy my dividends of gratitude and delight.

The Canary's Song.

In a plain little home of that splendid city, a dear fellow missionary helper lies, bedridden now for seven years. He overdid one Sabbath day. If there be any harder place than a pastor's it is the work of a faithful city missionary. Bicycles help, but a man can drive a bicycle until he drops. Oh men, who set brother men to the cure of souls, let me tell you it takes hold as no other work that I have ever done does, and mine has been a varied life. I had taken a canary as a gift to this old comrade, who had so long fed gold fish in a globe by his bedside that they would eat from his hands. The bargain with the bird fancier was that the canary might have a month to prove himself a singer in a strange place. While I prayed with my brother in bonds, the sun, the same sun which gilds these snowy mountains about me,, broke out of the clouds, and filled the room with brightness. The bird burst out in grateful song.

I think yet, it must have been my friend who really led Annie to Jesus by his gentle ways. But, when he walks with her in white he shall hear a chorus of thanksgivin~ from a multitude whom no man can number.

Saratoga.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles, Third.—Seven persons were welcomed to membership at the recent communion service.

Petaluma.—The Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists are holding union evangelistic services, the different pastors doing the preaching.

San Jose.—Well attended evangelistic services are being conducted in the Second Presbyterian Church by the Rev. Charles Hayes of Decatur, Illinois.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. Dr. H. B. Gage has gone to Elko, Nevada, to occupy the pulpit for a few months during the absence of the pastor, the Rev. G. H. Greenfield.

Berkeley.—The pipe organ for the First Presbyterian Church is being constructed in St. Louis. It will be one of the largest and finest in the cities about the bay.

Berkeley, Westminster.—The auditorium has been furnished with a new carpet and the Ladies Society has provided for the repainting of the exterior of the church building.

Santa Cruz.—The Surf says: "The Presbyterians expect to occupy their church again by the first Sunday in February. It will be one of the neatest church interiors in the city."

Colton.—At the recent annual business meeting the church at Colton voted an increase of $200 in the salary of the pastor, Rev. E. L. McClellan. The reports showed a good condition in all departments of the church.

San Pedro.—All the money for the pipe organ is in sight. Andrew Carnegie gives $1,000. The ladies of the church have raised $500 and know where $500 more can be had. The failure of the seats to arrive when expected has delayed the opening of the new building.

Riverside.—President Baer of Occidental College addressed three large audiences at Riverside on a recent Sunday. In the morning the spacious auditorium of Calvary Presbyterian Church was filled to overflowing; in the afternoon a large assemblage of men listened to him in the opera house, and in the evening when the Congregationalists, the people of the Arlington Presbyterian Church and the United Presbyterians joined with Calvary Church, all the available room in the building was not sufficient to accomodate those who were in attendance. Among those who heard Dr. Baer in the afternoon were two car loads of Indian students from Sherman Institute..

Winters.—The Rev. H. C. Culton has entered on his 30th year as pastor at Winters. The church was originally a Cumberland Presbyterian church, organized in 1875, and so remaining until the recent union. The present membership is 150, 18 new names having been added during the last year. The church is supported entirely by free will offerings. During the years that Mr. Culton has been pastor there have been no entertainments to raise money for any purpose, nor has any subscription paper ever been circulated. The church has a flourishing Christian Endeavor Society, a Ladies' a Girls' and a Children's missionary society. A recent number of the Winters Express says: "The pastor enjoys the full confidence his flock, and commands that respect in the community to which he is entitled by his long active service in every good work for the general welfare."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church has a scholarship which is known as "The Secretary's Scholarship." The board offers it each year to one of the seminaries. This year it was offered to our seminary. The examination is taken by members of the Middle Class who are recommended by the faculty. It is a very comprehensive and severe examination, including Latin and Greek authors, Philosophy, History, English Literature, Theology and English Bible, and requiring two and a half days of writing. The scholarship has just been awarded by the committee in Philadelphia to Mr. George M. Day of our Middle Class, who is the eldest son of Prof. Day. He is a graduate of Hamilton College of the class of 1905. This scholarship yields an income of $300 a year for three years and provides for a year of post-graduate studies in some institution approved by the Board of Education.

Rev. Clarence Thwing, M. D., of Seattle, Wash, has recently enrolled as a student in the post graduate correspondence course.

The second number of the new Japanese monthly magazine entitled "The Independent" is issued. Its editor-in-chief is Rev. J. K. Inazawa, '94, who has an efficient corps of Japanese ministers associated with him as assistant editors. It is a magazine of over sixty pages, printed in Japanese type. It evidently meets the needs of the many Japanese on this coast. It is published in Los Angeles, and is "non-political, non-sectarian, but devoted to the interests of Japanese Presbyterian missions and the Church of Christ at large on the Pacific coast."

Rev. William J. Clifford, '05, who has done a faithful work as pastor of Lane Street Church, Seattle, Wash, has offered his resignation to take effect the middle of March. Mr. Clifford and his people are much attached to each other. The church gave Mr. and Mrs. Clifford a purse of $50 at Christmas. Mrs. Clifford's health demands a change to a warmer and dryer climate. They will therefore return to California, where it is hoped Mr. Clifford many find an early settlement. He is heartily commended to the churches.

A. Roy Thompson who has taken two years of study here decided to remain out this year and supply the church at Nooksack, Wash. He was recently ordained by the Presbytery of Bellingham. He intends, however, to return to the Seminary and complete his course next year. Mr. Thompson is a graduate of Occidental College. He was married last summer to Miss Boyen of San Rafael.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather the men's supper given by the Seminary Church on Monday evening last was a success. Forty-six men sat down to an excellent supper provided by the ladies of the congregation. The Moore quartette, formerly of San

Francisco, but all of whom new reside in San Anselmo, sang several selections which greatly delighted the company. Dr. Landon presided. There was an informal but enthusiastic discussion of matters pertaining to the moral and spiritual welfare of the community. There was an almost unanimous expression of desire to form a permanent organization with a view to keeping San Anselmo, in its rapid growth, as beautiful morally and spiritually as it is beautiful by nature. A committee of five was appointed to draft a constitution and report at a meeting to be held next Monday evening.

THE ARMENIAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF FRESNO.

We meant to have, last week, an item showing the good work that is being done by the First Armenian Presbyterian Church of Fresno. But the misplacement of a few lines of reading matter in the making up of the paper brought it out in mixed up condition. We repeat the item which was kindly furnished by the Rev. Dr. Boyd of Fresno:

The First Armenian Church of Fresno has completed an epoch in its history. Under the wise leadership of their earnest and consecrated pastor, the Rev. John B. Haygooni, it has been doing a great work. Doctor Haygooni came to this church in the hour of their sore need; they were burdened with debt and discouraged. The Doctor has just returned from a very successful trip East on behalf of the church. Through a gracious and generous grant on the part of the Board of Church Erection and from other large gifts secured from personal Armenian friends, the whole debt of the church has been provided for. They have now a fine commodious church building, with a seating capacity of nearly 1,000, and a remarkable feature of the congregation is that it is composed largely of men. There are about 3,000 Armenians in Fresno and vicinity.—the largest single colony of these people, perhaps in the United States. They fled from the massacres to this asylum for the oppressed. They are exceedingly thrifty and have already gained large vineyard holdings. The young people are quickly transformed into American citizens by our public schools, while Doctor Haygooni cares for the spiritual needs of both old and young by preaching to them in English and Armenian. He has a large constituency and is doing a splendid work among them.

THE RACE TRACK AND GAMBLING.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to some able and timely thoughts by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Chamberlain of Berkeley on "The Horse, the Track and the Gambler." Dr. Chamberlain said some beautiful things about the horse as a noble and useful animal and stated that he regarded the race-track as legitimate as a pair of farm scales. But he stood in stanch opposition to the evils of the race-track. It had been greatly perverted latterly, and had become simply a gambling adjunct; and the gambling mania is one of the great curses of American life. The Eshleman bill before the legislature was referred to as one that ought to pass. But, though a valiant fight is being made for it by its framer and others, it was not thought to stand much of a chance of getting through. In the course of his paper Dr. Chamberlain said that it was remarked sometimes that the talk of ministers on such evils did not do much good. Nevertheless it was the ministers of North Dakota who several years ago defeated the bill to permit the Louisiana Lottery to establish itself in that state. Mention was made of the fact that a member of the legislature who was advocating it urged that the bill be pushed through to a vote before a certain Sunday, saying that if it was not the ministers would defeat it. But a vote was not reached before that Sunday came. On that day the pulpits of all North Dakota attacked the monster evil, and when a few days later the bill came to a vote it went down in defeat. History records the fact and will forever record it that the pulpits of North Dakota defeated that iniquitous measure.

AN INSTANCE OF JAPANSESE DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

The outcry against the Jaanese is so deafening these days that we wonder if Reason hasn't fled altogether from some newspaper shops and left Prejudice in its place. Some of the Japanese who are so berated are Christians; and if any one has any doubt as to what kind of Christians they are, let me state the following instance of loyalty to the Church of Christ and generosity in its behalf:

The Oakland Japanese Congregational Church wants a house of worship. They recently raised $600 in a bazaar. But as that is less than one-tenth of the desired amount, each of the seventy members is going (and some have already done so) to work a month in the summer and turn the total wage into the fund for building their church. One member, a student, who is not exactly a millionaire, worked last summer picking grapes and turned in his thirty dollars for the purpose mentioned.

I am an American and believe in the Anglo-Saxon, but I also believe in fairness to all. I am merely urged to remark that if the members of a certain church that I know about would do what the members of this Japanese church are taking upon themselves to do, we would have a much needed parsonage as soon as lumber and nails and labor could build it. C.

When the Rev. Mr. Bissell of India spoke in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, recently he stated that fifty dollars would support a native preacher for a year and that sixty dollars would support a preacher and provide for a horse. Some parents who were present and who are supporting a preacher told this to their children when they reached home; the children thought that it was too bad that the man didn't have a horse, and wondered why they couldn't provide for it, and now it is arranged that they shall do so; and so another worker's influence is widened.

Every man has a mission in life, and a failure in eternity will result from a failure on our part to find that mission, and with God's help fulfil it. Failures in this life are usually aimless, purposless humans, who excite pity and often contempt, burying their talents, or hiding them in napkins, careless and indifferent as to the day of final reckoning.

The Home.

A DEAL IN APPLES.

By Mrs. M. F. Howard.

"Those apples must get to market or they will spoil on the ground," said Mrs. Arnold, decidely, as her husband washed his hands at the kitchen sink.

"There isn't much use in taking them to market either, mother," replied Mr. Arnold, polishing his countenance until it shone, with the crash roller towel. "Being such a big crop this year, the price has dropped away out of sight. Last year now, there was'nt enough apples to scarcely keep us in pies; this year we had to prop the trees."

"Well, if we can't sell them we can give them away." Mrs. Arnold dished up her breakfast energetically. "It's just a sin and a shame to let the Lord's good bounty lie on the ground, doing nobody any good."

"Well, well, mother, don't slam that dish down so hard, or something will break around here. I'll fill a wagon load of barrels tomorrow and start for the city with them as early as I can. But don't you go counting on that new silk gown out of the sale, for it's mor'n likely you will be disappointed."

"I've lived without a silk dress this far and I reckon I can get along with alpaca a little longer," replied Mrs. Arnold, marching toward the dining-room with a dish in each hand. "Fetch along the coffee pot, Josiah, and don't burn yourself on the handle."

The next morning Mr. Arnold was ready with his load of apples, each barrel provided with a long willow switch with a fine specimen of the contents stuck upon it. It was a tempting load, for the Arnold orchard was of the best, and Mr. Arnold had taken great pains to select only the best of the fruit.

It was not a long drive to the city, and the strong farm horses drew their load briskly, invigorated by the crisp, fresh breeze which blew from the lake, with a distant touch of winter in it.

Mr. Arnold often sang softly to himself as he drove along, and his songs were of a pleasant nature, like himself. Today it was, "Jerusalem, my happy home, name ever dear to me."

"Yes, that's so. It don't make much difference how pleasant we have things down here, it's a pretty thought that there's a better home awaiting for us up yonder. Mother and me will be mighty glad to get there, too, I reckon, for life is full of pin pricks, at its best, and we've had our share."

The horses trotted on through the suburbs of the city, toward the fruit markets. "Apples? Well, sir, I'm sorry to say it, but there is no market for apples today. A dozen carloads have come in from Michigan, and just knocked prices clean out of sight. It wouldn't pay you to unload, even if we could take them at all."

Mr. Arnold's ruddy face fell, for he had been maturing a little scheme of his own on the way to town. At any sort of a fair price the apples shold bring the price of a silk gown for the patient wife who had needed one so long, but instead had worn her old alpaca until it was shiny and threadbare. He had counted his chickens prematurely.

"Perhaps you might sell them by crying them on the residence streets," suggested the dealer. Mr. Arnold turned his horses toward the avenues with revived hope. "Apples, Appl-l-es."

Mr. Arnold had a strong lusty voice and he used it unsparingly, but not a customer appeared, and with a keen sense of disappointment he turned toward the humbler streets where the tenement houses stood in long, uninviting rows. His shortest route home was out beyond these even, where the tenements were shabbier, and where grim poverty was evidenced by rags and dirt. Swarms of children were playing in the unwholesome gutters and on the sidewalks, and Mr. Arnold noticed with interest their pinched faces, their unhealthy pallor.

"They don't look as if they had eaten a square meal in a year," he commented as he passed a little girl with a scrawny baby in her thin arms. The little one was crying, not the lusty cry of healthy babyhood, but the dull, moaning cry which is born of hunger and pain. A sudden impulse stirred his heart.

"Here, little one, have some apples." The horses stopped, and a handful of the mellowest pippins he had were tossed on the sidewalk. The older child reached down eagerly for the fruit, and the babe stopped its wailing. "Put down the baby, and I'll fill your skirt full. Hold fast now." The girl obeyed, looking up at Mr. Arnold in dumb gratitude and delight as the red and gold fruit came tumbling into her shabby skirt. "There, those will keep you and the little one tasting for a spell I reckon."

"I might as well give them away as to carry them back home," he said to himself as an eager crowd of wizened children gathered, to see the marvel of apples delivered without money or price. "Here you kids, any more of you want apples?" Eager hands and wistful faces were lifted toward the big farm wagon.

"You bet we do, mister," yelled one little urchin. "I found a napple yesterday and there wasn't but one little, teeny bite took out of it," cried another, in whose voice was the echo of semi-starvation.

Tears came very near Mr. Arnold's kind blue eyes while he distributed as much of his load as the children could carry, and as he watched them, with their arms, pockets and aprons full, scurrying toward their poor homes to show their treasures, and share them with the mothers and sisters there, he shook out his bandana and used it vigorously.

He drove on to the next block, and his face was grave as he passed out the last apple to a young girl, whose hollow cheeks and heavy eyes were eloquent with need. "The Lord will reward you, sir," she said with courtesy unusual in the locality. "Mother and I were brought up in the country, and we long so for these country luxuries but we are too poor to buy them." He took her number with some wild idea of dumping a wagon load of country delicacies there at some future time; and of taking the mother and her daughter home with him for a month's rest, and the bandana came into use again as he drove on.

"Hang it, I don't know what mother will say, but I declare it is the best deal in apples that I have made in many a year," he said, as the horses trotted along with their lightened load. "The Lord is a good enough paymaster, when he pays principal and interest right on the spot. I haven't felt so rich for months."

A bright thought struck him, even before the horses' hoofs struck the country road. "Why not? Mother has been a good faithful wife, and she de-

serves all that I can do for her." It was not so long a drive back to the bank where the savings of years were deposited, and when next the encouraged horses struck the homeward road, a long bundle was carefully stowed away in a safe place in the wagon.

"Is that you, Joshua?" called Mrs. Arnold as she peered out of the door into the gathering gloom. "Well, hurry right in, for supper is just about ready. So far as I can see there are just as many barrels as you had when you started out," she remarked as the wagon came to view under the rays of the uplifted candle.

"Yes, mother, the barrels are here but they are empty."

"Did you get a good price?"

"I'll tell you all about it, mother, when I come in, and you may decide," He told the story as they two sat together over the warm biscuit and honey, the fragrant tea and platter of poached eggs, and Mrs. Arnold's apron came up to her eyes as her husband bandana had done.

"I am so glad. I'm so awfully glad you did it, Josiah. Those poor creatures needed the apples enough sight more than we needed the money for them."

She folded and patted the folds of rich silk with a pleased and tender smile after supper, and as she wrapped the bundle carefully in a snowy linen towel for safe keeping, she said briskly, "We'll go out and pick up the rest of those apples tomorrow, Josiah. We mustn't let one of them go to waste, with such a market standing open for them."

Clinton, Iowa.

The Quiet Hour.

THE VISION OF CHRIST.

Have you and I today
Stood silent as with Christ, apart from joy or fray
Of life, to see by faith His face,
And grow, by brief companionship, more true,
More nerved to lead, to dare, to do
For Him at any cost? Have we today
Found time in thought our hand to lay
In His, and thus compare
His will with ours, and wear
The impress of His wish? Be sure
Such contact will endure
Throughout the day; will help us walk erect
Through storm and flood; detect,
Within the hidden life, sin's dross, its stain;
Revive a thought of love for Him again;
Steady the steps which waver; help us see
The footpath meant for you and me.

—Author Unknown.

GLAD THAT OTHERS CAN DO MORE.

I used to think I should be thwarted in my desire to do something useful. But I have found out that, though the ways in which I can make myself useful are few, the work open to me is endless. The gladdest laborer in the vineyard may be a cripple. Darwin could work only half an hour at a time, yet in many diligent half hours he laid anew the foundations of philosophy. I long to accomplish a great and noble tasks, but it is my chief duty and joy to accomplish tasks as though they were great and noble. It is my service to think how I can best fulfill the demands that each day makes upon me, and to recognize that others can do what I can not. Green, the historian, tells us that the world is moving along not only by the mighty shoves of its heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each houest worker; and that thought alone suffices to guide me in this dark world and wide. I love the good that others do; for their activity is an assurance that, whether I can help or not, the true and the good will stand sure.—Helen Keller.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND SERVICE.

Who are the best-loved people in the community? I answer unhesitatingly they are the unselfish. They are those who have drunk deepest of the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are those who have the most effectually cut that cursed cancer of self out of their hearts, and filled its place with that love that "seeketh not its own." This beautiful grace sometimes blooms out in most unexpected places. It was illustrated by the poor lad in the coal mine when a fatal accident occurred, and a man came down to relieve the sufferers, and the brave boy said to him, "Don't mind me; Joe Brown is a little lower down, and he's a'most gone; save him first!" There are enough "Joe Browns" who are lower down in poverty and ignorance, in weakness and in want than we are, and Christianity's first duty is to save them. It was to save sinners from sinking into the deeper pit of hell that Jesus died on Calvary. He who stoops the lowest to rescue lost souls will have the highest place in heaven. Will it not be these unselfish spirits who will have John's place up there on the Savious's bosom and will be "the disciples whom Jesus loves?"—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Young People.

THE ADVENTURE OF PETER AND POLLY.

Peter Waddle, just fresh from a combing, with his fluffy tail fluffiier than ever and a new pink bow on his new leather collar, sat on the backyard walk.

Peter was six months old, and the most trusting Angora kitten that ever mewed to be cuddled. He loved everything and everybody, even the housemaid, who shooed him out of her way twenty times in a morning. In fact, the reason for his sitting on the walk was because Nora had just closed the door on him. He held no hard thoughts against Nora. He knew she would save him the best of the chicken bones, and see that he had plenty of gravy on his potatoes. So he sat in the sun and blinked.

Now all was different with Polly Coddle. Polly Coddle could get into the same yard with Peter Waddle, but she did not belong there. She lived in a shabbby yard on the other side of a tall fence, where housemaids were unknown. She had a three-colored coat of fur, and wore no leather collar, nor any kind of bow; and the nearest she had ever come to chicken bones was to smell feathers thrown away in some ash barrel. But she was like Peter in this—she was only

six months old, and had come to sit in the sunshine.

Peter spied her as she was giving a final touch of cleaning to her bib.

"Something more to love," he thought, and started along the walk. But to his amazement this "something more" humped its back, flattened its ears, and spit. This was a reception so unexpected that Peter halted. Thereupon Polly Coddle let her ears come back to their natural position and curled her tail complacently round her toes.

"I may be poor," was what she seemed to say, "but I'm proud, too, and I don't know that kitten."

Peter sidled round and said, "Miau!" He meant it in the friendliest spirit, but Polly was not used to friendliness. She got up and, with one eye on Peter, moved nearer her own fence. Peter, mistaking this for an invitation to play, made another dash, but this time was brought up so abruptly by Polly Coddle's bristling manner that he barely saved himself from a backward somersault. He looked at Polly. Polly looked back, unwinking.

Peter considered. When he wanted anything in the house, and they would not give it to him at once, he sat up on his hind legs. He certainly wanted that three-colored kitten to play with him. Perhaps she was like the people in the house. Sitting up might move her. He rose on his hind legs, dropped his front paws as he had been taught, and waited. Polly looked at him out of sleepy eyes, and went on with her washing.

Peter dropped on all fours again. He felt about discouraged. There was one thing more, however. He had known it to happen that he got his way sometimes if he rolled over. He did not like to do this. He felt so silly afterward, but he would try it. He made ready, squirmed, twisted, squirmed some more for good measure, gave a big flop, and it was done! And whether it was the plumy tail waving aloft, as Peter went over, or whether Polly Coddle thought a kitten who could tumble like that must be nice to play with, is not certain; but no sooner had Peter righted himself than Polly drew near, put a cautious paw on the tip of Peter's tail, allowed him to sniff noses with her, and in another minute the two were rolling one another over as if they had been lifelong friends.

And then into the midst of this frolic came an interruption. Somehow, from somewhere, through the unlatched front gate or over the low front yard fence blundered—a dog. Turning the corner of the house, he caught sight of the kittens, and, making a dash from the walk, was close upon them before they could untwist themselves.

It was an awful moment, and Peter, who had never had to meet danger before, would have tured to run. But Polly's life had taught her better than that. She knew you must never run from a dog unless you are sure that you can get to a tree or fence before he does; and this time she was not sure, the trees and fences were so far away. Instead, she faced squarely about, braced her paws, and, swelling herself up beyond anything one would have thought possible, spit with all her might. And Peter, catching her spirit of defiance, swelled himself up and spit, too.

It was a sight to daunt a braver dog than this one, who not only stopped short, but backed with a foolish bark. Upon this Polly, humping her back higher and flattening her ears flatter, advanced sidewise. Peter, showing that he could learn rapidly, followed her example. The dog stood perfectly still for a moment, regarding the kittens with a look that seemed to ask if they were really in earnest, and, apparently deciding that they were, gave a silly pounce on the grass, and, barking at every step, as if to protest that he was not frightened, lumbered round the house to the street.

Slowly the kittens unswelled themselves, and slowly, but together followed to the corner of the house. Here they looked carefully round. Nothing was to be seen. All was safe and quiet.

Peter drew near Polly and bumped his head against her. Polly bumped back.

"P-r-r-t!" said Peter.

"P-r-r-t!" answered Polly, which means that they knew the danger was over, and they were good friends indeed.—Northern Christian Advocate.

HE GOT THE JOB.

"I was amused the other day," said a hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp-pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws, and had given up the idea of taking them out. When the youngster turned up we thought we would try him by letting him sort the two articles. He went at it the same way the clerk had begun, picking out the tacks with his fingers, and getting the point of about every third tack in the ball of his thumb. He had enough in about a minute, and he straightened up. We all began to smile, expecting him to give up the job. Instead of that he went over to the show case and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out and the screws were still in the compartment. He knew that the magnet would attract iron and not the brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what we had been trying to do all the morning. We didn't really need a boy, but this little fellow's smartness appealed to us, and we engaged him at once."

THE SUNSET LIMITED.

Oh, Hush-a-bye Land is a beautiful place
  For sleepy small people to go,
And Rock-a-bye Route is the favorite one
  With a certain wee laddie I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down,
  No accidents ever take place,
Though there's only one track, and there's only one train,
  But it runs at a wonderful pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on this route,
  If you're good you may take just a peep;
But strange as it seems, they are seen best in dreams,
  Be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to bed, too—
  He can't hear you, so just wave your hand;
The Moon and the Stars they will light up the cars
  As you travel to Hush-a-bye Land.

So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to be off,
  You have nothing to pay, you young elf;
Just think of the luxury, laddie, you'll have—
  A whole sleeping-car to yourself!

—Booklover's Magazine.

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.

From the California Christian Advocate.

Dr. F. D. Mather, member of the Southern California Conference, sends us the following clipping from one of the Los Angeles papers. It is a piece of mischievous ignorance which has been circulated very freely upon the Pacific-Coast since the San Francisco school incident. "An American can't own property in Japan," it says, and adds, "and Japan declines to furnish free schools for American children there resident. A Japanese, on the contrary, can own property in this country and his children may attend our free schools. What are the Japs kicking about, anyhow?" The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church owns property in Japan. Every church doing missionary work in Japan owns property. Such statements are misleading. Individual foreigners may not acquire absolute ownership of property in Japan, yet by contract the foreigner can obtain possession for a thousand or two thousand years. The Japanese government will permit an American to be naturalized and become a Japanese. On account of the limited territory foreign corporations are not allowed to own more land than is necessary for the accommodation of the business in which they are engaged. In none of these restrictions are the Americans treated in any manner different from that accorded to all foreigners. Japan's only contention with the San Francisco School Board is that Japanese children shall be treated as the School Board treats the children of all other foreigners.

Our correspondent also asks about the statement industriously circulated that the Japanese are compelled to employ Chinese as cashiers of their banks, because the Japanese are too dishonest. This is another malicious slander. Its foundation seems to be the fact that there is a Hongkong-Shanghai Banking Corporation with banks in Tokyo, San Francisco, New York, and London, and various other great commercial centers. The globe-trotter goes to this Chinese-English bank to get his drafts cashed and in his haste concludes that the Chinese are the financiers of Japan. To be consistent the globe-trotter ought to extend his statement far enough to include San Francisco, New York, and London. When Mexican silver money was first introduced into Japan from China, some Chinese were employed in the Japanese banks as experts on the Mexican dollars. The implication that the Japanese are essentially dishonest is a slander pure and simple.

There is not the slightest evidence in Japan nor in this country that the Japanese have ever discriminated against the Americans at any time. They treat Americans as they treat the citizens and subjects of any other nation. Japan has a language test for foreigners. Japan would not object to any test or any law which applied to the children of all foreigners.

ARMY CANTEEN AGAIN.

The restoration of the army canteen rests upon the effort to convince congress that more drinking is carried on outside the garrison under the present law excluding the canteen from the army than formerly existed under the rule admitting the canteen. The subsidized press lends itself vigorously to the emphasis of outside drinking. We have no way of knowing positively that the drinking about the Presidio prior to the exclusion of the army canteen was equal or even much worse than it is now yet this much remains that no one has brought forward any data to show that it was different or better. The facts seem to be that canteen drinking not only does not reduce but actually increases the amount of drinking. The press sympathizing with the contention to put the canteen back in the army post will cease to exploit the outside drinking as soon as congress takes action to put the canteen back. Such a movement is a moral reaction, a confession of natinal weakness, a depreciation of soldier life, a concession to the lowest and most brutal forces which stir in the human breast. All American patriotism is lowered by such a step backward. The American army ought to be clean and safe. Such a concession would be extremely unfortunate. The time has passed in the history of the world when mere numbers in an army count for its strength. It has now come to a question of intelligence and manhood of each individual soldier. The presupposition that soldiers must and will drink more or less is not a correct method of reasoning. The American soldier should have the highest and best moral training. Provide for his intelligence, his moral welfare and thus raise the standard of life is the way to make the American army strong.

THE KEY TO GOD'S SILENCE.

Thou who art crying for a new revelation of heaven, art thou ready for thy wish? Would it be to thee a joy if there were revealed to thee the pleasures at God's right hand? What if these pleasures should be what the selfish man calls pain? Knowest thou not that the joys of love are not the joys of loveliness? Love's joy is the surrender of itself; the joy of loveliness is the keeping of itself. If heaven were now open to thy vision the sight might startle thee; thou mightest call for the rocks to hide thee, for the mountains to cover thee from the view. To make the revelation a joy to thee thou thyself must be changed into the same image. It is not every soul that can rejoice to be a ministering spirit sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation; to rejoice in it fully we must all be changed. If death were abolished to-day it would not free thee from that need. It is not death that demands thy change; it is life. It is not death that brings thy change; it is the Spirit of the Christ. Thou needst not wait for death to find thy change, for the Spirit too can transform in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Blessed are they who shall not taste of death until they shall see the kingdom of God.—George Matheson.

THE GREATEST BLUNDERS OF MY LIFE.

Here are some "Blunders," written down by five hundred men, and to be found in the Crerar Library:

"The greatest blunder of my life was gambling."

"When I left my church and mother."

"My greatest blunder was when I first learned to smoke."

"When I left school before I was past the fourth grade."

"Did not stick to my trade."

"Not keeping my position, but grew slack in my work."

"Reading worthless books."

"Thinking that my boss could not do without me."

"Refused a steady position with a good firm."

"Would not hearken to the advice of older people."

"Not saving my money when I was young."

"Beat some one out of money."

"Did not stick to anything."

"Careless about religious duties."

"Was to fool away my time when at school."

A HAPPY HOME.

Some of the happiest homes I have ever been in, ideal homes, where intelligence, peace, and harmony dwell, have been homes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors, there were no costly paintings on the walls, no piano, no library, no works of art. But there were contented minds, devoted and unselfish lives, each contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all, and endeavoring to compensate by intelligence and kindness for the poverty of their surroundings. "One cheerful, bright, and contented spirit in a househould will uplift the tone of all the rest. The keynote of the home is in the hand of the resolutely cheerful member of the family, and he or she will set the pitch for the rest."

If a wife cannot make her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, cheerfullest place her husband can find refuge in—a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world, then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless. "Homekeeping hearts," said Longfellow, "are happiest." What is a good wife, a good mother? Is she not a gift out of heaven, sacred and delicate, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound; fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world; of such value that no one can appreciate it, unless his mother lived long enough to let him understand it, or unless, in some great crisis of life, when all else failed him, he had a wife to reinforce him with a faith in God that nothing could disturb?"—From "Cheerfulness as a Life Power."

THE ARTFUL SQUIRREL.

You may find many a squirrel in the course of your tramp, but no two alike exactly in their method of attempting escape or concealment. The ways and means of the little rascals are legion. One may flatten himself out against a gray patch on the back of a tree trunk, absolutely motionless; and unless in your earnest, steadfast looking you can detect an ear or a shoulder in relief against the sky, you might as well abandon search. Another may lie along a bough flattened at full length; but here the telltale ears are more easily silhouetted. Still another may crouch drawn up in a fork; and here the thing to look for is the fluffy tip of that little signal flag which always works and waves and jerks and signals so bravely when danger is not in the air. Or one may gather himself up in a bunch to imitate a knot or knob; and here he can very well tell when you have spied him out. He will catch your eye, even as you catch the eye of an acquaintance in a crowd, and will instantly limber up for headlong flight, leaping from tree to tree, till he vanishes over the ridge.—Field and Stream.

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Just as the plowman takes furrow by furrow, one ended before another is begun, so our duties come to us, not in battalions, but singly. Our life's plan, if we read it aright, is beneficently designed. We are not wholly abandoned to blind chance. Confusion and entanglement can come only by our choosing to refuse guidance and to shape our lot for ourselves. So it will seem to us when we have come to the end of it, and can look back—a divinely ordered whole, which even our failures can not mar, for God asks of us only our best, and if we give him these, we need not grieve overmuch if some of the furrows refuse to run straight. The failure may be success, after all, so far as our discipline is concerned. In the midst of our saddest blunders we have visions of higher things, unfulfilled aspirations, cravings for growth, and these will be satisfied, every one of them. Somewhere else the task dropped here may be taken up and made good.

The great trouble with most of us is not that we have too little in life, but that we expect too much. The sure way to get nothing out of existence is to expect everything. A young woman complained that "life held so little happiness for her." "Have you tried putting some in now and then, and seeing how much it will hold?" was the suggestive reply. Those who put nothing in, and look for happiness to produce itself, are inevitably disappointed.

The tendril which to the great oak clings
Grows strong as it climbs on high.
I'll trust my Lord, though I can not see,
Nor e'er let my faith grow dim;
He'll smile— and that enough for me—
If it's done with a thought of Him.
—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

COLLYWOBS.

"What's the matter, my little man?" asked the kindly old gentleman. "You seem to be in great pain."

"G'on! Yer mixed," groaned the little boy. "I ain't in no great pain, but dey's a great pain in me, all right."—Philadelphia Press.

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STANZAS ON FREEDOM.

Men, whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free.
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

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A STATE.

"What constitutes a State?,
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound.
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed Baseness wafts perfume to Pride;
No; **Men,** high-minded **men—**
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-armed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a State."

DAYLIGHT AHEAD.

At the time of the writing of this article the indications are that the Japanese problems will soon meet with a satisfactory solution in Washington. The mayor of San Francisco and the school board are en route to the capital city, and soon will be in conference with President Roosevelt and his cabinet.

Our belief is that as a result of that conference the Japanese children will be admitted to the public schools of the city, with perhaps the exception of a few who may have been of too great age for the grades which they were attending and that such arrangements will be made for those as will be quite satisfactory to all parties interested. Dispatches from Washington during the last few days indicate that the California congressional delegation is cooperating now for the solution of the problem on a line marked out by the President; and sufficient has been said by the San Francisco school board to make it evident that they go with minds more open to conviction than was apparent a short time ago. The unwillingness of the board to go to Washington without the mayor, and the statement that they, being his personal appointees, could do nothing of which he did not approve, are significant—especially so when coupled with the following words by the mayor:

"I am going to Washington with an open mind, realizing that we would not be summoned there unless there were grave national issues to meet. Of course, I do not know what these isues are, but they must be of the most serious importance. The fact that we telegraphed to Washington and ascertained that we were wanted there to give a decision on the Japanese school children controversy, and that we are going there prepared to make a decision which will settle the matter, shows that we are ready to make any concessions that may be necessary for the good of the nation. If we are asked by President Roosevelt to sacrifice local interests for the benefit of the whole nation we may make such concessions. If the issue is squarely put before us by President Roosevelt as to which we would prefer—maintaining our present attitude on the school question and suffering from the continued influx of Japanese coolies, or abandoning our position on the school question and securing a treaty with Japan which would stop coolie immigration, I must say that I think we will decide to yield on the school issue and have coolie immigration, which presents the greatest menace to our workingmen, stopped."

In contradistinction to this commendable utterance by the mayor are the diatribes of certain leaders in the Japanese and Korean Exclusion League. Walter Mac Arthur, for example, saying, "The only way to preserve peace with honor is to stand on our rights." The difficulty as to MacArthur is that in this and some other matters he loses sight of the rights of others, and stands on a narrow platform. The Japanese and other Asiatics are in the world, and it is evident that they are to remain in it. It is said that nowadays in some parts of China the children are heard singing a song which in English is in substance: "First the red man went; then the black man went, now the yellow man's turn has come—but the yellow man won't go!"

The Japanese nation is to be commended for its calm and dignified proceedure in this issue. It has made it evident in a thoroughly unobjectionable manner that it would not accept any settlement of the case which discriminated against its people; and our manly President, who believes in giving every man, no matter what his nation or color or condition, a square deal, has worked nobly, under a torrent of abuse and denunciation, to bring our people to give to the Japanese such a deal in the matter under consideration.

Writing in 1905 concerning the causes of the Russo-Japanese war, stating that Japan was fighting for her national existence and the integrity of China, Dr. Sidney L. Gulick said: "Whether she would have waged this war merely in defense of her honor is an academic question which we need not consider; but it is fair to say that no country today is so sensitive to considerations of honor as is Japan. She has been brought to the war by the stern necessities of life. She has been insulted and humiliated before the world, robbed of her rights, her existence as a nation imperilled. Her honest diplomacy has been neglected, disregarded and evaded. Deceitful, time-consuming responses were given to her and when she could endure no more, self-respect and self-preservation both demanded that she smite the lying tongue and strike the rapacious disturber of the peace of the Orient—the disturber who claimed to carry to the heathen the religion of the Christ."

No other nation has attained to what the American nation has attained to in its stand for the rights of man. It has proclaimed and worked for those principles of brotherhood implanted in the world long ago by the Man of Nazareth as no other nation ever has. But in this Japanese exclusion question it has been standing in serious danger of trailing in the dust that

banner of brotherhood which it has so gloriously borne aloft all the years of its history.

We rejoice today, accordingly, that the way seems to be opening up for the President to remove such obstacles as have been standing in the way of the negotiating of such a treaty with Japan as will keep from our country a flood of objectionable laborers—without violating the principles of brotherhood, and without humiliating a worthy people who are our next door neighbors across the sea.

SENATOR PERKINS AND JAPANESE EXPATRIATION.

The preceding editorial sets forth the promise of a speedy settlement of the vexing Japanese question and our joy therein. We take up here some of the features of the problem which remain, and which have to do with our treatment of the Japanese and other Orientals in the future.

A recent dispatch from Washington reports Senator Perkins as having said: "The inherent Japanese traits of patriotic impulses will make them a foreign element in any country to which they may migrate. Real expatriation is a condition practically impossible to the Japanese.

"The Japanese, wherever distributed, will remain a considerable unit in the aspirations of the Japanese race; and however distant their residence from the throne of the Mikado, will still constitute an element of strength in the unity of the empire. Naturalization in any country to which they might migrate will not eliminate this racial instinct."

We are of opinion that Senator Perkins has spoken without due consideration of the changes which have taken place in Japan.

In his recent message President Roosevelt suggested naturalization privileges for the Japanese. The Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, of Honolulu, a man with a world consciousness, one who views things in their cosmic relations, says: "President Roosevelt is right. He has proved himself a seer in suggesting naturalization for Japanese. The next step will be to grant this to all men upon precisely equal terms. We have no right to refuse it."

But Dr. Scudder continues:

"This does not mean that we should not safeguard our citizenship. Japan will have done us an incalculable benefit if as an outcome of this controversy our government be led to require that no alien shall be naturalized before passing an English examination in American civics under the auspices of a board constituted somewhat after the manner of our board of civil service commissioners. With such a safeguard we can afford to admit men of any race to our citizenship."

We believe that the time will come (but not in the near future) when both Japanese and Chinese will be admitted to all the privileges of American citizenship, and that experience will show this to have been no mistake. The trend of things in Japan since that country was opened up to the influences of Occidental civilization do not warrant any such statement as that made by Senator Perkins. The allegiance which the Japanese give now to the Mikado will not always be given. Other claims will appeal to them. Tennyson makes Guinevere say:

"It was my duty to have loved the highest;
It surely was my profit had I known;
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Neesima, the Japanese Christian patriot, tells us in his "Life and Letters" of his longing, after the Bible had fallen into his hands, to visit a land where the gospel was freely taught and whence teachers of God's word were sent out, saying in that connection:

"Having recognized God as my Heavenly Father, I felt I was no longer inseparably bound to my parents. I discovered for the first time that the doctrines of Confucius on the filial relation were too narrow and fallacious. I said then, 'I am no more my parents', but my God's.' A strong cord which had held me firmly to my father's home was broken asunder at that moment. I felt then that I must take my own course. I must serve my Heavenly Father more than my earthly parents. This new idea gave me courage to make a decision to forsake my prince, and also to leave my home and my country temporarily."

The fact that Neesima came to a decision to leave his people and native land only temporarily does not operate against this as a forcible illustration of the truth we seek to maintain. It was difficult for him to break away from his parents and his prince, but higher claims when they were seen won him, and he became a powerful instrument in God's hands for the advancement of his kingdom upon the earth, in order that the day of good-will might some time be ushered in—the reign of universal brotherhood which was foreshadowed in the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth.

The democracy of the nations is something that must be some day. The world is slow to realize it. But the time will come when men will live not for the nation but for the world. Jesus of Nazareth was a true cosmopolite.

They who are familiar with Japanese history and characteristics tell us that the essence of patriotism in Japan has been devotion to the person of the Mikado or Emperor, and that no rulers have ever been more truly apotheosized by any people than the emperors of Japan have been by the Japanese. It seems impossible, says one writer, for the people to distinguish between the country and its ruler. "He is the fountain of authority. Lower ranks gain their right and their power from him alone. Power belongs to the people only because, and in proportion as, he has conferred it upon them. Even the constitution has its authority only because he has so determined." In his book, "The Educational Conquest of the Far East," Robert E. Lewis says: "The text-book of morals was Confucian; the text-book of politics was Confucian. It places the Emperor above all earthly authority. He is the 'Son of Heaven.' In him centers and from him radiates all power. He therefore cannot recognize the sovereigns of other empires as his equals. Coupled with Shintoism in Japan it was the basis of the proud contempt for foreign nations which often expressed itself in violence and which gave way when it could no longer resist." In his masterly study, "The Evolution of the Japanese," the Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick says: "The apotheosis of the emperor was neither an unintelligible nor an unreasonable practice. But now that an individualistic, democratic organization of society has been introduced, resting on a

principle diametrically opposed to that of apotheosis, a struggle of most profound importance has been inaugurated." The question which the Japanese have before them for answer is, "Does moral or even national authority really reside in the Emperor?" It is said that the school teachers have found great difficulty in teaching morality as based exclusively on the imperial edict, and that the politicians are not content any longer with leaving all political and state authority to the emperor, and it is well known that authority is in reality no longer so placed without exception.

That apotheosis is to remain the practice in Japan no really thoughtful person will claim; and with that once out of the way, there will not be that passionate devotion to their country which has been so marked a characteristic of the Japanese.

Intercourse with other peoples has already taught the Japanese much; it will in the near future teach them more, and they will ere long be as ready as any other people to respond to the claims of the highest when they see what is the highest. That they are as capable, as any of the other backward races, of recognizing the highest, history certainly attests.

One who has spent many years in Japan writes: "I am acquainted with no more striking effect on Japan of her intercourse with white races than the changes wrought in her national ideal. For 250 years that ideal was international isolation. She neither desired to give to nor to receive from other nations. She wished to live her own life in absolute independence and self-sufficiency, as though in a separate world. Today this ideal is reversed. No nation is now more ready to learn from others or more desires to play its role on the world's stage. Intercourse has fired her ambitions. 'Japan's World Mission' is a theme of frequent discussion in the magazines and debating societies of Japan. This mission, say her thinksrs, arises from her peculiar geographical position and her psychic character. Both unite to make her the natural meeting ground, the clearing house, of the Far East and the Far West."

The treatment of the Japanese by our nation has not been such as to encourage expatriation on their part. The few that have sought naturalization have been refused. Senator Perkins ought to be willing to give them an opportunity to expatriate themselves and to show, as other nationalities have had opportunity to show, that they can be as loyal to their adopted as to their native country. Certainly so long as that has not been done there is no justification for any dogmatic assertion that expatriation is a thing impossible to a Japanese.

Senator Perkins must have forgotten history when he declared himself with so much assurance. There was a time when it was claimed that the Germans who came here in great numbers after the revolution of 1848 would subvert the principles of the American government. And in the earlier years of our national history there were ever those who were fearful that many of those whom we received to citizenship would in a crisis prefer their native to their adopted country. Time has shown all these things to have been bugbears.

If it should be claimed by any one that racial differences are such as to make it impossible for the Asiatics to become allied with us as other peoples have, we put up the claim made by many of the ablest men of the day that the principal differences between the races are not due to biological conditions but to social. As another has stated it: "They are not physico-psychological differences, but only socio-psychological differences." And the Anglo-Saxon is what he is because of his social heredity, the Chinese and the Japanese are what they are because of their social heredity.

Latterly the races have come close together all over the world. Distance has been annihilated, barriers thrown down everywhere. Those that were once remote are our next door neighbors. Accordingly we have entered on a period of world-wide convergent social evolution. The social and psychic gains of the different races and nations are now to be shared and exchanged in the great commercial and social intercourse which the discoveries and inventions of the last century have made possible. Though this interracial association and cooperation there will come to some of the now despised races such attainments and culture as will cause the race-proud people to cease their race pride, and there may even come about racial inter-marriages in such numbers perhaps as are scarcely thought of today, and all in all mankind will be improved not only physically and mentally, but spiritually as well. For it is beyond intelligent question that the Orient has great contributions to make to the world's future civilization—even its Christian civilization, Christianity being in its origin Oriental, and there being among Orientals, in their religious observances, a devotion such as may well put to shame very many of our own people.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Songs of the Rain.

One is excusable for writing about the rain this winter. I pick out a rhyme or two that have come to my table that any friends, tempted to low spirits in sticky adobe mud, may arise and shine and sing, if they will. Though I am not an old Californian I am asked if "I ever knew anything like it?" Yes. In 1889-90 sixty-nine inches of rain fell in Northern California. You may imagine with what difficulty I made any collections in my new work as Coast Secretary of the Church Building Society. The S. P. R. R. was washed out for six weeks between Portland and San Francisco. Travel to and from these cities had to go and come by steamer. My first day's service at Crockett I saw four half-blood Percherons, horses averaging sixteen hundred pounds, pulling a little two-wheeled cart about with express matter. I do not doubt that scene could be essentially duplicated in many of our inland valleys now.

Cheer Up Brother.

My second Sunday of service was for the church at Palermo, which was seeking to erect a house of worship. Fortunately for the mud I found and the experience awaiting me, I had new rubber boots, and ere I waded to the good Doctor's home where I was charmingly entertained I changed a gold piece into bright half dollars.

I had heard that "just a Scotch mist" will break up a California congregation, and was not surprised that the lowering clouds forbade the assembling of

ourselves together. As I warmed by the cheerful dining room fireplace, in came a brisk little eight year old boy, with a beaming face and an uplifted missionary barrel. "Please help us build our church of Christ at Palermo." I very soon had a half dollar's interest in the desirable edifice, and there was a sound of jubilance in the kitchen as the happy little solicitor joined the group there. Ere long a little six year old came through the swing door. I am sure it was a swing door—I never noticed one more closely or had more reason to. I could not show partiality. Very soon I had a dollar's interest in the Palermo church that was to be. I can hardly say I was surprised that the fateful swinging door swung again. Three year old, golden hair, with Sunday dress and smiling face put up her chubby hands and if she did not plead, the clasped missionary hand did. I am as sure she got her half dollar as that I gave her a kiss. Angelic little beggar! Do you wonder I remember my initiation as secretary of C. C. B. S.? The climax came when the sunny lady of the household came in with a sweet baby boy in her arms, dressed fit for joining the cheerful givers. His baby hands clasped a barrel. I have forgotten thousands that I have seen roll into the treasury of the Lord, but I'll never forget the four sweet youngsters who emphasized the lesson that if I wish others to give I must lead by a helpful example. After a breakfast whose flavor has lasted eighteen years, I proposed to go and call on the Sunday-school superintendent. The good Doctor warned me: "He has seven children, brother, and every one of them has a barrel." I stayed at home. How much better this story had been if I had changed another gold piece and met the blessed little solicitors every one! The church of Palermo was built, and echoed to the eloquence of Father Brier until he went where the Death Valley has no more terrors. Is not rainy weather a good time to write and tell cheerful stories?

A Sunshine Song.

A dear friend whose school name was "Sunshine," cut this selection from a paper, and there are readers who will enjoy it:

It cannot always rain, dear heart,
  It cannot always rain;
And when the clouds have parted, love,
  The sun will shine again.
The sun will shine again, dear one,
  And all the world be glad—
Then cheer up, even tho' 'tis dull,
  And be not ever sad.

The sun is shining now, dear heart,
  I see it in your eyes;
The happy light is golden, love,
  And all the tears it dries.
And all the tears it dries, dear one,
  In one big sunny smile.
So never more be sad, my girl,
  Be sunshine all the while!

Exasperating Optimism.

Here is a jeu d'esprit from one of the wisest, warmest and wittiest of the friends and critics of this paper. It was a momentary reaction, on a particularly dark day, from the "exasperating optimism" which had struck her strenuous hand with the last acorn of this cluster. But she doesn't mean it:

'Tis raining rain for me today,
  I see no daffodils,
No gold and crimson shining
  Upon the snowy hills.

'Tis raining rain for me today,
  No violets I see,
No wild flowers shyly peeping
  From vale or upland lea.

'Tis raining rain for me today,
  The orchard trees are bare
I see no scented blossoms,
  No fruitage rich and rare.

'Tis raining rain for me today,
  All the wide landscape o'er;
Yes rain, the rain is falling,
  And I see nothing more.

A Sunday Morning Memory.

Doctor Holmes, a cheerful old missionary, who spent a long and useful life in Persia, riding home from church with me about a year ago, quoted so interesting a verse about rain clouds that I proceeded to learn it:

"Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,
The other half of every cloud
  Is bright and shining.
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
  To show their lining."

The Reason For This Shower.

Two little verses from the "Gates of Silence," which I find in the S. S. Times, written by Robert Loveman, a young Hebrew poet, of Dalton, Georgia. If you do not enjoy them I am sorry for you. Saratoga has no bog to deep for them to illumine:

"It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining daffodils!
In ev'ry dimpling drop I see
  Wild flowers on the hills!
A cloud of gray engulfs the day
  And overwhelms the town—
It isn't raining rain to me—
  It's raining roses down!

"It isn't raining rain to me,
  But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health, then, to the happy,
  A fig to him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me—
  It's raining violets!"

You know a railroad genius has carefully counted multiplied and estimated ninety billion as the number of prune blooms in this favored county. This year there is rain enough to nurture a hundred billion. Who hath eyes to see, let him see. Who hath heart to rejoice, let him rejoice.

Some people think they love the kingdom who never give more than a dime's worth of devotion to it at a time.

Book Reviews.

"A Year of Good Cheer." By Delia Lyman Porter. A dainty and attractive little volume containing prose and poetical selections for each week of the year, with blank pages in which favorite quotations may be written. The pages are artistically decorated, and the volume is such as to delight the eye as well as give cheer to mind and heart. It is not merely for the year 1907, but for any other year as well. [Pilgrim Press, Boston.]

"Hero Tales of Congregational History." By Grace T. Davis. These tales carry us along the pathway of some of the Pilgrims in their Scrooby, Amsterdam and New England homes and out into that wide sweep of life and influence which came to some of their descendants in later years. Carver and Bradford and Brewster are among the earlier heroes who figure in the tales. Brainard, Manassah Cutler, Titus Coan, Cyrus Hamlin and Joseph Neesima are among the later. The author sends forth the book with the hope that it may interest young people in the great men who have figured in the history of Congregationalism and of the church kingdom and create a desire on their part to know more of the crises of the church and the way in which they were met. Historical material has been used accurately, but the imagination has been given play also, with the result that interesting narratives have been sent forth. The book is beautiful and attractive both within and without and doubtless will accomplish that for which it was intended. [Pilgrim Press, Boston.]

"King Gobbler." By Abbie N. Smith. This book is dedicated to all gobbler lovers, but it is intended especially for children, and as such is to be heartily commended. Miss Smith's first advent into the book world as an author was with "Bobtail Dixie," a delightful story about a dog, which ranked well up with "Black Beauty." Now she comes with "King Gobbler," which leads us into Turkeydom and we contemplate some of the things which turkeys are supposed to think and say. It is an "I-wonder-why" book, and will stir the minds and quicken the observation of all the little folks who read it, and of those to whom it is read. We should not like to have this delightful little story confined simply to the children who are old enough to read. The reading of it to those of younger years will not only tend to make them thoughtful and observing, but will implant a desire for the best and most wholesome literature. At the end of the story "King Gobbler of Turkeydom" lives, for which fact all who are entertained by him will be thankful. The book is to be commended both for schools and for home reading. It is nicely illustrated. [The Educational Publishing Co., Boston, New York, Chicago, and Berkeley, Cal.]

"The Missionary And His Critics." By James L. Barton, D.D. In this volume of 235 pages Dr. Barton has presented a large amount of testimony as to the value of Christian missions. It is a book which some of the gosling globe trotters and daily newspapers could read with profit. Among the good words for the missionaries are these by the Hon. John Barrett, formerly United States Minister to Siam, and who has spent considerable time also in China and Japan: "They have done more than either commerce or diplomacy to develop respect for American character and manhood among the countless ignorant millions of Asia." An educated Hindu is quoted as saying: "If ever the Hindus are to rise in the scale of nations it must be by Christianity, and Christianity only." The Hon. Charles Denby, former United States Minister to China is quoted: "Commerce and civilization follow where these unselfish pioneers have blazed the way. Believe nobody when he sneers at the missionaries. The man is simply not posted on the work." Marquis Ito, Prime Minister of Japan is reported as follows: "Japan's progress and development are largely due to the influence of missionaries exerted in right direction when Japan was first studying the outer world." And the king of Siam: "American missionaries have done more to advance the welfare of my country than any other foreign influence." Dr. Barton tells of a tourist who had nothing but condemnation for missions, but who visiting a mission and seeing what was doing presented it a fine new organ, remarking at the same time to his wife: "My dear, I do not believe in missions any more than ever I did, but I believe in this kind of work, and such as we have seen today; this is not missions; it is straight civilizing Christian work." Evidently in his case seeing was believing even though he realized it not. This book ought to be in every church and missionary library, and in the hands of all who have to do with persons who object to, criticize or sneer at missions. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.00 net.]

"The Life of Sir George Williams." By J. E. Hodder Williams. This biography of the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association will have wide welcome. It gives the life history of one who became the instrument in God's hands for the putting into operation of one of the greatest forces for good in all time. No one who reads this book will wonder that Queen Victoria in acknowledgement of his "distinguished service to the cause of humanity" conferred upon him the honor of knighthood. When just before the 50th anniversary of the Y. M. C. A. was held in London in 1894 a letter from the Earl of Roseberry communicating Her Majesty's pleasure was received by him, his biographer says: "After reading it his face grew pale; his voice was choked with feeling as he spoke of its contents. The whole thing was so utterly unexpected by this humble Christian worker. Handing the letter to his secretary, he said, 'What do you think of that?' He replied, 'Sir, it is a well deserved honor,' 'No, no,' said George Williams, 'it is not for me, it is for the Association. It belongs to our Master, let us put it at his feet.' Then they knelt in prayer, and in humble tones he gave recognition to him to whom he felt it was rightly due. This was, indeed, his attitude in acknowledging all the honors bestowed upon him." We read that in the office of this successful business man there hung a framed card illumined with the words 'God First'—and it is said that "seldom has a man so fully lived up to the motto on his walls." It is stated that the foundations of Sir George Williams' large fortune were laid in the time of the Franco-Prussian war. "These were the golden years of English commerce. George Williams seized the opportunity of adding immensely to the connections of his business, never speculating or undertaking hazardous ventures, but pushing forward in all directions, watching the returns grow as by

magic under his hands, and in all glorifying God who had given the increase, and giving back to him nearer a half than a tenth of all he possessed." How fitting that his body should be laid away at last in St. Paul's Cathedral close to the resting place of Nelson—England's great naval hero! This was asked for all around the world. And says the biographer: "The dean and chapter honored themselves and their church in granting the desired permission. It was indeed fitting and right that the national church in the name of the people should recognize that not only with sword and clash of arms, is freedom bought and victory won. Much is spoken and written of the righteousness that alone exalteth a nation, but it is too seldom that the nation nationally exalts righteousness. The burial in St. Paul's Cathedral was the rightful honor paid to one of London's most noble citizens, a man who in a thousand ways, some of wide renown, many untold or known only to the few, and, more than all else by the personal example of his daily life, preached to men the possibility and the beauty of an upright life in the slippery places of modern paths for many feet. It was but just that for such a man a resting-place should be found among the heroes." For he was a hero—a Christian hero. Would that every young man and every business man in the land would read this book. It would mean much for the coming Kingdom. [A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York; $1.25 net.]

"Modern Poets And Christian Teaching." Three volumes in this series have already had review in our columns. The one now before us is **Lowell,** by William A. Quayle. Dr. Quayle is a poet-preacher, and one who has high appreciation of that which is best and most beautiful in literature. In this volume he gives us considerable of Lowell and considerable of Quayle also; but that does not mar it. It is not quail on toast, but **Quayle** on **Lowell,** which is a good combination; for the result is to make Lowell stand out as a poet whose poems have made for that which is best in our national life. It was of value to see in the preceding volumes of this series how Browning and Arnold and Gilder and Sill and Markham had place in that body of Christian teaching which is lifting the world up toward God, and we turn the pages of this volume on Lowell with interest and appreciation. Of the "Biglow Papers" Dr. Quayle says that they are fierce with diatribe, with sword hack, with lightning shooting arrows against wrong; that they are eternized maledictions against evils; that they breathe the breath of God. "They caught the ear and eye of the people, of the **demos**; and so caught the thought and heart of the people. They were words which sounded everywhere. They were found in workshops, and sung on the streets. They caught slavery under holds and threw it. Not anything, either said or written, had the vogue as an opponent of that malignant evil that these humor-soaked papers had. Anti-slavery was, in them, unapologetic. Slavery was put on the defensive, a thing slavery had never known." Dr. Quayle is of opinion that "Sir Launfal" will be Lowell's most enduring poem. "Lowell has come to the heart of the matter. Practical Christianity is living as Christ lived, and loving as Christ loved. This poem embodies the ethics of the gospel. This Lowell saw, this Lowell sung. And may his song hearten good deeds while time endures! And beyond chance it will." It is said by our author that "The Cathedral" is Lowell's sole poem in which the religious problem is frankly stated and plainly argued. Concerning this the comment is that it is hesitant: "It is all along, and in the end, dubitant. Sometime it has the truth; sometimes, oftentimes, states the case fairly and squarely. The doubt element is expression of the age. No one doubts that. The atmosphere is accurate. We fault not that. But where the fault lies as a Christian poem is, it fails because it does not journey far enough. It gropes to the end. That is not Christian. 'Tis a theistic poem, truly, but not a Christ poem. There lies its lack, its fallacy, its absence of a song." Dr. Quayle's concluding words concerning Lowell are in part: "He knew and loved the spirit of essential Christianity. He saw life for life's sake. His words hacked like a crusader's ax. He groped and questioned, not as Guinevere,

'Is it yet too late?'

but, 'Is the largest true?' He saw the ethics of Christianity and loved them. He ponders the right behaviors of the soul. We cannot learn a coarse word from his lips, for he seemed not to know one. * * His heart wanted life and heaven and groped toward them with faltering but honest steps. He lacked the divine contagious faith which eliminates tragedy. He knew not what Saint Simeon Stylites knew, who clanged:

'I smote them with a cross.'

Lowell had not a cross, and did not know the Christ was God." [Eaton & Mains, New York; $1.00 net.]

"The Main Points." By Rev. Charles R. Brown. This Study in Christian Belief is a reproduction in part of a volume issued a few years ago by Mr. Brown and which had wide and hearty welcome. We recall the fact that Mrs. Alden, the noted writer familiarly known as "Pansy," commended it in an article in the Christian Endeavor World as the best book she knew of to help people along through some of the questions confronting them nowadays concerning the Christian faith. The articles are not as first published; they have been rewritten and considerable has been added. One chapter, on "The Creed of a Christian" has been added. Mr. Brown considers in a very illuminating and helpful manner in this volume: The Divinity of Jesus, the Atonement, the Work of the Holy Spirit, the Authority of the Bible, the Philosophy of Prayer, The Matter of Conversion, Salvation by Faith, the Christian Church, the Hope of Immortality, the Last Judgment; and in the final chapter sets forth a creed to which it does not seem to us there can be reasonable objection. His position as to the divinity of Jesus may be indicated in brief in his comment on the words of Peter in reply to the question of the Master, Whom say ye that I am? "It was an estimate of the person of Christ, which, according to the narrative, seemed to lift him in their minds quite out of the purely human categories which included John the Baptist, Elijah, Jeremiah and other great prophets." As to the Atonement he shows that the universe is full of vicarious principle. As Dr. Van Dyke says: "There is no corner of the world where the letters of this word may not be spelled out, like a dim and broken inscription on the fragments of human life." And writes Mr. Brown: "When we come to the summit of all being, we should not expect to find the Creator ignoring this vicarious principle with which he has filled the world. We are already pre-

pared by our thoughtful survey of these phenomena to accept the doctrine of atonement when revelation offers it. He too will suffer and make sacrifices for his children." The death of Christ is regarded as more than a mere martyrdom, meaning more than the dramatic end of any good man's life. The Scriptures treat it as more than the death of Socrates, of Joan of Arc, Cranmer or Lincoln. "The death of Christ was an event in history, but it was the revelation in time of something eternal. The Scriptures speak of Christ as 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.' This utterance of the Spirit lifts the atoning work of Christ up into timeless and cosmic relations: it expresses the eternal heartache and heart-break of the Father over the wrong-doing of his children. It indicates that element in the divine character which suffers and makes sacrifice in the work of rescuing the children. Christ therefore reveals and represents that in God which goes out redemptively at infinite cost to himself, even as the shepherd leaves the ninety and nine and goes after the lost one, sometimes at the forfeit of his own life." Mr. Brown's article on Prayer is one which could be read with profit by many professing Christians at least once a year. In the concluding part of the article on "The Authority of the Bible" the author says:: "It is more exact to say that the Bible contains the word of God than to claim that every word and syllable in it is the word of God. Here is a veritable message from God to men and its fruits are seen in the changed lives of those who receive its heaven-sent news. The Bible accomplishes its supreme work when it conducts us into the presence of Jesus Christ. We then begin to trust for present and eternal salvation, not in the Bible, but in the mercy of God, made effective to us through the redemption of Jesus Christ, into whose presence and fellowship this sure word of the Spirit has brought." The publishers of these studies have sent them forth in a volume that is a fine specimen of the printer's art and a book which will win many hearts goes on its useful way. [Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.25 net; postage 15 cents.]

THE GOVERNOR OF KANSAS CONCERNING PROHIBITION.

In his recent message to the legislature of Kansas, Governor Hoch puts forth on the question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic some facts and thoughts well worth quoting. He said in part:

"Since 1880 the manufacture and sale of intoxicants except for medicinal, scientific and mechanical purposes has been prohibited by the constitution of this State. Theoretically, the wisdom of this policy has never been seriously questioned, for the logical attitude of a government toward every recognized evil is that of prohibition. The Decalogue, which in its majestic sweep includes every form of evil, is a prohibitory code and an infallible guide. 'Thou shalt not' is the proper attitude of government toward every recognized evil.

"That the saloon is an evil is now almost universally recognized. Not a single good thing can be said of the saloon. It is everywhere and always an enemy to society and to good government; it is a disturber of the peace; it is a fruitful source of crime; it is the devil's best recruiting camp ;it imposes more burdens of taxation upon the people than any other agency in existence; no human interest is sacred to it; it voluntarily obeys no law; it desecrates the Sabbath, and refuses to close its doors on this holy day except when a policeman with righteous orders from some courageous mayor is on that beat; the Fourth of July appeals not to its patriotism, for it has none; it debauches childhood in defiance of the law against selling to minors; it makes day lurid with its profanities and night hideous with its orgies; it is everywhere and always an anarchist. Every license law, high or low, every law to which referenec has been made above, is proof of popular estimate of its baneful character, for not such laws restrict and restrain legitimate business. Our prohibitory policy is not, I repeat, questioned as a mattter of principle. Its wisdom is only questioned as a matter of expediency. This is the battle-ground of thought on the subject. But I must ever believe that, in the final analysis, wrong alone is inexpedient, and that ultimately some means can always be found to make any right thing practicable."

Governor Hoch takes no less decisive ground as to the fallacy that licensing the traffic is a source of profit to society. After a careful study of conditions, his message proceeds:

"Viewing it from a lower plane, from its economic side, I believe (prohibition) is equally worthy of indorsement. I do not believe there are any people on earth relatively more progressive and prosperous than the 1,600,000 people who constitute the population of Kansas. Our per capita wealth is over $90—nearly three times the average in the United States—and nowhere is wealth more equally distributed. A poorhouse is almost a joke in Kansas. Saloons are not commercial necessities. All the money that goes into their tills is just so much taken out of legitimate business channels; it is just so much loss to the legitimate merchant. The revenue from this source is not necessary to the permanent prosperity of any town; it is a hindrance to it; it debauches public sentiment, debases public morals, and corrupts official channels it destroys town pride, one of the first and greatest essentials of town-building, it makes the saloon the center of political influence and the most potent factor in municipal government.

"The devil never invented a bigger lie than that revenue from illegitimate sources is necessary to the financial success of any town or city. Such a contention is an insult to any community in Kansas. Wherever this theory finds indorsement by local authorities, boodle and graft and extravagance follow naturally and inevitably. Many local illustrations of the fallacy that revenue from this traffic is necessary could be given, but I will cite only a few. Mayor David H. Shields, of Salina, says:

"'When I took office one year ago this spring (1906), business men of Salina said that business would be ruined and the city bankrupted, but, according to the city treasurer's report for March, 1905, there was in the general fund of the city at that time $3,416,90. The same report for this March (1906) shows $7,769,49, an increase of over $4,000, and this in spite of the fact that the city took in over $10,000 from the joints the year before and less than $1,000 this year through legitimate fines. The merchants claim that this has been the best year in the history of Salina. More goods have been sold and more business done than in any other twelve months of the city's experience.'

"A great many of the leading business men of Kansas City, Kas., cherished the same delusion cherished by the business men of Salina, but the 200 joints in that city have been effectually closed, and yet it is almost the universal testimony that the city was never so prosperous.

"Kansas City, Kas., is the largest city in the State, and I believe it is the largest city in the world without an open saloon. There has been a wonderful revolution of sentiment among the business men, who are prospering as never before, and who attested their faith in this new and wise policy by electing a law and order mayor at the recent city election. The people of Kansas City, Kas., have a splendid opportunity to make their city the most noted city in the world by steadfastly adhering to the wise policy under which they are now making such gratifying growth in every realm of civic importance, and other cities would do well to catch this infection, for it is in the air.

"In this great accomplishment too much credit can not be given to Attorney-General C. C. Coleman, to the assistant attorney-general, Mr. C. W. Trickett, and to the presiding judge, Hon. W. G. Holt. In a recent address, Mr. Trickett said:

"'When I first moved upon the dens of vice, two leading bankers, in company with three prominent merchants, called upon me to protest against closing the saloons, saying it would ruin business. Not long since these same men returned to my office to apologize for their former request, and stated that it had not only not injured business, but had helped every line. The bankers informed me that in three months, under closed saloons, deposits had increased $500,000. The merchants said their business had increased, collections were better, and that women were trading with them, presenting their husbands' pay checks, stating that they had never seen a pay check until the saloons were closed. Ex-Mayor W. A. Coy, proprietor of the largest store in the sixth ward, which was the storm center of the fight, stated to me recently that to his personal knowledge a score of families now lived in comfort that lived in squalid poverty before the closing movement. The same statement has been made to me by more than fifty merchants in that city. I consider it a safe proposition to invite any one who feels in doubt to write to any merchant in Kansas City as to the effect.

"'Last May our city officials were figuring how they could spare the money to enlarge the city jails, but today we have no use for those we have. The doors swing idly upon their hinges, with no inmates, the guards at the rock-pile have been discharged, and drunks and disorderlies have largely disappeared.'

"The prohibitory law has never had a fair chance in Kansas. It has battled against a foe entrenched in the appetites of an extensive constituency, fortified by legal sanction through many centuries of the world's history, and made powerful by the enormous wealth of enormous profits. Every State surrounding us has been opposed to our policy and has contributed in every possible way to its failure. It has been like a farmer striving to keep his farm clean of noxious weeds, while his neighbor farmers permitted their farms to become foul and sow his farm thick with seeds with every wafting wind that blew his way from their premises. Our success under these adverse conditions has indeed been remarkable. The absurd contention that more liquor is sold in prohibition Kansas than in license States should deceive no one. It is made chiefly by those who would be entirely content with the prohibition policy if their statements were true, but official figures abundantly refute the ridiculous statement. Uncle Sam is a pretty good bookkeeper and a pretty good collector. Compare prohibition Kansas with our neighbor, license Nebraska, for instance. Nebraska has about one-third less population than has Kansas, but Uncle Sam has collected about $2,000,000 a year tax from the people of Nebraska, while he has been able to get only about $100,000 from Kansas. The amount of fermented liquor sold in Kansas is from 6,000 to 10,000 barrels a year, in Nebraska from 200,000 to 300,000 barrels, and in Missouri from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 barrels.

"When I came into office, two years ago, I found this law was largely ignored, if not flagrantly violated, in every city of the first class in the State, and in many of the smaller cities and towns. A most difficult duty confronted me. A definite policy was at once formulated, and, acting in harmony with the attorney-general, this policy has been steadfastly pursued. The enforcement of this, as of other laws, rests primarily, under our statutes, upon the local authorities. I agree again with Governor Martin, who, in the same speech from which I have already quoted, said:

"'Whenever or wherever the laws are not honestly enforced the local judiciary officers—that is, the county attorney and sheriff—are the responsible parties. It is practically impossible for anyone to sell intoxicating liquor as a beverage in any town or city in Kansas if the county attorney and sheriff of the county do their duty. These officers co-operating together, can make the illegal sale of liquor impossible.'

"To this official combination, however, I would add the district judge, who, if unfriendly, can greatly impede, if not entirely prevent, the enforcement of the law. Recognizing these fundamental facts, as well as the limitation of power conferred by the legislature upon the governor for the enforcement of this and other laws, I have written to every county atorney and sheriff in the State, and to many of them repeatedly, urging the enforcement of the law. Ouster proceedings were instituted against the mayor of Kansas City, Kas., the largest city in the Stae, and against the county attorney of Wyandotte County, in which this city is located, which were successful, owing largely, let it be remembered, however, to the peculiar ability of Attorney-General Coleman and his able local assistant, Mr. Trickett, and to the character of the presiding judge, Judge Holt.

"Similar suits have been begun in other cities. Assistant attorneys-general have been appointed in ten other counties, with varying results. But I believe it can be said without extravagance that there are more towns and counties in this State today that are saloonless and jointless than ever before since the law was enacted.

"Results have been remarkable. In four-fifths of the 105 counties the prohibitory law is as well enforced as other penal statutes. The constitution imposes upon the governor the duty of enforcing law, but legislatures alone can give effect to constitutional requirements and furnish the executive with power for their enforcement. The governor can only enforce law with law. The various laws enacted by Kansas legislatures during the past quarter of a century to make effective this constitutional amendment have

been stubbornly contested in the courts in every possible way by the liquor interests. Some of these laws have stood the test, but some of the most important ones have been annulled by the courts."

The Governor concluded this part of his message with these words:

"Kansas must take no backward step in this matter. 'It is the province of Kansas to lead, and not to follow,' said Mr. Trickett, in the speech from which I have already quoted. 'We have blazed the path of great reforms in the past, and this generation will not fall below that if its ancestors.' Upon you, gentlemen of the Legislature, devolves the duty of conferring greater power upon those clothed with responsibility of government, to the end that the good name of the State may not be marred by the persistent violation of the prohibitory law, and that the wise, economical and moral policies involved in this constitutional amendment may be made more and more effective."

The Central Christian Advocate comments as folfows:

"This message blazes the path of action for the people of Kansas. They may rest assured that the liquor trade will contest every inch of advance, nor will the liquor trade stop at any means, bribery or even crime, by which the trade may thwart the will and beat down the backbone of the sovereign people. But if the people of Kansas will have the abolition of liquor, they will have it if they do not faint by the wayside.

"It has been almost impossible to enforce the laws. Truckling city officials have stood in with the lawbreakers, the bribe of fines in lieu of license fees has salved the municipal conscience, the interstate commerce laws permitting citizens of States which license the liquor trade to ship into Kansas without any fear of punishment the vile stuff prohibited by the Kansas statutes, the secrecy of the Federal internal revenue service, by which jointists were licensed without any notification of the Kansas authorities, tied the hands of Governor Hoch and enmeshed him in difficulties almost beyond the power of mortal man to unloose.

"But much of this has passed away. The Government now keeps posted in a conspicuous place the name and location of every jointist. He can now be got at straight. The experience of Kansas City and Salina shows on a big scale that license is not good municipal business. And the experience of those big cities as well as the more rural districts shows that the law can be enforced."

Shun as you woulud the plague the persistent imputation of low motives in the acts of other men; for here is the very essence of cowardly vulgarity. You are the keeper of your brother's soul, and every false condemnation of him only reveals the essential littleness of your own nature. Remember that exalted sentence of Tertullian: "To wish ill, to do ill, to speak ill, or to think ill of anyone we are equally forbidden without exception."

"The great work of the world, has been done by the ones." Personal influence is the God appointed means for spreading the leaven of the Kingdom. Moses was alone. It was not the friends of Whitfield, or Calvin, or Moody that accomplished their mission, but they themselves.

Among the Churches.

Lakeport.—Seven persons were welcomed to membership at the recent communion four by certificate and three on profession of faith, all adults. Two of the latter class were man and wife, whose three children were baptized.

Los Angeles, Grand View.—This church, under the consecrated leadership of the Rev. Alvah G. Fessenden, is one of much usefulness and influence in the part of the city in which it is situated. More than an hundred persons have been added to its membership during the last year, and the spiritual conditions are such as give promise of much greater service for the advancement of the Kingdom.

Pleasanton.—The church has recently received five additional members. Dr. Avery is making a fair recovery from his serious illness, but is not yet strong enough to take up his work. The pulpit has been supplied by a number of different brethren during the last two months. The ladies of the congregation have a considerable fund on hand for the renovation and improvement of the house of worship. They intend to make a pretty thorough job of it in the spring.

San Francisco, First.—This congregation, which lost its house of worship in the April disaster, and has been carrying on its work conjointly with Calvary Church, occupied its new temporary building for the first time on Sunday, Feb. 3. The structure, in plain colonial style, with weathered oak finish, covers a lot on the north side of Washington street, near Polk, the property of Mrs. Garrett, the widow of Wm. T. Garrett, the brass founder,—and herself very active in missionary enterprises. The building, which seats over three hundred, exclusive of the small gallery at the rear, was filled to the doors with a most attentive audience, whom the pastor, Rev. Wm. Kirk Guthrie addressed very impressively from Ps. 23, taking the spirit of the service from the fact that it was the occasion for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Nearly the entire congregation remained to partake of the elements, there being many in attendance who have been at different points around the bay since the fire. The occasion was also memorable as being the fiftieth anniversary of Elder Samuel Irving's connection with this church. He received a handsome bouquet and other evidences of good-will and esteem. The interest evidenced by the large attendance and the generous offerings both for the regular expenses and the benevolent enterprises of the church, afford great encouragement to the pastor and officers, who trnly rejoice to be once again in their own church home.

Long Beach.—A Long Beach special to the Los Angeles Express says: "Under the leadership of Rev. Josiah Sibley, its energetic young pastor, the First Presbyterian Church has made wonderful advances during the last year and now ranks among the most important and prosperous of that denomination in the state. Owing to the rapid increase in membership the new church became absolutely necessary, and work is progressing on a magnificent $50,000 house of worship at Sixth street and Locust avenue. Rev. Mr.

Sibley is one of the youngest pastors in Long Beach. He graduated from Yale in 1902. This is his second pastorate, the first being at Azusa, where he had charge of the First Presbyterian, immediately after his ordination. When he came to Long Beach the membership of the First Presbyterian church numbered little more than half its present enrollment. Two hundred and sixty new members have been added, bringing the total up to 625. The new church is expected to provide accommodations for many years to come. It will be constructed of artificial stone with granite face with a towering steeple. There will be a $4,000 set of chimes. These will be the only chimes in this section. The church also will be provided with a $10,000 organ, which is being built in the factory at Los Angeles. One of Mr. Sibley's innovations in the church is the men's brotherhood, which he organized and of which he was made president. The society has a large membership and its object is to bind the men of the parish into a closer religious life, and it also has its social side."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. A. J. Whipkey, '05, who has been at Council, Alaska, for nearly two years, is one of the most isolated of our home missionaries. Indeed, there are few foreign missioinaries more isolated than he is during the long winter months. A letter written by him on Thanksgiving Day was two months in reaching San Anselmo. It was full of the spirit of thankfulness for what he had been enabled to do and endure for Christ's sake. His labors through the winter are cheifly among the Eskimos. November 18th he baptized twenty-five, nearly all adults, in the presence of a congregation of more than a hundred natives. They had been under his instruction more than a year. Every Sunday his church is full of devout and earnest listeners, some of whom come fifteen miles. Mr. Whipkey lives in a little log hut whose chinks are filled with mud. With a good fire within, he considers himself quite comfortable.

Prof. Wicher organized a men's club at Westminster Church, Monday evening, Jan. 28th. There were about eighty men present, nearly all of whom joined the club.

Rev. A. E. Magary, '03, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oswego, N. Y., is to be married on Tuesday, the twelfth, to Miss Edna Horton of that city.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The 12th annual meeting of the Presbyterian Orphanage and Farm will be held in Calvary Church, San Francisco, on Monday, February 11th at 2 p. m. Friends are cordially invited to attend.

We shall remember a long time the pleasant call made this week at the office of the Pacific Presbyterian by the Rev. Allen Mackay of Novato. It is gratifying to come in contact with a man of his spirit.

The foreign mission board of the Presbyterian Church will sell its mission property on 13th street, Oakland, between Alice and Harrison, to the banker's trust company for $19,000. The ground will form a a part of the tract on which a hotel to cost about a million dollars will be built.

The Rev. W. H. Foulkes of Clinton, Iowa, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, Oregon, but will not enter on the work before the latter part of March. Mr. Foulkes is a graduate of McCormick Theological Seminary. While there he won a scholarship which gave him one year's study abroad. This was spent in Edinburgh, Scotland. He is a young man, having been in the ministry about seven years. Mr. Foulkes is of Welsh descent, and his forefathers for five generations were in the ministry. He will come to the First Church of Portland from highly successful pastorates.

Albany College, the Synodical College of Oregon, received great benefit from two addresses delivered by the Rev. Dr. B. E. S. Ely, Jr., of Portland, Oregon, on the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Dr. Ely is a new man to the state of Oregon and had not before visited the college. Students and friends were impressed with his sermon in which he discussed and answered the question "How Shall we Work the Works of Him." The joint meeting of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association followed, and was a prayer meeting for the welcoming of the spiritual life of the institution and the conversion of the non-Christian students. This was the best meeting of its sort remembered by any now in the college. It happened that William J. Bryan made a platform address of a few minutes on this same day, in which address he said some very powerful words in favor of the Christian life among students.

The Pasadena News for January the 28th says: "There is one woman in town who doesn't go to church to see what other women are wearing or to show her latest importations from New York. There are a good many more than one, of course, but this particular one can prove a unique alibi. Yesterday this woman, who is a guest at one of the prominent hotels, did not feel well and thought she would not go to church. Still she hated to miss the fine sermon which she knew would fall from the inspired lips of Rev. Malcom J. McLeod at the Presbyterian church. After her husband and son had departed, this lady, throwing on a dressing gown propped herself up in bed against the downy pillows, took down the receiver of the braket telephone near her bed, had her line connected with the Presbyterian church, and then in ease and comfort listened to the sermon and the music. 'And I enjoyed it quite as much as any sermon I ever heard in my life,' she said in relating the incident to a friend afterward, 'and I didn't have to stand in line twenty minutes in order to get a seat either. If any more people go to the Presbyterian church the trustees will have to tell off relays each Sunday of those who are expected to remain at home the next Sunday and hear the sermon by telephone.'"

"It seems a possibility unguessed—
Or little borne in mind if haply known—
That he who cheers in trouble all the rest,
May now and then have troubles of his own.
Alas! God knows he has his foe to fight,
His closet-atomy, severe and grim;
All others claim his comfort as of right;
But, hapless parson, who shall comfort **him**?"

La Jolla, California, Jan. 25, 1907.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The picture here given presents the church as it appeared a few days ago. Considerable work remains to be done on the auditorium before it will be ready for use; but announcement was made last Sunday that the lecture room in the basement would in all probability be in condition for the holding of services in it next Sunday, February the 10th, at 11 in the forenoon and 5 in the afternoon. Letters were in readiness to be sent out the latter part of the week announcing this as a certainty unless something unforeseen should happen in the meantime. The first service will be a communion service. It will be a day of rejoicing on the part of the people of the church and widely others will rejoice with them at this consummation—back at the old site in less than ten months after the great disaster of last year, and in a church building better in several respects than the

old one when the finishing touches shall have been put on in the next few weeks!

Dr. Adams says in his annual letter to the members of the church and congregation: "It will be free from drafts that always bothered us, and will be better heated, ventilated and lighted than the other has been in many years. We have been wonderfully led in the financial part of it; we had $600 toward the building when we began; all bills are paid to this date, and we still have some money in the bank; the widow's cruse of oil has been well illustrated in our case; friends in other places have helped largely; we have received a larger part of the insurance than we dared to hope at the start; our own people have done what they could, and nearly every Sunday's collections have brought something for the new building. When we near the end, and can tell exactly what is needed we shall make a strong attempt to dedicate the church with no debt of any kind."

Such are the street railway facilities that the church is as easy of access now as it ever was; but the membership is scattered. Dr. Adams says: "We have the addresses of 353 members in San Francisco, 118 in Alameda county, 30 in Marin county, 176 in distant places, for 68 we have no address, making a total of 745, of whom not more than fifty per cent are in this city."

Jamestown Exposition is not only having troubles natural to such an undertaking but war is being waged on the warlike features of the Exposition. Carrol D. Wright, Cardinal Gibbons and Edward Everett Hale, have headed a protest against the sanguinary aspects of the Exposition. It is a serious question whether the whole Exposition matter is not being over-worked. It is certainly proper that Jamestown should emphasize the 300th anniversary of its founding but our contention is that too much is undertaken. There is always danger of a reaction. This proposition of badgering congress into an appropriation and adding conditions which in some instances the board of directors did not and perhaps could not keep is a mistake. Of course reasonable military display is right, but to make such a display the feature of the Exposition would misrepresent Jamestown and most of all misrepresent the American people. An Exposition is a thing concerning which everybody is glad when it is past.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE.

Ex-Judge Blount in his article in the North American Review on the Philippines maintains that "if three strong and able men, familiar with insular conditions, and still young enough to undertake the task say, for instance, Gen. Leonard Wood of the army, Judge Adam C. Carson of the Philippine Supreme Court, and W. Morgan Shuster, collector of customs of the archipelago; or three other men of like calibre—were told by a President of the United States, by authority of Congress: "Go out there and set up a respectable native government in ten years, and then come away," they could and would do it, and that government would be a success; and one of the greatest moral victories in the annals of free government would have been written by the gentlemen concerned upon the pages of their country's history." Judge Blount reported adversely on taking the Hawaiian Island under Cleveland's administration. He was a judge in the Philippines. His contention is in favor of Philippine independence. Cuba is rather a discouraging example of insular independence. Our own country came near wrecking its own independence in 1861-65. We would be exceedingly pleased and most everybody else would be pleased if Mr. Blount's theory could be made to work.

WHAT WOULD I DO?

If I were told to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on,
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise and move and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clew,
What should I do?

What could I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this;
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

—Susan Coolidge.

The Home.

A POCKETFUL OF SUNSHINE.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Is better far than gold;
It drowns the daily sorrows
Of the young and the old;
It fills the world with pleasure
In field, and lane, and street,
And brightens every prospect
Of the mortals that we meet.

"A pocketful of sunshine
Can make the world akin
And lift a load of sorrow
From the burdened backs of sin;
Diffusing light and knowledge
Through thorny paths of life,
It gilds with silver lining
The storm clouds of strife."

FATHERS DON'T COUNT.

"Yes, I'd be delighted to. We've been reading Henderson's book on 'Education and the Larger Life,' which is very interesting. I'll bring it along and you can mend while I read. Yes, it is a glorious morning, isn't it, and not too cool to sit out of doors. Goodby. Yes, I'll be over about half past ten."

This was spoken over Mrs. Clark's telephone, to one of her best friends in the next street, with whom she often sat for two or three hours twice a week with books and work of various kinds. The two families had recently returned home from their summer outing and were glad in these pleasant late September days to resume their intercourse.

Once seated on Mrs. White's sunny, sheltered porch, with a mother's sewing basket on a little table, and stockings and other things to be mended near by, Mrs. Clark opened her book and read several pages from one of those wideawake, sensible chapters. This one was concerning the load which so many mothers carry alone, making all the decisions with reference to the food, temperature, the play, occupations and schooling of their children, and came to this paragraph:

"It is unreasonable to expect a young mother, herself quite uninstructed in even the rudiments of science, to meet these difficult questions successfully; and with our present commercial spending of the days the fathers do not at all count in such matters."

"That man is dead right," said Mrs. White, interrupting the reading, "I do not believe that in this town one-half the fathers know or care much what their children are doing. That's a bit exaggerated, but many of them do believe that the wives are controlling everything, and they trust them entirely without taking any share or much real interest in the education and development of their children."

"Of course, the men have to spend their days commercially," said Mrs. Clark, "and they have to work intensely, too, to get a living for their families; they can't be blamed for that; but if they only would be more interested in them when the day's work is done, instead of seating themselves by their lamps with papers and magazines, or going out so many evenings to entertainments, it would be such a joy and comfort to wives and children."

"What's the name of that western judge?" asked Mrs. Clark, "who is doing so much in juvenile courts and seems to understand boys so well? I read something from him the other day right along this line."

"You mean Judge Lindsey, of Denver, don't you?" said Mrs. White. "I have a magazine upstairs which has an article about him. I'll get it. Perhaps that is what you read." And Mrs White dropped her work and ran upstairs for the magazine.

"Yes, here it is," she said, opening it as she took her seat again on the porch. "There's quite a paragraph about the fathers. You read it, please, for I must get on with my mending," and she handed it over to Mrs. Clark, who read: "They are too busy to become his chums or companions, and so he soon develops a secret and private life, which is often filled with corruption. A financially well-to-do father once said to me that he was too busy to look after his boys, to be companionable or to take an interest in them. The great majority of boys who go wrong do so because their mothers and fathers do not know them. Even for his serious faults I could never frame an indictment against the American boy; but there might well be an indictment against careless fathers."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. White, "of the remark of a negro porter when quite a delegation of us were on his car going East to attend a mothers' congress. He said to one of the ladies: 'I don't see why you have a **mothers'** congress. Mothers are all right. It would be a mighty good thing, it seems to me, to have a **fathers'** congress.'"

"The darkies hit it off pretty well, don't they?" said Mrs. Clark, laughingly. Then she turned to the book again, as Mrs. White in her emphatic way said: "That doesn't overstate the matter in the least. My father was so different from so many of our young married men nowadays. Why, we just watched and waited for his home-coming, walked down the street to meet him and knew that we would have lots of fun as soon as he came home. On stormy nights my brother and I would each stand at one of the front windows to catch the first sight of father and see him wave his hand to us, and then we would race to the hall to be there when the door opened and see who would get the first kiss. And what's more, we were just as glad to see him when we grew up. I tell you fathers counted in those days!"

"There certainly is a great change," rejoined Mrs. Clark, "but let's be thankful that this matter is being written up. I'm sure there's nothing more delightful than to see fathers make their boys their chums and companions. You remember that Mr. Sanders and his boys at the camp last summer, don't you? Now he was at least fifty years old, although he did not look it, for he was always so bright, and alert, and cheery; and he and his boys were chummy all the time. He might have gone off hunting or fishing with men of his own age and let his boys look out for themselves, but instead of that he helped them to build a canoe and the three of them went off together in it for a cruise as merry and happy as could be."

"Yes, I remember them," said Mrs. White, "and how some of us laughed when Mrs. Sanders would say that her 'three boys' had gone off on a cruise. But we are not getting on much with the book, are we?"

"No, but no matter. We can have more of it. It has certainly given us a good theme for conversation,

and we have expressed oui sentiments and that always does us good."

"Well, I wish," said Mrs. White, "that something might be done to bring about a change and that fathers would make themselves more happy with their families and children, really know them and love to be with them, so that it could not be truthfully said that fathers don't count."

The chapter was finished with its excellent thoughts on many practical points, but what had been read and had been said about the fathers remained.—The Standard.

The Quiet Hour.

FAIR TO SEE.

We know not when, we know not where,
We know not what that world will be,
But this we know: it will be fair
To see.

With heart athirst and thirsty face,
We know and know not what shall be—
Christ Jesus bring us of his grace
To see.

Christ Jesus bring us of his grace
Beyond all prayers our hopes can pray,
One day to see him face to face—
One day.
—Christiana G. Rossetti.

CHRIST'S CALL FOR THE BEST.

Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

Christ knows what is in man. When he looks upon us he sees not only what we are, but also what we may become. The gardener in the early springtime, when he looks at the bare, briery bush in his garden, sees in it a vision of glorious roses—what it will be in June under his culture. Christ looks upon a young life as it stands before him and sees in it, beneath its unattractiveness, a vision of splendid manhood, and calls for its fulfillment.

When Simon was introduced to him, Jesus looked upon him intently and said: "Thou art Simon * * * thou shalt be called Peter." He saw the best in the old fisherman. Nobody else saw in him what Jesus saw. Other people saw only uncouthness, an overmeasure of self-confidence, a sort of rugged but undisciplined strength, rashness, impulsiveness, a certain coarseness and rudeness. Nobody saw in Simon of the fishing boats anything great or beautiful. But Jesus saw in him large possibilities, elements of power, all that the man afterward became. In the rough, impetuous Simon he saw the firm, strong, and masterful Peter of the apostolic days.

Jesus always saw the best in every man or woman. He saw the possible good there was in the publican, Levi, under all his greed and dishonesty, and called him to be one of his friends. He saw the vision of a white soul in the outcast woman who lay at his feet, and spoke to her words of mercy and hope which saved her. He saw the good waiting to be brought out in everyone who came into his presence.

There is something good in every life. Some people never see anything beautiful in any other one. They see, instead, the faults, the blemishes, the follies, the frailties. They see these lacks and flaws because that is what they are looking for. So long as we look upon poeple in this hopeless way, we cannot do anything to make them better. We must have an eye for the best that is in men, and be able to find beauty and good in every life, if we would inspire them to reach their best.

The new name which Jesus gave this fisherman had in it a vision of the man that was to be. The giving of the name, with its prophecy of strength, security, and worthiness was the Master's call for all that was good in Simon. It would have been a bitter disappointment to him if the rough fisherman had never become anything but what he was that day. Then what a loss to the world it would have been!

Yet Simon's character was not changed instantly—it was the work of years even in the hands of Christ, to make the transformation. Work on lives is always slow. Some people speak as if becoming a a Christian were a sudden matter, the work of a moment. The beginning of a Christian life may be sudden, a choice, a decision made in an instant—one minute not a Christian, next minute a Christian. But this is only the beginning, and there is a great deal after that. The beginning is only an unopened bud—it takes time for the bud to open into the full, rich beauty of the rose. It often takes God many days to open a little flower. It takes him much longer to bring a life to its full bloom and beauty.

A child had been playing in the garden one day, and when she came in her mother said, "What have you been doing, my dear?" "Helping God, mother," said the little one. "How have you been helping God?" asked the mother. "I saw a flower going to blossom, and I blossomed it," answered the child. There are some people who think they are helping God when doing just what this child did. God does not want help in opening his buds and blossoming his roses. The buds must be opened and the roses blossomed in nature's gentle way, in God's way. To blossom them before their time would be to ruin them. We need to be most careful in our culture of spiritual life in others, especially in children. Violence and forcing may do incalculable harm. Many a child's life fails of its rarest beauty because its development is hastened. Rosebuds want only air, sunshine, and rain to bring out their beauty. The best thing we can do to develop spiritual life is to give an atmosphere of love and purity to those we seek to bless.—From "A Heart Garden."

Young People.

SYMPATHY.

Whenever I start to walk, our dog he seems to know,
And runs along ahead of me to show he's coming too;
And when there is a reason why he really mustn't go,
The hollering "Go Home" to him is awful hard to do.

He wags his tail and jumps around, and seems as if he said,
"I guess you didn't mean it, you were only jokin' then!"

But when he sees I'm serious he kinder droops his head,
Or looks up at me sorrowful, an' looks away again.

And then at last he minds me if I keep an angry tone,
It's awful hard to do it, but I try with all my might;
And sometimes when I look around I see him all alone
A-watchin' me and watchin' me until I'm out of sight.

You see I know just how it is, 'cause some days when I find
My brother's got to hurry off with bigger boys to play,
And when he says I mustn't go and tag along behind,
He leaves me sittin' somewhere and a-feelin' just that way.
.....—Burges Johnson in Rhymes of Little Boys..

A COMBINATION THAT WINS.

"Seems to me, Tom, you are taking a great deal of pains with your work, considering the fact that the superintendent doesn't come till next week," said Dan Abbott, the ticket agent at Allston, stopping off one train at Valley Falls to chat with the agent.

Tom Appleton paused at his work of sweeping the little country depot, looking sharply at the good-natured young fellow who tied up the Allston station once a month.

See here, Dan," said Appleton, speaking under his breath, "I'll tell you something if you'll keep it to yourself; I don't care to have any one else know about it."

What is it , Tom? I'll keep it to myself."

"The day the road hired me they put another inspector on with orders to keep a sharp watch on this depot."

"That's getting things pretty fine, isn't it ,Tom?" said Abbott, seriously. "I had rather it would be you than me. I'd hate to have an inspector keeping watch over me all the time."

"Oh, it is not quite so unpleasant as you imagine, Dan. I have been personally acquainted with this inspector for a good many years. He is always on the lookout for some carelessness, and though he has never reported me at headquarters, I have tried not to let him catch me, and I will take care in the future that he doesn't."

"What is his name, Tom?" asked Abbott. "Do I know him?"

"Know him, yes; his name is Tom Appleton."

"Well, I don't know but what you're right, Tom," said Abbott, giving his friend a hearty slap that well-nigh dislocated half the bones in Tom's body. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to have that kind of inspector up at Alliston, though he probably would shut his eyes and be on the agent's side, right or wrong."

One morning, a year later, the superintendent was looking over the list of agents' names, wondering who would be the best man for a vacancy in one of the larger offices of the road. He paused when he reached the name of the "agent and inspector" at Valley Falls, and in less than three minutes he had come to a decision—Tom Appleton was the man for the place.

The combination of employee and inspector is one that is sure to win in any field. Business men the world over are constantly on the watch for the young man who is alert, ready to criticise his own work that he may place it above criticism. Such young men are not forgotten when an opening occurs; they slip into the coveted positions with such apparent ease that those less watchful, less painstaking, look on in amazement, unable to comprehend the situation. They term it luck. Well, if that is luck, it is just the kind that will come to every young man who will sacrifice ease and pleasure when it is a question of duty and one's ambition that is at stake. Let each one try the combination.—Frederick E. Burnham.

THE BUTTERFLY STORY.

"Once upon a time," began the butterfly, "I was an egg. My butterfly mother placed me on the underside of a milkweed leaf. I was smaller than the head of a pin. A few days later I burst—"

"O, dear!" cried Geraldine.

"It didn't hurt," said the butterfly. "I was only an egg, remember. And I burst my tiny shell, and—guess what came out of that shell."

"Why, you did," ventured Peter, politely.

"Yes, I came out; but you children never would have known me. I had no wings. I had a body, sixteen legs, and a splendid appetite. I was a caterpiller."

"You a caterpillar?" exclaimed Geraldine.

"Certainly," replied the butterfly. "All butterflies come from the caterpillars. Didn't you know it?"

"No," said Geraldine.

"I have six legs; when I was a caterpillar, I had sixteen. When I was an egg I had none. How I did eat when I first became a caterpillar! I ate and ate until I burst. I had eaten too much, and my skin became too tight. So I went off by myself for a few hours, and then I quietly burst my old skin, and came out in a beautiful, brand-new skin,—green, with yellow stripes. And all day long I ate and ate. Beautiful dreams came to me. I dreamed I had wings, and was floating among the clouds with the birds; and then—and then—I burst."

"Oh, dear!" said Geraldine.

"It didn't hurt," said the butterfly. "So I burst open, and out through the skin on my back came a beautiful jewel, of pale-green color, all spotted with gilt. I was a chrysalis, a smooth, little, pear-shaped thing, without eyes, or legs, or mouth. There I swung. I wriggled a little to cast off the skin of the caterpillar; but, when I was freed from it, how beautiful I was! I breathed through the little holes in my side, —holes about as big as the point of a pin. It is a very good way to breathe. There are hundreds of ways to breathe. I knew a grasshopper who breathed through his hind legs."

Peter said nothing. Geraldine looked down thoughtfully. The butterfly sailed away.—Exchange.

The great men of earth are those who have lived and died, and now live again and forever in their undying thoughts. The real life of Moses has been since he died. Luther and Wesley are mightier today —infinitely mightier than when in the flesh. If this is true of men, how much more so of the Son of God. Think the thoughts of Him who spoke as never man spake, live the principles He enunciated, and thus convince all within the circle of our influence.

LIFT YOUR EYES.

Sometimes one's place in life is so "cabined, cribbed, confined," that anything like the progressive widening of life's interests seems utterly forbidden. In fact, thousands on every side are in a state only sufficiently described in the homely Scotch phrase, "Sair hadden doon." This is the lot especially of many a woman whose motherhood and poverty doom her to perpetual slavery in a life that circulates only between her bed and her fireside. No room for expansion—no time for sweet reflection—no outlook tempting her to cast her eyes abroad—no change of scene or of society to give her culture or a wider experience of the world. If this reaches the eye of any who painfully feel such limitations, let me narrate for them a simple but telling incident:

A Scotch peasant and his wife emigrated to Canada, cleared a bit of forest, built a log cabin, and sowed their crop in the small clearing. One evening, when the husband returned from his work in the woods, he found his wife sitting on the doorsteps weeping bitterly.

"What's wrang wi' ye, my woman?" he asked.

"I cannot see oot," she answered.

"No," he answered, with sympathy in his voice, "but you can see up!" and he pointed her to the circle of heaven that, like a great blue eye, looked down upon her from above.

Oh, if you are straightened in your life, your outlook narrow and dispiriting, look up! Look up to the new Jerusalem, to your Father's heaven, to your future home, to your coming destiny. There is always room to see up—a great world of thought and blessing in which your soul can dwell.

Religion does not mean restriction. It is the greatest expanding force available for humanity. It is inspired manhood. Have you dreamed that the volume of life is diminished by religion? Christ gives to his people wide horizons—makes them heirs of all ages to come—enriches all their prospects, and fills them with endless hopes. Life without Christ is a stumbling pilgrimage between stone walls; with Christ in one's faith and one's heart, it is like the pilgrimage of the royal river that rises in the wells of Dee, that flows through among the silver woods and by rocky gorge across moor and dale, humble and castled homes of men—always fed upon the way by fresh inflows that deepen and enrich it, so that it is the fullest and the strongest where it merges in the sea—true image of eternity. Get to be at home with God, and you will find he has set your life in a large place.—Wesleyan Magazine.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma has some carpet to beat; she's got all the furniture out in the yard, from the front door clean down to the street. The stove must come down and be put in the shed, and the yard must be cleared of dead grass; for it's time to clean house, and the shingles are loose and the windows sadly need glass. Father, dear father, come home with me now, and bring some bologna and cheese; it's twelve o'clock and there's nothing to eat—I'm so hungry I'm weak in the knees. All the dinner we have will be cold scraps and such, and we'll have to eat standing up, too; for the table and all are out in the yard—O I wish spring cleaning was through! Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma is as mad as a Turk; she says you'rs a lazy old thing, and she proposes to put you to work. There is painting to do and paper to hang, and the window casings to scrub; for it's house cleaning time, and you've got to come home and revel in suds and cold grub."—The Clifton (Kan.) News.

"Oh mamma," cried Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," said her mother, "before you tell it we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"I will explain it. In the first place, let me ask you about your story. Is it true?"

"I suppose so. I had it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for mentioning it at all."

"Always ask these three questions first when you are tempted to tell something about others. They are good sieves."—Lutheran Young People.

Kloseman—It's an awful thing to discover, just as the collection plate comes around in church, that you are absolutely without a penny.

Newitt—Yes, because then you have to drop in a nickel or a dime, don't you?—Philadelphia Press.

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"THESE THREE."

Eunice W. Luckey.

Faith, like a green and growing vine
  Reaches and clings and clasps;
And as its sturdy tendrils twine,
  The rock of truth it grasps.

Hope, like a bright, persistent flower
  Looks upward to the blue;
The sunlight gives it life and power
  To bear its message true.

But oh, Love is the rock divine
  Where faith must ever cling;
Love is the sun that still must shine
  To make hope's blossoms spring.

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THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

A Sacramento correspondent of the Lutheran Observer writes: "Several years ago a Chinese Christian pastor of San Francisco delivered a lecture in this city on the Boxer trouble in China. In his own broken English he made such an excellent appeal for giving as many another has rarely made. He said: 'When I look on the congregation and see the fine dresses and hats, I say: How rich! How rich! But when I look in the collection-box, I say: How poor! How poor!'"

Among the persons congratulating Rev. Dr. Adams on the re-establishment of the work of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco at its old location was a Roman Catholic clergyman. "We are glad that you are back there," he said. Further along in our columns this week mention is made of the participation of a Roman Catholic clergyman in the dedicatory services of a Presbyterian church in Southern California. With that we link mention of other manifestations of the fraternal spirit.

An Oakland correspondent of The Standard, a Baptist paper published in Chicago, writes of the large stream of immigration which continues to pour into California, and of the railroad building, saying in that connection: "As a result a large number of new towns are being laid out and within five years time many of these will be thriving cities. Most of the denominational missionary societies, as well as the Roman Catholics, are alive to the situation and are girding themselves for a mighty forward movement. The Methodists and Presbyterians are especially energetic among evangelical bodies, having greatly increased their appropriations for purchase of lots, the erection of church buildings and the support of missionaries. They are sending into the state some of their strongest men, in many instances paving large sums of money in order that strategic locations may be secured for future work."

A writer in a current magazine shows that from a strictly business standpoint investments in foreign missions pay. "Hawaii, for instance, whose civilization is peculiarly a church product, has sent to this country in trade more money than has been spent by all the American churches in world-wide missionary propaganda." Every missionary to the Pacific islands it is said has created an annual trade of fifty thousand dollars. "The missionaries stuck to their peculiar task, but by indirect promoters, stimulus and cooperation these results were obtained. They first made mere living there possible by many martyrdoms. Trade came afterward. There, as at home, the church has provided the indispensable moral basis for industrial prosperity. The industrial training which is so large and increasing a part of the education given to strange peoples, as well as to our home folk by missioinaries, ought to be applauded by any practical man."

A Portland, Oregon, paper recently reported a lawyer of Boise City, Idaho, as saying: "The Mormon question is a very considerable issue with the people of Idaho and the time is fast approaching when the people of Oregon will have to contend with it. The Mormons are rapidly gaining in numbers in Oregon, and when they are strong enough they will come down to Salem and tell the people of this state what's what. You know little of their strength now and your people will not realize it until the thousands have the upper hand. Then they will be heard from. Already there is a large Mormon population in Eastern Oregon and it is increasing very rapidly. The immigation to Eastern Oregon of Mormons is heavy and they will soon be possessed of vast political strength. They are cunning, however, and are playing a shrewd game. They dare not assert themselves now as they know better than to arouse the people of this state at this time. But when they are ready and believe they hold the balance of power, and I believe that that day is not far distant, they will surprise the people of this state with the suddenness of a whirlwind."

It has been said by some Pacific coast papers that Hawaii is being given over rapidly to Japanese civilization. Concerning this the Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder of Honolulu writes: "No possible statement could be farther from the truth than the assertion that 'Hawaii is today a Japanese colonv.' Numerically the people of this race predominate, but the one most noticeable feature of the life of these Islands is the victory of American ideals over those of Asia here. Instead of Hawaii being Japanese in civilization, it is more truly American than San Francisco has been, since the era of pure government immediately succeeding the rise of the vigilantes and preceding the day of fierce anti-Chinese agitation. The test of a civilization is not found in the clothes worn or in skin color but in the spirit which moves forward toward realization of higher ideals. Hawaii is steadily proving the proposition that when two civilizations meet the higher and more vital must prevail. With about two-thirds of the population Asiatic and a large proportion of the rest Polynesian, our civilization is intensely American and it is becoming more so. Certainly in view of the conquest of Japan's older civilization at the hands of that of the Western world it is puerile to debate that on the Pacific coast Asiatic will supplant Christian ideals. If they ever should do so, it will be only because they ought."

The movement to form, out of Washington, Idaho, and Oregon, a new state to be named after the martyred Lincoln is one which will commend itself to many people not only in the territory most vitallv concerned, but widely. It will meet with much more support doubtless in Eastern Washington than it will in Western; the same may be said as to Oregon; and perhaps Idaho would not favor it at all enthusiastically in the Southern part. The pan-handle part of Idaho adjacent to Eastern Washington would be greatly benefited. Connection with the Southern part

of Idaho is very diffifficult. The pan-handle part is more identified with Washington than it is with the other part of Idaho. On the lines proposed the state of Lincoln would contain the cities of Spokane and Walla Walla, now in Washington; Moscow, now in Idaho, and Pendleton now in Oregon. Baker City, Oregon, a short distance south of Pendeton, would be in Idaho. Ellensburg and North Yakima, flourishing little cities in Washington just east of the Cascade mountains, would be left in that state. Should the movement ever be consummated the city of Spokane, though north and east of the center of the new state would be central enough for the capital. Such an enactment would with the population as it now is give the new state about 450,000 inhabitants. It would leave Washington with 650,000; Oregon 650,000; Idaho about 200,000. In many ways such an arrangement would be advantageous. But it will not be easy to bring it about. It would meet with considerable opposition in congress. But it is evident that the friends of the movement intend to push it enthusiastically and with all the influences at their command.

We have predicted and still predict that before another quarter of a century shall have passed away San Francisco and the cities on the east side of the bay will be connected by a tunnel. The announcement that before next September New York and Jersey City will be so connected gives interest to what will in a few years be a much discussed enterprise hereabouts. An eastern paper says: "Two of the four tunnels under the river are now completed and the other two are three-fifths done. The Jersey City station, now being constructed under the Pennsylvania terminal will connect with five subways. The terminal building of the tunnels will have four thousand offices and an arcade through which 600,000 persons are expected to pass daily. The running time from Jersey City to lower New York will be three minutes; from Newark to Cortlandt street fifteen minutes and from Newark to Thirty-third street, nineteen minutes. It is evident that obedience to the law of following the line of least resistance will give to New Jersey a very large share of the great city's overflow during the next five years. The tunnel cars will not have a bit of wood or other combustible material about them. The frames and bodies will be of steel, the cushions fireproof and the floors of cement, while the frames will be braced with trusses to make them non-telescopic in case of collision. There will be eight car trains operated by a single motorman on the multiple unit system and during rush hours they will be despatched with one and a half minutes' headway, an interesting indication of the volume of travel that is expected." Perhaps the island, midway in San Francisco bay, may be secured for railway terminals and the tunnel project for San Francisco be delayed, but the tunnel will be necessary sooner or later. The cities on the two sides of the bay will have ere long an aggregate population of a million, and transportation by ferry will not be adequate.

Los Angeles papers state that the Catholic clergy of San Pedro participated in the dedicatory services of the new Presbyterian church at San Pedro on Sunday, February the 3rd. This is quite significant; it is one of the good signs of the times. The following from a recent number of the Washington Post is worth quoting in this connection: "When Martin Van Buren was President of the United States it could not have been expected of him to attend and participate in the ceremonies of the dedication of a Roman Catholic institution. It would have cost him his political life, something that was exceedingly precious to the eighth President of our republic; but Theodore Roosevelt, of the same Dutch race, and the same Lutheran faith, and from the same State as Van Buren, attended the dedication of Carrol Hall not a great while ago, and all sects and creeds approved. And so we have come in this free republic to

"Leave thought unfettered every creed to scan."

On Sunday night last the Vice President of the United States and four senators in Congress were guests at St. Patrick's rectory in this Capital to do honor to the primate of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the United States. The world has moved since the fanatic wave of Knownothinginsm swept over this country. Protestants and Catholics were never so nearly brothers as now. It is one of the achievements —and not the lest of the glories—of our splendid republic, where

"Spires point to God and not to man."

There is not a Protestant convocation—synod, or conference, or association—where the name of Cardinal Gibbons is not held in highest esteem, and the Catholic hierarchy draws closer to Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist daily. There could be no such debate in this epoch as that between Alexander Campbell and Archbishop Purcell, more than threescore years ago. And for this era of tolerance and good feeling let us all thank Divine Providence."

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

Latest reports showed that about $115,000 had been contributed by the Presbyterian churches of the United States for the rehabilitation of the California churches.

The Young People's Missionary Movement will hold a summer conference at Silver Bay on Lake George from July 12th to the 28th. The Western conferences will be at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin from June the 25th to July 3. The Young People's Movement was organized several years ago to create a greater interest among the young in foreign missions and to bring widely the young to the aid of the foreign missioinary boards of the different denominations. It has already done a great work and the fruitage is only in its incipiency.

At a recent meeting in Boston of the New England chapter of the American Guild of organists, the Rev. Dr. Lyon of Brookline, Massachusetts, spoke strongly against the quartet choir. He said in part: "I often ask myself by what evangelical system the quartet has been foisted on the church. The Catholic church employs the devotional and emotional power of organ music in a way that the Protestant churches have not been able to do. Until we do the same thing we shall not have a solemn and real religious service in the Protestant churches. The other day in Roxbury I entered the Roman Catholic Mission Church. The sonorous sound of the organ, played with the deepest religious feeling, imparted religious enthusiasm and gave me a mighty spiritual uplift. It seems to me that the Catholic Church has mastered

the dramatic and emotional power of the organ. In scarcely any Protestant church do I find the same uplifting and spiritually appealing power which is imparted by the ceremonies and the music of the Catholic Church."

The Methodists, Presbyterians, and Disciples of Christ are endeavoring to unite their educational institutions at Nanking, China, and so to form one great Christian university. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished. A committee of the three missions at Nanking has laid the matter before the home boards and churches in a letter in which it is shown that such an institution as is contemplated is one of the great demands of the times. By such federations as the one contemplated it is possible to make the Christian Church the leader in the great national education movement in China. The letter says: "With the eagerness of the Chinese for Western learning, they are a prey to the all too welcome materialism and agnosticism which is coming to them from certain sources. Christian nations should awake to the fact that this is a time to show the superiority of a fully Christian education."

The Hon. William Jennings Bryan said in a recent address: "I was never so proud of my nation as when I saw what it was doing for other nations in a missionary way. You can value a religion only by its fruits. A religion which prompts men to go and preach to people and help people to whom they are bound by nothing except the primal tie of humanity is self-evidently genuine. I told a company of Englishmen that the United States contains more altruism than any other country in the world. They demanded proof. I said: 'The proof is that America today puts as much money into India as England does, and draws out nothing, whereas England draws out a hundred million a year. I have reason for believing in missionary work. I believe in the Christian ideal as the best known to men—the ideal that measures greatness by service and gives men something to live for. It should be carried everywhere and placed in contrast with the lower ideals of the Orient.'"

The Michigan state fair is not to be open on Sunday this year. The president says in his report to the executive committee of the state agricultural society: "The last fair was opened on Sunday in deference to the wishes of many classes of people who could not attend on other days. In view of the fact that Saturday is a half holiday and Monday a full holiday (labor day), and also in view of the fact that the fair cannot be opened in such a manner as to demand full price for admissions, while the expenses continue at about the same rate as on other days, it is my opinion that we would receive as much total net revenue if we closed the gates on Sunday, and at the same time give our exhibitors and superintendents a little let-up on the strenuous work necessary during the fair. It will also be in deference to the opinion of a large number of people that the fair should not be opened on that day." The Michigan Christian Advocate comments on this: "In its issue of April 7, 1906, the Advocate predicted that Sunday opening would prove a failure, and the sequel sustains the prediction at an earlier date than we expected. It is not a wise thing to override deep-seated principles which are founded on the eternal fitness of things; people won't excuse it. Morals are worth more than money. Boys are more valuable than cattle. Therefore shut the gates on Sundays and keep out whisky and gambling on all days. Then shall Michigan rejoice in a decent state fair, and her people will sustain it too:"

The series of meetings conducted in Glasgow, Scotland, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan are spoken of in our British exchanges as remarkable. His sermons were the topics of the hour in all the avenues of life and work in that great city. The British Congregationalist says that there seemed to be on everyone's lips the question, Have you heard Campbell Morgan? Day after day at one of the best business hours of the day not less than 2,000 men assembled to hear him. Concerning the meetings in general it is said: "As his power was felt and his mission continued the crowds increased until at many of the meetings Elgin Place Church was filled two hours before the service commenced. He came to Glasgow practically a stranger, and he has left an impression on the life of the city that will be felt for many years to come. His books were, of course, known to many of his admirers, but his remarkable gifts as a speaker and his illuminating power of exposition, above all the simplicity and earnestness of the man and his message, came as a revelation to the people, who gathered from all quarters of the city, and came, many of them, from distant towns and villages in the West of Scotland. Dr. Morgan is a stranger to Glasgow no longer—he has found a place in the hearts of the people, and his next visit will be eagerly anticipated bv many in every station in life."

The Episcopal cathedral at Washington is to have a pulpit made of stones taken from the famous Canterbury Cathedral in England. It is said that the Archbishop gives this ambon, or oblong pulpit, in memory of his predecessor, Shephen Langton, and that it is being so sculptured as to illustrate the history of the English Bible. It is described as follows: "The ambon is 10 feet in height and 9 in length; on its front are three bas-reliefs with four statuettes between them. As the Bible is God's charter of civil and religious liberty, the central bas-relief represents Archbishop Stephen Langton leading the barons and handing the Magna Charta to King John for his signature under the oaks of Runnymede, June 15, 1215. The left-hand bas-relief represents the Venerable Bede dictating that last chapter of the Anglo-Saxon Gospel of St. John on his deathbed, A. D. 735. The right-hand bas-relief represents the martyrdom of William Tyndale, author of the first printed English Bible, A. D. 1525. The four statuettes represent those who, at different epochs, were prominently identified with the history of the English Bible, namely, Alfred the Great, who set the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in the vulgar tongue (A. D. 871); Rev. John Wycliff, vicar of Lutterworth, who issued the English Bible, A. D. 1383; Lancelot Andrews, lord bishop of Winchester, the most prominent of the translators of the King James, or authorized version, A. D. 1611, and Westcott, lord bishop Durham, a leader in the making of the revised version, A. D. 1881-1885. Above is sculptured a frieze of the principal books of the evolution of the English Bible, from the Anglo-Saxon gospels of 721 to the revised version as issued in 1885. The ambon will be placed in the little sanctuary, which is now being enlarged, with the Jerusalem altar and the cathedra of stones from Glastonbury Abbey."

CHURCH UNION MOVEMENT IN CANADA.

The progress of the movement for church union in Canada has been watched with considerable interest throughout the Christian world. It is not possible to tell yet what the outcome will be. The best statement of the situation which we have seen was furnished the British Weekly recently by the Rev. R. E. Welsh of Toronto. We reproduce it here in its main features. While the Pacific Presbyterian seeks to help along every legitimate movement for church union, we are inclined to the opinion that organic union is not possible except within certain limits—at least not for a few centuries yet. But such federation as would remove much of the destructive waste in religious work is possible; and this we believe must be brought about in the not distant future if the church is to do the work which God has called it to do. It is for whatever organic unity the passing years show to be possible that we are working, and for such federation speedily as will do away with all strife and wasteful competition. The Rev. Dr. Forsyth of England is quoted in a London paper as having said: "In my opinion sect-making is at an end; a new era of the federation of the churches has set in. If it were not for the Established Church there would be unity amongst all evangelical churches."

We do not know what meaning Dr. Forsyth puts into his use here of the word unity, but it appears to be more than such federation as exists now in England.

Many people are hoping and praying that the movement in Canada to bring into organic unity the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists will be successful. If it should be, and it should be found to work well, it will stand as a powerful object lesson to the Christian world.

The writer of the article on the union movement in Canada—the Rev. R. E. Welsh—is the secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It is stated that the Presbyterian theological college, which is attached to McGill University in Montreal, is about to elect him to the chair of apologetics.

Mr. Welsh writes as follows:

The movement towards union between Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists in Canada is to be taken seriously. With the greatest flexibility and initiative that characterize the church life of a young country, these churches of the Dominion are not daunted by the fact that such a comprehensive union would seem Utopian in the Old World, and has never been attempted in any land. This movement was advanced a further stage when, on December 12th and subsequent days, 110 representatives assembled in Toronto for the third conference of the joint-committee. These were drawn from British Columbia and New Foundland and the three thousand miles between. This joint-committee consists of 154 members—sixty-five Methodists, sixy-four Presbyterians, and twenty-five Congregationalists—and includes the most eminent and influential ministers and laymen of the three denominations. Of ordained ministers (including professors and others without charge), 1,790 are Methodist, 1,506 Presbyterian, 105 Congregational—total, 3,401. Of these there are in settled charges and mission fields—1,400 Methodists, 1,231 Presbyterians, 84 Congregationalists—total, 2,715; and the numbers of charges and missions, especially in the new West, are increasing rapidly every year. Should these forces be ultimately combined, the United Church of Canada—if we may select a possible name—would be a body of immense strength, with little short of two millions of adherents, one-third of the entire population, outnumbering all the other Protestants put together by half a million, although half a million less numerically than the Roman Catholic population. A spectator of these union meetings is impressed by the numbers of white-haired old-timers present; we find, not merely radical young men seeing visions, but old men dreaming dreams. The present chairman is the veteran superintendent of the Methodist Church, Dr. Carman; and one who is the gift of Scotland to Canada, Principal Patrick, of the Manitoba College (Presbyterian), Winnipeg, is the chief leader in the movement. Principal McLaren, of Knox College, Toronto; Principal Gordon, of Queen's; Principal Scrimger, of the Montreal College; and Principal Falconer, of Halifax, as also the principals of the Methodist and Congregational colleges, are active members of the conference.

The impelling motive towards union springs largely out of the practical problems and herculean tasks of the churches in the new Western fields which are being rapidly settled, and are making heavy demands on their resources in men and means. In the prairie provinces and British Columbia the larger denominations make haste to plant competing churches, and it is argued that the proposed union would minimize the overlapping, which involves waste of forces and unseemly rivalry, and sometimes a small and precarious ministerial livelihood. Yet an uncertain proportion of the men at the Western front do not favour organic union, preferring some form of federal co-operation. The interim reports of the union committee, with provisional draft of basis, were submitted to the Presbyterian General Assembly in June last and the Methodist Quadrennial Conference in September, which decided (the former after a debate and division) to sanction the continuance of negotiations. At the meeting of the joint-committee just concluded a very harmonious consensus of opinion prevailed, and no insuperable barrier to further progress appeared. It had been feared that doctrinal differences might prove fatal, but surprisingly little difficulty has been encountered in framing the credal standard, consisting of nineteen articles, which, after verbal amendments upon the draft, has been passed with practical unanimity. Neo-Calvinist and Arminian alike accept the general expression of the doctrine of election: "We believe also that God, from the beginning, in his own good pleasure, gave to his Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service, and salvation." It is on the terms of subscription that demur is made by the Congregational brethren on principle, being adverse to subscription to a fixed and binding creed as a term of ordination. On this point the Methodists and Presbyterians are at one and firm, and the issue has been deferred until the joint-committee meets again next September in order that the Congregational members may have time for mature consideration. Neither has it been so difficult as anticipated for the committee on polity to frame a common system of government. With some "give-and-take" on each side, the attempt is made to combine the points of strength in each system. There would be a graduation of church courts, minister and elders (elected by the members) presiding over the congregation, the quarterly meeting (of the Methodists) uniting representative workers of congregations; the pres-

bytery or district meeting; the annual conference or synod or union; and the general assembly or general council, as the supreme court for the whole Dominion to meet every second year. Each governing body would be composed of representatives, ministerial and non-ministerial in equal numbers, elected by the court immediately subordinate to it. On the ministerial term of service the attempt is made to preserve the essence of both the settled pastorate and the itineracy. "The pastoral relation shall be without a time limit." But a settlement committee would be appointed by each synod or conference, which would be empowered to dispose of applications from charges and ministers for changes or settlements. At the same time, any vacant congregation would be free to extend a call to any minister through this settlement committee. The acutest difficulties are likely to arise, not on the broad lines of a general basis of union, but in the working details, especially in the administration of denominational and benevolent funds. Legislative sanction would be procured for the union. The decisive test of the movement has yet to come. The feelings of the people in the three churches have yet to be discovered. In traveling ten thousand miles across the Dominion during the past eighteen months I have had the opportunity to lightly feel the pulse of large numbers on the question. Many of the people are favorable; many have given little consideration to the matter, and others are somewhat cold to it. Some of the gifted younger men among the Presbyterians are adverse, such as the Rev. John Mackay, M.A., minister of a large congregation in Montreal, who led the opposition in the assembly. Some think that these churches can make their best contribution to the Kingdom in separate ranks with only federal bonds. The scheme has still to be sent down to the lower courts and the people, but both the assembly and the conference, by an outnumbering majority, resolved to continue negotiations so long as no barrier of serious nature intervened.

Owing to a suggestion made in the last assembly by the Bishop of Huron and a spokesman of the Baptist churches, communications of a friendly nature have been proceeding between the joint-committee and the church of England and the Baptist conventions. Kindly relationships may be promoted thereby, but few cherish any hope of organic union on this wider scale.

RABBI WISE AND THE SABBATH.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

Rabbi Joseph F. Wise, formerly of Portland, Ore., has started his "Free Synagogue" in New York City, having held his open meetings in a theatre building. It will be recalled that this rabbi refused a call to the pulpit of the Temple Emmanuel, New York, about a year ago because its trustees would not assure him that he would be free and untrammelled in his pulpit utterances.

In starting his new and independent work in New York Dr. Wise has taken a position that, according to leading Jews, is in advance of any stand that has yet been made even by the more liberal of Jewish rabbis. He openly advocates, for instance, the abandonment of Saturday as the Sabbath of the Jews, in favor of Sunday, saying: "I say with sorrow that the Jewish Sabbath in the land is dead. Because we cannot have the seventh-day Sabbath, shall we have no Sabbath? Even although the earliest observance of the first-day Sabbath was anti-Jewish in character, shall we forever refrain from meeting for worship on that day which in this land and in all European lands is the legal day of rest? It is the duty of the synagogue to proclaim the message of the Jew to men on the one day in the week which it is possible to reach them. If we must sacrifice the form of the Sabbath, we will conserve its substance."

Dr. Wise says that his "Free Synagogue" is to be supported by voluntary contributions only and that the small contributor and the large one will be equal, and he inveighs against what he claims to be the present order in churches and synagogues, of reserving the best places for the largest contributors. Leading Jews of all cities are watching this movement of the popular rabbi with the deepest interest.

ANOTHER GATE FOR CHINA.

By the Rev. J. Rowell.

How many of the readers of these pages, how many of the Alumni of old Yale, know that an effort is now being made by Yale Alumni to duplicate Yale University in China?

The effort is made under the auspices of the Yale Foreign Missionary Society, which has its office in one of the university buildings, and a majority of its officers from the ranks of Yale professors. Only a beginning has been made as yet, a medical dispensary having been opened, and a High School, manned by Yale Alumni, and intended as a feeder for the college that is to be. The enterprise has the warm sanction of the officials and cultured classes of the province Changsha, and eager applications for admission as students, are far beyond the present room to receive them. The Society asks the aid of all lovers of men, and especially of the Alumni of old Yale, to build up in this province of twenty millions of inhabitants, an institution worthy of the mother university, and a mighty factor in the regeneration of old China.

This is, most surely, the right step to take. More and more the most promising young men of China, the men who are to be her future rulers, are seeking education in the colleges of Europe and America, but she ought to have a first class institution of her own, where her ambitious youth may have all the helps of modern training and science.

The old China is passing away, and a new and mighty China is coming on, with which Europe and America have got to reckon, and wisdom bids us hasten to look this changed future in the face. Our past treatment of the Chinese has been impolitic, short-sighted, un-American and un-Christian. California owes a large debt to these strangers. She is twenty-five years advanced, today, by what they have done for us, and would be far better off than she is, were there twice as many of them here as there are now. The foolishness of the cry of the labor unions, that their presence tends to lower the price of labor, is shown by the fact that here, where there are more Chinese than anywhere else in our country, wages are higher than anywhere else. Their entry on the field of house service raised the wages of all competent women servants.

Friends of the Chinese are often taunted with the

question, "Would you like your daughter to marry a Chinaman?" I would not like my daughter to marry a Chinaman, or an ordinary Portugese, Italian, Pole, or Barbary Coast Yankee,—not much choice here—but all these, except the Chinaman, are welcomed as citizens, and so ought he to be. If our Declaration of Independence tells the truth, the Chinese and Japanese ought to be admitted to citizenship on the same terms as citizens of any other country, and if we do not so admit them voluntarily, the time is not far away when we shall be compelled to do so.

Meanwhile, let all lovers of this race, and especially all Yale Alumni, rejoice at the opportunity of building up in old China an institution to rival grand old Yale. Contributions, large or small, of course very much needed, may be sent to Pierce V. Welch, Treasurer, at the First National Bank, New Haven, Ct.

ON GUARD!

"General Order 69."

By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D., New York City.

The friends of Temperance are in danger of being caught napping. There is an impression that the effort to restore the sale of intoxicating liquors in the Post-Exchange of the army has been given up. Far from it! The portentous silence in some quarters is simply due to the fact that a well-organized "still hunt" is under way.

There are five bills, providing for the restoration of the sale of liquor in the Canteens, now in congressional committee; any one of which may be sprung at the opportune moment; that is, at the first moment when the people are sufficiently off their guard to permit it.

The secular papers, with a few notable exceptions, are lending themselves to this "still hunt." There are frequent articles, sometimes in editorial form, bearing upon the matter and practically all on one side. As a rule, they abound in misstatements and perversions of fact. All efforts to correct them are vain. The columns of the secular press are generally closed against the advocates of temperance. How shall this be accounted for?

For example, these papers say, quoting from Congressman Morrell, that "there is an increase of drunkenness, disease, insubordination, desertion, moral and physical degeneration in the army since the closing of the Canteen" and "Ninety per cent. of those in command of Posts have expressed a positive opinion that the Anti-Canteen law has increased trials by court martials ninety-five per cent." This is not only not true; it is immeasurably wide of the truth. The official figures of the war department show that in 1900 there were 1645 court martials for drunkenness and in 1906 (with canteen closed) 504. Does that look like a "ninety-five per cent. increase?" But get the newspapers to print that if you can!

And they say that practically all officers as well as soldiers favor the sale of liquor. How about Generals Miles, Shafter, Wheeler, Daggett, Henry, Boynton, Wilcox and Stanley? How about Colonels Durbin, Gunder and Gless? How about Surgeon-General Sternberg and Surgeon Genella; with others of like character? But you will watch the papers in vain to see their side of it.

They say there is a dreadful state of affairs in the army; a great increase of drunkenness, rioting, licentiousness, prolonged orgies and excesses of every sort, and all owing to the discontinuance of the traffic in liquor. This is important if true. If the American army is made up of such soldiers the people ought to know it. Parents ought to know it before they permit their sons to enlist. God have mercy on a nation that leans for its defense on an army of drunkards! But the statement is not true; it is slanderously false. And who is responsible for it? In large measure, the officers themselves, who (very many of them being habitual drinkers) have leaped the saddle in their effort to ride this unmanageable horse. The self-respecting men in the ranks of the army should have a chance to speak in their own behalf as against their "superiors" who have thus maligned them.

And the newspapers say, furthermore, that the officers are no longer able to control their men; that they cannot keep them from going to dives and dens of infamy outside the Posts, that discipline cannot be maintained without beer; that insubordination is the rule, etc. This also is important if true. If the men in command are so lacking in the essential qualities of an efficient officer, the inference is plain. If colonels in charge of regiments, with military law at their back, are not able to maintain among their men the same amount of discipline that prevails in colleges, Masonic lodges, labor guilds, Saint Patrick societies and Sunday-schools, it is high time that we should have a different lot of colonels. Was there ever a more humiliating confession of incompetency since Adam said, "The woman tempted me and I did eat?"

Who is responsible for the misstatements, misrepresentations, distortions of statistics and ungrounded conclusions of the secular press?

Not President Roosevelt, nor Secretary Taft. They have persistently refused to lend themselves to this nefarious business.

Are they written by subordinates in the war department? If so, would it not be well for their superiors to call a halt? The Methodist ministers of Syracuse, on making a protest against an article of this character in the "Post-Herald" of that city, were answered as follows: "The 'Post-Standard's' report of the 'Workings of the Canteen,' printed yesterday morning, came, like that of the 'Times-Herald,' through the usual channels for the gathering of news. It did not emanate from the liquor organizations of the country but from the war department at Washington!"

In this connection it may not be amiss to say that the appropriation of $40,000 made by congress to improve the Post-Exchange on Governor's Island was used, instead, for the improvement of the officers' clubroom! And liquors are, at this writing on tap on Governor's Island, despite the amendment to general order 69. Should this fact be questioned, the writer will be glad to substantiate it. And good people are still eulogizing the sanctity of law!

But back of all others engaged in this campaign of the Canteen stands the organized and mobilized army of brewers and distillers. It is these who command the "still hunt." It is these who control the literary bureau from which emanate the false and distorted pleas for the army dram-shop. ("The Army Canteen has accomplished more for the morals and discipline of the Army than all other agencies combined." Resolution of Detroit Saloon Keepers' Convention.) There is, moreover, a tremendous subsidizing power in the

advertising contracts of the secular press; and there are millions of money to enforce it. Prior to the exclusion of beer from the Post-Stations the sale of liquor to soldiers amounted to three and a quarter millions of dollars in a period of two years! Is it to be expected that the brewers and distillers will quietly submit to such a loss? The fervor of "argument" for the return of the beer-canteen is chiefly to be accounted for in this way. "The devil tare him before he came out of him."

No doubt there are people who can have the wool pulled over their eyes; "but all the people cannot be fooled all the time." The scheme is getting to be so diaphanous that any person of common intellect can see through it.

But the word is "On Guard!" If any is in doubt as to the merits of the argument **pro** and **contra** he may satisfy himself by applying for literature to the National Temperance Society, 3 East 14th Street, New York.

DOCTRINE AS TO PRIVATE LETTERS.

[Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale in the Christian Register.]

The duties of people in modern life with regard to their use of private letters reduces itself to a question of morals rather than one of law. Perhaps as simple a statement of the unwritten law of the subject will be to say that a man who makes public a private letter without the permission of the writer is a blackguard, rather than to say that he is a felon.

It is true that the law of England and of America steadily holds to the theory that the letter is the property of the man who writes it, and is not the property of the man who receives it. It has even been held in the courts that the writer of a letter may obtain copyright upon it, though it were many years after it was written. It has also been held that executors or administrators may be compelled to surrender letters to their writers in settling the estates of persons deceased.

But there are now sad temptations in the business. Thus a telegraph operator has received and transmitted a message from one financier to another. The operator goes to his lunch, and is offered $100 by someone waiting for him who wants to know what the message was; and he takes the $100 and violates his secret. The general verdict, even of the accomplished reader of these lines, will be that the operator, man or woman, who does this is a blackguard; but at the same time, the general expression will be that of the old joker: "You must not expect all the virtues for a dollar a day." There is, perhaps, growing to be a feeling that a telegraphic message is not confidential. So far as that feeling goes the public conscience is wounded. Is it, perhaps, possible that the old tone of feeling with regard to private corespondence has been a little relaxed among people by such semi-publicity given to telegraphic dispatches?

Would it not, perhaps, be possible for the legislation of the country to cover this difficulty? Would it not be possible to prohibit telegraph companies or their servants from revealing to any outside person the contents of telegraphic messages by making such revelation felony? If you sent an operator to jail for twelve months when he had revealed any secrets, a certain disgrace would attach to the revelation which would go far to secure this secrecy.

It would be difficult, however, to carry such a statute so far as to cover the important or the unimportant information given in private letters. You could hardly say that a man should be sent to jail because he had said it is a fine day in St. Louis when he learned that from a private letter. And you cannot legislate for one class of information unless you include all classes. You are thrown back, therefore, on the requisites intangible, if you please, but none the less real, of honor and truth. You are thrown back on the Golden Rule.

No priest who had received a confession in the Roman Catholic church would repeat that confession, even under the requisition of a court. The same may be said of any clergyman in any communion. I think that in some of our states the necessity of such privacy is recognized by statute. Whether it is or is not the unwritten law is the same. Whoever does violate the privacy of correspondence intentionally takes himself out from the body of men who are to receive any trust either in private or in public service.

AN INTER-CHURCH TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

In response to the call of the temperance committees of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., and the United Presbyterian Church, temperance committees of twelve other denominations, and other distinguished temperance workers, met in conference at Pittsburg, Pa., at the Y. M. C. A., January 30, 31, and brought about what the Cumberland Presbyterian thinks will likely be a history-making event in this great reform. The following denominations participated: Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestant; African Methodist; Congregational; United Brethren; Evangelical Lutheran, General Synod; Church of God; Baptist; Friends; Reformed Presbyterians; United Presbyterian; Presbyterian, U. S. A.; Disciples; Free Methodists.

Among the persons in attendance were: W. F. Crafts, Ph.D., Rev. P. A. Baker, D.D., Rev. Howard C. Russell, D.D., Hon. Joshua Levering, of Balitmore, Hon. Alonzo E. Wilson, of Chicago, and John Royal Harris, Pittsburg, Pa., ex-superintendent of the Tennessee Anti-Saloon League, and now pastor of the Shady Avenue Presbyterian Church, and a member of the temperance committee of the Presbyterian Church.

Reporting this meeting, the Cumberland Presbyterian says:

"A committee on resolutions brought in a plan for a permanent inter-church temperance council, which was debated for half a day, and enthusiastically adopted. The objects were stated to be: unity of all church temperance agencies; the promotion of gospel temperance; mutual counsel; stirring of sentiment to bear upon civil authorities for better laws; careful keeping of the church from entangling political alliances; and the bringing of it to its clear duty in overthrowing the liquor traffic:

"No legislation is to be passed, binding upon constituent bodies, which are to consist of all those admitted to the Inter-Church Federation formed at New York in 1905, and the council is not to become operative until ratified by these bodies, and delegates appointed. Each denomination is to have four members,

ministers and laymen equally divided, and two for every 200,000 communicants or fractional part thereof. Usual officers are provided for, with a vice president from each denomination. The executive committee is to consist of fourteen, no more than two from any one denomination. Meetings and elections are to be held annually, and the finances are to be provided for by constituent bodies, according to proportion of membership. Auxiliary councils are to be formed in states, and wherever deemed necessary. At the meetings, a majority of the bodies participating will be necessary for a quorum. Amendments will have to be passed at the meetings, and ratified by the denominations. The council is to cooperate with the Inter-Church Federation, and report to it as well as to the highest church courts.

"The following resolutions were passed: To present the plan to the supreme church courts as soon as possible; to ask that all denominational committees participating be called committees on Temperance and Moral Reform; to ask the Presbyterian committees to continue corresponding until at least seven denominations have ratified the plan adopted at this conference, and then to call a meeting; to wish all non-ecclesiastical temperance agencies good-speed; to indorse the Littlefield-Carmack bill now pending in congress.

"Anti-Saloon League representatives seemed to view the movement as one inimical to the league's work, and opposed the plan rather warmly, but upon assurances that such an organization was needed to do work that the league could not, much of the opposition seemed to pass away upon the final vote. A W. C. T. U. worker, Mrs. E. N. Law, of Detroit, made a speech right at the psychological moment, which had much to do with action being taken without delaying until each denomination could, in highest judicatory, appoint delegates to such a conference, which must then report back to the denominations for ratification. She said that this was what the women had worked and prayed for for many years, and that while delaying drunkards were dying by the thousands, and that their wives and children were being starved, kicked and killed. She said that the W. C. T. U. can live after such a federation of temperance forces, and that any organization which will be killed by such action ought to die.

"When the final vote was taken, all broke out singing the doxology, for it was felt that a new epoch of reform had come."

Self-centered life is everywhere the great disturber of human happiness. It defeats itself and keeps its victims forever upon the rack. It collides with others' interests, and God is in its way. It destroys the peace of the home. It leads husbands to be indifferent or unkind to their wives, and wives to regard their husbands only as the chief of their own conveniences. It underlies suits for divorce. It leads children to demand that the whole of the family arrangements shall be managed with reference to their personal pleasure. It breeds social jealousies and neighborhood quarrels; it breaks up church choirs; scrambles for the chief seats in the synagogues, and sets church members to praying, "Lord, grant that we may sit on thy right hand and on thy left in thy kingdom." It leads Diotrephese to love the preeminence. It is to the credit of the religion of Christ that selfishness cannot live in peace with it.—Rev. D. W. C. Huntington, D.D.

Among the Churches.

Anaheim.—Seven persons united with the church at Anaheim on a recent Sunday.

Pomona.—On Sunday February 3rd, 49 persons were welcomed into the membership of the church at Pomona. During the last ten months 126 persons have been received.

Lompoc.—The church at Lompoc is free from debt, a $600 note having been cancelled recently. The church is growing in numbers and usefulness under the leadership of the Rev. C. S. Tanner.

Inglewood.—Largely as a result of evangelistic services held for two and a half weeks in January, 24 persons were received into the membership of the church at a recent communion service, fourteen uniting on confession of their faith.

San Pedro.—The beautiful edifice erected during the last few months by St. Andrews Presbyterian Church at a cost of $20,000 was dedicated on Sunday, February 3rd. The dedicatory sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker of Los Angeles. The building is of Gothic architecture, constructed of artificial stone, and has a seating capacity of 600 when adjoining rooms are opened into the auditorium. There is a basement 50 by 70 feet in size in which is a gymnasium and a kitchen and dining room. This new house of worship is one in which all San Pedro people have delight. On the day of dedication there was an afternoon meeting in the church in which the clergymen of the different denominations participated, among them the Roman Catholic. For this beautiful edifice much credit is due the pastor, the Rev. W. G. Mills, who in a pastorate of less than two years' duration has led not only in the building of the church but a manse also, which cost about $2,500.

Petaluma.—Union evangelistic services were held here during January, the Congregational, Baptist, Disciples, and two Methodist churches joining in the services in our own church. No assistance was sought from without, the work being entirely in the hands of the local pastors, who preached in turn. The singing evangelist was one of the Methodist pastors, and special music was also rendered by a male quartette, in which two of the pastors sang. Wet weather did not suffice to keep the people from the services, and both attendance and interest increased from week to week. There were a number who professed conversion, but it is clear that the value of the services cannot be measured in this way. This is certainly the case in the work of our own church. Since the meetings closed, others have decided for Christ, largely because of impressions received at that time. On Sunday, Feb. 10, the pastor Rev. Luther Davis, welcomed into church membership twelve persons, nine of whom came upon confession of faith. Others will follow at the March communion. Twenty-nine members have been added to this church since last April.

SOME HOME MISSIONARY FIELDS.

Plano and Lindsay.

Rev. Thomas Fraser, D.D., general missionary of the Synod of the Pacific and Rev. John Edwards, missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Domestic Mis-

sions, on the 13th of June, 1869, organized the Presbyterian Church of Tule River, Tulare county, now known as Plano Presbyterian Church. The present Elder, William Thomson, now 82 years old, was elected and ordained ruling elder.

The church at Lindsay was organized about four years ago by Dr. W. B. Noble, synodical missionary, and by Dr. Graybill. In April, 1906, Rev. A. F. Thomson, of Nova Scotia, took charge of Plano, Lindsay and Exeter churches, under supervision of San Joaquin Presbytery. Plano Church reported 6 members and Lindsav 10. The former has at present writing 15 enrolled and the latter 35. There will be 8 persons received at Lindsay next communion service. There have been two infants baptized and two adults. In May, Exeter Church, by its own volition was separated from Plano and Lindsay.

The Ladies' Aid of Plano, papered and painted the rooms of the manse, and repaired the old time church edifice.

The first Sunday of the year, Pastor Thomson organized a Sunday-school at Lindsay. Mr. A. P. Graybill was elected superintendent; teachers, officers and scholars number 30. The Lindsay Church, since its organization, up to last October, worshipped in the Baptist church. The Fraternal Hall was rented in October at four dollars per Sabbath, and in January leased until completion of church edifice at $16 per month for Sunday services.

A corner, embracing three lots, valued at $800 has been secured, and $3,500 pledged towards erection of a $7,000 church. A modern plan, along the lines of the Old Mission style has been decided on, and the contract has been let to a San Joaquin Valley contractor. Lindsay congregation pledged towards pastor's support in 1906, $200; this year will pledge $600. One year more, under Mr. Thomson's leadership, the church at Lindsay would be self-supporting. A manse would be erected and all of a minister's time called for by the congregation. That Mr. Thomson contemplates withdrawing from above field is a matter of deep regret to San Joaquin Presbytery and the Presbyterians of Lindsav and Plano.

It becomes more difficult every month for the Home Mission Committee to secure the services of a minister who can rise to the occasion, and meet the various and curious needs of a young church in California, and in less than a year show such results as Mr. Thomson can at Lindsay and Plano.

The Ladies' Aid Society at Lindsay, has cooperated heartily with Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, and has been an invaluable ally in raising funds for the new church. "Many daughters have done excellently, but thou excellest them all." Prov. 31:29.

Knowles, Coarse Gold, etc.

Coarse Gold Church was organized by Dr. Noble and Rev. W. B. McElewee, Nov. 29, 1903. Knowles is the most important preaching station grouped with above church. For three years this field, embracing four points, was without a shepherd. November, 1906, Rev. W. N. Price and his bride, arrived from Dayton, Tenn, in response to an invitation from congregations on the field and the Home Mission Committee. Mr. Price preaches regularly at Raymond, Knowles, Coarse Gold, Sierraoak, Fresno Flats, and when snow is not too deep on the trails, in the High Sierras, at Sugar Pine. This winter there are 200 men and 15 families in Sugar Pine camps. Mr. Price's headquarters is Knowle's granite quarry. Half a mile distant there is another quarry, and the combined pay rolls represent between 400 and 500 stone carvers and quarrymen, and there are about 50 families; some have been in Knowles five, eight and ten years. Stone carvers' wage is $4.50 per day of eight hours, and quarrymen receive $3.00 per day.

A recent letter tells of the spiritual uplift which came to many from meetings held the first week of the new year. A watch meeting which was held on the eve of the new year was followed by meetings in different homes during the week. One person writes that the watch-meeting was one which will go with many in its strengthening influence down through all the weeks of the year.—"Nomad."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Walter Scroggs, M. D., has purchased the drug store at San Anselmo. He intends to move here soon to practice medicine and manage his drug business. Dr. Scroggs was a student in the Seminary from 1892 to 1894. Later he studied medicine and was sent to the Orient as a medical missionary. His wife's health, however, made it necessary for him to return to this country. He has since practiced medicine at Vacaville and Palo Alto.

Prof. Paterson has been invited to take charge of the services of the First Church, Berkeley, while they are seeking a pastor.

Rev. George H. Roach, '00, after supplying the church at Bandon, Ore. very acceptably for more than a year, has been called to the pastorate.

Rev. Gilbert Voorhees, '05, who has been at Haskins, Iowa, since his graduation, has accepted a call to the church at Early, Iowa. The field at Haskins was a particularly difficult one, but by kindness, tact and energy Mr. Voorhees succeeded in it. His call to Early in a neighboring presbytery is of the nature of a promotion as it is a much larger and stronger church.

The February conference was held last Monday evening. The guest of the evening was President Hill of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Berkeley. Dr. Nash of the Pacific Theological Seminary was also to have been a guest, but was prevented by illness from attending. After dinner together as usual, Dr. Hill gave a very practical address on the needs of the present day pulpit. The remainder of the hour was given to testimony from professors and students as to the ministers' preaching they had heard which had most impressed them. Dr. Day presided.

"THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."

Who with his fellows hath no lot,
No potency for good or ill,
No place another might not fill,
Is dead, although he know it not.

But he who shared the common lot,
Some little place was glad to fill,
And moved some heart for good or ill,
Though dead lives on, long unforgot.

—Charles L. Story.

WILLIAM CAREY.

"The Father and Founder of Modern Missions."

William Carey was born Aug. 17, 1761, at Paulersbury, Northamptonshire, England. His father was clerk of the parish, and principal of the free school, in which young Carey received his elementary education. His early training and associations were thus with the established Church of England. He embraced Baptist principles, and was immersed in 1783, and then became pastor of a Baptist church in Moulton. Here he was a diligent student, not only of theology, but also of natural history, botany and modern languages. In 1787 he removed to Leicester, wher he had every prospect of a useful and happy life. But his call to missioinary service grew more and more emphatic, and he kept directing public attention to it, until the Baptist Missionary Society was formed, Oct. 2, 1792. The next year, June, 1793, accompanied by his family and his wife's sister, they set sail for India. Shortly after their arrival, they lost all their property by the upsetting of a boat on the Hooghly river. Left destitute, he did not lose faith in God, but went to work in an indigo factory. This brought him in close touch with the natives, and laid the foundation for that accurate and practical knowledge of the Bengalee and Sanscrit languages, which was so essential in translating the Bible into the numerous dialects of India. His mission of love and mercy was not an easy one. The British East India Company was opposed to missionaries, and put every obstacle in his way. In 1799, the Indian government refused to permit an increase of the missionary force, and they had to break up their establishment near Calcutta at a great loss, and seek a home in the Danish settlement at Serampore. Six years after his arrival in India, he baptized the first native convert, Krishna Pal, and 1801 he published his translation of the New Testament in Bengali. Before the close of the forty-one years of devoted service, either under his superintendence or by himself, translations of the Scriptures were made in thirty-five dialects or languages. Of these, six were of the whole Bible; twenty-two of the New Testament, five including also considerable portion of the Old Testament; and seven portions of the New Testament. Besides this, he wrote and published a great number and variety of tracts; and composed grammars and elementary text-books in many of the languages he acquired. He died June 9, 1834, after a life which fully exemplified his great missionary motto: "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." He received great things from God, and accomplished great things for God.

SPEAKING ENGLISH AND COLONIZATION.

The Christian Guardian says that Herr Dernberg the colonial secretary of the German Empire in discussing the Emperor's colonization schemes, refers "to the state of affairs in the middle of the eighteenth century, when there were 9,000,000 persons speaking English and 10,000,000 speaking German; while to-day 120,000,000 speak English, and only 70,000,000 speak German. This he attributed largely to the colonizing policy of Great Britain. With her increasing population Germany is rapidly becoming an industrial state, and must have markets for her products. Her colonies should be able to supply the raw material and absorb part of the exports, and so enable the motherland to hold her own in the markets of the world in spite of adverse tariffs. But more is necessary in colonizing than merely taking possession of the land and peopling it with colonists. The colonists must be loyal to the motherland. Are Germans? Yes, to the land, the old home; but perhaps not so loyal to the Emperor, with his warlike ambitions and his excessive war taxes. Germany free, might colonize; Germany as she is—never. Britain's freedom has made her great. Germany's greatness should make her free. The late elections in Germany however gave the Emperor's policy a great majority. Germany is exceedingly ambitious these days. There seems to be an irresistible impulse in the German blood to do something and do it now. We hope the warlike ferocity of the Emperor is true only in appearances.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Through the courtesy of the judiciary committee of the Assembly, we with other brethren of the church federation were given an opportunity to appear before that committee and state some reasons why the Legislature should submit to the people a constitutional amendment providing for a day of rest. Mr. Chauncey H. Dunn, Dr. H. H. Bell, Bishop Moreland, Rev. Mr. Swan, General Chipman, Rabbi Cohen made capital speeches explaining the nature and purpose of the law. Rev. Mr. Corliss, Mr. Healy, Mr. Wilcox of the Adventists appeared against the measure. They contended in a vague theoretical way that the measure was "religious" and therefore the State had no right to enact a religious law. They affected to believe such a law was the beginning of a bitter religious persecution. They scared themselves into flights of oratory over pictures they drew of "thumb screws," "racks" and "dungeons," forgetting that 100,000 employees in the State of California work away in the grime and dust every Sunday. They had logic, but no premises; they had conclusions, but vagaries, highly attenuated vagaries from which to derive them.

Saturday is Sunday, Saturday is a religious day, therefore Sunday is a religious day. Every effort was made to get them to agree to any sort of a day of rest, but they would not even agree to Saturday. They want to dispute. They had a large number of petitions. We opened the bundle and began to copy the names, but they objected at once. Of course they instantly knew that we intended to publish these names and show to the whole world that they had gone to the saloon-keepers and evil contingency in every community. Mr. Dunn and Bishop Moreland certainly did ample justice to the occasion. —California Christian Advocate.

"A movement was started among farmers' wives in Kentucky last year to devote to foreign missions the proceeds of all eggs laid on Sundays. The announcement has just been made that enough money has been raised in this way to send four missionaries to Japan next spring. Before the end of the present year it is expected that three or four "egg-paid" missioinaries will be sent to China.

"It was only last year that the Kentucky Woman's Missionary Society started the movement, and the results have been so encouraging that other religious organizations have taken up the idea. Before another year has passed it is not improbable that the hens of Kentucky and other States will be supporting a legion of missionaries."

The man who has stolen a few ideas always thinks he has an exclusive line of truth.

The Home.

Use me God in thy great harvest field
Which stretcheth far and wide like a wide sea.
The gatherers are so few; I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss. O find a place for me—
A place where best the strength I have will tell!
It may be one that other toilers shun;
Be it a wide or narrow place, 'tis well,
So that the work it holds be only done.
—Christina Rosetta.

THE MISSION OF A TEACUP.

By Christina Ross Frame.

In the round of a busy life there are sure to come opportunities for helpfulness so fraught with importance in their after effects as to make the little timely act of kindness a mark in memory's milestones.

It was a November afternoon, with a dull leaden sky and a persistent drizzling of rain. I had come in from the newspaper office with the consciousness of a profitable day's work. The fire burned cheerily in the open grate of my sitting room, and the maid brought in the tea apparatus (for I cling to the comforting fashion of my English grandmother and enjoy a sup of afternoon tea).

I arranged the silver tray, the old-fashioned teapot and the plate of thin bread and butter. Then I inadvertantly placed two teacups beside the cream jug. As I put out my hand to replace one, the words of an old servant in regard to an extra cup at table came to my mind, "Sure then, Miss, some one's coming that will be hungry." No one was likely to be coming hungry in this well-ordered boarding house. "Heart-hungry" was the phrase that flashed through my brain like an illumination.

"What about that young girl in the hall bedroom above?"

"Ask her," suggested the hospitable mentor. "If you do so she will stay and talk, and you will have no time to read that book for review," objected self-ease.

"She looked pale and depressed and unhappy at breakfast, and she was not at lunch," prompted kind heart.

A memory of my own experiences as a stranger in a strange land, and a glance at the extra cup settled the matter. As I climbed the stairs to her room I remembered with a twinge of conscience that she had seemed to be quite alone in the city. She was a very pretty girl, and I had often listened to her gay laugh ringing out from a neigboring table, half envious of the ten good years of youth that lay between us. Of late she had lost her spontaneous gaiety, and her white, set face of the morning boded trouble. My knock brought her to the door, and the look of fear and despair in the child's eves startled me.

"I want you to come and have tea," I began briskly in anticipation of her refusal, a refusal which I determinedly set aside. Within five minutes she was basking in the comfort of my parlor fire and renewing her acquaintance with the homely art of tea brewing.

I have always preferred to go from the table to my books and the quiet of my parlor, or to the pleasant homes of outside friends. I confess to a previous selfish indifference to those gathered under the same roof, content that they go their ways as I go mine; "but no one liveth to himself," even in a city boarding house. The girl had been sent from a country home to study music. Lessons from an expert teacher and board were heavy drains on the purse of her widowed mother. There were sacrifices being made for her sake by all the members of the family. A silly flirtation with one of the boarders had diverted her mind from her work. Her teacher had taken her sharply to task and had written the home folks. Then came grieved letters from her mother and sharp ones from her sisters, upbraiding her neglect of golden opportunities. The flirtatious young man had at this juncture transferred his attentions to a later arrival, and the girl was suffering the heart bitterness of the displeasure of her family and smarting under the covert amusement of the other boarders over the defection of her quondam admirer. She had been hovering, too, on the verge of a dangerous friendship with the objectionable man of our company, who had been ready to sympathize.

The boarding house gossip—there is always one—with mysterious look and significant shake of the head had carried her malicious tattle to the landlady. There had been a scene, and the girl's heart had been torn by the suspicious enmity of her fellow boarders. She was in the very depths of that unreasoning despair which seizes so violently upon the young when my timely invitation "brought balm in Gilead." Our quiet hour by the fire, our compact of friendship followed by her earnest, faithful work, brought its reward. The malicious gossip was lived down, and my little friend pursued her musical career with success for a few years, then became the happy wife of a mutual friend. One of my wedding presents was the Crown Derby cup, the insignificant hub upon which her wheel of fortune turned. To her that teacup preaches the story of character-growth that came from striving for what was strong and good and true. To me it tells of opportunities ever present for helpful service, opportunities that should never be despised, on account of their triviality.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

HER ONE TALENT.

Margaret Sangster tells of a woman neither young, nor beautiful, nor robust, nor accomplished, nor educated, who became a bride. She realized that she was extremely unlike her brilliant husband. "I have not even one talent to fold away in a napkin," she said. But her husband loved her, and she loved him, and would, please God, make him happy. "There is one comfort—I can keep house," she said. So she planned the delicate, dainty, healthful meals, and kept the home clean, but not forbiddingly spotless. It invited the tired husband to rest, to litter it with his books and papers, if it pleased him to bring work home from the office, while she set beside him ready to smile or speak as he looked up. The husband said one day: There's one talent you have, dear, beyond any one else in the world—the talent of having time enough for everything." His home was a suburb of paradise, and he went forth to the competitions of life steadily successful.

It is rare to find in this hurrying world a being who works with an air of repose; who can pause to listen to another's story; who has a heart touched to so responsive a key that sympathy in a friend's good for-

tune is as ready as pity for a friend's calamity. This woman, who had the one talent of doing fully and blithely every home obligation, by degrees became a social power. A large class of girls each Sabbath bent eagerly around her while she unfolded the lesson to them, and upon stated occasions she entertains the poor, pale, fagged-out girls of the down-town factories, and keeps them by kindly word and helpful ministry and a Christian example, from places of temptation, for she believes it as much a Christian work to keep young girls pure as to save the poor remnant of their ruined lives after they have fallen. Telling the life story of this woman, Margaret E. Sangster says: "Altogether, when I think of the sick beds this little woman sits by, the heartaches she soothes, the confidences of which she is the trusted recipient, the happy home life which is hers, and the good she is doing, silently, I am quite sure her talent is bearing interest for the Master."—S. S. Lesson Illustrator.

The Quiet Hour.

DAWN'S RECOMPENSE.

He begged me for the little toys at night,
  That I had taken lest he play too long,
The little broken toys—his sole delight.
  I held him close in wiser arms and strong,
  And sang with trembling voice the even-song.

Reluctantly the drowsy lids drooped low,
  And while he pleaded for the boon denied.
Then when he slept, sweet dream, content to know,
  I mended them and laid them by his side;
That he might find them in the early light,
And wake the gladder for this joyous sight.

So, Lord, like children, at the even fall
  We weep for broken playthings loath to part,
While Thou, unmoved, because Thou knowest all,
  Dost fold us from the treasures of our heart;
And we shall find them at the morning-tide
Awaiting us, unbroke and beautified.

—Ainslee's Magazine.

WHAT IS FAILURE?

It is well to recall pretty often and to ponder much that pregnant word of Canon Farrar's: "There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows." Yes, he fails, and he alone, who is false to his ideal, who comes short of that which God has made possible to him. He who deliberately lowers his moral standard for the sake of so-called success, worldly success, makes the most fatal of all mistakes. He may not do any very bad things, he may be quite as good as the average of his class, but the one act remains—he has turned his back upon the light, he has not been true to his own particular revelation. He has lost something out of his life, for which no amount of self or human praise can be any compensation. The high aroma of genuine goodness is gone. "Failure" is written across his soul.

Archbishop Whatley also says something important on this theme—namely: "I never fail, for my orders are not to conquer, but only to fight, and whenever I do conquer also, that is so much over and above." This is in line with the motto: "Duties are ours; events are God's." To accomplish this, that or the other is often wholly beyond our power, and in that case we are in no sense responsible for it. The not accomplishing it should not for a moment be regarded as failure. The high aim is the only essential thing. He who is true to the best that he knows and carries out daily the orders of his Master, doing what God purposes to do through him, does really all that he plans or wishes; hence truly succeeds, however little he has to show.

Failure as we would measure it is often high testimony to a man's real work, showing him too good for this world and much better adapted to the next. Ill success in this low sense often arises from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retring. Many men have been thrust into the background because they were not brazen-faced enough to push themselves forward. Many have remianed at the bottom of the ladder because they would not stoop to the tricks and arts by which others rose. They were too refined, too particular, too careful about soiling and staining their souls, so they remained contentedly in the rear while such as did not mind the dirt and soot pushed to the front. True happiness here and a high place in heaven hereafter is for those who fail in this way. Of course, where it is sheer laziness or a lack of prudence, patience and perseverence, which is at the root of the ill-success, quite a different line of remark is in place, but he whose character is a success, need have no envy for those who have merely achieved the lesser goods of wealth and fame. He will receive all respect from the discriminating of earth and lasting praise from the God of glory.—Ex.

Young People.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

It always takes courage, my boy, to do right;
  'Tis easier far to do wrong.
But the right makes you walk with your head erect,
  And fills your heart with a song.

'Tis harder to say that little word "No"
  Than to yield to the tempter's voice;
But, ah! that "No" gives you victory, lad,
  A victory that makes you rejoice.

'Tis harder, my boy, to climb up a hill
  Than to go down the other way;
At the bottom are shadows and darkness and gloom,
  At the top is the brightness of day.

Then try for the right, and boldly say "No."
  Whenever you're tempted to stray,
Ask Jesus to help you; He'll do it, I know,
  And give you the vict'ry each day.

—Anna Huber Kent.

REBELLION OF "FRONT NO. 3."

The big hotel swarmed with guests, and Front No. 3 certainly had enough to keep him busy. At least, it seemed to him as if the clerk's bell was never quiet. People were continually coming and going, thronging

the corridors, and keeping everybody connected with the house running and hurrying about with trunks, valises, bags, messages and errands of all sorts. Front No. 3 had his share. He was the new bell boy, but he promised to be of the right sort, as he proved to be alert and quick to learn.

Senator Robinson, the idol of the district, was coming to town, and he was booked for a banquet and a speech-making in Parlor A that very night, and everybody from far and near had been invited to attend and meet the great man. It seemed as if the big register would not hold all the names of those who made application for rooms. When the clerk began reluctantly turning people away, Front No. 3 knew that the only vacant rooms left in the hotel were those that had been reserved for the occupancy of the Senator and his friends.

The morning had almost passed when a cheer went up from the crowd that had gathered outside the doors, and when a large, genial faced man entered, everybody at once became aware that the senator had arrived. The new boy did not stare, much as he would like to, but ran to his side in an instant to take charge of the hand baggage, a privilege that the other fellows would almost have fought for had they not happened to be in various parts of the hotel on as many errands at the time.

"Show the senator his rooms, Front," was the word.

The boy obeyed with alacrity, and the elevatorman performed his little part with all due dignity. Showing every required courtesy and service, Front 3 safely bestowed the distinguished guest in his room and was backing in the direction of the door when the senator stopped him. "Boy, bring up a bottle of whisky, some water and glasses."

The shoulders of Front No. 3 straightened almost imperceptibly and his eyes grew suddenly tense. He had not planned for anything quite like this. He had thought the waiters would be called up for anything of that sort. But here was a guest, a great man in the eyes of the people of the district and state, asking a temperance boy for whisky, and poor little Front No. 3 was stunned a little and started to hesitate.

The senator noticed the momentary silence, and glancing up from a letter he held in his hand said a bit impatiently:

"Well, that's all."

The bell boy found his voice, and "dared to be a Daniel" yet again.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Well, sorry for what? What's the matter—no whisky in the house? Or, what's the trouble. Out with it."

Few boys could prevent themselves from trembling in their shoes with a difficulty of this sort presented and in such a presence. Front No. 3 trembled and looked sadly confused, but he managed to lift his eyes as he bravely said:

"The trouble is, sir, I've made a promise, and I can't break it if I lose my place—no, not for the Presidone of the United States."

It was the senator's turn to be somewhat astonished now, though he laid aside his letter and gazed at the boy with more curiosity than displeasure in his face.

"Why, boy, what do you mean? What are you here for in this hotel? Have you been here long? I ought to be very angry with you and send a complaint to the office. But—well there, I'm accustomed to have folks speak up when they have a grievance. I'm waiting."

"I confess I am a new boy, sir, and I never expected to be called upon to order intoxicating liquors or I never should have tried for the place. But I suppose it's all up with me now. I can't take your order downstairs, sir."

"Tell me why," temporized the senator, with something like amusement on his face.

Front No. 3 almost broke down at this question, but he answered half sobbingly:

"My father died in delirium tremens, and I have a brother in prison for drinking and gambling, so that I am doing my best to help support my mother. I go to Sundayschool, where I have made a promise never to touch, taste nor handle strong drink of any sort."

"Well, I don't believe you ever will, my boy," replied the senator, encouragingly, "if you always exhibit the sort of courage you are showing now. It is unusual, and to be honest with you, I haven't anything like animosity toward you for making such a manly stand. I'm always glad to meet such a boy, but I certainly never expected to meet one here. Some one ought to have told you that you would be called upon to order drinks for guests, because most people would not be likely to take your refusal so easily. Still, I am always willing to learn from any one, and by the way, you have suddenly forgotten. I do not drink myself, but when my friends call they generally expect liquor of some sort. They must do without it today. So, if you will just order some water and glasses you may consider yourself the winner."

To say that the "winner" was overcome would be putting it rather mildly. He ejaculated, "Oh, thank you, Senator Robinson," and was moving away, when—

"Hold on," called the senator. "You won't be able to stay here, you know, with the principles you hold. I know where just such a boy as yourself is needed. Give me your address and I'll not forget."

When the little rebel who had won so startling a victory went to the office and surrendered his position it was only to accept, later on, an enviable position of trust in a hospital of the senator's own founding. The senator looked out for him, and Front No. 3 is a temperance physician and surgeon today, owing all his success to him not to forget his pledge under any circumstances whatever.—Frank Walcot, in The National Advocate.

AT THE HEAD OF SOMETHING.

In one of the hotel lobbies in Washington a dusky porter, while brushing the coat of Bishop Galloway, looked up and inquired: "Say, colonel, whar you from?" The Bishop replied: "I came from Jackson, Miss.; but I am not a colonel." As the porter continued his operation, he said in an inquiring way: "Well, jedge, how long you gwine to stay here?" The Bishop answered: "I may stay two or three days; but I am not a judge." Then the raven-hued porter, in a puzzled way, asked: "Well, boss, whar you gwine?" With a smile the Bishop made answer, naming his probable destination, adding: "I am not a boss; I am a bishop of the Methodist Church." The negro, stepping away a few feet and looking up with a satisfied air, said: "Well, I didn't jes' know what you wuz, but I did know that you wuz at de head ob whatever you wuz."—St. Louis Advocate.

THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS IN FRANCE.

The Methodist Recorder contains the following clear account of the religious crisis in France. There has been such a determined effort on the part of the hierarchy in America, and there is a hierarchy in America, to warp and distort public opinion on this subject that we think it worth while to reprint this article from one who thoroughly understands the situation at first hand. [Editor.]

The Religious Crisis in France.

At the London Ministers' Meeting, which was held at City Road on Friday, the Rev. J. Wesley Genge in the chair, the Rev. A. D. De Mouilpied gave an address on the Religious Crisis in France, in which, in a brilliant and illuminating way, he showed the exact position of Church and State in France, traced this to its causes, and indicated some of the almost certain issues.

Mr. De Mouilpied said: "No movement in the life of a nation in our own time is more worthy of the attention of the student of history, or more pregnant with meaning for statesmen, or more instructive for the Reformed Churches of Christendom than that which is taking place in contemporary France, and which may be called the Revolt of France against the Vatican. It is not a new struggle, but it is a new phase, and some hope that it is the last phase of an age-long dispute between the Civil power of France and the Ecclesiastical Power of the Papacy. It is the conflict between the layman and the priest, between science and miracle working Madonnas, between freedom of conscience and spiritual despotism, between democracy and autocracy, between the twentieth century and the dark ages, between the France of the Revolution and the Syllabus and Papal Infallibility. It is a struggle for the soul of a nation. France wishes to be mistress of herself, to administer her own affairs, to carry to its logical conclusion her manhood suffrage, and hence claims to have the right and the duty to exercise her authority in every sphere of the nation's life. The present movement is the resumption of the action of France toward the Church of Rome during the world-shaking Revolution of 1789, which was interrupted by the Concordat made by Bonaparte in 1801, and by all subsequent French Governments until the present time. At the beginning of the great Revolution the Church of Rome was the only Church in France. Protestantism had been drowned in a sea of its own blood. The Church's wealth was enormous. But since that day all the possessions of the Church have been the property of the nation. When Napoleon began his career he turned to the broken and scattered, but yet living, Church of Rome for support. He found in the priesthood most willing auxiliaries in his efforts to reestablish order in France. His re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Church in France was, therefore, wholly a political and dynastic action, into which thoughts for the glory of God and the good of the souls of men never entered. By the Concordat the Government recognized that the Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the great majority of the French, and that its worship would be public, and guaranteed by the Government. Measures, however, were taken to secure, as it was thought the subordination of the spiritual to the civil power. The attempt has been successful, and the history of the working of the Concordat for the last 104 years is the history of the oscillations of the religious and political life of France during that period. The cataclysm of 1870 brought France out of a fool's paradise to see and to study the secrets of national strength and prosperity; and she soon perceived that she had been worsted in that fateful encounter not only by the superior strategy of Von Moltke, but by the German schoolmaster. One of the first laws passed by the still bleeding Republic was one for the universal education of the children in France, and as education was made compulsory it was also made gratuitous and lay. This action of the State destroyed the supremacy of the priest in the schools. The State acted for its own salvation, for France was conscious that if her national interests were to be subordinated to ecclesiastical interests her doom was sealed. The Church of Rome always cries out that it is being persecuted when it cannot have its own way in all things, and so there began a war, strong as life and death can make it, between Clericalism and the State. A great outcry was raised by the Church against the Godless schools; the contending parties were marshalled against each other, and found their true position in the country when general elections took place. They also measured themselves during the Dreyfus crisis—that 'affaire' shook France from centre to circumference. Had Dreyfus not been a Jew there would have been no 'affaire' at all. But for years from thousands of pulpits there was preached against the Jews and Protestants a crusade which for virulence, bitter hatred, and intense passion was not surpassed by any crusade against the infidel. But all this was but a part of the battle; and the storm which fanned to yet fiercer flame the already burning fire was the action of the Pope toward the French Bishops. The Concordat stipulated that no French Bishop should leave the country and go to Rome without the knowledge and consent of the Government. Two Bishops in France fell under the suspicion of the Papal See, and were summoned to appear before the Pope. The Government dissuaded them and promised its full protection. But they went, and the French Government was left the laughing stock of the Vatican and of its friends and allies all over the world. Then came the final cause of the rupture on the occasion of the visit of the President of the Republic to Rome. Everything that the Vatican could do was done to prevent M. Loubet from going to Rome; but he did go, and was received there with royal honours, and he did not visit the Pope. That the representative of the eldest daughter of the Church should visit Rome, and not visit the Pope was a greater incident than if the Kaiser visited the Lord Mayor of London, and did not visit King Edward. The Curia was indignant, and wrote letters of protest to every Chancellery in Europe. It was in the full knowledge of this and similar incidents that the last General Election in France took place. The vote was so overwhelmingly in favour of the Republic, both for the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, that the representatives of the people felt that they were authorized by the mandate of the nation to bring the quarrel to its logical conclusion, and so the separation of Church and State was voted last year. The terms of separation were most generous for the Church; liberty of worship and conscience were assured to every French citizen. But there is one clause in the new law which is bitterly opposed—that which makes Church property and revenues no longer the sole possession of the Church, but to be held by trustees as the property of the nation. And this arrays against the Government some of the greatest forces: the whole Roman Catholic Church in the world, the immense power of the clergy, the force of a great and prolonged tradition, the supreme influence of religion itself, the power of Death, and the works of mercy of the Catholic Church. Yet, when everything has been said in favour of the continuity of the Curch of Rome, and the permanence of her action upon the French nation, it is very certain that the Church has entered upon a new plane of existence, and that an altogether new order of things demands her attention. The manhood of France has declared that it will no longer subordinate the interests of the country to the Roman Curia. Further, the cause of France is just; there is no revolt against God; no oppression, no persecutions for the sake of religion. The action of the Parliament is not anti-religious, nor irreligious, but absolutely non-religious—the nation wishes once more and for all to be free from the authority of the priesthood."

MARYLAND'S FAMOUS DOLL.

In 1699, when William Penn sailed from England in the good ship Canterbury his second visit to his American colony, he brought with him an English doll, of which so far scant notice has been taken, although it is believed to be today the sole surviving representative of that voyage across the Atlantic. The doll, selected by William Penn's daughter, Letitia, was sent by her to a little Miss Rankin, of Philadelphia; and, after two hundred eventful years, still retains in a marked degree much of the brightness and beauty of those early days when she was the pet of one little Quakeress after another.

Her dress, not having changed with the changing fashions, is the court dress of that period, and is made of striped and delicately-tinted brocade and velvet. The skirt is very full, and is distended over an enormous hoop. She is twenty inches in height, and her figure is long-waisted and slender, as are the pictures of court beauties in those days. The full basque spreading out from the belt over the skirt enchances the slender effect. The hair is rolled away from the face much in the fashion of today.

She now lives in Montgomery County, Maryland, in the retirment her great age demands, only being removed from her careful wrappings when strangers whom her quiet fame has reached come to make acquaintance with this the oldest doll in America.

THE GLORY BEYOND.

A dismal day was drawing to its close. Pensively I sat at a window, looking down at the little graveyard not more than a hundred paces distant. I had tried to look elsewhere, but a continued effort was in vain. Not the domes and spires of the beautiful city, nor the clump of tall trees standing like gaunt spectres against the leaden clouds, nor the great gash of crimson across the bosom of the sky could hold my attention for more than a few seconds at a time. My thoughts were in the burial-place. My heart was there also. Memory is so active on dismal days.

And old man kept my eyes riveted upon him. His hair was white with the snows of many winters; his back was bent with the weight of life's burdens. With hands crossed behind him —the sure sign of recollection's mood —he moved with solemn leisure among the tombs and monuments, reading the epitaphs engraved theron, or pausing occasionally before some paling raised by hands of affection. Then a man and woman walked down a lane of the cemetery. I knew them. Only two days before I had stood with them beside the open grave, and said something over the sacred dust of their child. Coming near the little mound they halted, gazed about them and at each other with the bewilderment of a first sorrow, then walked the remaining distance and tenderly placed the flowers which they carried in their arms.

I turned my eyes to the sky. And oh, what glory of setting sun burst upon my vision! Its like I can never expect to behold again in this world. Little by little the mass of mottled crimson changed its form, here and there letting the red appear like gory splashes over its entire surface. Soon the crimson disappeared entirely, save along the upper and the lower fringe, and at the jagged end far to the north, leaving the center completely aflame, as though some vast, dry forest had been set on fire with ten million torches. It burned as though it had forever burned and yet should never be consumed. In several places molten gold flowed through, working its way adown the stretches of flame, to lose itself at last in the olive-green border just above the ocean's rim. Then the form of the centre changed again, leaving one portion like unto the Revelator's sea of glass mingled with fire, and another portion like unto a lake, which in a few moments more became elongated, and changing color from a pale green to a silver grey, extended itself far, far to the south, yet high up into what seemed like mountains, suggesting "the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb."

Turning my eyes again to the city of the dead I saw the three intently gazing also, the old man standing with head uncovered. They had forgotten all about the tombs and the tokens of mortality. How insignificant and even meaningless those things seemed to us all as we beheld that panorama of glory in the sky! Oh, wonderful prophecy of the soul's eternal vision! Wonderful prophecy of the soul's best vision here! With the eye continually fixed upon the splendors of the city that lieth foursquare, what sights of earth can hold our gaze? With the hope of the eternal strong within us what grave can hold our fears or make us forget that beyond the smiling and the weeping we shall be satisfied?—Edwin Francis Brown.

GRANDMA.

When Grandma puts her glasses on
  And looks at me—just so—
If I have done a naughty thing,
  She's sure, somehow, to know.
How is it she can always tell
  So very, very, very well?

She says to me, "Yes, little one,
  'Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way
  And turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor
  She's sure to know it all the more.
If I should put the glasses on
  And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
  So very, very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true
  That grandma had been naughty too?

But, ah, what am I thinking of,
  To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
  But sweet and kind and good.
I'd better try myself to be
  So very, very, wise?
With eyes so loving all the day
  I'll never want to turn away.

Dolly's clothes are on the line,
Dolly's dishes fairly shine;
Dolly's home is swept all through,
Chairs and table look like new,
Dolly's little mother, May,
Has been cleaning house to-day.

Picture books, a goodly row,
Such a pretty order show;
Games and blocks, ball put in place;
Pencils in the drawing case.
"I'm so tired," says little May,
"I've been cleaning house to-day.

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THE TRACING OF A WISER HAND.

Whatever turn the path may take to left or right,
I think it follows
The tracing of a wiser hand, through dark and light,
Across the hills and in the shady hollows.

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that on the road of life true Love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever gifts the hours bestow, or great or small,
I would not measure
As worth a certain price in praise, but take them all
And use them all, with simple, heartfelt pleasure

—Henry Van Dyke.

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A THEOLOGICAL STORM CENTER.

It is not surprising that in religious circles in England theological questions are being discussed with unusual interest. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the successor to the late renowned Dr. Joseph Parker, of the widely influential City Temple of London, after several years of quite liberal utterances on theological questions has shot off on a tangent at last, and the papers, the dailies as well as the weeklies, are filled with articles **pro** and **con,** mostly however the latter.

In his preaching now and then for several years Mr. Campbell has seemed to minimize sin, and during the last year there have been several utterances by him which have indicated a position on his part far in advance of the new theology pronouncements which have been drawing an increasing umber of adherents of late; and some of the new theology people are as ready to take issue with Mr. Campbell on certain points as are the more conservative.

This theological crisis was precipitated by statements made by Mr. Campbell to a representative of the Daily Mail, and published in that paper. In the interview Mr. Campbell said, among other things, "The doctrine of sin which holds us to be blameworthy for deeds that we cannot help we believe to be a false view." And in that connection he said: "We believe that the very imperfection of the world today is due to God's will, and is a working out of himself with its purpose—a purpose not wholly hidden from us."

From a sermon by Mr. Campbell, published in a London paper last December the following is taken:

"The gospel has often been presented as though it had relation principally to the putting away of sin and its consequences, and as though God were thinking of little else. But is not this a somewhat unreasonable supposition? Why should God have created man, and placed him in circumstances where sin was not only possible but practically inevitable, and then cursed him for yielding to it? One would have thought that, if the latter were so extremely serious as it has often been presented, He would have taken greater pains to secure us from the power of it. Again, why should sin be considered so all-important in the universe of God, and so baffling to His purpose? Surely humanity, and not Deity, has been the principal sufferer therefrom. What harm has sin ever done to God? To put it not irreverently, I trust, but absurdly, I know, He has certain compensations—omniscience and omnipotence, for example. Again, if sin be so all-important, surely there is a curious disproportion between God's dealings with His universe as a whole. . . . . Our emphasis upon it has actually been morbid and unhealthy. We have been like heildren in a sickroom, making evil faces out of the wall paper and frightening ourselves."

In a sermon in the earlier part of last year, a copy of which was furnished by Mr. Campbell for publication, there was the following declaration:

"Sin itself is a quest for God—a blundering quest, but a quest for all that. The man who got dead drunk last night did so because of the impulse within him to break through the barriers of his limitations, to express himself, and to realize the more abundant life. His self-indulgence just came to that; he wanted, if only for a brief hour, to live the larger life, to expand the soul, to enter untrodden regions, and gather to himself new experiences. That drunken debauch was a quest for life, a quest for God. Men in their sinful follies today, and their blank atheism, and their foul blasphemies, their trampling upon things that are beautiful and good, are engaged in this dim, blundering quest for God, whom to know is life eternal. The **roue** you saw in Picadilly last night, who went out to corrupt innocence and to wallow in filthiness of the flesh, was engaged in his blundering quest for God."

This, certainl, is not the kind of doctrine to which the Christian church has been accustomed, nor is it a kind that will commend itself to very many persons except those who delight in sin. Sin is something far more terrible and hateful than Mr. Campbell represents it to be. So, it has been regarded; and so, we believe, it will continue to be regarded.

In justice to Mr. Campbell it should be stated that he said in one of his most recent addresses in the City Temple:

"Some people have been telling you lately that I deny the existence of sin. One fairly prominent writer, so I understand, has promulgated the statement that my teaching is equivalent to a declaration that God does not care whether we sin or not, and that as there is no sin there is no need of atonement. There is only one word to describe that kind of statement—it is a deliberate falsehood told without scruple. It is not difficult to see the motive behind assertions like those: it is the desire to distort and misrepresent any mode of stating truth with which the writer does not agree."

A London paper says that this reference was obviously to the British Weekly which has criticized Mr. Campbell severely. The manner in which Mr. Campbell replies to the criticism to which reference was thus made is to be regretted. It is beyond intelligent question that he has made statements which allow that construction.

As to the divinity and deity of Jesus, Mr. Campbell says: "Jesus is and was divine, but so are we." The mission of Jesus, he says, was "to make us realize our divinity and our oneness with God." "And we are called to live the life which he lived." Other statements by him are: "Whatever can be said about the love of Christ may be said about the love of John Smith." "The atoning love is that in which Christ repeats his offering for mankind in every heart given up to him." "Every man is a potential Christ, or rather a manifestation of the eternal Christ, that side of the nature of God from which all humanity has come." "There is no real distinction between humanity and deity. Our being is the same as God's,

although our consciousness of it is limited." It should be noted also that Mr. Campbell does not subscribe to the doctrine of the virgin birth.

How some persons who are liberal in their theological views stand in relation to Mr. Campbell is evident from their utterances, even without reference to the present controversy.

The Monday evening before his departure for the United States the Presbyterians of Liverpool gave a farewell reception to the Rev. Dr. John Watson,—"Ian Maclaren" in literature. Dr. Watson, in the address which he gave that evening, made no reference to the theological controversy which is agitating all England. But he gave it as his profound conviction that the church would stand or fall in the days to come according as she held the two great fundamental truths—the deity of Jesus as the eternal son of God, and the virtue of his sacrifice accomplished on Calvary for the salvation of the world. Upon these he said that the Christian faith rested, and from them came the hope and comfort of the human soul.

It is worthy of note that the Rev. Dr. Clifford, the noted Baptist preacher and president of the Free Churuch Council, said in an interview: "Mr. Campbell may expect to go through the fires of opposition in the same way that Dr. Horton and others had to go through; but he may also be sure that as they came to be regarded as helpers to the progress of truth, so will it be with him." Dr. Clifford took Mr. Campbell's place in one of the Thursday noon services recently. A London paper reports him in substance: "Why did he stand up for Mr. Campbell at the City Temple. Not because Mr. Campbell's theology was his. It was not. He agreed with and differed from him in many things, but he stood up for his having a free chance of saying what was in him, without outside interference. No outsider should dictate to the City Temple. It was a unit and a republic, and it was for the members to settle their differences."

Dr. Clifford was reported previously by the daily papers as having said; "Mr. Campbell did not deny the Fall; what he denied was simply one particular interpretation of it . He was also said to deny the Atonement; what he did deny was merely one method of interpreting it.

"The fundamental part of this so-called New Theology was the immanence of God. Mr. Campbell uttered that doctrine in a wav that he would not, and he used terms which he would not, because they were susceptible to misrepresentation.

"There was the notion abroad still that Jesus Christ so suffered for men's sins as to carry all their burdens. What Mr. Campbell was doing was cleansing the conception of the Christians of today. The Blood of Christ was not the literal blood, but the life, and the life was not the mere existence, but the Love of the Christ carrying him to the death of the Cross. He thought Mr. Campbell was wrong when he said the doctrine that Christ had not a human father was untrue. All that Huxley would say from the point of view of science was that it was improbable. He would not say it was untrue."

Principal Forsyth of Hackney College, a leading Congregational theologian, says that Mr. Campbell's theology is not the new theology;" that it may be an amateur one; that Mr. Campbell is a charming man, but that "he is certainly not a representative Congregationalist."

The Rev. C. Sylvester Horne is quoted as saying: "To be logical to the Congregational ideals is to believe of necessity in the deity of Christ. Some Congregationalists might say, 'Jesus was divine,' and so are we,' but that creed meant the death of Congregational polity."

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, so well and favorably known in the United States, says: "I respect Mr. Campbell as a man, and believe in his sincerity. But I hold that his interpretation of Christianity is diametrically opposed to the teaching of the New Testament." And as to "the new theology" Dr. Morgan makes himself plain when he says that he doesn't see how those ministers who hold such views can remain in the Congregational ministry. "For myself if the Congregational Union ever approximated its declaration to the opinions of 'the new theology' I should deem it my duty to leave it."

Dr. Fairbairn, who is by no means a conservative in theology, and whose books are read widely in this country, draws a distinction between 'the new theology' and that of Mr. Campbell. In reply to a question as to whether Mr. Campbell's views were common in the theological colleges, Dr. Fairbairn said: "No, I do not think so. I agree with Dr. Forsyth that in the Congregational colleges an evangelical theology is being taught, which Mr. Campbell's most certainly is not; and I think that our ministry is as loyal as it is possible for a ministry to be to the cardinal Christian or evangelical beliefs."

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The Pacific Theological Seminary annual lectures on the Earl foundation will be given this year by Professor Peabody of Harvard. They will be given the latter part of March.

During the month of March no notes under the caption "The Pacific Coast In Brief" will appear in the Pacific Presbyterian. Their preparation requires considerable looking over of Pacific coast papers, and the writer of them will be in the East that month.

We are glad that from a large number of pulpits in San Francisco there were declarations against the movement to make next Sunday a general street cleaning day in the city. Christian people ought not to participate in the work. It should be done on some other day of the week. There is already too great a disregard of the Sabbath in San Francisco and hereabouts, and this is a big step toward greater looseness. Only works of necessity should be engaged in on the Christian Sabbath.

Hawaii is a country of many nationalities. Notices intended to reach the people of the islands are printed in English, Hawaiian, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese and Korean. According to recent statistics the territory of Hawaii has a population of 165,000. The natives number 30,000, Chinese 40,000, Japanese 65,000, Kanakas 7,000, Portuguese 7,000, Koreans 8,000, English 8,000. A few weeks ago a ship load of 1,300 Portuguese from the Azore islands was landed in Honolulu. This was part of a movement to create a resident labor class.

The California Bible Society adopted resolutions appreciative of the work of the Rev. Dr. John Thompson who retired recently from a service of 33 years in the Bible work in California and Nevada. Mention

is made of the fact that Dr. Thompson's service of 48 years in Bible society work, East and West, was one involving hardship, earnest attention and zeal. Grateful acknowledgment is made to Dr. Thompson for the service by him rendered, and the prayer is that the remaining years of his life may be in God's paths of peace and pleasantness.

The Rev. Dr. S. H. Willey remarked a few days ago that he could not undertake religious work in San Francisco with as great a degree of optimism as he did in 1850. He is of opinion that there was to work on then an element more religiously inclined than there now is. In October 1849 Dr. Willey came on horseback from Monterey to San Francisco for the first time. Returning to Monterey he continued his mission work there, but came again to San Francisco in May 1850, and on the 19th of that month held a preaching service which was the beginning of the movement out of which a little later came Howard Presbyterian Church.

President Roosevelt has won in the Japanese school question controversy; as we predicted a few weeks ago, Japanese children are to be admitted to the public schools of San Francisco, and the way is open for the President to enter by treaty into such arrangements with the government of Japan as will keep the United States from being over-run by Japanese laborers. The San Francisco Chronicle says that "brickbats instead of bouquets are likely to be the tokens with which Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz will be greeted by his union labor constituents upon his return." The Chronicle, we are sorry to state, has by its editorials and other articles on this question given encouragement to the spirit which seeks to make use of brickbats as arguments. Brickbats are a hard kind of argument for a person to have dealt out to him, but in the long run they hurt those who use them more than they do those against whom they are used. But, shame on the man who resorts to their use or who says or writes anything to encourage it in the least!

A commission which was appointed by the last general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church North to consider the unification of its publishing interests has recommended the consolidation of the California Christian Advocate and the Pacific Christian Advocate, the papers published in San Francisco and Portland. Each of these papers has had a large annual deficit for several years, which has been met by appropriations from other branches of the publishing business of the church. The deficit on the California Christian Advocate for 1906 was nearly $5,300. In 1905 it was about $4,300. In 1904 it was $3,800, and in 1903 it was $3,750. The three papers published in the interior, the Western in Cincinnati, the Northwestern in Chicago and the Central in Kansas City, have sustained losses also for many years, and their consolidation into one, to be published in Chicago, has been recommended. The Book Committee, to which this recommendation was made, did not come to any definite conclusion with reference thereto in its meeting last week in New York, and final action may not be taken before the convening of the next general conference. It is thought by some that the interests of the work will not be so well served under consolidation as under the present arrangements. The Methodists have made their many papers a great power for good. The facts here presented may hint at the burdens under which all they are working who are endeavoring to maintain religious papers on the Pacific coast, and may make thus for a larger and more practical sympathy and cooperation.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The next World's Sunday School convention will be held in Rome, May 18-23. Sunday, May 19th, will be observed in all lands as "World's Sunday School Day." Pastors will be asked to preach on the Sunday-school and its work, and prayers will go up to the throne of grace all around the world in the intertsts of this mighty evangelizing agency.

British papers announce that the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan will prepare three volumes of his lectures for publication this year, and that he plans during the next ten or fifteen years to cover the whole field of the Bible, and will publish the whole in about forty volumes with the title "The Analysed Bible." It is stated that the lectures to be published this year will be of a preliminary character—introductory to those that will be published later.

Bible study in the colleges and universities has had considerable increase latterly. And it is worthy of note that in some of the state universities there have been larger classes than in the denominational institutions. Last year the University of Illinois had 560 students in Bible classes, a larger number than either at Princeton or Yale. Ohio State University had 509, and Oberlin College 309. In the various educational institutions of the land nearly 35,000 young men are enrolled in these Bible classes.

Not even Mr. Moody at his best stirred Chicago more than Gipsy Smith did. At one of the meetings in the Great Northern theater, the Rev. Dr. Quayle, one of Chicago's pulpit orators, said: "One hundred evangelists in a movement such as this would do more to help the city government straighten out Chicago than would one thousand new policemen. It is sin that ails Chicago and the doctor is in town. This series of meetings will do more to help Chicago than all the reading, all the talking, and all of the discussing under the sun. If we were cured of our great ailment there would be no talking about the liquor question. Policemen could be idle and lose their 'billies' without worrying about finding them. Poverty would not need looking after. There would be no questionable districts, and Chicago would be only one step out of heaven. A campaign like this does more than all of the policemen in getting at the real cause of our troubles; more than all that is accomplished by ethical culturists, educational culturists combined. That is only saying the trouble with Chicago is not cutaneous, but cardinal. If anything is to be done for Chicago it must begin with the heart of the individual citizen. It is not revolution that we want, but Divine evolution."

It was a question with some people when Dr. Campbell Morgan took charge of Westminster Chapel, London, whether he would succeed in the midst of all the untoward conditions there in making the work a success. There is no question any longer. The building is one of the largest in London, but it will

scarcely accommodate at any time the crowds that flock there. Speaking recently concerning his trip to Scotland Dr. Morgan said: "This is my third visit to Scotland. My first visit was to a Clyde watering place, my second to Dundee as the English delegate. I can't say I was very keen about that visit. Somehow I had the idea that the Scotch people were 'ill to dae wi'!'—somewhat hard and 'difficult.' When I once suggested this feeling to my friend D. L. Moody —who loved the Scotch—he scouted the idea. 'Wait! Once you get your foot into Scotland, it will be difficult for you to get it out again.' But I had all my doubts dispelled at Dundee. I was astonished at the warmth and enthusiasm of my audiences there, and my impressions then have been considerably strengthened in Glasgow. I cannot tell you how much I am delighted with the people. Their spontaneity, and their hearty appreciation of my work has astonished me. I now understand Moody's love for the Scotch. At the midday meetings in St. George's Church in particular I was much impressed by the earnest and reverent attention I received. After all, they only got a very simple message, and it was a great delight to my heart to address such splendid audiences every day in the heart of the city."

The following item from the Michigan Christian Advocate published in Detroit is one which we are glad to see coming from a Methodist paper: "So ready are Christians of one denomination to cooperate with those of another in revival work, that they care little under which denominational roof the meetings are held, or to which body of believers the evangelist belongs. Denominational boundaries are no longer denominational barriers. A greater practical obstacle exists in the fact that only a limited per cent of members in any church are eager for revival work. Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, a well accredited worker, is in this city, employed in the Presbyterian churches, but the number of Presbyterians present at the meetings is small, many more from other churches attending, and the total is quite disappointing. However, changed tastes as to forms do not argue like change of taste as to substance. We need not despair, even though the unconverted do not come to revial services as they once did. There are other ways of reaching them and they still need the gospel." There was a time in the not far-distant past when this spirit of fraternity and cooperation did not have the sway it now has. And we believe that we do no injustice when we say that the religious body which is represented by the paper from which quotation is made was slower than some others to come to the manifestation of this spirit. We are pleased to see the catholicity of the Mihcigan Christian Advocate. More than any other of the Methodist papers coming under our notice it gives religious news that is outside its own denomination. That is what a large number of people in all denominations desire today—religious intelligence from the whole wide world, everything that shows in vital manner the advancement of God's kingdom upon the earth.

The secretary of the New England Sabbath Protective League says in his annual report: "The Lord's day is almost entirely secularized in certain spots and sections of New England. As a result, laxity and demoralization prevail in a fearful extent. Divorce and impurity, rowdyism and hoodlumism, intemperance and gambling, crimes of violence, suicide, etc. are not uncommon in these places, where the Lord's day is spent in toil, sport and dissipation, and its sacred use is ignored. This degeneration is not something which has been imported by foreigners, but is often a growth of the soil. The native stock is largely responsible for it and suffers most. The foreign population has, proportionately, a larger number of criminals than the native stock, but the second generation of foreigners develops a recuperative power. Children rise frequently above the conditions of their parents, enter into business careers, take the first places in schools and colleges, and set an example of thrift, virility and good citizenship. President Tucker of Dartmouth College has called this 'a challenge to the native stock,' whose children they will certainly supplant, unless conditions change. The best way to reach this rural degeneracy is by personal methods. The church has ceased to atract these degenerate children of godly sires. A moral education along the line of Sabbath observance is greatly needed." The Sunday law committee of the Massachusetts legislature has reported, however, unanimously in favor of a law which will allow Sunday baseball, golf, hunting, fishing etc. Against this a campaign has been inaugurated by the Sabbath Protective League. It is claimed that the current has changed in Europe and is now running in favor of restriction of Sunday sports and entertainments.

Representatives of the three most important religious bodies in England, the archbishop of Canterbury, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Westminster and the president of the Free Church Council, have united in the following message to the English nation: "As representatives of various Christian bodies in England, we desire to call the attention of our fellow countrymen to the combined efforts which are being made to set forth explicitly and forcibly the principle of Sunday observance. We believe it to be literally impossible to exaggerate the importance of this matter to the well-being of the nation. It is not merely that one day's rest in seven contributes vastly to the physical and mental efficiency of men, women and children, and tends to make our home life more truly what English home life ought to be. There is more than this. Under the sacred sanction which attaches to the Lord's Day, it is intended that all should have opportunity, in the worship of Almighty God, to escape from the grip of ordinary cares and occupations into regions of higher thought and nobler aspiration. We are convinced that on adequate and reasonable Sunday observance depends in no small measure the possibility of promoting in England the deeper, the more sacred, and the more enduring interests of our common life.' The Northwestern Christian Advocate remarks: "The union of these three bodies for a common Christian object is almost as noteworthy as their plea for the object itself. That it will accomplish its purpose in England all Christendom will pray, and also that the spirit of unity which characterizes their action may inspire American Christians to unite for a proper observance in this country of Sunday so that 'all may have opportunity, in the worship of Almighty God, to escape from the grip of ordinary cares and occupations into regions of higher thought and nobler aspiration.' We should be pleased to see such a message eddressed to the American people signed by the moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the

Roman Catholic cardinal, the senior bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Moderator of the Congregational Council, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, and representatives of all other Christian bodies."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A writer in one of our exchanges says that Hawaii is the trial ground of nations: "Here the Japanese and Chinese—American citizens—are putting to rout the arguments of rabid anti-Chinese-Japanese agitators in the United States, and developing a type of citizens of as high grade as immigrants from other lands."

The University of Michigan gives instruction now on Sundays in its medical department. The classes are, however, principally clinics, in which instruction is by the examination and treatment of patients in the presence of the students. The Michigan Christian Advocate remarks: "This is something wholly unnecessary, and it is greatly to be regretted that our state university should have the unenviable distinction of breaking down the bars of respect for the Lord's day in this manner. We mistake the temper of the people of Michigan if they do not enter a vigorous protest."

The following is a composition written by a Japanese girl eleven years of age: "There is a Japanese spirit just as there is an English spirit and an American spirit. Each is distinguished by its own mark. The Japanese spirit is pure and noble. It is like the cherry blossom, beautiful and fragrant, but which, without murmur or complaint, permits itself to be shattered by the four winds. In like manner we people of Japan live and die, without regard to our own lives, which are cheerfully given for the fatherland. This is the secret of our victory over Russia. And this is the secret of our victory over any other country which might attack us. Japan is a little land, but every Japanese has these ideas implanted in him from childhood, and is therefore always ready to die for the mikado and the fatherland." Not all Japanese regard their country as invincible as this young girl regards it. With this exception that is an excellent composition.

The senate of the United States has passed a bill providing for an appropriation of $2,500 for a monument on the historic battleground of Tippecanoe, a like sum to be appropriated bv the state of Indiana. About 75 years ago Indiana secured the title to the battleground and has kept it in excellent condition. Several years ago the people of the county in which it is situate organized the Tippecanoe Battleground Memorial Association for the purpose of protecting and preserving the historic grounds, but no monument has ever been erected to those who laid down their lives and were buried there. It is appropriate that the nation should share with the state in placing a monument there. It was said in the senate when the bill was passed: "The result of the battle of Tippecanoe entirely destroyed all prospects of confederation and combination and it may not be too much to say for that contest that its significance in the history of the United States and in the progress of its civilization can not be overestimated. It is impossible to say what would have been the outcome of the war of 1812 if Tecumseh had succeeded in uniting all the Indians from the gulf to the lakes in common cause with the English against the Americans. The battle of Tippecanoe was more than a milestone in the advancement of American civilization to the westward. It was of vital importance in the establishment of American supremacy on this continent. It blasted the hopes of those Englishmen who reckoned upon the cooperation of the Indians against the Americans in the war of 1812."

People all over the country are contributing toward the movement to make a national park out of the Lincoln birthplace farm in Kentucky. The farm is ideal for such a purpose. Consisting of 110 acres in the rolling blue-grass region of Larue county, Kentucky, it is crossed by a picturesque stream, has many shady groves, and possesses the famous rock spring near which it is proposed that the Lincoln statue shall be erected. But a short distance away, along the turnpike, stands the old mill where Lincoln used to go with his father, the boy seated astride a sack of corn on the broad back of the old mare. When the park is developed it is said that the Louisville & Nashville railroad will establish a branch terminal near the entrance. The plan of the Lincoln Farm Association is very simple, and seems to have been inspired by a profound belief in the individual patriotism of American men and women. Instead of appealing to a wealthy few to carry out the work, the association has given its cause to the whole people, asking "every man, woman and child in whose heart is the love of country and a reverence for the memory of Lincoln" to become a member. Each member is called upon to contribute whatever amount he or she wishes, provided it is not less than 25 cents or more than $25, and to every member is issued a large, handsomely-engraved certificate of membership, bearing the seal of the association, with the autographs of the officers and trustees. The name of the member is then entered in the permanent catalogue, which is to be kept forever in a place of honor in the historical building to be erected at the park. The Lincoln Farm Association has its offices at 74 Broadway, New York. The president is Governor Folk of Missouri. Among the directors are: Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal, Cardinal Gibbons, Secretary of War Taft, "Mark Twain" and William Travers Jerome.

The movement to get congress to pass a bill to authorize the Secretary of War to pay for the liquor that was destroyed in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire will meet with disapproval widely. The following by John G. Wooley in the Home Herald is worth quoting: "When the stricken city at the Golden Gate, blinded and staggering from the shocks of earthquake and the shriek of fire, righted herself sufficiently to see and comprehend her awful plight, instinctively, as a man throws up his arm to thwart a blow, she gave command 'Shut the saloons. Destroy the drink,' and it was done with the applause of all mankind, and followed with the greatest object lesson ever shown of the value and practicability of prohibitory law. The liquors were destroyed with the same promptitude and on the same reasoning that the ghouls were shot who robbed, or would have robbed, the dead. Then the nation, filled with sympathy and admiration, turned a stream of gold upon the local need, and hope and order sprung anew. When the

work of restoration was well under way, the grafters who officially ruled the city, let loose again the gray wolves of poverty, madness and crime—but for a higher license; and a reign of terror sprung at the throat of San Francisco from the ambush of the gin-mill screen. Robbery ran rampant in the ruins, and wives and daughters of the community fought with pistols for their honor and their lives. And now comes the secretary of war in a letter to congress—House Document 376—suggesting that the unexpended balance of the appropriation of rescue money be applied to the payment of some $30,000 to meritorious claimants on account of the destruction of the jackal of the earthquake and the fire—alcoholic drink. Business houses of good citizens were blown up in the path of the fire to arrest its progress. Families were turned from comfortable homes into the streets, with barely clothes enough to cover them. Reimburse these? Oh, no! They have no such organizing, voting, punishing power as the saloon. Both the secretary of war and the judge advocate general declare that there is no legal liability upon the government. Why, then, make a liability for the saloon, unless, indeed, others who lost for the general welfare, but who had not the political fortune to be liquor dealers, be included in the largess?"

OUR FOREIGNERS.

Rev. B. F. Sargent.

"O Liberty, White Goddess; it is well.
On thy breast, so ample and so tender
Fold Sorrow's children; soothe the hurts of fate;
Lift the downtrodden, but with the hand of steel
Stay those, who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
And trampled in the dust. For so of old
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
And where the temple of the Caesars stood
The lean wolf, unmolested, makes her lair."

—T. B. Aldrich.

The Problem of Immigration.

Every twenty-eight seconds during last year an immigrant came to our shores. What does this number mean? If settled in villages of 1,000 each, it would mean 11,000 new villages, with 375 people left over. It would mean as many people as there are in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, San Jose, Stockton, Santa Rosa, Los Angeles, San Diego, and perhaps all the population of each of our county seats besides—two-thirds of the population of this state.

Gathered by nationalities, we would have 220 Italian cities of 1,000 each. The peoples from Austria-Hungary would make up 275 such villages. The Jews and Poles, fleeing from persecution in Russia, would make up 181 villages. Of what is left we would have 40 German villages, 60 Scandinavian, 10 French, 10 Greek, 10 Japanese, 65 English, 50 Irish, 20 Welsh and Scotch. Then we should have three towns each of Belgian, Dutch, Portuguese, Roumanians, Swiss and Turks. We should have two villages each of Servians, Bulgarians, and Montenegrins. A Spanish village of 2,600 and a Chinatown of 2,100. The other Asiatics combined would make a city of 15,000; while West Indians would make a city of 16,600, the South Americans and Mexicans, one of 5,000, the Australians and Canadians, one of 2,000 each, leaving still an unclassified 2,000 for a new start.

Like Doves to Our Windows.

"Who are these that fly as the doves to their windows?" Since 1820, when official registration began, 24,000,000 souls have sought "for better or for worse," this land to make it their home. At first this tide of life ran slowly. Beginning with 1820, but 22,635 came to us in the first eleven-year period. But during the next eleven years 104,535 came. From this time on, the increase was so constant that in 1850, 310,104 registered. And still the rate increased, being augmented by the revolution in Germany and the hard times in Ireland, and four years later 427,803 were admitted—a figure not again reached, for a score of years, the years of civil strife and reconstruction acting as a bar to immigration. But in the seventies the tide began to rise, so that in 1890 we received 857,906, and for the year closing June 30, 1906 the number was 1,100,735.

Not all of these stay here. Many are "birds of passage," coming to earn money, returning to spend it, but the majority stay, or come again—the second time to make this land their permanent abode.

As to the character of our immigrant forces—this army of a million a year. From 1840-1850 they were one-half Irish, and one-fourth German. From 1850-1860 they were one-third each of these two great peoples. But other nationalities are now in the lead. If you divide Europe somewhat equally, you will have on one side Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Scandinavia. Up to 1880 that half furnished us a large share of our immigration. Now it is the other half, consisting of Austria, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Russia.

Some of the characteristics of these may be seen from the following table, which gives the amount of money brought, and the classes as illiterate all over 14 years of age, who can neither read nor write in any language:

Nationality	Number	Money bro't	Illiter'cy
Armenian	1,745	$23	21.9
English	41,479	$65	1.3
Finns	10,157	$20	2.7
French	11,557	$70	3.2
German	144,000	$48	4.8
Greek	12,279	$18	23.6
Jews	106,236	$15	14
Irish	37,037	$29	3.4
Italians (Northern)	36,689	$28	12.6
Italians (Southern)	159,329	$13	54.2
Japanese	14,382	$30	23.6
Magyars	23,833	$10	14
Scandinavians	60,392	$25	7
Slavs	161,796		
Bohemians	67,657		

The Value of the Immigrant.

Much discussioin is now going on as to the desirability of these incoming guests. The attempt has been made to reduce the value of the immigrant to a money basis. Carnegie says: "Every able-bodied immigrant is worth $1,000 to this country." The argument is that but very few come in the early years of helplessness, and still fewer, after middle life, and that as it costs some country $1,000 to raise a man to years of independent living, he is worth that much to the country which receives him.

But the question is not one of cost, but of worth. Some people are not worth what they cost to any country. Roosevelt has summed it up in his last inaugural in these words: "We cannot have too many good immigrants, and we want no bad ones." The question where to draw the line is somewhat puzzzling. The authorities at Ellis Island look to it that none physically or mentally unfit enter, nor any liable to become a public charge. So well is their task done that more than ten thousand were last year debarred from entering this country.

Dr. Hillis' Rare Optimism.

In a late address before the Brooklyn Congregational Club, Newell Dwight Hillis spoke as follows:

"Think of it! A million new workmen, or mothers of workmen this year. The other day I saw 400 young men who had landed but 24 hours before. They filled a train, and were under the charge of a railway official. They were going 900 miles west of New York to work upon a new road. 'What do you pay these men?' I asked the official. 'Oh, $1.50 a day and their board.' 'Each man' I answered, 'is worth to this country $500 a year. Each represents a steam engine costing $10,000, bringing in $500 at 5 per cent.' "All of that," was the official's reply. But a million immigrants means 300,000 of these men. If each workman represents a loom, a small ship, an engine, or a house costing $10,000, and producing $500 a year, it is as if the old world had sent the Republic a free gift of $3,000,000,000, and that will produce for us next year $150,000,000. These new comers also represent the picked men and women of the working classes of the old world. Those who read some pessimist's statement about the diseased and criminal classes that are coming to this country, will feel troubled about the thought of a million immigrants. But the man who goes to Ellis Island, who will study the people, not from one but from twenty steamers, will conclude his personal investigations with enthusiasm for the new comers and high hopes for his country."

The Other Side.

But so large a number of immigrants—nearly 25,000,000 to date, with their immediate descendants far outnumbering the original—cannot but have some great effect upon American life and customs. Says Grose in "Aliens or Americans" (Home Mission Study Class book for the present year): "In nineteen of our northern states they exceed the native-born population. In the largest cities they outnumber us two to one. Two-thirds of the laborers in our factories are foreigners. New England is no longer Puritan but foreign. So it is in the Middle West, not only in the city but in the country as well. Foreigners are running our factories and working our mines, building our railroads, boring our tunnels, doing the hard constructive labor on all our great enterprises. They are also entering every avenue of trade; and few other than foreign names appear on the business signs of our cities, large or small."

Of the religion of these, the census for 1900 gives a result of 56 per cent Catholic (Roman and Greek), 10 per cent Israelitish, and but 18 per cent Protestant Add to this fact the large degree of illiteracy, coupled with the character of much of the recent immigration, and we have the problem that confronts the church and the Republic today.

"What Brought Them Thus Afar?"

That question is not hard to answer, for poverty in the old country is apparent, and its sources are easy to trace. With wages in Italy from 12 to 34 cents a day, is it any wonder that nearly 200,000 Italians came last year to a land where they can easily get $1.50 a day? Add to this fact the oppressive taxation of all priest-ridden countries, and the religious persecution of many lands, and you have the fruitful causes of large immigration. Some come to escape military duty. To all, America has a distinct charm, as the land of wealth and opportunity.

Then cheap transportation—often as low as $10 steerage,—and direct lines of steamship transportation recently opened, assist many in coming. Every steamship company has its hired agents to assist, and even urge transportation. The money sent home by those already here, acts like a magnet to induce those from the villages where it is sent, to strive after the same easily earned wealth.

That one member of a family emigrates makes it certain that in a brief time the other younger members of that family will follow him. All this tide of immigration has not lessened the population of any of the European states to any noticable degree. Indeed, it is said by good authority that it might—as it probably will—be carried on perpetually, and the old world would be no poorer in numbers.

Summing up the Results.

On one point all agree: The immigrant is here in mighty force, and he is coming in still larger numbers. The unanswered question remains. Is his coming a good or an evil thing? Some things have been said on both sides. More might be said; but the question would still be unanswered. Only one possible power can make it a blessing, and that power is, **consecrated missioinary endeavor.**

If we ask, what is God's purpose in sending these millions here? we find answer in the certain knowledge revealed in his word, that "he would not have any perish, but all to come to a knowledge of him." Since we have not done this by foreign missionary effort, he now tests his church by sending these representatives of nations—all of whom have vital connection with some village or city in some other part of the world— that by winning these to Christ, he might use their influence in reaching large communities of their own people. Thus is foreign missionary work brought to our own doors, and becomes home missions, and thus does home missionary work become foreign missionary work.

A Message From The East.

Looking upon this problem with the eyes of President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, we give his summary of the situation as he sees it:

"Were it not for the fact that God is pouring the riches of other countries into it, New England would be empty. While the latest foreigners may not compare favorably with the native stock, what of the second and the third generation of foreigners? They are forging to the front, partly because of the virility and ambition, and partly through the sacrifice of their parents to educate their children. The rising scale of foreign population is on the whole, better than the falling scale of the native population. If the old New England stock is not willing to sacrifice as it used to be, and if the New England boy is not as ambitious

as his grandfather, I thank God that he is sending us those who are willing to sacrifice, and are anxious to rise, and that he is giving this challenge to the old stock, 'Arise up and show yourself.' If we do not see and feel it, it is to our shame. We are not the elect of God unless we prove our election, and if he can do better for the world through some other stock and religion than through the native stock, let him work in his own way."

"Debter Both to the Jew and to The Barbarian."

Americans sometimes proudly say: "We owe these people nothing," forgetting that our religion came from the Jew, that our laws came from the Romans, and our literature from the Greek. We are in debt to these peoples by the gifts that we have received from them. And yet we must recognize a still higher obligation, "So, as much as in me is, I am ready," cried Paul. This motto should find ready response in our hearts and lives. "America for Americans?" No; America for the world, that it may bring the world to Christ. "A million emigrants" cries Dr. Strong, means a million opportunities, a million responsibilities, and a million souls."

Had Rome used her opportunities in the time of her visitation, then the Goths and Vandals would not have broken through the Roman wall, pouring down from the north, nor have looked with hungry eyes into the empty Forum.

This is America's time of visitation. O that she might awake to her million opportunities, and shun the million perils. Then her clustered stars shall still shine on the brow of the White Goddess, and millions of emigrant souls shall shine as stars in the crown of their Redeemer.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles, Euclid Heights.—Evangelistic meetings conducted by the Rev. W. A. Jackson and the Rev. G. C. Butterfield are in progress. The plan is to organize a church at this point at the close of the meetings.

Orange.—The Rev. A. Parker, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Orange for nearly 24 years has presented his resignation and asks to have it take effect early in March. During the years of his service in Orange Dr. Parker has made a large place for himself in the hearts of the people.

San Jose.—The evangelistic services by the Rev. Charles Hayes of Decatur, Illinois, in the Second Presbyterian Church, resulted in the conversion of at least fifty persons, and much impression was made upon many others, some of whom it is hoped will yet be brought to an acceptance of Christ.

Riverside, Calvary.—This church rejoices in fine Sunday-school rooms which were built recently at a cost of $7,988 and were dedicated as a part of the church building on Sunday, February 10. In this Sunday-school room the class rooms are arranged in a semi-circle about the rostrum, one set being on the first floor and another in a balcony. The Sunday-school has an enrollment of 254. There are 7 officers and 21 teachers.

Berkeley.—Mrs. C. H. McDonald, a charter member of the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley, who passed on into the life beyond in April, left $2,100 to each of the following named interests: Chinese Home, San Francisco; Presbyterian Orphanage, San Anselmo; Woman's department of Home Missions, New York; and the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley. The Rev. H. H. Dobbins and Mr. J. W. Richards, as administrators, recently paid over the money in accordance with the testator's orders.

Los Angeles, Immanuel.—A meeting which was attended by more than an hundred persons was held recently for the organizatioin of a Brotherhood. This was the first chapter of the Brotherhood of the Presbyterian Church of the United States to be organized in Los Angeles. An address was made that evening by the Rev. Dr. Noble, the California synodical missionary, on the need for missionary work among the miners and lumbermen. The Rev. J. D. Stevenson spoke on "Strikers and Workers;" and the Rev. W. Allison on "Loyalty to the Bible."

Santa Cruz.—After an absence of more than four months the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church of this city was able to return to its own building for the first time on Feb. 17. The edifice is now one of the most attractive of its kind in the city both without and within, and although the seating capacity of the main auditorium has been more than doubled, it was taxed to its utmost for this opening service. Little apparent loss has been sustained through the months of exile; as a matter of fact there has been a real numerical gain, and now there is every prospect of a more rapid growth than ever.

WOMAN'S PRESBYTERIAL MEETINGS.

Oakland—Friday, March 28. **Los Angeles**—March 19-21. **San Francisco**—March 27-28. To be held in St. John's Church. **San Jose**—March 22-23. At Watsonville. **Benicia**—March 28-29. At Fresno. **Riverside**—March 1-2.

PROTEST AGAINST CLEANING STREETS ON SUNDAY.

At a regular meeting of the Presbytery of San Francisco held in Calvary Church, Monday, February 18, Rev. J. S. Thomas presented the following resolutions regarding the street cleaning campaign proposed for next Sunday, which resolutions received the unanimous support of the body.

While we admit that the condition of our city is such as to make necessary the removal of the dirt and filth which has been accumulating in its streets ever since the disaster of April last, and while we heartily commend the public spirit manifested by so many citizens in their willingness to volunteer their services for a day of cleaning, yet we, the Presbytery of San Francisco, representing thousands of members of particular churches, do hereby most earnestly protest against the proposal to set aside Sunday, Feb. 24th as the time when such work is to be done, and we base our protest upon the following reasons:

1. We believe that such a proposal is a violation of the divine commandment, "Remember the Sabbath

Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

2. Whereas, a legal holiday falls just two days prior to the Sunday suggested, there does not seem to us to be sufficient reason for offending the religious scruples of thousands of our citizens. Why not spend Washington's Birthday in a way which would be a fit and unique celebration of the day, and all turn out to clean up our city?

3. The appointment of the Sabbath Day for such a work would be an announcement to the world at large of the low esteem in which the Christian Sabbath is held in the public sentiment of the city, and result in furnishing good grounds for the suspicion that its moral condition is more dangerous and deplorable than that of its filthy streets.

PRURIENT JOURNALISM.

By F. A. Downs.

The details of the Thaw trial as reported by the public press excite the disgust and indignation of every right thinking man. The motives that prompt the publication of such stuff cannot be of high order, and the taste that demands it must be prurient indeed. What should the American people care for the shameful particulars of the crimes of Mrs. Thaw, her husband and her paramour? Yet our great dailies seem to revel in such rottenness. The testimony of this woman is telegraphed from New York, and special editions in colored print are cried out on the streets as giving the latest reports from the trial. The papers of our little city must copy this abominable story and deliver it at our homes for our boys and girls to read. Suppose a common courtezan should essay to give an account of her downfall and subsequent life of sin. Would our papers accord her space for such history? Yet has she not in this great country of freedom and equality the same right to flaunt her shame in the face of the people as Mrs. Thaw? Or does the possession of a few hundred thousand paltry dollars make the difference? Sin is sin and shame is shame in high conditions and in low, and there is no lesson we need to learn more thoroughly than that terrible truism of the Apostle John which has no exception, that "all unrighteousness is sin."

As a first study in crime, these reports can scarcely be surpassed. The methods of the seducer's art are portrayed in living colors. As schools of vice they serve their purpose well. A vast army of American youth will get their first lessons in infamy from these sensual and sensational accounts. Socrates, it is said, was condemned to drink the fatal hemlock because he corrupted the Greek youth. I do not specially commend the severity of Athenian justice in the case of this renowned philosopher, but a few glasses of hemlock wisely drunk might prove wholesome for public morals of the present day. At any rate it occurs to me that the time for a loud and long protest from the pure minded home-loving American has come; and this protest should rise so loud and clear and strong that the press of the nation would hear and tremble.

What are newspapers for anyway? Are they simply restauranteurs whose business it is to dish out any sort of intellectual and moral hash the depraved taste of their customers may demand? Rather are they not cultivaters of public taste, whose high aim should be to lift men to broader ideals, and create in them a thirst for the pure and good! I would not depreciate the value of the press; but its power may be wielded for evil as well as for righteousness.

Do the people desire such sickening things? Are they published because it pays?. If so, what a sad commentary on the conditions of our times! But does not the newspaper, like the theater, help to create the unhealthy appetite which it declares it must satisfy. Would not a great daily which kept its columns clean be a paying proposition? Do not our Christian men and women care for these things, or are they too niggardly to support a pure journalism?

The Church press cannot fill the need. Its field is special, and its circulation is limited. A comparatively small part of the Christian people read their own literature. I do not minimize the importance of religious periodicals. Their influence for good is simply incalculable. But we need a secular press that will put purity above dollars, and patriotism above parties, whose constant purpose is the purification and elevation of American life and thought. Shall we ever have it? The Lord only knows. The outlook is not very encouraging; but there are signs of promise. Let us hope in God.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

No one can be a witness without an experience; no one can have a religious experience without the endument by the Holy Spirit. Perhaps the very best commentary on this verse is found in I John iv: 13, 14, "Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." How frequently it is stated in Acts: "He commanded us to testify." He placed us in this world for this purpose. Apostles only first because contemporaneous with Christ. The hope of the Church and of the world is in the revival of the witnessing spirit.

The pope's encyclical denies that he is refusing to do in France exactly what he is doing in Germany. We do not expect the pope nor the hierarchy to see straight at such a time as this. The pressure is too great. He says, "the German law is condemnable on many points and was accepted only to avoid greater evils." The pope really thinks that to organize a church under the French law would be a destruction of the rights of the Roman Catholic Church. It is more than probable that the French people will be goaded into the organization of an independent Catholic Church. The encyclical concludes, "What we demanded and demand, for the church, of which France is the eldest daughter, is respect for the hierarchy." That means, obedience to the hierarchy.

Recently at New Orleans the supreme lodge of Knights of Pythias passed a sweeping anti-liquor statute, which is expected to bar from entry to the order wholesale liquor dealers and hotel keepers who run bars in connection with their hotels. All other liquor dealers were excluded by the old statute. The new statute includes "professional gamblers, saloon keepers, bar tenders or dealers in spiritous, vinuous, or malt liquors." The most important changes are the substitution of "dealers" for "retail dealers," and the exception of "bona fide hotel-keepers."

The Home.

HOME TREATMENT OF LA GRIPPE.

By Dr. Kate Lindsay.

By proper mamagement at the outset of the disease and proper care during the acute stage and especially administering the proper treatment during convalescence many lives might be saved and bad after-effects avoided. The onset of influenzt or grip is usually sudden. From two to four days after being infected with the germ the patient begins to ache all over, sneeze, cough and manifest all the symptoms of taking a severe cold. Sometimes the nervous system is principally infected. There is high fever, severe headache and delirium. In other cases the digestive organs are much disturbed and there is vomiting, diarrhea or constipation, severe pains in abdominal region, sometimes severe inflammation of the stomach and bowels; and even fatal peritonitis. Such cases have been mistaken for typhoid fever even by physicians. Many try to keep about. Some very sturdy patients succeed; others less strong either have to give up to it at last and suffer from a very severe attack of the disease, or are so unfortunate as to contract pneumonia or develop a case of tuberculosis, heart, liver or kidney complications.

First Precautions.

The first thing to do when the aching, chilliness and fever indicate an attack of influenza, is to go to bed in a quiet, well-ventilated room and to have no visitors except the attendant or nurse. Stop all food for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours and secure a free action of the bowels either by enema or by some mild laxative, as prescribed by the family physician, who should always be called. A warm bath with cold towel to head or, if not practicable, a hot foot or leg bath with an ice bag to head and back of neck, will often give much relief, especially where there is much congestion of the brain, high fever and delirium. Where the patient is too ill to sit up, the legs and feet may be wrapped in a blanket wrung out of very hot water and at the same time the head and face be sponged with either hot or cold water, whichever seems to afford the most relief.

La Grippe patients do not bear heroic cold treatment well, therefore, even when the fever is high, tepid or even warm sponging, or a tepid full bath will do more good than using the cold water treatment so often useful in typhoid and other diseases characterized by high temperature. The fever in influenza is often high and may reach 106 degrees or more. It usually lasts from four to six days, usually leaving the patient weak and depressed.

Food And Care.

During this time, the diet as in other fevers should be fluid, well-cooked gruels, milk, if the patient relishes it and can digest it well, and fruit juices. There is much that can be done to lessen the severity of an attack of this disorder by proper care during the fever stage. This means to provide the patient with fresh air in abundance. The value of this all-potent remedial agent for the treatment of many diseases, notably among which are tuberculosis and pneumonia, is so much appreciated by the medical profession at present that in the hospitals of New York and other large cities they are treating such patients by taking them to the housetop and keeping them in the open air night and day. As many of these case are pneumonia attacks following la grippe, it is rational to suppose that the open air treatment, which would cure a case of pneumonia when the patient seemed past all hope, would have prevented this disorder had it been used before the onset of the disease. It may require some exercise of faith in the medicinal virtues of fresh, cool air to open all the doors and windows of the fever patient's room on a cold winter day, or even move him out to a cot on the veranda; nevertheless, it is the pure air, which he cannot get into his own room, that he needs. The atmosphere of the inside air is being constantly contaminated by the exhalations from his body, as well as that of the nurse, and all the sources of house air defilement, potent among which are hot air furnaces, and oil, coal and gas stoves and lamps. This out-of-door treatment should not be rashly administered, but given intelligently. The patient should be put into a proper bed, preferably one with a railing a few inches deep to keep the bedding from being displaced and, also, to shut off currents of cold air from flowing in under the covering and chilling the patient. A well-heated excelsior mattress will retain warmth a long time if a woolen blanket is laid under it next to the springs, and a well-warmed cotton mattress over it. The sheets, preferably light weight cotton blankets, and all the upper bedding should be warm and dry, and a hot bag laid at the feet. The patient can be tucked into his warm nest in a warm room, and carried outside for fresh air treatment for a number of hours, two or three times a day, and often it is well for him to sleep out-of-doors at night.

When changing his bed, giving a bath or other treatment, he may be carried into his warm room and put on a fresh bed for a time while his out-of-door cot bedding is being changed, aired and rewarmed.

It may be some trouble to treat a grip or pneumonia patient with fresh air, proper dieting and the use of pure water, but it will pay in the end. If it be thought impossible to take the patient out-of-doors, at least the room should be a sunny south or southeast or southwest room, or better still, two rooms and two beds, or a bed and cot may be used, each room being occupied and aired alternately.

The influenza patient is always very nervous, especially if the disease affects chiefly the brain and nervous system. In such cases the utmost quiet should be maintained in the sick room and the head kept cool and the feet warm; also by careful dieting keep the stomach and bowels free from all spoiled food.

The writer has seen a patient, raving with delirium, almost instantly quieted by giving a lavage or stomach wash and an enema, and letting plenty of fresh air into the room.

Providing Against a Second Attack.

In all cases these simple measures used at the onset of the disorder will give great relief. La Grippe is a disorder in which one attack of the disease does not protect from another. It rather renders the patient more easily affected again.

The writer's experience has been that most of the cases of relapses, with complications and often fatal terminations, have come from over-exertion, sudden chilling or eating improper food. Patients willing to spend a week or ten days after the fever ceased, eat-

ing moderate quantities of easily digested food, and gradually taking up their accustomed work by going to counting room or office or shop for a few hours in the warm part of the day, and avoiding all excitement, night work or pleasure party going, get well without relapses. One of the most troublesome disorders following influenza is sleeplessness. Many patients can rest in bed but an hour or two when they awake with brain abnormally active, and are sure to think the worst about their business, health and everything else relating to themselves and their family. Sometimes this insomnia goes on until it terminates tragically.

Everything should be done during the day to get the patient in a restful frame of mind. If he can sleep or feels drowsy at any hour in the twenty-four he should take a nap if but for five or ten minutes. He should keep the digestive organs in good condition, and spend a part of each day in the open air; and, if the weather permits, sleep outside, or at least in a cool, well-ventilated room. A tepid bath ninety-two degrees to ninety-four degrees taken for half an hour before retiring, and stroking the spine and head, will promote a restful mental and physical condition. It is also needful that the patient, his friends and physician all combine in making the proper sleep suggestions. A patient often frightens himself into wakefulness by allowing the suggestion of the certainty of a sleepless night to haunt the imagination. He should expect sleep and it will be likely to come to him. He should never yield to temptation to take the sleep producing medicines advertised in some current periodicals of the day. It is even well to be cautious about taking those prescribed by the family physician. A drug habit is more demoralizing to mind and body than sleep deprivation, and it is a slavery to be dreaded, and with proper hygienic care avoided. In fact, the rational management of grip is all summed up in the proper use of air, food, water, rest, exercise and normal thinking and acting.—The Housekeeper.

The Quiet Hour.

"YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER KNOWETH."

There are two words of light divine
That fall upon this heart of mine,
That thrill me in the hour of gain,
That still me in the hour of pain:
Two words endued with magic power,
Sufficient unto any hour—
He knows.

As summer breezes, cool and sweet,
Bring rest, relief from toil and heat;
As showers, needed as they fall,
Renew, refresh and comfort all;
So to my feverish heart is given
This loving message, fresh from heaven—
He knows.

THE LIFE OF SELF-GIVING.

F. B. Meyer.

The life of self-giving is the only true life, the only life worth living. "Measure thy life," says the Poet, "by loss, not gain." It is not what we get, but what we give, that makes us rich. What the farmer sows he keeps; what he keeps in his barn deteriorates by keeping, or is eaten by vermin.

Only recently, a young girl came to see her minister to consult him about a burden which was lying heavily upon her heart. He, naturally enough, expected that it would concern some domestic anxiety, or perhaps some unsettlement of belief. But it was neither of these. "Pastor," she said, "I have been up here from the country now for six months, and I have not moved London yet!" This ardent soul had hoped that by her prayers and faith she could move this vast city; and no doubt that she has done, though the precise effect that some such life may produce is known only to the Lord. We have no test delicate enough to register the results of one passionate soul in bringing about the kingdom of God.

Each of us should live as though we were to produce a revolution; or, better, as though God were going to work a revolution through our means. But there is no likelihood of this except we give ourselves in absolute self-effacement and abandonment to the Divine Spirit. We must be prepared to surrender, not grudging, not withholding, not counting the cost. As Jesus gave all for us, so we must for Him. Give, He said, asking for nothing again, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be children of the Highest.

CULTIVATE THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Life with us is become too complex and manifold. We try to spread over too much territory and to appropriate too many elements. Mental dissipations are becoming extreme. The avenues of pleasure are too numerous. We are running after too many diversions. The result is, we become surfeited with the things that do not satisfy. People want to become rich, and no amount of riches will satisfy them. They want fresher pleasures and more of them. Under this constant pressure they do not get the best and most valuable out of life. They are hungry without being filled.

The simple life is far preferable. It does not gorge itself upon excesses. Godliness with contentment is great gain. It has the promise of the life that now is and of that yet to come. Such a life does not need the stimulus of intoxicants, the excitement of the ball room, the recreation of the card table, the high life of the theater, and the mad rush after wealth. It finds its pleasure and satisfaction in the substantial pursuits of this existence and it does not need to turn aside after the questionable amusements and indulgences of the day. To love God, to deal righteously with our fellow man, to do good as we have opportunity, to have enough of this world's goods to meet the needs of life and to help those who are unfortunate, to keep a conscience void of offense—these are the things which go to make up the experiences of the simple life. Our fathers and mothers followed this sort of life, and they were happy, useful, sober and virtuous. The simple life is the natural life and it is in harmony with the gospel of Christ. The other sort of life produces restlessness, dissatisfaction, a grasping spirit, covetousness and sometimes dishonesty and untruthfulness. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," says the Savior, and whatever is necessary will "be added unto you." Coffers filled with money, ranges covered with herds and

flocks, and stocks and bonds can not satisfy the soul. The more of these people possess, the more of them they want. But godliness, with substantial accumulations, is best for men and women. Economy and frugality are more conducive to character than millions with their sordid influence.—Texas Advocate.

MAKING TOMORROW'S CHARACTER.

Tomorrow's character is determined by today's action. Therefore it is not only possible to control the future—it is our positive duty to do so. Whether we will or no, we are making or un-making character today, for "character is habit crystallized." To recognize this ought to help us to take the higher ground always. No man can safely say that he will "take things easy" today, and tomorrow do differently. Tomorrow may not come; but if it does come, he is less likely to do well than he was today, if today he has shoved character a peg downward. We have the privilege of looking at our every act as typical of our real and final character; and we have a duty to do so while each act awaits our decision. What is left of today may still be so regarded and so controlled, if the control is given to One who alone can overcome the past.

LIVE ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Life must be lived on the mountain heights in unceasing relation to the Spirit Who is the one and only interpreter of Christ. Some years ago I met in the south of England a dear friend, and looking at him was filled with sorrow as I saw at once he was in the grasp of an insidious disease which with deadly certainty saps away the life. After a long interval, when I was in Colorado, I saw him again, and hardly knew him. The rare air of the mountains had given him back his old strength, and had made impossible the spread of his disease. He told me, however, that, while feeling perfectly well, it was necessary for him to stay upon those mountain heights, or the old trouble would return. Let us keep ever in the mountain air. If we descend into the old valleys, the paralysis of the past will come again. We must live in the atmosphere of the Spirit, high on the mountains of vision, and there the appetite for the bread of heaven will be strong, and feeding upon Christ we shall "grow up into Him in all things."—Dr. Campbell Morgan.

A CONTRAST.

Dr. Seaman, in his very remarkable book, "The Real Triumph of Japan," tells of a nurse whom he met in a visit to the army hospital at Shibuya. She was of gentle manners and very familiar with the work of the hospital and spoke English perfectly. As she was at special trouble to show Dr. Seaman certain features of the hospital in which he was particularly interested, he asked her name in order that he might send her some books which would interest her. With a manner almost shy she said, "I think I have a card, and taking one from her card case she handed it to him. It bore the inscription "La Marquise Oyama." The same day I read this incident of the unostentatious service of the wife of Japan's greatest general for the sick and wounded soldiers of her country, the New York papers contained an account of a bridge whist tournament held by ladies of wealth and fashion for the benefit of a charitable institution. The stakes were high and many ladies lost heavily, and one lost her purse and money stolen by one of her companions. Some of these gamblers for sweet charity's sake may have been companions of Stematz Oyama at Vassar College, but if we did not know, which should we say lived in a Christian and which in a pagan land?—Watchman.

Young People.

TWO WAYS.

When asked to do errands, our Timothy Joe
Starts off just as quickly as e'er he can go.
Without any lagging or fuss or delay,
But, "Certainly, mother," he's off and away.
As helpful a laddie as any I know
Is promptly obedient Timothy Joe.

But don't ask his sister, Mehitabel Sue,
To do any favors or errands for you.
She'll say, "In a moment," or "Oh, can't you wait?"
Which means that the doing will surely be late.
If your't in a hurry for someone to go,
Beware of small Sue and ask Timothy Joe.

Then "Couldn't you wait?" wails Mehitabel Sue;
"I wanted some pink and white peppermints, too.
You always give Joe all the candy and cake.
I'd have gone in a moment, why couldn't you wait?
I don't think it's fair to send Timothy Joe,"
Frets Mehitabel Sue, "when I wanted to go."

—G. S. Field, in Presbyterian Banner.

AQUA; OR, THE WATER BABY.

It was a clear, sunshiny day, and out on the great, wide, open sea there sparkled thousands and thousands of water-drops. One of these was a merry little fellow who danced on the silver backs of the fishes as they plunged up and down in the waves, and, no matter how high he sprung, always came down again plump into his mother's lap.

His mother, you know, was the Ocean, and very beautiful she looked that summer day in her dark blue dress and white ruffles.

By and by the happy water-drop tired of his play, and looking up to the clear sky above him thought he would like to have a sail on one of the white floating clouds; so, giving a jump from the Ocean's arms, he begged the Sun to catch him up and let him go on a journey to see the earth.

The Sun said "yes," and took ever so many other drops, too, so that Aqua might not be lonesome on the way. He did not know this, however, for they all had been changed into fine mist or vapor. Do you know what vapor is? If you breathe into the air, when it is cold enough, you will see it coming out of your mouth like steam, and you may also see very hot steam coming from the nose of a kettle of boiling water. When it is quite near to the earth, where we can see it, we call it "fog." The water-drops had been changed into vapor because in their own shape they were too heavy for sunbeams to carry.

Higher and higher they sailed, so fast that they grew quite dizzy; why, in an hour they had gone over a hundred miles! and how grand it was, to be looking down on the world below, and sailing faster than fish can swim or birds can fly!

But after a while it grew darker and colder. At last he thought he would try to get back to the earth again, so he slipped away, and as he fell lower and lower he grew heavier, until he was a little round, bright drop again, and alighted on a rose bush. A lovely velvet bud opened its leaves, and in he slipped among the crimson cushions, to sleep until morning. Then the leaves opened, and rolling over in his bed he called out, "Please, dear Sun, take me with you again." So the sunbeams caught him up a second time, and they flew through the air till the noon-time, when it grew warmer and warmer, and there was no red rose to hide him, not even a blade of grass to shade his tired head; but just as he was crying out, "Please King Sun, let me go back to the dear Mother Ocean," the wind took pity on him, and came with its cool breath and fanned him, with all his brothers, into a heavy gray cloud, after which he blew them apart and told them to join hands and hurry away to the earth. Helter-skelter down they went, rolling over each other pell-mell, till with a patter and clatter and splatter they touched the ground and all the people cried out: "It rains."

Some of the drops fell on a mountain side, Aqua among them, and down the rocky cliff he ran, leading the way for his brothers. Soon, together they plunged into a mountain brook, which came foaming and dashing along, leaping over rocks and rushing down the hillside, till in the valley below they heard the strangest clattering noise.

On the bank stood a flour mill, and at the door a man whose hat and clothes were gray with dust.

Inside the mill were two great stones, which kept whizzing round and round, faster than a boy's top could spin, worked by the big wheel outside; and these stones ground the wheat into flour and the corn into golden meal.

But what giant do you suppose it was who could turn and swing that tremendous wheel, together with those heavy stones? No giant at all. No one but the tiny little water drops themselves, who sprang on it by hundreds and thousands and whirled it over and over.

The brook emptied into a quiet pond where ducks and geese were swimming. Such a still, beautiful place it was, with the fuzzy, brown cat-tails lifting their heads above the water, and the yellow cow lillies, with their leaves like green platters, floating on the top. On the edge lived the fat green bullfrogs, and in the water were spotted trout, silver shiners, cunning minnows, and other fish.

Aqua liked this place so much that he stayed a good while, sailing up and down, taking the ducks' backs for ships and the frogs for horses; but after a time he tired of the dull life, and he and his brothers floated out over a waterfall and under a bridge for a long, long distance, until they saw another brook tumbling down a hillside.

"Come, let's join hands," cried Aqua; and so they all dashed on together till they came to a broad river which opened its arms to them.

By the help of Aqua and his brothers the beautiful river was able to float heavy ships, though not so long ago it was only a little rill, through which a child could wade or over which he could step. Here a vessel loaded with lumber was carried just as easily as if it had been a paper boat; there a steamer, piled with boxes and barrels and crowded with people, passed by, its great wheel cracking through the water and leaving a long trail, as of foamy soapsuds, behind it. On and ever on the river went, seeking the ocean, and whether it hurried round a corner or glided smoothly on its way to the sea, there was always something new and strange to be seen—busy cities, quiet little towns, buzzing sawmills, stone bridges and harbors full of all sorts of vessels, large and small, with flags of all colors floating from the masts and sailors of all countries working on the decks. But Aqua did not stay long in any place, for as the river grew wider, and nearer and nearer its end, he could almost see the Mother Ocean into whose arms he was joyfully running. She reached out to gather all her children, the water-drops, into her heart, and closer than all the others nestled our little Aqua.

His travels were over, his pleasures and dangers past; and he was folded again to the dear mother's heart, the safest, sweetest place in the whole, wide world. In warm, still summer evenings, if you will take a walk on the sea-beach, you will hear the gentle rippling swash of the waves; and some very wise people think it must be the gurgling voices of Aqua and her brother water-drops telling each other about their wonderful journey round the world.—Selected.

The three great barometers of prosperity are coal, iron and steel. This is true for the simple reason that they enter into almost everything in our modern civilization. Given the amount of coal, iron and steel that a country consumes, and you have the rate of progress in that country. Now in the year 1900 the mines turned out 19,789,000 tons of pig iron; in the year just past the production of pig iron is put down at 25,000,000 of tons. In 1900 a little over ten millions of tons of steel were produced; in 1906 a little over twenty million of tons. In 1900 270,000,000 tons of coal were mined; 1906 has 425,000,000 tons. Think of it! Men who are beyond the average of intelligence, but who have not kept their eyes upon the case, had no dream that we were making such strides. During the same years the value of our agricultural products has risen from $4,417,000,000 to a round $7,000,000,000, while the per capita earnings of those engaged in agriculture has risen from $451 per year to $600 per year, and the number of people engaged in agriculture has increased by more than a million. Turning to transportation, the mileage of the railroads has increased within the last six years from 194,000 miles to 223,000 miles, having transported 46,000,000 more tons of freight last year than they did in 1900, and having transported 6,5000,000 more passengers last year than in 1900.—Western Christian Advocate.

Southern California is to have an orange orchard of 16,500 acres. It is located in the Moreno Valley near Riverside and is to be the largest orange orchard in the world. Mr. E. E. Hendricks is said to be the proprietor and owner of the enterprise. Where is Southern California going to stop?

ROCKEFELLER'S GREAT GIFT.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

Last week Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave to the General Board of Education $32,000,000, the largest single gift in the history of education. Prior to this great gift Mr. Rockefeller had given to the same board $11,000,000. It is his wish that one-third of this amount be added to the endowment of the Board, the income of which is to be used by the Board, the remaining two-thirds to be disbursed with the approval of Mr. Rockefeller or of his son for the endowment of educational institutions well located and with a prospect of future usefulness. This money is not to aid state institutions, but private educational institutions. Mr. Rockefeller expects to quicken and strengthen the endowments of colleges and universities from ocean to ocean. We rejoice in this great gift to this noble effort to lift mankind to a higher plane of life. Mr. Rockefeller has rendered a service even beyond the value of his collossal gift. He has rescued the smaller colleges and universities from what seemed to be inevitable death. The state universities, having coordinated the high schools of the state and by a system, a tyrannous system of crediting and discriminating in the high schools of the state, have practically taken all the elasticity out of the public school system. In this effort to control the education the state universities have unintentionally crushed the private and independent system of higher education. This gift of Mr. Rockefeller will stimulate the independent system of education. We belive in the state universities but we do not believe it is a good plan to crush out the smaller colleges. There is no one field for the exercise of general philanthropy equal to that of the educational field. To this cause Mr. Carnegie has already given over $100,000,000. Mr. Rockefeller has given about $158,000,000. To these great sums must be added the gifts of Senator Stanford, Helen Gould and many others. Education is one of the few ways to aid mankind to aid itself without any danger of corrupting or of weakening mankind. It would be an unfortunate thing for the educational policy of a state to deprive its citizens of the privilege of giving to the cause of education by a system of taxation. This gift of Mr. Rockefeller is of the widest significance.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

His birthday has but recently passed. He appeals more and more to the country as a model in character. We see him in contrast with the other great men who were carrying the country's burden at the same time. There is not much chance to compare him with any of his contemporaries. Lincoln was in a class all by himself. Mr. Albert B. Chandler who was in the military telegraph service during the war and saw much of Mr. Lincoln, and more of his distinguished secretary of war, Mr. Stanton. indulges in a paragraph of comparison which is well worth quoting. He says: "The one (Lincoln) was mild and gentle and laughter-loving, the other stern, austere and serious; the one disposed to see the good even in unworthy people, the other inclined to doubt the existence of any worthiness in people who were found wrong in any particular; the one open-minded and trustful, the other secretive and suspicious when cause for doubt existed, yet confiding and just when fully assured of merit justifying it." About the time Mr. Lincoln was reelected in 1864, Judge Hoar is reported to have said to Mr. Lincoln in behalf of Mr. Stanton: "I hope, whatever is done, that Stanton will be retained in his position until the war is over." Lincoln's reply was: "Mr. Stanton has excellent qualities and he has his defects. Folks come up here and tell me that there are a great many men in the country who have all Stanton's excellent qualities without his defects. All I have to say is, I haven't met 'em! I don't know 'em! I wish I did." This story is well authenticated and is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Lincoln. He was frank, yet shrewd. He had a native political penetration like Mr. Gladstone. He knew politics instinctively. He was wise and yet simple, direct, unsophisticated, and yet discerning of all the fine plans of his opponents. Dreadful as was his death yet in that martyr death Mr. Lincoln's great character was transferred into the life of the whole nation. Lincoln is a bond of union between North and South. His influence on American life today is greater than it was in 1865. The maximum results of a great character through a martyr's death have been and are being worked out.

GROWTH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Few of Eastern friends can realize how rapidly San Francisco is growing. It is simply unbelievable. We can scarcely credit what our own eyes daily see. At the present rate San Francisco will soon be in the volume of business equal to her old self again. The amount of building and the character of the buildings is seen from the following facts published in the Chronicle last week. "The Promotion Committee has furnished the New York Herald, whose mendacious correspondent recently stated that there are few structures going up (in this city) except small frames and brick, with some interesting facts bearing on the subject of construction. 'There are now,' says a letter addressed to the Herald by the Committee, 'more than 150 class A structures of from five to twenty-two stories in height; of class B buildings there are more than 300 either in course of construction or they have been completed since the fire.' Since April last building permits calling for an expenditure of more than $40,000,000 have been issued, and architects and contractors assert that plans are already made which will call for a further expenditure during the year for building purposes of $100,000,000."

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"Three leaves, of course, I'm bound to
have,"
The little clover said.
"They're all I'm set to do, but still
I think I'll go ahead
And grow another if I can,
An extra leaf, to show
That I am trying, with my might,
To live, and work, and grow."

So while the other clovers stayed
Content with leaflets three,
Their braver brother added on
A fourth, for all to see.
"How foolish!" cried the other ones.
"Why do an extra task?"
Three leaves are all the world expects.
And all that it can ask!"

But lo! men hailed the extra leaf
And grasped its meaning, too,
For now the four-leaved clover stands
For Luck—a symbol true,
Since 'tis the added, willing work,
The extra bit of pluck
That conquers all the best of life
And brings the worker luck.
—Priscilla Leonard, in the Youth's Companion.

THE TRY-SQUARE.

Most religions are meant to be straight lines, connecting two points—God and man. If man can be right with God, if he can please and pacify Him, all will be well. But Christianity has three points—God, man and his brother, with two lines that make a right angle. Each one of us is at the point of the angle, looking up to God and out to our brother. What God sends down the perpendicular line we must pass on along the horizontal. If one hand goes up to God, the other must go out to our brother.

That was the way Jesus stood, Son of God and the brother of men. What God gave him, he gave us. "All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." So He expects us to do. "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Let us, then, live as our Master lived and bids us live, giving our hearts to God, our hands to men. Even when I am alone in prayer Jesus bids me say, "Our Father," remembering my brother. If God sends me riches, I must bless my brothers; if poverty, I must set an example of rich faith. If He sends me health, I must divide my strength with others; if sickness, my patience must be a signal for God. If I am tempted, I must look both ways and consider my brother as well as my God. If I only looked to God, I might spend more money on myself, and drink wine and ride my bicycle Sunday afternoon, for in themselves these things may not be sinful; but when I look at my brothers, some poor, some weak, some worldly, I hesitate. The law of liberty would let me as I look up, but not the law of love as I look out.

Let us put this try-square on our lives and look both ways, doing that only which is both filial and fraternal. Then men who see our good works will look to see where the light comes from that blesses and brightens them, and through us they will learn to glorify God.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give
you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull
and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave
you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them
all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast
forever
One grand, sweet song.
—Charles Kingsley.

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The great trouble with most of us is not that we have too little in life, but that we expect too much. The sure way to get nothing out of existence is to expect everything. A young woman complained that "life held so little happiness for her." "Have you tried putting some in now and then, and seeing how much it will hold?" was the suggestive reply. Those who put nothing in, and look for happiness to produce itself, are inevitably disappointed.

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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LIVING WATER.

He had drunk from the founts of pleasure,
  And his thirst returned again;
He had hewn out broken cisterns,
  And behold! his work was vain.

And he said, "Life is a desert,
  Hot and measureless and dry;
And God will not give me water,
  Though I strive and faint and die."

Then he heard a voice made answer,
  "Rise and roll the stone away;
Sweet and precious springs lie hidden
  In thy pathway every day."

And he said, his heart was sinful,
  Very sinful was his speech:
All the cooling wells I thirst for
  Are too deep for me to reach.

But the voice cried, "Hope and labor;
  Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape a clear and goodly vessel,
  With the patient hands of faith."

So he wrought and shaped the vessel,
  Looked, and lo! a well was there;
And he drew up living water,
  With a golden chain of prayer.

—Phoebe Cary.

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"REACH ME THE BOOK!"

At the funeral services of the late General Alger of Michigan, conducted in the family home in Detroit by the pastor of the church of which he was a member, the officiationg minister as he stood by the casket held in his hand a small book, time-stained and worn, which he laid after a little time on the casket, saying as he did so: "I lay the Bible that General Alger carried through the civil war on the flag that covers his bier, so that it may be near his heart, for it was dear to him." And then he read: "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

We recall here what a poet has said of this book of books:

"Were all the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball;
And diamonds all the stars of night—
This book were worth them all."

Writing concerning it another has said: "It has attracted the attention of the finest scholars and the ablest thinkers of the Christian centuries. It is read by the peasant and the miner, by the sailor and the soldier, by the child in the nursery and the statesman in his study. And the libraries of Christendom contain far more books upon the Bible and biblical themes than upon any other subject."

This book in its composition covered fifteen hundred years, and in its life it will cover all the remaining years of earth and time. Several years ago some one after a study of the tables of literary mortality made the statement that of a thousand books published six hundred and fifty are forgotten at the end of a year and one hundred and fifty more at the end of three years; that only a small number survive seven years' publcity. Of the fifty thousand books published in the seventeenth century less than an hundred have such reputation as to demand their reprinting; and of something like an equal number published in the eighteenth century not more than an hundred live and influence in any manner the thought and life of the present century. But the Bible, though it spans more than thirty centuries, is the most influential book in the opening years of this twentieth century of the Christian era. It has shaped the civilization of those nations which stand at the front in human progress, and it is today laying hold of all other civilizations to put its stamp upon them indelibly for the good of man and the glory of God.

Making as the Old Book does for abundant life both her and hereafter, it is not surprising that General Alger loved it and carried a copy of it on the battlefields of the civil war. After one of the battles of that war a dead soldier was found lying with his Bible open before him and his finger resting on the words in the 23rd Psalm: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

It was this book—the white man's book of heaven—in quest of which the four Nez Perce Indians in the early years of the last century made the long trip from the Pacific Northwest, over the mountains and the plains, to the little trading port of St. Louis; and which carried a little later to that part of the country by the missionaries, has entered into all that is good and enduring in that part of our national domain.

A fragment of this book falling into the hands of Shimeta Neesima many years ago in Japan put at once this thought into his brain: "I belong to God; therefore I must believe him and must run in his way." As soon as possible he broke away from his parents and his prince—a thing most difficult at that time for a Japanese to do—and came to this land of Bibles. And then his constant prayer was: "O God, if thou hast eyes, look upon me; if thou hast ears, hear my prayer. Let me be civilized with Bible." Today the life of Neesima, though he entered several years ago the heavenly gates, goes on as one of the great transforming and uplifting influences in Japan.

In that same land a few years ago a man of official rank saw floating on the waters of a bay one night a little book which in type, binding, and language, was different from anything he had ever seen. Curious to know what it contained, after much inquiry, conducted with wariness he learned through an interpreter who was able to read words printed in European letters that it was "about the Creator of the universe, and Jesus who taught his mind and truth, and that there was much also between its pages about morals and religion." The governor felt that he must have a copy of that book(and ascertaining that it had been translated into Chinese, he sent a man to China and procured a copy. Years later, when as a tall and dignified gentleman of fifty years of age, he stood with his sons and train of followers in the presence of Guido Verbeck, who became the teacher to lead him into the full light of the gospel, he said: "Sir, I cannot tell you my feelings when for the first time I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen, or heard or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive bv the record of his nature and life."

At the age of 60, in 1874, this man, Murata Wakasa, passed on into the heavenly life. praying for the triumph of Christianity in Japan.

In his dying hours Sir Walter Scott said to his dear friend Lockhart who sat by his bedside: "Lockhart, my dear, rax (reach) me the book." And when his friend asked, "What book? the great genius answered: "There is but one theme, and one book for a dying man, and they are Christianity and the Bible."

More and more as the years roll on will people the world over say as did England's great poet and novelist, "Reach me the book!" It is God's book, and this was meant to be God's world; and the universe,

God's universe. As never before people in all lands are asking for that book, "Reach me the book!" It is the cry all around the world. The Book meets the yearnings and the needs of mankind as nothing other ever has or ever can.

"Shine, light of God!—make broad thy scope
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
With heaven's compassion make our longings poor!"

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The aggregate loss in San Francisco by the earthquake and fire last April was more than eight hundred million dollars. Insurance amounted to three hundred and twenty-five million dollars, of which amount about one hundred and eighty millions have been paid to the policy holders. Many claims were settled for fifty cents on the dollar. Some are now in litigation.

The Religious Telescope, of Dayton, Ohio, the organ of the United Brethren Church mentions as follows a recent appointee to the Chair of Philosophy in Stanford University: "Mr. George H. Sabine, a member of our First Church, this city, has been elected to the Chair of Philosophy in Leland Stanford, Jr. University, California. Mr. Sabine was graduated from the Dayton Steele High School in 1899, and Cornell University in 1903, after which he took in the same university a post-graduate course of three years in Philosophy and is at this time an instructor in the same school. He is only twenty-five years old, and has virtually worked his way through his entire college and university courses by his own effort. His is an example of what an American boy that has grit, snap, and determinatioin can do for himself."

Honolulu has been having a series of uplifting religious services conducted by the Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston of New York, who is returning from his trip to the mission fields of Asia, whither he was sent by the Presbyterian General Assembly. And now Professor Bosworth of Oberlin College is there for a short time on his trip to the Orient as a represenentative of the World's Student Federation. Dr. Bosworth sailed from San Francisco last week. He will leave Honolulu in time to reach Yokahama the latter part of March. At the convention of the World's Student Christian Federation early in April he will speak on "Prayer" and on "Jesus Christ." After this convention closes there will be an evangelistic campaign among the Japanese and Chinese students in Japan. These campaign meetings are to be in several groups and will be conducted by one Japanese Christian worker, one Oriental Christian from some country other than Japan, one Y. M. C. A. secretary and one educator from a Western Christian country, with an interpreter.

The Rev. E. J. Stanley, of Montana, a minister of the Methodist Church, South, tells in the St. Louis Christian Advocate, of a visit to Riverside, California, and of an incident in the Glenwood hotel at that place, the proprietor of which is Mr. Frank Miller, a member of the Congregational Church of Riverside. Mr. Stanley says: "On my return from church on Sunday night, on approaching the hotel, I was arrested by the sound of sacred music not far away, and found that it came from the hotel where about one hundred and fifty of the guests were assembled and joining heartily in the old hymns and sacred songs, which I presume are familiar to Christian people all over the world. Upon entering the room, to which I was involuntarily drawn, a nice looking young lady, daughter of the proprietor, handed me a book, opened at the hymn they were singing. The small cloth-bound book has the name of the hotel stamped thereon and was compiled specially for use in these services, which are for the benefit of the guests who hail from all over the world, and held every Sunday evening. Surely such experiences are helpful and refreshing to one who is a stranger far from home and serve to emphasize the words of the great apostle where he says: 'Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God.'"

Some of our race-prejudiced papers are shrieking because Governor Carter of Hawaii said recently: "I would be perfectly willing if my daughters should wish to marry Japanese when they grow to woamnhood. I favor admitting Japanese to citizenship, believing they could be easily assimilated and that they would make good Americans. There is no reason why the white woman should not marry Japanese as well as men of other nationalities." We cited several instances a few wooks ago of very happy marriages between Europeans and Japanese. Another of note has come to our attention since then—that of Lafcadio Hearu, a person of considerable reputation as a writer both in this country and in Great Britain. His work was of such influence that there was published not long ago the "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearu," in two large volumes. It is said by his biographer that the marriage was a thoroughly suitable one for Hearu and that it was one of much happiness to both parties. The lady whom he marrried was of high Samurai rank. Four children were born to them. The father loved them all dearly, but his heart was especially fixed upon the eldest son. He wrote once to a friend concerning his son, saying that he was dearer to him than his own life. "He is going, if he lives, to be a remarkable and powerful man; and I hope a more sensible man than his foolish dad." And again he wrote: "No man can possibly know what life means, what the world means, what anything means, until he has a child and loves it." Once when Hearu wanted to come to this country he felt that he could not be parted from the boy even for a day.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of Protestant missions in China will be celebrated in Shanghai from April 25th to May 7th. The foreign missionary boards of this and other lands will be represented, and such subjects as the following will be considered: The Chinese Church, The Chinese Ministry, Evangelistic Work, Education, Woman's Work, Christian Literature and Ancestral Worship, Medical Work, The Holy Scriptures, Comity and Federation, The Missionary and Public Questions.

Professor Bordén P. Browne, of Boston, who has been traveling in the Orient, writes: "China has moved more in the last five years than any other country under the sun." Worth noting in connection with this is the statetment by Sir Robert Hart, the noted Englishman who controlled the Chinese customs ser-

vice for more than half a century: "The first forty-five years I was in China it was like sitting in a vault—not a breath of air. But today every door and window is open, and the breezes are blowing in every direction."

Professor Schmiedel of Germany has been interpreted as saying in the "Encyclopedia Biblical" that there are only nine passages of the gospels that are credible. He is reported in English papers as stating in the Expository Times that he has been misinterpreted, that he "recognises as credible almost the whole of the purely religious and moral teaching of Jesus." It is said that he seems annoyed that readers put the interpretation on his words which was put on them. But why so long a delay in trying to set himself right?

A new temperance organization known as The Holy Family Temperance League has been started in Roman Catholic circles. It is intended to be wider than the Catholic Total Abstinence Union which has a membership of adults only. The new organization will be for children also. It is said concerning it: "The new organization will be principally a society of Catholic women, who, acting as promoters of total abstinence, will strive to draw into the ranks as many women and children as possible. The League's object is threefold: To preserve all, especially the young, from contracting an appetite for intoxicating liquor; to spread the practice of total abstinence even among those who use liquor temperately; and to reform those who misuse intoxicating liquor. It is to be noted, that the League is preeminently a religious association, and the means to be employed for the attainment of its object are spiritual, namely, moral suasion, example and prayer. This league does not aim, at least directly, at establishing no-license, like the Anti-Saloon League. It apparently makes no attack on the saloon directly, nor is its direct object to secure more stringent legislation for the liquor traffic. Its first and greatest object is to warn the young against the dangers of intoxicating liquors and to spread a strong sentiment in favor of total abstinence."

In a recent lecture on "Christ and the Bible" in Westminster Chapel, London, Dr. Campbell Morgan recalled the statement of Dr. Dale that the final battle of Christianity would be fought not in the matter of textual criticism of the Bible but around the Person of Christ, and remarked: "That was the opinion of one who saw the inevitable issue of certain tendencies. That word has been fulfilled and the final battle is now being fought." In the course of his lecture Dr. Morgan said: "I wonder if the hour has not come for a new covenant to be made by such as believe that the Word of God is authoritative," adding in that connection: "Christianity is more than a creed; it is a spirit, and the spirit must be first of all that of loyalty to Jesus, then that of patience and love to those who differ from us. But there is something more precious than human friendships at the best, and that is that we stand loyal to this Word of God, if we believe it to be the Word of God. I believe in the Christ of the Virgin Birth and the virtuous Life, the Christ of the vicarious Death and the victorious Resurrection. I believe in the New Testament Scriptures which present that Christ; and in that Christ because He and He alone has been able 'to break the power of cancelled sin.' I believe in those Records, because it is the Christ of the Records in whom, trusting, I have had my deliverance; and whatever He sets His seal upon I believe to be truth."

The Jewish Chronicle, of London, says concerning the theology of the pastor of the City Temple, that it shows the trend of Christian thought "in the direction of those simple teachings about the Deity and his relations to mankind which constitute the essence of Judaism." An infidel whites in the Clarion: "The seismic labours of Darwin and Wallace have produced their convulsion. Christianity's rock is splitting and crumbling and breaking asunder, and those that still stand on it are sorely shaken and distracted. A fortunate few have found serene and solid lodgment on a higher plateau, and hold out helpful hands to the troubled herd below. But many of the latter, not knowing what they do, answer these kindly proffers with curses and abuse. Rev. Mr. Campbell is one of another class who, having felt the ground slip from under them, glance wistfully upward to the new-formed plateau, while yet clinging to this or that rotton branch of dead things in frantic fear of losing all that they have cherished. It is so hard to let it all go—so hard to leave even ills we have for an ease we have not tried. But Mr. Campbell will arrive. He has open eyes, and a man's grip. We therefore watch his floundering and stumbling amongst the rubble, ruin, and rubbish of falling creeds with easy minds. The struggle and climb will do him good; and, when it is over, we confidently look to see him arrive, safe and sound, on the broad and breezy plateau of Humanism."

A valuable series of lectures will be given soon in this country by the Rev. James Orr, professor of theology and apologetics in the Free Church College, Glasgow, Scotland. The Boston Transcript says: "Dr. Orr ranks as one of the foremost biblical scholars of the world, and the especial object of his coming trip to America is to deliver a series of ten lectures on the Doctrine of the Virgin Birth under the auspices of the Bible Teacers' Training School of New York. Interest in these lectures is accentuated because of the recent delial of this doctrine by prominent ministers here and abroad, and also because Dr. Orr will in the lectures voice the opinions of a number of the leading theologians. The method whereby these opinions are to be included in the lectures is a new one. Twenty-five biblical scholars of England, the continent and this country have been asked to contribute papers on various phases of the main question. These papers are to be submitted to Dr. Orr before the preparation of his lectures. Among those who will thus contribute to the consensus of opinion are Dr. Cowan, professor of church history in Aberdeen University; Dr. Hanley Moule, the bishop of Durham; Professor Swete of Cambride, and Dr. Sanday of Oxford. Dr. Orr will arrive in America early in April and will spend the ten days from the 9th to the 19th orf April in New York. From the latter date until May 5th, when he sails from Scotland, he will be heard in several of the larger cities of the country."

The schools established by D. L. Moody at Northfield, Massachusetts are among the valuable legacies left by this man of God to future generations. The Springfield Republican says concerning their history: "While the extent of the educational institutions at Northfield, which were established by the late Dwight L. Moody, is generally recognized, the passage of

years has led most of us to forget how they came into being. In one of his recent addresses in an eastern Massachusetts city William R. Moody, the son, rehearsed something of this history. He told of the circumstances leading up to the establishment of the seminary for young women. His father, in the midst of his famous evangelistic work, had returned to make his home in Northfield that he might be near a much-beloved and afflicted younger brother. During their drives over the hills they became interested in some poor hard-working girls, and resolved that they would do what they could toward securing for them educational advantages. With the idea of helping girls at Northfield, and with no thought of how the work might grow, Mr. Moody opened in his home, 27 years ago, what is now known as Northfield Seminary, where now between 400 and 500 girls are studying. Mount Hermon school had its origin in a visit from Hiram Camp, the clockmaker of New Haven, who had come to consult Mr. Moody about his will. Mr. Moody told Mr. Camp that he believed a man ought to dispose of most of his wealth before he died, that he might see for himself the good accomplished. Mr. Camp called for a more definite suggestion, and Mr. Moody explained the possibility of a school for boys. Mr. Camp responded by giving the first $25,000 for the school, and later suggested its name. Mount Hermon was first begun as a school for small boys, and the policy was later changed, upon the theory that more real good could be accomplished by helping young men who had been deprived of early educational advantages. At this point the rare good sense of Mr. Moody was displayed. He argued that the way to do was to meet young men half-way and pay half of their expenses. 'A young man is not worth helping who cannot earn or secure one-half of his own expenses.' This principle of self-help, well calculated to produce self-reliant character, is also applied to the girls who are at Northfield."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Drunkenness is largely on the increase among women in London. A London paper states that of thirty-three persons charged in a police court, one day not long ago, with inebrity, twenty-two were women. Many of them were married and belonged to "the respectable classes."

An organization known as the Chicago Boys Club has 1,250 members under fifteen years of age, all gathered from the streets, and 97 per cent of them children of foreign born parents. Two general meetings are held each week, one an entertainment in which religion is not introduced, the other a strictly religious service. While the entertainment meeting is well attended, there is always room in the hall for more. At the religious service the room is almost always "jammed." "On average attendance the year round the religious meeting is far ahead."

A Liverpool correspondent of a London paper writes: "I am sorry to say it is becoming common for some of the large steamship lines to work at the discharging of cargo on Sundays, either for the purpose of getting commodities for Monday's market or because they are only allowed a few days in port. Many men express the wish that Sunday labour might be stopped; but if they refused to work on Sunday they would be told they were not required any more."

The editor of the London Times writes of what is called a new epoch between the white race and other races. He says that heretofore it seems to have been taken for granted that the white man was entitled to privileges in the colored man's country to which the colored man was not entitled in the white man's country. But now the Times sees that a new survey of conditions and a somewhat changed attitude are demanded. Great Britain observes that the movements in Japan and China are starting movements in India and that many changes of policy will be necessary ere long. Everywhere it is becoming evident that the world was not made simply in the interests of the white man.

Charles Edward Russell declares in a current magazine that the engineers on our war vessels are inadequately trained, and that in event of war a terrible emergency would confront the nation. "In a sea fight a vessel without competent engineers would be shorn of seventy-five per cent of her efficiency; nothing would remain but the mere chance of fortune and a possible preponderance of strength. She could neither steam out of harm's way, nor pursue a maneuvering or a fleeing foe." This he says is due to the fact that the engineering course at the naval academy has been curtailed, and the old system by which a man spent years in an engine-room, mastering his calling by the sure tuition of practice has been ended. Mr. Russell declares that the only competent engineers that we now have in the navy are the survivors under the old system. To those who may think his statement an exaggeration he says: "Ask any of the old navy men. Ask the engineers on any merchantman plying the Pacific." He says that "in the Far East, where the world's navies are under the minute scrutiny of all men, the air is rife with stories of the incompetence of the young cadets to whom we have entrusted the vital parts of our fighting-machines." And seven years ago we had what he calls the best engineering corps in the world.

Michigan never lost faith in General Alger. He was made the subject of much criticism in some parts of the country during the Spanish-American war, but his state soon afterward sent him to the United States senate. The Michigan Christian Advocate says: "When Senator Russell A. Alger died, Michigan lost her most popular servant. Though an Ohioan by birth, he was a Michigander by life-long practice. From humble boyhood, he literally worked his way up to the many positions he so acceptably filled, those of farm-hand, school-teacher, lawyer, army captain, lieutenant colonel, colonel, brevet brigadier general, business man, millionaire, governor of Michigan, national secretary of war, United States senator, and last but not least, the loyal church member, benefactor, comrade, fellow citizen and manly man. All Michigan loved and honored General Alger. The people were ready to give him any thing within their power, and he was ready to serve the people in any way. Some of his responsibilities as a public servant were very exacting and difficult, notably that of secretary of war during the clash with Spain. He was criticized by enemies, and felt sorely aggrieved, but the confidence manifested by the people of Michigan in his high character gave him much comfort. In many ways his career is an example to youth. He was a man of splendid courage. He fought in sixty-six battles in

the war, and was once wounded. He fought in unnumbered battles in business and politics, and generally won the fight. His memory will be long cherished."

ARE WE POTENTIAL CHRISTS?

Rev. A. E. Garvie, D.D.

[The discussions in the daily press of London which arose over the advanced theological positions of the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple have drawn forth some interesting and valuable articles in the religious press. We reproduce here in part one by the Rev. Dr. Garvie, principal-elect of New College, London. In leading up to the answer to the question, "Are We Potential Christs?" Dr. Garvie, of course, has to consider several of the new theology doctrines. The British Weekly of recent date says: "The council of the New College have very wisely offered the principalship of that important institution to Professor Garvie. Should Professor Garvie see his way to accept, we are sure he has before him a career of great usefulness to which all his previous work has been leading up. Professor Garvie is a truly accomplished scholar and theologian. He is more: he has a wide outlook, the heartiest interest in the practical work of the Churches, and a most pronounced and devoted sympathy with Free Church principles.—Editor.]

"What think ye of Christ?" is, it seems to me, the crucial test of the adequacy of any theological statement of the Christian gospel; and it is this test that will now be applied. Mr. Campbell's words may serve as a text, "Every man is a potential Christ, or rather a manifestation of the eternal Christ, that side of the nature of God from which all humanity has come." To understand what these words imply we must consider them in relation to two of the most prominent features of this scheme of thought, its emphasis on the immanence of God in the sense of identity. (there is no real distinction between humanity and deity. Our being is the same as God's, although our consciousness of it is limited"); and its denial of the reality of evil, including sin. ("The new theology looks upon evil as a negative rather than a positive term. It is the shadow where the light ought to be; it is the perceived privation of good. It belongs only to finiteness.") From these two positions results the view that the only atonement is the spirit of Jesus repeated in human lives. ("That a life was once lived in terms of the whole, and took the consequences of so doing, was the true atonement, whose full effect will be realised only when the whole race has become conformed to its spirit and likeness," "Hibbert Journal," January, 1907, p. 342.) In these three articles of the new creed I can find nothing new; in them there reassert themselves tendencies which Christian theology has resisted as perils to the Christian faith, the pantheistic, the optimistic, and the mystical; in their modern dress I cannot find any reason why Christian theology today should give them any more friendly welcome. The first and second claim our attention at present only as they bear on the third.

God's immenence in uature and man is not a new truth—and Christian theology cannot be charged with ignoring or neglecting it. Has that truth been ever more vividly expressed than in Psalm cxxxix? Can Paul's statement be improved, "In him we live, and move, and have our being"? (Acts xvii: 28.) I cannot plead ignorance of modern theological literature, and I have yet to learn that the denial of this truth is to be found in it. Deism is a superseded phase of thought; it is unjust to modern Unitarianism to try and distinguish the "new theology" from it on this ground. The recognition of evolution as the mode of creation has led modern theistic thought to reaffirm with greater emphasis an old truth. But this new theology does something else. It confuses immanence and identity; and so relapses from theism to pantheism. It neglects the complementary truth, the divine transcendence; it so affirms God's unity with the world as to deny his difference from the world. That transcendence and immanence are complementary and not contradictory conceptions may be illustrated by Sir Oliver Lodge's view of life in relation to matter and energy, "Life may be something not only ultra-terrestrial, but even immaterial, something outside our present categories of matter and energy; as real as they are, but different, and utilising them for its own purpose" (Life and Matter," p. 198). Herbert Spencer cannot rest in his physical explanation of the universe, but must venture on a metaphysical assumption, that all phenomena are the manifestations of the ultimate reality, which for him is so different from them, that he has to pronounce it an inscrutable mystery. The recognition of God's transcendence is a necessity for modern scientific and philosophical thought; as it is a demand of the religious and moral consciousness.

The progress of the religious consciousness from animism to monotheism has been marked by an ever fuller recognition of

The Divine Transcendence.

Reverence and humility alike demand that we should emphasize God's difference from us, and his condecension in his communion with us. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" (Psalm viii: 4). This emphasis on the essential unity of God and man is not in the interests of piety. God is the infinite Creator; we are His finite creatures. He inhabiteth eternity; we are at home in time. If he comes near to us, it is because he stoops to us. But in the interests of the moral consciousness of mankind as well as the religious consciousness the Divine transcendence may be emphasized. God is the absolute moral perfection; we are sinful. As sinners we are not "an expression of God." Mankind is not only limited, it is perverse. It has disowned its dependence, refused its obedience, and so interrupted its communion in relation to God. Akin to God as personal, capable of thinking truth, feeling love, willing righteousness, man is estranged from God, because he has chosen falsehood, hate, and wickedness. The reality of man's sinfulness is a fact of experience, and the recognition of the fact in Christian theology is quite independent of the explanation of its origin given in the story of the Fall. Any attempt at explanation presupposes the recognition of the fact. In affirming the negativity of evil pantheism passes on into optimism, a term so loosely used that we must remind ourselves of its exact meaning. It is often used as equivalent to Christian hopefulness, the confident expectation possessed by Christian faith that Christ shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. It is used here in the stricter sense for the philosophical tendency, which is expressed in Leibnitz's affirmation that this is the best of all possible worlds, Pope's

words, "Whatever is, is right," or Hegal's formula, "The real is the rational." Mr. Campbell, in the interests of his view of the immanence of God as essential unity of God and man, has to minimise sin. Sin is selfishness, and salvation is love. But sin is something more and worse, unless we give the term selfishness a far greater moral content than is usually given to it. Human crime, so terrible that one shudders to think of it, human vice, so shameful that one blushes to speak of it, human bondage to sin, so helpless that its victims have been driven to despair, are not adequately described as selfishness. Evangelical theology does not need to demonstrate human depravity; it can presuppose it. It is not the Bible only that teaches man is sinful; human history and literature bear witness to it. This "new theology" does not cast its plummet deep enough into the abvsmal depths of man. This definition, too, ignores what to the moral conscience of the race has been the sting of sin. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in Thy sight." (Usalm li:4). The Psalmist here expresses the core of the whole matter. It is infinite perfection with which we compare ourselves; it is the antagonism to, and estrangement from, God which sin involves that is its deepest condemnation. Not only in the Hebrew religion, and the fulfilment of its promise the Christian, is sin viewed as offense against the Divine, as needing forgiveness, as demanding atonement. We find these beliefs associated with sacrifice in other religions, and that is not their defect, but their excellence; for it is a recognition of what is real in moral conscience and religious consciousness.

If we recognize the Divine transcendence as well as the Divine immanence, if we recognize

The Reality of Sin.

as offense against God demanding atonement, a forgiveness which not only expresses the love of God, but also the holiness of that love as judging the sin which is forgiven, then it seems to me we shall assign to the person and work of Jesus a meaning and a worth so far beyond and above ourselves, that to describe ourselves as potential Christs will appear to us both irreverent and ungrateful. But before criticizing further let me acknowledge the elements of truth in this representation. The traditional orthodoxy has not done justice to the real humanity of Jesus; and it is a gain that in modern thinking the facts recorded in the gospels have received proper attention. It was the reality and not the semblance of humanity that the Son of God assumed. There was a Kenosis, a Divine eslf-emptying in the Incarnation. Evangelical theologians have recognized this truth for many years, and have not needed to wait for enlightenment from this "new theology." Again, it may be admitted that there was a wider and fuller preparation for the coming of Christ through the immanent Divine activity in other nations besides Israel than has generally been recognized. There were tutors besides the law leading to the true Teacher. There may have been even a spiritual evolution toward the unique humanity of Jesus, although (to express my own personal conviction on a matter which should be left an open question) I find the acceptance of the fact of the virgin birth not a hindrance but a help in understanding this unique humanity. The religious consciousness of Christ as the Son who alone knew and revealed the Father, and the moral character of Christ, the perfection of which is generally admitted, including the moral concience of Christ, in which human penitence and Divine pardon have no place, compel me, however, to connect his person, not with "that side of the nature of God from which all humanity has come forth" (to use Mr. Campbell's phrase), but with God as transcending man in absolute moral perfection. I cannot without being guilty of irreverence claim to be divine as Christ was. It is not the ascent of the immanent God, but the descent of the transcendent God that I confess when I speak of Christ's divinity. If there is given to us "power to become sons of God," it is by the mediation in grace of the Son who is Son by nature. To claim equality with him on whom I thus depend for life in God would be ingratitude.

But to pass from the person to the work of Christ, can I do for mankind what Christ has done? Of course, if loving service and the endurance of suffering in that service is atonement, and "there is no other," then I can become an organ of "God's atoning will," as Christ was. It seems to me, however, that this is quite an inadequate account of the work of Christ. That its inadequacy is not recognized is due to the view of evil as negative, of sin as selfishness. If man's guilt before God is not fully recognized, the need of the atonement in the deeper sense in which evangelical theology has hitherto regarded it will be denied. It is obvious that at the close of an article I cannot attempt to give my own view of the atonement (I have not shrunk from doing it elsewhere); but three remarks I must add. (1) Although theories of the atonement may vary from age to age, Christian experience testifies to

The Supreme Value of the Cross of Christ.

as conveying the assurance of Divine pardon to the human conscience, distressed by the sense of guilt. (2) Mr. Campbell seems to be confident that his view must be right, because "he could get a child to see his explanation of it." Can a child's mind be the measure of God's holiness and man sinfulness, and the means of their reconciliation? Is the pool where the child wades or the ocean where the man must swim the fitter symbol of the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation in Christ crucified? (3) The "new theology" makes modern evangeliism responsible for views held in former times. Evangelical theology is as progressive as the times demand, and many a representation offered by its critics is not a portrait but a caricature. Men who glory in the Cross can and do welcome all fresh light in science, criticism, or philosophy. If the atonement is, and must be, essentially from God on behalf of man, we do not and cannot atone for the world's sin, and therefore we cannot in work be potential Christs. If Christ has saved me, as I could not save myself, reverence and gratitude forbid that I should claim his office. That his sacrifice is to be reproduced in us in the renunciation of sin and dedication to God as taught by Paul when he describes the Christian as crucified and risen with Christ; that by sharing his spirit of love to God and man we shall know both the fellowship of his suffering and the power of his resurrection is no less Scriptural a doctrine. This truth is not a rival to or substitute for the truth that he died once for the sins of the world. This emphasis on the inward experience to the exclusion of the outward history on which it depends is a mysticism, which ignores the necesssary and constant mediation of Christ in the Christian's life with God. Because my experience makes me ever say, "All to him I owe," my theology does not allow me to describe myself as a potential Christ.

A GREAT MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

The Presbyterian Men at Work.

The intersynodical foreign missionary convention of the men of the Presbyterian Church, held in Omaha last week, was one of great insipration. There were 600 deleaates from fifteen states and one territory of the Middle West. Noted ministers, missionaries and laymen were present and a great impetus was given to the cause of foreign missions.

The Rev. Dr. Ira Landreth, the presiding officer the first evening said: "I have two distinct impressions of the genesis and motives of this initial convention; first, it was needed, and second, this is the time for it. The evangelization of the world in this generation is both the privilege and duty of the church. It is a magnificent masculine enterprise, a tremendous task which it would be ungallant to undertake by feminine proxy. All honor to the missionary schoolmistresses abroad and for the women's missionary societies, who have talked to us and prayed and prayed for us; they know the world must become acquainted with Christ."

Among those on the program was the veteran missionary to China, the Rev. Dr. Hunter Corbett, who goes back to China in a few days to spend there the remaining years of his life. Dr. Corbett urged the sending of our best men to China so that in these formative years the Christian stamp may be put upon that great nation.

In telling of the work in Korea the Rev. Dr. S. A. Moffatt said that seventeen years ago there was not a professing Christian in Korea. Today nearly 40 per cent of the population of the larger centres is under Christian influences.

Christ's Appeal to Men.

Mr. Robert E. Speer spoke on "Christ's Appeal to Men for the World." "Now is the time of all times to carry the gospel to all the world under the personal leadership of Christ. Let us go forth with the grasp of his conquering hand, invincible and unconquerable, and we can achieve impossible things. We are going to stay by the work to the end and carry it through or die in trying. Christ wants just a few more men to work in his spirit. The moving spirit of missionary work is knowledge. The time is coming when men will give millions of dollars for the evangelization of the world. But it is not money alone that is needed, but prayer and obedience. The burden of Christ's obligation rests upon the shoulders of all men alike. He demands everything of all; not 50 per cent of money, time and life. If any man cometh after him let him take up the cross of Christ and follow him. Such is the divine injunction. We should follow him in the spirit of absolute obedience. Christ's one condition was 'Go ye into all the world.' Some carpists ask what will happen at home if we let loose all these energies for the evangelization of foreign fields? I will tell you what will happen—the spirit of God will come down into our churches once again. The Galileans were world transforming men. So can we be."

The Address of Dr. Coyle.

In speaking on "Men of Might in Missions" the Rev. Dr. Robert F. Coyle said:

"The ability to do is the main thing and power is back of it, and will avails nothing without the power to run it. Power is the fundamental base of religion and especially in the work of evangelizing the world. There are the vested interests of millenium of heathenism to deal with. These are in front, but what are the foes in the rear? They are the vices of civilization. In the front our representatives are trying to evangelize the Filipinos, only to find the work made hard by our own soldiers.

"Rationalism and scepticism send their books to pagan lands and put weapons in the hands of the enemy. What force shall we put against these? A force has been furnished in the person of Jesus Christ. We can draw on this force. In every direction we are as strong as the thing to which we attach ourselves.

"The Christian's power chrystalizes into service. I name Paul first of the men of might in missions because he was first. Civilization came into Europe with the landing of the boat which brought him across the sea. His activities are innumerable and his tireless feet were everywhere. Were there no Paul who can measure where the world would be tonight? The power of Jesus Christ behind him was his force. 'I can do all things through Christ.' William Carey was a second man of might—a shoemaker brooding in his shop, and he began to talk and preach about missions. He was squelched by his elders, but nothing could stop him when God was propelling him.

"'I go down into the pits and you must hold the ropes,' he said to his comrades at home. He went. At the end of seven years his first convert is made, but he toils on translating the gospel and tries to change the terrible laws. The dogs of war are against him, but he toils on and gave the impulse which is now bearing fruit through a thousand missions in all parts of the world today. He labored there for forty years and died.

"To these men of might I add another—David Livingstone. He went to Africa to a career which can never go into eclipse while the world stands. It was the will of divine providence that he should expose slavery.

"'I am resolved to open a path through this country or perish,' was his message. He fought fever, wild beasts, serpents, flies, hostile natives. He held on until at last a poor, ragged skeleton, he came in sight of the Atlantic ocean strapped to an ox.

"He was an educated man. Think of such a man dying for the black man, pierced by pain until Stanley comes, but he will not return home, for there he stayed and his last words were a prayer for Africa and as long as the waves beat the shores of that land they will continue to sing a song to David Livingston.

"He traveled 29,000 miles and a visit to Cambridge was a revelation and thousands were anxious to follow in the path he had blazed. When the balance is struck it will be found these knights of the cross have been more potent than all the knights of commerce. We, too, may be men of might in this greatest campaign which God has ever looked down upon. God is limited in the exercise of His power by the tools at His command. Let us lay all the manhood we have upon the altar and we will be vested with a power which will make the angels sing."

"Christ liveth in me." I have full possession of life in God. Self is lost in the full realization of the great promises of God in Christ Jesus. All the petty questions, annoyances, desires and triumphs of mere existence are lost in the overwhelming thought of the glory of real life.

Among the Churches.

Berkeley, First.—At a business meeting on Wednesday evening, the 27th, a call was extended to the Rev. Dr. McAfee. The call, however, not being unanimous may be declined by Dr. McAfee.

San Francisco, Howard.—A beautiful American flag was presented to the church by the Calvary Reserve Cadets. It was flung to the breeze on Washington's Birthday, and appropriate addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. J. S. Thomas, and by Rev. William Rader.

Oakland.—Brooklyn Church held its 44th annual meeting Wednesday evening, February 20. The Ladies' Aid Society served a dinner to which all the families of the congregation were invited. Annual reports were read and church officers were elected. Funds were raised in a few minutes to clear off a small deficit reported by the church treasurer, and the pastor, Rev. H. K. Sanborne begins the new year with an added amount to his salary. The clerk reported 63 additions by letter and 40 on profession, 5 deaths, and 15 dismissed by letter. The present membership is 428. The enrollment of the Sabbath school is 487. A delightful spirit of harmony prevails, and the pastor is preaching strong, helpful, gospel sermons to good-sized congregations.

Ventura.—The ministers of four of the Protestant churches of Ventura (Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and Christian) arranged for a week of union services at the beginning of the year, but unfavorable weather led to postponement. Beginning on Sunday, Jan 27, meetings were held every evening except Saturday, for three weeks, the closing service being held at the Methodist church last Sunday evening. The attendance was good from the first, and the interest increased and culminated during the last week. The result has been a deepening of the spiritual life in many of the church members and officers, and an awakened interest on the part of many who had become luke-warm. The spirit of unity and brotherly love among the ministers and members of the different churches has been a marked feature of the work, and it is confidently believed that the effect will be seen in the future history of the churches and community of this beautiful city by the sea. It has been decided to resume the meeting on March 17, and to continue them from that date until Easter Sunday.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The Woman's Missioinary Society of the San Rafael Church held its annual meeting on Wednesday, the 13th. There was a large attendance. The address was given by Prof. Wicher on "The Evolution of Japanese Character." It was a very interesting address. As Prof. Wicher has lived in Japan he has had exceptional opportunities to study and observe Japanese character. Mrs. Wicher with her violin, also added much to the interest of the meeting.

The growth of San Anselmo is witnessed by the increase of the postal receipts. Several years ago a small office was opened in the railway station. It has now become a presidential office. Mr. James Girard, a Scotch Presbyterian, has just been appointed postmaster at a salary of $1,000 a year, to succeed Mr. Geo. M. Taylor. A strong petition for the incorporation of San Anselmo is before the Board of Supervisors.

Mr. W. S. Bingham, of the Middle Class, is vice-president of the new interdenominational organization known as the "Student Recruits for the Christian Ministry," and Mr. Geo. M. Day, of the same class is chairman of the finance committee. The movement has the hearty endorsement of the seminaries and of educators such as President Wheeler and other college presidents. It is already assuming national proportions. It is advociated in the East by such papers as The Congregationalist and The Outlook. It is to be presented at many conferences in the East this summer. The movement started at the recent Pacific Grove Students' Conference. Prof. Paterson was one of the originators. Its object is to unite all students who purpose to enter the ministry, to secure for the members organized fellowship in this purpose, and to promote aggressively the consideration of the ministry as a vocation for Christian young men.

The students gave a reception to the families of the Faculty and some of their neighbors on Friday evening, the 15th. The parlor was beautifully decorated and the entertainment of a very interesting and enjoyable character.

Rev. Robert S. Eastman, '00, pastor of the South Berkeley Church, is much encouraged in his work. There have been considerable accessions of late and more are to be received soon. The congregation are contemplating the building of a new and larger church.

Rev. E. J. Thompson, D.D., one of the Oregon directors of the Seminary, died quite suddenly recently at Albany, Oregon. He had been on the board of directors for about twenty years, and though he was not able to come often to California he kept up a warm interest in the work here. He was planning to visit the Seminary soon, and hoped to be present at the next meeting of the directors. He was one of the oldest and best known members in the Synod of Oregon, a genial, loyal friend and a faithful servant of God.

LECTURES.

Six Lectures to be Delivered by Professor Francis Peabody, D.D., on Earl Lectureship Foundation of Pacific Theological Seminary

The Approach of the Social Question. (General Title.)

April 1, 1907. Philosophy and the Social Question.
April 2. Social Science. Sociology, and the Social Question.
April 4. Economics and the Social Question
April 5. Ethics and the Social Question
April 8. Ethical Idealism and the Social Question.
April 10. Religion and the Social Question.

The only reason some have a tender conscience on Sunday is because they keep it in cotton batting all the week.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND MISSIONS.

By C. W. Long.

In the course of preparation on this subject of "The Sunday-school and Missions," a number of questions arise and demand solution.

1. What is a Sunday-school; its object and purpose?

2. What are Missions; their object and purpose?

3. After all, are not the Sunday-schools and Missions laboring for the same object and organized for the same great purpose?

4. Of what value to the Church, at home or abroad; or what benefit to mankind in general and at large, is a Sunday-school when such a Sunday-school has none of the fervor, zeal, spirit, activity, or energy of missionary labors that characterized the life of Christ, and made Him the greatest of all leaders and teachers of the world's history?

5. Is not the Sunday-school a training ground for Missions?

6. Can a Sunday-school and Missions be any other than one and inseparable?

These questions cover a great field for thought and meditation, and our most careful consideration. I dare not attempt to answer in detail any of them, much less give a full exegesis of this important question of Sunday-school and Missions.

The above questions arise in the course of preparing our few words on the subject. They are here for our benefit. May we study them and profit by the answer received from the conviction of a true and honest conscience.

Ques. 1. What is a Sunday-school; its object and purpose?

A Sunday-school is a school for the promotion of the study of the Bible; the book that reveals the Creator of the universe as appearing in the fashion of a man, in the person of Jesus Christ, teaching and exemplifying the life and conduct that will benefit humanity and meet with divine approbation. The Sunday-school is an institution of sacred learning, wherein we are taught to "Love God with all our heart, soul, mind and strength; and our neighbor as ourselves, and to do unto others as we would have them do unto us." It is an organization for both old and young; where they can come together and study their duty toward God and toward their fellow men, and where the child may be instructed in the paths of righteousness, and to love and serve his fellow man, and love, serve and obey his Father which is in heaven. Furthermore, the Sunday-school is a stepping-stone to the Church. Every teacher should manifest some of the misisonary grace with which they are endowed by bringing into the Church one or more of their class. For how can we expect a reward by going into the presence of God empty-handed? The life of the Church in a large measure depends upon the Sunday-school. It is therefore necessary for the Sunday-school to train up her children in the truth as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord, and present them as candidates for membership into this body, which is Christ's bride. And if such interest be manifested, who can calculate the power for good, and the wide-spread influence that will come from this help to the Church? See the mighty army of urchins collecting every Sunday at the gateway of the Church, eager for instruction in righteousness their young hearts begging for the bread of life to be broken and given unto them. Can any teacher afford to turn a heedless ear to their cries? They cannot. The joy that such an opoprtunity would bring us is too great to be allowed to slip by unused. Besides, a tremendous responsibility rests with every Sunday-school for the righteous training of the "diamonds in the rough." The Sunday-school is one of the means of grace given us by divine appointment, to be used for the propagation of the gospel of Jesus Christ. And no institution in the Church has a better opportunity for the spread of the gospel than has the Sunday-school. Here are all classes, of all ages, of all talents and dispositions and turns of mind; and for the most part at an age when their mind and character is just ready to be shaped and moulded into what over likeness their education may make for them. How great then is the Sunday-school's opportunity for good, and what a field for Missions.

But what are Missions? What is the object and purpose of Missions?

With many, missions are understood to be a source of income derived by a begging system, to support a few fool-hearted men who persist in carrying the gospel to an unworthy, illiterate, ill-famed and hopeless race of the world's inhabitants, whom if God wants saved He will save Himself. But Jesus Christ said in His great commission to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. How shameful then for men to harbor such thoughts, charging the most self-sacrificing men and women with a begging system for an unworthy mission? No business in the world is more honorable than is the missionary movement. It was ordained of God and sanctioned by the greatest men of the world . Its object is the salvation of souls, and its purpose is to place the gospel story of Jesus Christ before every class of people on the face of the entire earth. Missions apply to home and to foreign field alike. But when one is well supplied with the word of God, then it must also be supplied to the other. Hence, it is just as important for us to support the foreign as it is the home, and no one may excuse himself from either.

We are persuaded that the missionary spirit must pervade the Sunday-school, and that the Sunday-school must exercise some of the missionary spirit. And the Sunday-school superintendent who tries to run a Sunday-school on non-missionary principles must needs have a Bible revised for his or her benefit; for the gospel story of the cross is full of missionary thought, and it cannot be taught without teaching missions with it. Jesus Christ was the greatest missionary the world ever had. He left His home in glory, descended to earth in the fashion of a man to teach man what the Father gave Him to teach, and when He departed this carnal life in clouds of glory from the hill-tops of Bethany, He gave to the twelve His great commission, saying: "Go ye (each one of you) into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This command of Christ's is just as direct to the professing Christian world today as it was to the twelve, nearly two thousand years ago. How then can any man excuse himself on any ground except absolute impossibility? A certain work of this class is required by the Lord from all men. And while all men may not have the same office in life, yet every one has a mission, and that mission implies help to any human being that is down. It matters not whether they be Chinamen, Japanese, Ethiopian, Scythian, Indian or what not, our command is to "Go,"

do our part and God will hold Himself responsible for results.

The main object of the Sunday-school is to train the child, the youth, the adult, in the Christ life, for the purpose of converting them to Christianity, and thus strengthening the Church of God and by this it becomes a means of the salvation of souls, thus fulfilling its mission in the world.

The main object of missions is no more or less. It, too, is a means of support to the Church, and the salvation of souls its purpose.

Let us here consider for a moment of what value to the Church at home or abroad, or what benefit to mankind in general and at large is a Sunday-school, void of missionary zeal and spirit?

Have you ever seen a Sunday-school in just this state or condition? And a fearful condition it is. Suppose a merchant endeavoring to make his business successful without advertising in any way, shape or form. Think of a traveling salesman, building up a thriving business for his employer by not visiting the different stores in his territory. What is the natural outcome? If a Sunday-school expects to help the Church save souls it must labor with this end in view by training those under its tutorship, educating them for Christ and His kingdom. It is therefore absolutely necessary for missionary work to be done in and by the Sunday-school, and if such work be not done, then a Sunday-school is missing her greatest opportunity for good. She is not doing her duty, consistent with her teachings; or living up to her obligation as a Sunday-school. She is practically of no value to her guardian, the Church at home or abroad, and of no benefit to mankind in general or at large for never a child, or youth, or adult has been trained or fitted for such work or made interested in such a movement. She has lost her opportunity for greatest good in the world.

Christianity either means missions or it means nothing. And missions means giving, or it means nothing—the giving of substance, service and self. "God loveth a cheerful giver," but He is not well pleased with His professing children withholding the substance He has put into their keeping and thus, with selfishness at the bottom of it all, hindering the advance and spread of the gospel cause. Many of our Sunday-schools cry poverty; and they will continue to to cry—not able to pay for literature and song books.

Just try giving one collection a month to missions for a year, and see how your collections will increase and multiply. Give with faith, not grudgingly, but cheerfully.

One little Sunday-school at Mariposa, numbering 30 enrolled and 23 in average attendance, pays $18 for literature; $10 on the pastor's salary; $3 to $5 for S. S. cards, and one collection per month, amounting to about $12 or $13 a year, to the cause of missions. They are a loyal school, and a lesson that even larger Sunday-schools may profit by.

The Sunday-school is a splendid training ground for missions; and no institution of the Church has a grander and more noble opportunity for such work than has the Sunday-school.

As we have already pointed out, here is the child in its tender years, ready to be shaped and fitted for a grand and noble work for life. Its heart at this time is most susceptible, and its mind is easily influenced for good. Don't let this oportunity pass without imprinting in the mind of that child the great missionary cause of Christianity. Tell it of Jesus and His love for children, and as a ministering Saviour who gave His life a ransom for many, even all; that He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Tell them of the perishing ones in heathendom that He came to save, and impress them with the fact that they can do something to help along the gospel movement, and to carry the story of Jesus and the Lamb to the benighted.

By all means give the children something to do. It is the way to their hearts, and the best and surest incentive to win a child's affections and to make an opportunity to teach them that which you are trying to rivet upon their young hearts.

The Sunday-school and missions are one, and inseparable. They cannot be run successfully unless a union of faculty exists and is in perfect harmony one with the other. The misisonary work needs a plan similar to that of the Sunday-school. and the Sunday-school needs a spirit, zeal, and energy of the misisonary movement.

Hap-hazard, careless and indifferent work never will win. It does well to live at all. Cultivated patience, while labors are being extended and prosecuted will do much toward winning the world for Christ even in the Sunday-school. Let us watch and pray be sober and wait on the Lord. But don't forget to labor as well. Thus we will be found at our post when the watchman shall appear, tending the little flock committed to our protection.

What is Life? The tramp, shambling along the highways has existence, but not life. The seekers after pleasure, living from one scene of excitement to the next, has mere existence, but not life. Strenuous idleness is exemplified by those who delve, strive, and calculate only for wealth, fame, honor or social standing. They do not live. Like old Scrooge, in "Christmas Carols," they lose absolutely the whole of life. Existence is the gift of God. It can come from no other cource. Life given to immortals only, worthy of God. "Life has the future in its arms," existence has not. "Life has untold capacities about it: beauty, fragrance, strength, growth, continuity, eternity." Christ came to communicate life to those dead in trespasses and in sins.

As God is the sole and only source of natural life, so is He the sole and only source of spiritual life. The search for the source of natural life by scientists is simply absurd. God has revealed to us its only source. It is confirmed by those attempts by Parisian chemists to form kernels of wheat which will germinate. Experiments extending over a score of years have failed to discover "the chemical source of life." The principle of all life is centered in the Creator. He is the one and only Origin of spiritual vitality. Life and light are together the glorious gifts of His grace.

"And the sea of care grows still
In the shining of Thy smile;
And Thy love's all-quickening ray
Chases night and pain away,
That my heart grows light the while."

Man was not made for the sake of morals, but morals for the making of the perfect man.

The Home.

Why should we not make friends with happiness?
Life hath its grieving moments, it is true,
And daily cares—but O, its rapture, too!
Why should we gather thorns when flowers press
About our feet, and sweet wild things confess
Their inner radiance, as if they knew
There shone for us behind the steadfast blue
A love that asks no guerdon but to bless?
—Helen S. Saxton.

HOME DISCIPLINE.

All human actioins may be referred to two motives—love or fear. Some natures seem wholly devoid of fear. But with the first dawn of intelligence all show love in some form—if only love of self.

To this natural, if ignoble, feeling we appeal by praise or gifts. Praise must ever be the most powerful agent in the government of children.

But children are quick to detect injustice, and soon take advantage of the weakness of the parent who commands and indulges them, irrespective of their behavior.

They will obey, through fear, the over-severe parent only until their fear has been outgrown, then cast to the winds his advice. The flight of years, however, will only enhance their admiration for that parent who can inflict punishment when needed, as well as overlook slight faults, and who is quicker to see the good deed than the evil.

Much of a mother's police duty could be avoided if she would provide legitimate work for each child, a lawful playroom in which each should have his separate shelf or box, and foster among them the spirit of honor.

To develop this, and a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the home, mothers should early train each child to work about the house. Manual labor and skill in all its branches ought to be glorified, not despised. Children naturally love to work. It is our own fault if our sons and daughters grow up prouder of idleness and white, soft hands than of honest labor

Let the children sweep and dust, and feed the chickens and tinker at the hencoops. Teach them to sew on buttons and do simple cooking. Let each know his own job, and if he does it well, pay him for it, as you would any other servant.

Do not pauperize your child by gifts of pennies. There is not money so sweet to spend as your own earnings. And within reasonable bounds, a child should buy what he likes with such wages.

Children ought to have pets, but it is immoral to let a creature suffer from neglect and abuse at the hands of careless little ones. Compel each pet-owner to attend to his own creature's needs.

Punish all cruelty, of course, but talk to the children about the pets, their habits and feelings, their likes and dislikes.

There is no more effective way of teaching love of nature, kindness, and a gradual, normal development of some of the deepest lessons of human life.

Then comes the play time. We ought to study a child most closely then, for in this he reveals his inmost soul far more than in the imitations of older minds which we call "lessons."

I know a four-year-older, playing at chopping little sticks with a dull hatchet, who, without help of any kind, laid out a symmetrical and quite intricate design in kindling wood.

Another time, after a neighborhood fire, he lay down on the nursery floor, with pencil and wrapping paper, and drew spirited though crude pictures of fire-engines, hose-wagons, ladders and firemen.

Should not that child have drawing-lessons?

One little girl loves to cuddle her dollies, but detests sewing. Another cuts and makes shapely dresses —for the first child's dolls.

One will be domineering, another tricky, in play, and the mother should be ever watchful to repress the bad traits and train the good ones as they show themselves,—ready always with sympathy and comradship, and above all, praising every little honest effort.

A wise mother will praise and reward far oftener than punish. One may very often be wisely blind to little faults, but there will come crises which require punishment—swift—sure—and exactly fitted to the offense of the moment.

I believe that there are some difficult natures which at times need a whipping—as a last resort, when milder measures fail; but whipping as a punishment for all offenses hardens the child as well as the parent, and soon loses all moral effect.

I would put soap, red pepper or quinine on a saucy tongue; wrap tightly in cloths meddlesome or pinching fingers; confine alone a quarrelsome playmate; send from the dinner table a noisy, greedy or dirty child; and put to bed, for the day, one who had deliberately soiled or destroyed clean clothing.

Perhaps my favorite punishment (which allows of an infinite number of applications) is the writing of "order lessons." Sometimes I require a certain arithmetical table to be copied neatly a certain number of times; sometimes the word "behavior" or "disorder" must be written five, ten or twenty-five times. For displays of jealousy, anger, selfishness, etc., I have a certain number of copies of texts made, such as: "The love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything else;" "He who ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city;" "The tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," etc.

I try to make the child fully understand why he is punished; to punish when perfectly cool myself; to fit the punishment to the offense, and to vary its form as often as possible. And I try to treat my children as courteously as I expect them to treat me.

If I make a child a promise, I am very careful to keep it. I have told them always the exact truth, and have no trouble with their deceiving me or in their not trusting my word.

I have always taught them to come to me with any question which puzzles them, and as far as possible, I answer them. But I am not afraid to say, sometimes, "I do not know," and at other times, "When you are older, I will tell you that."—G. E. Reilley.

DRUGS FOR HEADACHE.

It may be said, with little fear of contradiction from those who know the facts, that if a cast-iron law forbidding the use of any drug whatever in the treatment of headache could be enacted, there would be

much less misery for the coming generation than there is for this.

A sufferer from repeated headaches who has found a means of relief in "headache powders," or other even less harmful drugs, may dispute this assertion, but the victim of some drug habit or the friends of one whose heart, poisoned by acetanilid or antipyrin, has suddenly ceased to beat before its time will look at the matter from another point of view entirely.

During the Spanisch war numbers of would-be recruits were rejected because of a weak heart; and in the epidemic of pneumonia which ravaged the country last winter an unusual number of deaths occurred from failure of the heart to meet the added strain.

Although various causes have doubtless been at work to weaken the hearts of the present generation, there can be no question that one potent influence has been the indiscriminate use of headache powders.

In all cases of habitual headache recurring periodically a physician must, of course, be consulted, that he may find the cause—eye-strain, disease of the ears, nose, stomach or other more distant organs—and remove it if possible. But the separate attacks of headache have to be relieved, if very severe; and in these cases it is better not to resort to drugs, unless the drugs are taken under the special guidance of a physician.

In the congestive headache, marked by throbbing, and made worse by stopping or lying down, a cold towel or an ice-bag applied to the head, a hot-water bag to the spine, a mustard-plaster to the back of the neck or to the inner side of the thighs, or a hot mustard foot-bath—one or more—will often give relief when many drugs fail.

In the anaemic form of headache marked by pallor, in which the pain is made less severe by lying down, massage of the head or the application of warm cloths to the head and face will often be found grateful.

A threatened bilious headache may sometimes be warded off by a dose of Epsom salts, as many other headaches due to "auto-intoxication," and one due to overuse of the eyes or eye-strain will usually, if taken at the moment of the first warning, be arrested or mitigated by closing the book and going for a walk.—Youth's Companion.

The Quiet Hour.

"Do not hurry;
Do not worry;
Grip your purpose and be true.
Days must measure,
God's own pleasure
When this truth is plain to you.

"Then be steady,
Always ready,
Never murmur, do your part;
Light each duty
With the beauty
Of a wholesome, happy heart."

LEAVE YESTERDAY BEHIND.

One of the strongest forces for good is the woman who has strength of mind enough to put the past resolutely behind her and take up the future cheerfully.

Women often cannot do it. Their tendency is to cling to the past, even while the memory of it breaks their hearts. They brood over hours that can never come back, and events that can never be altered; and if there is one loophole by which they can find a way to blame themselves or another for what happened, they are certain to hunt that loophole out and take an extra pleasure in the added pain. Reproach seems like a balm to their souls.

"Oh, if it had only happened otherwise! If I or some one else had done differently! It might have been! It might have been!" That is the unceasing cry of many a woman's heart. She does not know that things could possibly have been otherwise, but in her anguish she tells herself so.

Poor soul! If some one could only make her see that she is doing the worst possible thing by hugging these regrets to her bosom. Let her remember that if she did the best she could she has no reason to reproach herself. Even if she did make a mistake, no power on earth can bring back the past in order that she may rectify it. Tears and sleepless nights of despair cannot undo what has been done. It is gone forever.

But—and here, and here only, is relief from her misery—there is an attatude of mind which can bring the greatest possible good out of even our worst blunders or our saddest misfortune. To those who accept the past, who sincerely deplore their mistakes and resolve not to repeat them, there comes, if they will let it, a consciousness of a power working eternally for good which can make all things, even grievous errors, work to some wise end. It is the one salvatioin of a heart driven almost to madness by regret and self-reproach.

One occasionally meets a rare woman who has suffered deeply, but whose face is calm and cheerful as the morning, and her character an inspiration and a source of strength to every one who knows her. She has not forgotten her past. Oh, no! Nor has she tossed it aside as a thing of no meaning. What she has done is to school herself to accept it as unalterable, to trust confidently that some good will come out of it, and to do the best she can in the present. Thus her saddest mistakes have become a rich experience. Such a woman was George Eliot's "Romola," that noblest of disappointed, suffering women.

Leave your yesterdays behind, accept today as a rich opportunity for right living, and tomorrow will bring strength and joy of its own.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FORGET YOURSELF.

Forget yourself. You will never do anything until you do. Self-consciousness is a disease with many. No matter what they do they can never get away from themselves. They become warped upon the subject of self-analysis, wondering how they look, how they appear, what others will think of them, how they can enhance their own interests. In other words, every thought and every effort seems to focus upon self; nothing radiates from them.

No one can grow while his thoughts are self-centered. The sympathies of the man who thinks only of himself are soon dried up. Self-consciousness acts as a paralysis to all expansion, strangles enlargement, kills aspiration, cripples executive ability. The mind

which accomplishes things looks out, not in; it is focused upon its object, not upon itself.

The immortal acts have been unconsciously performed. The greatest prayers have been the silent longings, the secret yearnings of the heart, not those which have been delivered facing a critical audience. The daily desire is the perpetual prayer, the prayer that is heard and answered.—Success Magazine.

THE SMOOTHERS OF THE WAY.

"She always made things easier," was the tribute given a little while ago to a quiet woman not much known outside the four walls of her household and in a charity or two, but who yet left an aching void behind her when she passed on into large life. No one who knew her could help recognizing the simple completeness of the statement. From her husband to her housemaid, every one in the family felt his or her daily way smoothed and straightened by her tact and system and gentleness. She was a living example of George Eliot's saying: "What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for one another?"

To some girls and women perhaps this seems a small end to live for. Yet that it is so often approached makes the hope and the happiness of home. Life is increasingly difficult, increasingly complex in many communities today. The husband, the children, the friends of the woman who "makes things easier" more and more rise up and call her blessed. Her work is worth living for, because it continually makes every life within its influence seem better worth living. And when she is gone—how rugged the way, how heavy the burden without her gentle ministry! We hear a great deal nowadays about the "superfluous" woman. Some branches of woman's work may be overcrowded; but never, never, surely, the high vocation of the smoother of the way.—Harper's Bazaar.

Young People.

THE CHILDHOOD OF LONGFELLOW.

Not long ago it was my good fortune to visit for a fortnight in Cambridge, and I improved the opportunity to become acquainted with the houses of famous people,—at least as seen from the outside,—to study inscriptions in the ancient burying-ground, and, as a matter of course, to view the marvellous collection of glass flowers in the museum. One afternoon, walking through Brattle Street, I passed Craigie House. Before it, as often happens, stood a group of visitors, come to see for themselves, as they had doubtless often seen in pictures, the stately mansion thtat sheltered Washington and became the home of Longfellow. These visitors were not, however, the tourists with whose like I was familiar, but children, unwearied by much sight-seeing and showing plainly in their eager faces the excitement of genuine interest. A lady, perhaps their hostess for the day, asked them, as I was about to pass:—

"I suppose you all know by heart some poem of Longfellow's?"

The instincts of an old teacher led me to linger for the quick response of assent.

"I can say four poems," shouted one of the older boys, "besides a long piece out of 'Hiawatha.'"

"We can all say 'The Children's Hour,' I guess," declared a girl, whose brown braids were tied with a broad white ribbon. "Every class in school learns that, and we read some of the others, too."

"I can say the whole of 'The Village Blacksmith,'" murmured one of the little ones, keeping tight hold of the lady's dress as if to maintain the place by her side

"Why, of course," concluded another. "Every child knows Longfellow's poetry,—more or less," he added, thoughtfully.

That is probably true. Every child knows Longfellow's poetry, more or less. That is true, too, not only in America, but in other countries. When I was a student in Germany, I was surprised to find that one of the Longfellow poems, which I had then never heard nor read, although I had been familiar with them ever since I spoke "The Old Clock on the Stairs," on exhibition day in the little red schoolhouse down in Maine, was given to my German mates to be learned **auswendig**; but I became fairly tired of hearing,

> "Sweet babe, true portrait of thy father's face,
> Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed,"

chanted upstairs and down, till I wished emphatically that the teacher would allow me to select the poems that should represent my fellow-countryman.

It was a young Irishman whom Col. Higginson overheard vainly inquiring the way to the spot where once grew the spreading chestnut-tree. In his distant home he had read and loved "The Village Blacksmith," and the first day after he landed in America he went to hunt up the site of the village smithy. Col. Higginson has a fashion of winning hearts, and he won the Irish boy's, as he not only pointed out the place where the tree grew, but confessed that he was himself one of the children who, coming home from school, looked in at the open door, and loved

> "To see the flaming forge
> And hear the bellows roar,
> And catch the burning sparks that fly
> Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

Col. Higginson could tell him, too, that the blacksmith's wife, whose voice was then singing in Paradse, used to be his own nurse, Rowena Pratt.

I remember how kindly the poet himself once received a little girl who came from distant India to bring him greetings and a package from an admirer in that far-away country, and how he sent her away happy in his friendliness and in the gifts of his own books that he had pressed upon her. Many and many of a story might be told of children, who, born far from America, have yet known and loved America's poet.

Children, then, have an especial interest in this year's centennial anniversary of Longfellow's birth. The main facts of his life are already familiar to them. They know that he was born in the pleasant town of Portland on the twenty-seventh day of February, 1807.

He grew up with four brothers and four sisters, showing even in childhood the traits that kept him serene and gracioius into old age.

Little Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was neither saint nor prig. When he was eight months old, his mother wrote of him: "I think you would like my little

Henry W. He is an active rogue, and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing."

When he was five years old, people were talking about an invasion of Canada, and his aunt wrote: "Our little Henry is ready to march. He had his tin gun prepared and his head powdered a week ago."

Not long before his seventh birthday he sent this message in a letter written to his father: "Oh, tell papa I am writing at school,—a, b, c; and send my love to him, and I hope he will bring me a drum." You see that he was not different from other boys, either in his duties or his desires.

This is the first letter he ever wrote, sent perhaps to back up and emphasize the message in his mother's letter:

Portland.

Dear Papa: Ann wants a little Bible like little Betsey's. Will you please buy her one, if you can find any in Boston? I have been to schcool all the week, and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday. I wish you to buy me a drum.

Henry W. Longfellow.

His brother Samuel, afterward his biographer, wrote of him in his childhood: "Henry is remembered as a lively boy, with brown or chestnut hair, blue eyes, a delicate complexion, and rosy cheeks; sensitive, impressionable; active, eager, impetuous, often impatient; quick-tempered, but as quickly appeased; kind-hearted and affectionate,—the sunlight of the house. He had great neatness and love of order. He was always extremely conscientious,—'remarkably solicitous always to do right,' his mother wrote." 'True, high-minded, and noble; never a mean thought or act,' says his sister, 'injustice in any shape he could not brook.' "

Yet he always disliked rough play and loud noises, and he is said to have begged that cotton might be put in his ears to deaden the sound of the Fourth of July cannon. But he was as fond as anybody of jolly good play, and he liked hearty outdoor exercise. His brother mentions particularly kite-flying, ball and swimming in summer, snow-balling, skating and coasting in winter. But his love of sports did not include the love of what is miscalled "sport." He grieved so much over the first and last robin he shot that he never tried to shoot again.

Henry like to play circus; and once he played it so hard that, trying to vault over the head of the great wooden rocking-horse that was always a chief performer, he brought the horse over with him, disabling it effectually.

He began to go to school when he was only three years old, sometimes riding there on horseback, sitting in front of the colored man who worked for his father. At the age of six he was in the Portland Academy, commended by his teacher in a "billet," which praises him as one of the best boys in school, and adds: "He spells and reads very well. He also can add and multiply numbers. His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable." By the next spring he had gone half through his Latin grammar; and, when he was ten, he was reported as ambitious and well-behaved, "occasional levity excepted." Arn't you glad of that "occasional levity" which had to be excepted and makes him seem a more genuine boy to us today?

In vacation-time he use to visit his grandfather, Judge Longfellow, on the Gorham farm, where he played at farming as boys play at it now, with the addition that he could not only follow the mowers and bring home the cows, but he could enjoy the corn-huskings, fill the quills for weaving, and watch the spinner pace to and fro at her spinning-wheel.

Or, perhaps, in vacation-time he might visit his grandfather Wadsworth, who must have been an imposing figure in his scarlet coat with ruffled shirt and cuffs, silver-buckled shoes, and hair powdered and tied behind. Grandfather Wadsworth could tell many an exciting story of war times, for he had been captured by British soldiers and made a daring escape from imprisonment.

These reminiscences of Longfellow's childhood mav well close by telling again the story of his first published poem. "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," which records a famous fight with the Indians not far from the town where Grandfather Wadsworth lived, appeared in the Portland Gazette in 1820. Delighted, indeed, was the boy of sixteen to read his lines in print. That evening he visited at the home of his intimate friend, Frederic Mellen, who knew nothing of Henry's aspirations and success. Judge Mellen picked up the Gazette, asking somebody, not, we may be sure, the young author:

"Did you see the piece in today's paper? Very stiff, remarkably stiff; besides, it is all borrowed, every word of it." And the judge finished by bidding his son bring the poem he had composed on the same subject and reading it aloud to the assembled company.

Perhaps it is not strange that Henry cried over his disappointment when he was fairly within the sheltering quiet of his own bedroom; but, fortunately for the rest of us, that first poem did not settle the matter nor discourage him from trying again. It is interesting to note that even in this early poem of warfare the spirit is reflective, not dramatic, suggesting the serenity of later contemplation rather than the stress of violent action, from which the poet turned instinctively.—Christian Register.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

This is a sad world to him who looks at it with sour eyes.

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COLLYWOBS.

"What's the matter, my little man?" asked the kindly old gentleman. "You seem to be in great pain."

"G'on! Yer mixed," groaned the little boy. "I ain't in no great pain, but dey's a great pain in me, all right."—Philadelphia Press.

God is here, and it is our fault if we do not perceive Him, just as the Rontgen rays have always been in existence, though man did not see them.

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Sit not in foolish sorrow;
He merely fritters life away
Whose thought is of tomorrow;
Yet foolishly they err who care
To think but of the present,
Or fancy all days must be fair
Because to-day is pleasant.

Cross not the bridge before you reach
The stream beneath it flowing;
Look well before you leap, let each
Crop be foreseen at sowing;
Fair Fortune views him with delight
Who plans for future pleasure;
Why save for thieves who may to-night
Break in and steal your treasure?

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

"Oh mamma," cried Blanche, "I heard such a tale about Edith! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," said her mother, "before you tell it we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"I will explain it. In the first place, let me ask you about your story. Is it true?"

"I suppose so. I had it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for mentioning it at all."

"Always ask these three questions first when you are tempted to tell something about others. They are good sieves."—Lutheran Young People.

He made and loveth all.
For the dear God who loveth us,
All things both great and small;
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best who loveth best

—Coleridge.

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THE PRESENCE.

Thy face I can not see,
  Thy voice I do not hear,
No form appears to me;
  Yet thou art near.

I feel thee all around
  In love enfolding me;
O mystery profound,
  I live in thee!

And from thy face there shines
  A light upon my way;
While thought of thee divines
  What thou dost say.

Thy words are silences
  That tell of perfect peace;
With heavenly calm they bless,
  And troubles cease.

As in thy love I lie,
  Yet closer would I be;
Thy will be mine, that I
  Be one with thee.

—A. Irvine Innes.

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BENIFICENT INSTITUTION.

The Young Men's Christian Association has a strong hold on the affections and the purses of the people of this country. More than $11,000,000 were given last year to the associations in North America for maintenance and new buildings; and at least $6,000,000 have been pledged for buildings this year. Statsitics show that the growth of the Y. M. C. A. in all of its departments during the first six years of the twentieth century exceeded the growth during all the fifty-six years of its existence in the nineteenth century. Such is the favor with which it enters the present century because of its splendid record for several decades of the last century as an institution making for the best things in life.

The year 1907 will witness the beginning of some fine Y. M. C. A. buildings on the Pacific coast. The one to be constructed in San Francisco will cost $500,000. It will be on the old site on the corner of Mason and Ellis—one of the most desirable locations for such a work in any city on the continent. Fortunate the men who have had the means to donate to that building and thus to send their lives in ever widening influences on down the ages!

Los Angeles plans to erect a $400,000 building and Portland and Seattle buildings which will cost not less than $350,000 each. Oakland is the possessor of an admirably located lot on which there will be built ere long a building to cost not less than $200,000 and in Tacoma $150,000 have been pledged for a building. The little city of North Yakima, Washington, has $35,000 pledged for a building; one costing $150,000 is being built at Spokane and one in Walla Walla at a cost of $80,000. Last year one was built at Bellingham, Washington, at a cost of $32,000; one at Long Beach, California at a cost of $35,000, and one at San Diego which cost $26,000. The Berkeley association has set its heart on a $100,000 building. It will get it of course, because it ought to get it. That which it ought to be in the Y. M. C. A. line seems to materialize pretty generally.

Pasadena was fortunate to sell recently for $95,000 its property which cost $31,000 in 1903, and a building which will cost $100,000 is to be erected in that city. San Jose has pledges to the amount of $13,000 and Olympia, Washington $6,000.

It is worthy of note that the new central building which is under construction in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, will cost $750,000, and the one at Dayton, Ohio, $400,000. Baltimore has $510,000 pledged for a new building, and Detroit $423,000.

We have been interested of late in noting how the association is making its way in other lands. Last May, for instance, an association building was opened up in Nagasaki, Japan. At that time there were 80 members. At the close of the year it had 420 members and a night school with 120 persons in attendance. It is said that the Japanese members pay all the expenses with the exception of a few hundred dollars sent from this country.

A recent note from China says: "Six student Associations in western Shang Tung, China, send out fifty men each week to take part in evangelistic meetings, and each active member of these Associations gives annually an average of the value of one week's board for the spreading of the gospel."

This from Tokyo is suggestive of the leaven which is at work in Japan: "About 600 soldiers every Sunday from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. make the Tokyo Association building their rendezvous. Sunday is the only day when the soldiers are allowed to leave the barracks."

One who is in touch with the work in the Orient says: "On the foreign field the sixty North American secretaries already stationed in Japan, Korea, China, Ceylon and South America, have only made a beginning of establishing associations at the strategic cities and centers of these lands. Not only in the cities but among students who are strategically the most influential class of young men the work is most promising. Among the Chinese literati and among the universities and higher schools of Japan and India the good beginning which has been made indicates great results in the near future."

When George Williams in London more than half a century ago founded the Young Men's Christian Association he builded better than he knew. He had no idea that it would ever girdle the world.

AN EFFORT TO AROUSE THE MEN.

The Omaha Bee states that great enthusiasm marked the closing session of the Presbyterian intersynodical foreign missionary convention in that city. It is said that the speakers were interrupted frequently with applause as they sounded the note, "the evangelization of the world in this generation."

The convention was for the purpose of arousing a greater interest in foreign missions among the men of the church. Speaking on the topic "Missionary Methods for Men in the Local Church," the Rev. Dr. W. S. Marquis said: "Men have a work which women cannot do. Men alone can sing bass, men alone can bear men's testimony to Jesus Christ, men alone can contribute inherited and developed business ability and men alone have ecclesiastical and civil offices.

"Still women have been a pudding stick to keep the men stirred up. We may paraphrase the words of Solomon, 'Go to thy aunt, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.' We have not done our duty; women have been doing for years just what we are doing now in this convention. Men must use the power for which they are responsible. As to methods, certain principles should guide us. They should be scriptural, universally applicable, practical, permanent. These principles will cast out purely gastronomic methods, which depend upon the oyster patty and chicken pie. Men have been working hard at these methods, but have not capacity to support the cause in this way. These methods are right for social

purposes, but not a dependable method for raising money."

It was the judgment of the convention that at least six million dollars a year were required to enable the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America to do now in foreign lands the work which God is calling it to do. To secure the funds needed it was recommended that each church strive to raise for foreign missions an average of five dollars a member annually.

One speaker called attention to the fact that while American Christians spend $250,000,000 in church work at home every year they send abroad only $9,000,000. American Christians must evangelize 600,000,000 persons in foreign lands if they are evangelized at all; and to do this will require from all the denominations $50,000,000 annually for the next twenty-five years.

As to the Presbyterian Church it was said: "Last year we spent $14,000,000 in local church work and $4,500,000 in home mission work; $18,500,000 in all. We gave one eighteenth as much for the foreign field, which is twenty-five times as large.

None who know the missionary spirit of the Rev. Dwight E. Potter of Oakland will be surprised at the following telegram from him to the Omaha convention: "Set the pace and we will follow. Ezra, x:4. Arise, for the matter belongeth unto thee and we are with thee; be of good courage and do it."

Never was there such a door of opportunity as is open today before the church of Christ.

It is to be hoped that not only in the Presbyterian Church, but in every denomination an effort will be made to stir the men to a sense of responsibility. Much surely may be expected from the laymen's movement which was instituted recently among the leading denominations, of which Mr. Capen of the American Board is president.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

For the year 1906 the cost of crime in the United States aggregated $1,076,327,605. A writer in Harpar's Weekly says that we spend more than five hundred million dollars a year more on crime than we do on all spiritual, ecclesiastical, physical, humanitarian, educational and healing agencies put together.

The centennial of the birth of the poet Longfellow has brought out many interesting incidents concerning him and his poemsfl James H. Ross says of the famous "Psalm of Life" that it was written in haste one summer morning in 1838. He thinks that it might, if written in Theodore Roosevelt's day, have been called "The Psalm of the Strenuous Life." When the critics were slashing away at "Hiawatha," Longfellow asked his publisher how the poem was selling. The reply was "enormously." "Very well," said Longfellow, "then don't you think we had better let these critics go on advertising it?"

Mr. Natan Bijur, a New York Jewish publicist and philanthropist, is of opinion that it would be exceedingly unfortunate if the interest that has been aroused lately on the subject of immigration should result in additional restrictions against the incoming Europeans. He says: "The organized opposition to immigration has come from two sources—from part of the labor unions, which express the view that the immigrant depresses wages, and from the immigration restriction league. The notion that the immigrant by offering undue competition to labor now present in the country depresses wages is analogous to the obsolete contention that machinery would displace the workingman. The fact is that every branch of industry in this country is suffering for want of labor. Moreover the argument completely omits the consideration that the immigrant is a consumer as well as a producer." Mr. Bijur says further: "Moreover it is a peculiarly ungracious spectacle to find the men who have but recently landed to enjoy the benefits of our political, social, and economical system, turning about and endeavoring to shut the door of opportunity in the very faces of the men who are following in their footsteps. Our free institutioins have shown their ability to bring about the assimilation of men of all nations into a concrete whole of greater virtue, higher ideals, and more effective accomplishment than any other nation on earth. The opposition to the present immigrant is un-economic, illogical and un-American." What is needed for the settlement of the immigration question in all its ramifications is more of the spirit of Christ. Men everywhere, in all departments of life are considering too much their own interests rather than the interests of others. This is a selfish world.

Inasmuch as Mr. Reed Smoot of Utah holds his seat in the United States senate it may be somewhat quieting for people to know on what grounds many of those who refused to vote for his expulsion based their decision. So far as we know the following from the Omaha Bee, which comes to the present writer's attention on the train enroute East, is correct: "Much misinformation has been printed throughout the country in connection with the Smoot case. The general impression has been given out that Smoot himself has been guilty of plural marriage when, as a matter of fact, his most bitter opponents have not made that charge against him and the committee of the senate which reported in favor of his expulsion stated specifically that no such charge had been made and that 'the senator stands before the senate in personal character and bearing above criticism and beyond reproach.' The only question before the senate was whether Smoot, as an apostle and a member of the governing body of the Mormon church, had given aid and support to that hierarchy in its defiance of the laws of his own State and of the government. It was urged by Smoot's opponents that his 'endowment' oath was incompatible with his oath as a United States senator. This charge was not strongly substantiated as there was but little testimony offered as to the nature of the oath. Mr. Smoot declared before the committee and in his address before the senate that the 'endowment house' oath does not bind him to any obligation incompatible with his oath as a United States senator; but that he could no more disclose the wording of the oath than could a Mason divulge the secrets of his order. After a hearing extending over two years, in which every effort was made by the advocates of expulsion to make a case against Smoot, the senate has decided that it has no ground upon which to base his exclusion except the fact that he is a member of the Mormon church."

Every time you do a worthy thing you make it easier for others to be worthy.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

We give elsewhere this week a synopsis of the religious statistics for 1906 prepared by Dr. Carroll D. Wright. A little figuring shows that of the larger denominations the Presbyterian Church North had the largest percentage of net gain. The figures being 3.24. The Presbyterian Church South stood next with 2.42. The Disciples of Christ had a percentage of 2.33; the Protestant Episcopal Church 2.30; the Methodist Episcopal 2.30; the Baptists North 2.07; the Baptists South 2.06 and the Congregationalists 1.53

The book by Father Crowley of Chicago, which is an attack on the Roman Catholic parochial schools, as a curse to the Catholic Church and a menace to the nation. It is Father Crowley's aim to show that the hierarchy is wrong in calling our state system of education a vicious wicked, and Godless system. Speaking recently in England Father Crowley said: "Among the most generous supporters of the church building in America, are the factorv and servant girls. The priests usually refer to these people as 'good milkers who never run dry.' I need hardly add that the heads of these parochial schools discourage the reading of the Bible. On the temperance question they are unsafe guides. Many of them are themselves intemperate, and numbers own saloon property of the lowest type. I could give cases in which church property is let out for saloon purposes, and even for those low drinking shops which we call the 'barrel houses.' The people, generally, do not realize to how large an extent the Roman clergy, even the highest dignitaries, are silent partners in the drink traffic." When asked whether the power of Rome was increasing in this country he replied: "Spiritually, no; politically, yes. The priests are more and more interfering with the voters and intimidating political parties. The history of the last four centuries has shown a steady tendency towards the separation of church and State, a struggle that has been sanctified by the blood of countless heroes. Freedom implies freedom in religion, and there can be no freedom in religion while the slightest shred of connection exists between church and state." Being asked whether the heads of his church regarded him as a presumptuous meddler, his reply was: "They have taken refuge of late in a policy of silence. The priests and prelates accused me of making false accusations in my book, but they have taken no steps to disprove my statements. An American Archbishop assured me that the Romish priesthood was so corrupt that any attemept to reform or discipline it would knock the bottom out of the church,"

Bishop Castle of the United Brethren Church, writes as follows concerning the movement to organize a National Church Teperance Council among the religious bodies of this country: "If this initial step is followed up, and results in uniting the churches of this nation against the liquor traffic, the days of the saloon are numbered. It is in the power of a united church to win. This movement is on the right line, and has my most hearty endorsement. Here is a union that will tell. Keep the ball rolling." The object of this organization is: First, To express the unity of the Church in her Temperance principles and in her aggressive Temperance work. Second. To promote gospel temperance in the name of the Church, supported by the church, and responsible to the church. Third. To secure the mutual council and a large combined influence for the Church of Christ in the Temperance Cause. Fourth. Unification of Church temperance effort by agreement upon plans and methods of work, and the practical measures most worthy of promotion by the whole Church, so that denominational temperance work shall not be divisive, but combined in moral sweep and impact. Fifth. To create a sentiment which will compel the civil authorities to perform their whole duty concerning the traffic, prevent the necessity for any Christian directly or indirectly supporting, encouraging, condoning or acquiesing in the henious wickedness, and impress upon the individual Christian his duty to refrain from giving any encouragement to the traffic. Seventh. To enlist pulpit, platform and printing press in behalf of better temperance laws, and to protest against non-enforcement or violation of existing laws. Eighth. To preserve the Church from entangling political alliances, and yet make clear the duty of the Christian people to use their ballot against a traffic which is the enemy alike of church and state. Ninth. To make clear the duty and ability of the church to prohibit and overthrow the legalized liquor traffic whenever she so wills.. . . After at least seven denominations have ratified the constitution which was adopted at the recent conference in Pittsburg there will be another meeting or conference for the launching of the enterprise. This will be in the latter part of the year 1908.

The Rev. D. Aked of Liverpool, England, who accepted a few weeks ago a call to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, is expected to enter upon that work in April. Dr. Aked has been pastor of the Pembroke Baptist Church of Liverpool for sixteen years. The church is situated in the very heart of the city's noise and traffic. Recently he said to his people: "With our enormous congregations, overcrowding the building as we do every Sunday night, we are bound to keep open windows; and we cannot let in air without letting in the roar of the streets. The mere physical effort of speaking against that noise is so great that I have said many times on the journey home that the strain would kill me. Lately I have chosen Sunday evening subjects which seemed to me less attractive; and probably I am the only man in England who for a year past has been deliberately preaching for smaller congregations. It is obvious that there is only one end to a course like that; and that end none of us would care to contemplate." Dr. Aked has the courage to voice his convictions and there has been some surprise that he should take up the work in such a church as the Fifth Avenue Baptist of New York. A London correspondent writes: "It is astonishing to see the intensity of love and hate, of devotion and aversion with which he is regarded in the city where he has ministered for so many years. There are many who are thankful he is going, and are deeply thankful that he is going so far. Where the antipathy to him is so strong as that it is almost entirely due to his attitude with reference to the South African War —in which connection he manifested with equal clearness the noble emotions of a generous heart and the cruel misjudgments of an unbalanced mind. Over against these implacable enemies are his devotees who will pass by the chapels of their own locality, and

even travel in by train from neighboring towns, that they may hear Aked at Pembroke Chapel, satisfied as they are in their own minds that no other minister has a message for their particular temperament. Midway between these extremes are those—and they form the majority—who honor Dr. Aked as a fearless champion of righteousness, who has left his mark for good on the life of the city, even of the country, but whose wildness of speech has often tended to discount his effectiveness and influence. To most on this side of the Atlantic the marvel is not that he should accept the call, but that he should ever have received it. Considerations of health made the acceptance of the call a foregone conclusion. During the last four years he has been under the shadows of death, or permanent invalidism, necessitating his spending a portion of every winter in Switzerland. For more than one whole year he fought a plucky fight with death at Daros, but his has been a crippled life ever since. For health reasons he is forced to live on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, which involves a great degree of traveling backwards and forwards in all weathers." It is reported that Mr. John D. Rockefeller said to Dr. Aked: "In coming you would not be running away from the fight, but leading the advance guard in the thickest of the battle and with a free hand.

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

William T. Ellis of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Press is traveling in the Orient, and is writing some valuable articles concerning missions, which appear in several of the Eastern daily papers, being furnished to a newspaper syndicate. Some Pacific coast papers have in the past had articles from this syndicate, but none seems to have regarded articles on missions as quite sensational enough for their coast readers in general. We quote from an article by Mr. Ellis in the New York Tribune. After three months' investigation into religious conditions and missionary work in Japan Mr. Ellis says concerning the missionaries and their work: "I have met personally 250 missionaries, of all creeds, stationed in every part of Japan. I have seen them at work and at play. I have sought all the criticism against them and their work that could be heard. Wherever I have learned of a critic or antagonist of the missionaries I have tried to get the worst he had to say. From scores of Japanese, Christian and non-Christian, I have gleaned opinions of the missionary force. Summing all up I am bound to say that the missionaries as a whole grade higher than even the ministry at home. Their devotion to their work, and to the welfare of the Japanese is unquestioned. The results of their labor are beyond doubt really great. To say that their converts are not genuine and their work superficial is simply to betray a lack of knowledge of conditions that are apparent to any unbiased observer. Of course there are individual missionaries not a few who are misfits and should be recalled, and of course there are minor points on which the missionaries are undoubtedly open to criticism. Nevertheless, these cannot affect the general verdict, that the missioinaries are creditable representatives of the best life of the Christian nations, and that their efforts are bearing fruit which justify the cost."

Mr. Ellis considers the question, "Will Japan become a Christian nation?" The government officials with whom he has talked say that it will not. But over against this he puts the following: "I find every Christian, foreigner and Japanese, taking a confidently affirmative view. In no case has a Christian betrayed the slightest note of uncertainty on this point. They ridicule all idea of an amalgamation of Christianity, Buddhism and Shintoism, saying that this is Buddhist talk. Buddhism feels its weakness and forsees impending defeat, and wants to capitulate. It may take time, say the Christians, but eventually Japan will become, in the lives of her people, and consequently in her government, a Christian nation. This confidence on the part of the Christians is rather inspiring; they have the faith of their creed.

"Missionaries are quick to point out the weakness of the official predictions. The latter are all based on the assumption that Christianity may be treated as an entity and dealt with as the government would deal with a monetary system or a naval code. Christianity may not be considered thus, say the missionaries. It does not thrive by the approval of cabinets or succeed by imperial edicts. They do not want official sanction or indorsement; that would be as dangerous to the Church as it was in Constantine's day. Christianity is slowly but steadily growing in Japan, and it will continue to grow increasingly, by being accepted as the personal belief of individuals. Its appeal is not to men in the mass, but to men one by one. As a personal, vital experience, taking first place in the individual's life, it will exert its power and find its place.

"Thus all the plans of the government may be upset by the change in belief and life of the people; and, since the missioinaries depend on the supernatural aspect, which officialdom ignores, it may come to pass that even the next Emperor will be a Christian, just as many persons in all branches of government service have become believers in the gospel of Christ.

"In the next breath, after telling you that Chrisitanity will never conquer Japan, the statesmen will confess to their perplexity over moral and social conditions in the country. Japan needs badly a new set of moral ideals; how badly the West cannot possibly understand. Unquestionably Christianity is erecting these in a large body of the people. I have been at pains to assure myself that the Anglo-Saxon standards of virtue prevail among the Japanese Christians, as they certainly do not among the people generally, or even the Buddhist priests. The place of women must be radically changed if Japan is to rank with the civilized nations; admittedly the most potent force in effecting the alterations already accomplished is the mission schools and the churches.

"With respect to eleemosynary institutions—the care of the insane, of lepers and other incurables, the reform of incipient criminals, the provision for orphans and the destitute, the display of kindness to dumb creatures, etc.—Japan has scarcely emerged from barbarism. Practically every advance in these particulars has been made by the missionaries. Despite endless twaddle that has been written about the Japanese home life, it is undoubtedly true that the Christian, or, say, the American, conception of a home is only now being learned, and that from the missionaries. The disingenuousness and subterranean nature of the Japanese character, which has brought shame upon the nation in its business dealings with the world, is being replaced by straightforwardness and integrity on the part of the thousands who are

accepting the Bible standard of conduct.

"All these achievements, which are surely by no means inconsiderable, have been accomplished in a land pockmarked with heathen temples and shrines and in the ancient atmosphere which is utterly hostile to them. There is no Christian Sabbath there to buttress religious work; Sunday is a day of business and labor, the same as other days. The festivities of heathendom are bound up with neighborhood and national life. From servants and associates a little child, even of Christian parents, learns to worship at some one of the shrines which are on every hand and in almost every house. Scarcely a funeral is held except by the ancient Buddhist rites, and the burial is in a Buddhist cemetery. There is an utter absence of the Christian background of association, tradition and education which so potently aids the religious workers in Anglo-Saxon lands. A consideration of the obstacles encountered makes more remarkable the results effected by the missionaries.

"I have repeatedly noticed that the highest class of Japanese in a community are friends of the missionary. Recently the leading Japanese women of Hiroshima were guests in the home of a Methodist missionary. The teaching of English is one of the most effective means of reaching the people. Preaching, of course, is the principal agency employed. Stereopticons, house to house visitation, correspondence, tracts, newspapers and books, hospital visitation, Sunday-schools, Bible classes, cooking classes, sewing classes, music classes and educational work are all commonly employed agencies. The mission schools, ranging from kindergartens to theological seminaries, have exerted a tremendous power and have been the media for the exertion of the influence of hundreds of noble men and women."

Mr. Ellis tells of a time in the past when it was the intention of persons who had the shaping of the nation's policy to make Christianity the national religion. In that connection he says:

"In the government offices of Tokio I came upon the programme with respect to religion, and how it has been changed. My authority is so high that it cannot be questioned. The intention of the men who shape the nation's policy (and this is a paternal, not a poular, form of government) was that the Crown Prince of Japan should become a baptized Christian, so that the next Emperor should be counted among the Christian rulers of the earth. The personal convictions of the crown prince did not figure in the matter at all; the rulers look upon Christianity without any regard to the beliefs of individuals. It is possible that the programme may be overturned by the sincere conversion of the crown prince to Christianity, an event, however, which is improbable. For the second part of the government programme reverses the first. The plan has been changed. It has now been decided that it is unnecessary for Japan to become a Christian nation. The next Emperor will not be a Christian. Independence and toleration in spite of religious matters will continue to be the national policy, but the same official whose views I have been expressing declares it to be his belief that Japan will never become a Christian nation, although there will remain, alongside of Buddhism and Shintoism, a Japanese Christian church."

It cannot, of course, be expected that Japan will become Christian in a day. It was only a short time ago that Japan was opened up to the proclamation of the gospel. Since then great things have been accomplished, and the foundations have been laid for greater. We share the optimism of the missionaries and the Japanese Christians and look for the time in the not distant future when Japan will form one of the bright stars in the crown of him who was crucified at Golgotha.

THE CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST.

J. P. Miller, D.D.

[The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Dayton, Ohio, has had in his church during the winter a series of addresses on the different religious denominations. We take pleasure in giving to our readers the one concerning the United Brethren Church, written and read by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Miller of that denomination. The church has a membership in the United States of about 275,000. It is one of the denominations represented in the Tri-Church Council which meets in Chicago the 19th of this month to take further steps in the movement to unite the Congregationalists, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestants. The membership of the United Brethren on the Pacific coast is a little more than 4,000. It has a large constituency in Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania.—Editor.]

"United Brethren in Christ" is the title of the church which, in the latter part of the eighteenth century grew out of a religious awakening under the preaching of William Otterbein and a number of his colaborers. Otterbein, the leader of this movement, was a distinguished divine and missionary of the German Reformed Church, who was sent by the Synod of Holland in 1752 to America. He was chosen for the mission because of his zeal and earnestness, and his deep devotional spirit. As a young man he preached with great power and learning. It was not, however, till after his settlement at Lancaster, Pa, his first charge to America, that Otterbein, after much prayer and complete self-surernder, realized that God had bestowed upon him special grace and power. He now began to preach against the lifeless formality of the churches, which had been thought sufficient by both ministry and people, and he urged the necessity of the new birth and experimental godliness. Like Edwards, in New England, he began to widen the extent of his influence bv revival labors in neighboring parishes.

While Otterbein was thus preaching and establishing prayer and revival meetings, Martin Boehm, a zealous Mennonite preacher, having himself experienced a similar change of heart, was engaged in a different field, in the same work of evangelism. At a great meeting, held in 1766, in a barn in Lancaster County, Pa., both these ministers met for the first time. At the close of an earnest sermon by Mr. Boehm, and before he had time to take his seat, Mr Otterbein embraced Mr. Boehm, exclaiming, "We are brethren." The effect upon the large assemblage was indescribable, because the men were comparative strangers to each other, and represented opposite types of religious life at that time. The words of Otterbein on that memorable occasion suggested a number of years later the name for the new denomination which finally sprung from this meeting.

It was not, however, intended at first by these in-

terdenominatioinal workers to organize a new Church, but simply to awaken the people in general to the importance of conversioin and the new birth. But God decreed otherwise and directed the new movement until it crystallized into a new and distinct organization. We believe, therefore, the United Brethren Church occupies a divinely authorized place in the universal church of God.

The Army of King Jesus, in its campaign of conquest, is distributed into denominational divisions, representing variety in polity and ritual, but underneath all there is essential spiritual unity. A denomination, in order to occupy a legitimate place in the divine kingdom, must represent the cardinal doctrines of the gospel and possess some peculiar features and elements which justify its existence. The United Brethren Church, with a record of more than one hundred years, furnishes conclusive proof that she possesses such requirements, and therefore deserves respectful recognition as a divine agency for the promotion of the kingdom of God among men. She has come down through the century gathering a constituency of 270,000 souls, who face the future as a battalion of no mean proportion in the army of Christ, set for the final triumph of evangelical Christianity.

The United Brethren Church is not an offshoot by schism of any other denomination. Its founders ever held in view the accomplishment of a special mission. It did not arise from any differences in doctrine, for it presents no new doctrines of any kind. It was born of a revival, not of doctrinal discussion, but because revival measures were not tolerated by the churches among which it took its rise. Its beliefs are those of other evangelical churches and its theology is Arminian. It enjoins two ordinances, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, which are to be used in the Church and practiced by all Christians; but the mode of baptism, whether by sprinkling or immersion, is left to the judgment of each candidate; and our ministers are required to administer the ordinance as the conscience of the candidate dictates, and no minister is allowed to dissuade any one against his own judgment in this matter. Also, the baptism of infants is to be left to the judgment of believing parents. We hold with firm grasp the two doctrinal elements which gave rise to our existence, namely, repentance of sin, and Christian assurance. The special work, therefore, to which the church has and is devoting herself is the conversion of sinners. The fundamental feeling is a profound consciousness of sin and an inward spiritual experience through the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, and a personal consciousness of the divine presence in the soul. This fundamental necessity of conversion by repentance and faith in Jesus Christ implies a sense of responsibility, free will, and universal power to accept or reject the conditions of salvation. In form of worship the Church seeks directness and simplicity; she has no liturgy and does not enforce uniformity in worship, each congregation deciding the method for itself.

The United Brethren Church is strictly American in its government. Its polity is flexible and in accord with the genius of our national government. The fundamental principle upon which the polity rests is that the power resides in the membership and not in the clergy. All officers are elective either by direct vote of the membership or through representatives to whom the members have temporarily delegated power and authority to carry out their will. Hence the management of the individual congregation, through the official board and quarterly conference is almost exclusively in the hands of the local church. The people choose the local church officers, who form the majority of each official board, and elect the delegates to the general conference, which is the highest legislative body in the Church. The quarterly conference elects lay delegates to the annual conference. In the annual and general conferences the power is equally divided between the ministry and laity.

In supplying the congregations with pastors the itinerant system is the adopted method, though not restrictively so. A pastor may remain with the same congregation for an indefinite time, by consent of the annual conference, of which he is a member. In the assignment of pastors the wishes of the congregation are considered; and pastors who are dissatisfied with their assignment as made by the bishop and presiding elders, may appeal to the annual conference then in session.

The ministry of the United Brethren Church is a propaganda. The system combines the presbyterial and congregational elements, in connection with the episcopal form under positive limitations. The presbyterial feature shows itself in that but one order of ministers is recognized—that of elder. The episcopal feature is simply a system of superintendency. Bishops are chosen from among the elders simply as presiding officers and superintendents, and are elected quadriennially and not with life tenure. The efficiency of this system is becoming more and more recognized outside of our denominatioin since it has proven practical and effective in our Church.

The United Brethren Church is progressive in spirit, and seeks to adapt herself to the demands of the age. Her creed is short, yet containing all the evangelical dotrines. She has done within the last quarter of a century what some of the older and larger denominations have seriously discussed, and yet have not dared to attempt, even in the presence of a confessed need of certain changes and revisions of their standards. She has revised her creed at a great sacrifice, and is rewarded with the satisfaction that her present symbols of faith are simple, clear, comprehensive, and scriptural, and to which any Christian may cordially subscribe.

Upon all moral questions the United Brethren Church has always been decided in her position. The law of the Church forbids the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage by its members; also the renting of property owned by members for liquor purposes, or signing petitions favoring the sale of liquor. It was the earliest evangelical church in America that took official action in the temperance reform. Its membership is virtually a pledge to total abstinence. Against the use of tobacco the sentiment is strong. The annual conferences are enjoined by the discipline of the Church not to admit candidates for the ministry who use tobacco in any form unless they pledge themselves to abstain from the use of it. By the vigorous exclusion of slave-holders from the Church she shut herself out from the South. Had she done otherwise she might have had large success in the South on account of her democratic polity. But upon this question the United Brethren Church stood as a unit, to the hardship of many of our preachers and people in Virginia and Tennessee, until that memorable day when, under the providence of God, Abraham Lincoln, by the official stroke of his pen, endorsed

the position we held and smote the shackels from four millions of human beings.

Overwhelmed by a deep sense of the reality of the invisible and eternal, the fathers of the Church had little patience with the trifles of the passing world. They were ascetics, not only denying themselves the pleasures of the world, but pronouncing judgment against them as subversive of genuine spirituality. The theater, card table, and dance were denounced as wiles of the flesh and the devil. The influence of the spirit of the times has softened down some of the austerities that formerly characterized the denomination; but the United Brothren Church still stands as a protest against worldliness and holds that the ball, the theater, excessive social luxuries, with all loose moralities, are making inroads upon the sacred enclosure of the Church, and are detrimental to spiritual life, and our people are advised against these indulgences. The authority of the civil government is recognized and our members are enjoined to obey its laws; and, while disapproving of warfare, the Church acknowledges the obligation of every citizen to protect and preserve the government in time of treason and invasion,. On the question of the observance of the Sabbath the position of the Church has always been undoubted. Baseball games, excursions, unnecessary labor on the Lord's Day are strongly condemned, and our people are counseled to abstain on the Sabbath from everything that does not contribute in the highest degree to their spiritual growth, and to be in attendance upon the public service of the Church. On the subject of divorce the Church declares that the civil court should not grant a dissolution of the marriage vow except on evidence that one party is guilty of adultery. No minister of the United Brethren Church is allowed to knowingly solemnize the marriage of two persons either of whom has been divorced for any other cause than the one stated.

The United Brethren Church, as the name suggests, is a Christian brotherhood. We believe in the apostolic hospitality and fellowship of believers, illustrated in the unity, equality and charity that obtained in the primitive church. We bear towards the great Christian family a broad spirit of catholicity, and hold fellowship and communion with all evangelical denominations. We invite any accredited minister of those churches to preach in our pulpits, and the humblest member to commune at our altars. We ever stand ready to rise above denominational environments and interests and to enter into the highest Christian cooperation with other religious bodies for purposes of civic righteousness, philanthropy, and evangelism. We are Christians rather than United Brethren. We minify denominationalism and magnify Christianity. We love the Church, but we exalt Christ above the Church.

The Church of Christ is a polished jewel, of which the various denominations are the facets, reflecting and refracting the light of heaven at different angles, and combining to complete the beauty of the whole. The United Brethren facet may not be as large as some others; it may not be as conspicuous as others; but if it continues to give forth the light at its own peculiar angle it will yet enhance the beauty and splendor of the jewel as it shines from the diadem of the King of kings.

Power from God is proof of the presence of God.

CHURCH STATISTICS.

The statistics gathered by Dr. H. K. Carroll, and published in the New York Christian Advocate, give the membership of some of the religious denominations in the United States at the close of the year 1906 as follows:

Roman Catholic	10,879,930
Methodist Episcopal	2,984,261
Regular Baptist (South)	1,939,563
Regular Baptist (Colored)	1,779,691
Methodist Episcopal, South	1,631,379
Disciples of Christ	1,264,758
Presbyterian (Northern)	1,126,469
Regular Baptist (North)	1,113,222
African Methodist Episcopal	842,023
Protestant Episcopal	837,073
Congregationalist	694,923
Lutheran Synodical Conference	624,122
African Methodist Episcopal Zion	573,107
Lutheran General Council	414,832
Latter-Day Saints	350,000
Spiritualists	295,000
Reformed (German)	279,483
United Brethren	267,921
Lutheran General Synod	262,821
Presbyterian (Southern)	252,882
German Evangelical Synod	227,420
Colored Methodist Episcopal	219,739
Cumberland Presbyterian	185,212
Methodist Protestant	183,894
United Norwegian Lutheran	152,843
Primitive Baptist	126,000
United Presbyterian	125,126
Reformed (Dutch)	119,355
Evangelical Association	110,320
Lutheran Synod of Ohio	106,411
Christian Connection	101,597

Among the denominations not named in the foregoing are the following named: Adventists, with a membership of 95,437, of which number 95,437 are Seventh Day Adventists; Friends 118,752, of which number 94,597 are the Orthodox; Dunkards 121,194, 100,000 being Conservative; Unitarians 71,000; Universalists 55,831; Moravians 16,923; Salvation Army 28,500; Jews 143,000; Mennonites 61,691.

The Latter Day Saints.

Concerning the statistics for the Latter Day Saints, (Mormons) Dr. Carroll says: "The y are from official sources which have not hitherto been accessible. The decrease in churches or meeting houses is probable only apparent and the increase in the ministerial force and in members are not to be taken as the gains of 1906, but of a considerable period. Further statistics from the same source show throughout the world 55 stakes, 650 wards, 22 missions, 55 stake-presidents, 650 ward bishops, 22 mission presidents, 1,500 missionaries, 3 of the First Presidency, 12 apostles, 7 of the First Seventies and 3 of the presiding bishops. Including 1,410 stake and ward councilors there are, in all, 3,662 officers, and the number of souls is estimated at 400,000. The number of meeting houses is 800."

The Christian Scientists.

Concerning Christian Scientists Dr. Carroll says:

"These are followers of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. They hold that consciousness is mind, and that mind

is God; that the soul or spirit is not evil, but the flesh. Evil is unreal, good only is real. Sickness is a fear, and is unreal; in order to cure it man's belief in it must be overthrown. The chief church, a fine structure, is in Boston, and many thousands in Boston and in other cities are counted as members of it. The statistics given are from an authoritative source in Boston. The number of churches is 663 and the membership 80,197. The gains for the year were 9,083 members, 52 churches and 104 ministers."

The Greek Catholic Churches.

Concerning these it is said:

"The immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe, including Russia, and from Eastern Asia, has become quite large in the last few years, and Russians, Greeks and Syrians have multiplied among us and forms of worship strange to the United States have been established. The Russian Orthodox Church, formerly confined almost entirely to Alaska, is now found in many of the cities of the United States and Canada. From the bishopric of Kadiak the ecclesiastical jurisdiction became a part of the archbishopric of Kamchatka. The archbishop in charge of the American province now resides in New York, where services in the cathedral Sunday evenings are held in English. Some of the Greek Catholics known as Uniates, in communion with the Church of Rome, have joined the Russian or Greek Orthodox branches, because the Roman Church in this country does not tolerate married priests. The Greek Church, a branch of the Eastern communion, has churches in various cities, North and South, East and West, and as yet has no bishop of its own. The Maronites, who are under the immediate oversight of the Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston, have a chor-bishop, appointed by the Maronite Patriarch in Europe. The Syrians belong to the Synod of Antioch. They have a bishop who was consecrated by the Russian archbishop. In addition to the foregoing, there is also a Melchite Church, in Scranton, Pa., an orthodox body who accept the decrees of Ephesus and Chalcedon, which were rejected by the Nestorians and Jacobites. One can now study many of the Eastern religions and attend their worship without leaving the United States. For the Eastern group "population" is given in place of communicants. The custom in the Eastern Churches is, I am informed, to connect the confirmation and communion service with the baptismal, and children thus become communicants."

The figures as to these are: Greek Orthodox 80,000; Syrian Orthodox 40,000; Armenian 8,500.

The Roman Catholic Statistics.

Concerning these Dr. Carroll writes:

"It should be understood that the figures standing for Catholic communicants are not the result of an actual count, as in most Protestant denominations. They are obtained in this way: First, there is an estimate of 'population' based on what are called the vital statistics—that is, the returns of the various dioceses for infant baptisms and deaths. These estimates are not made annually, at least in many cases, because the same figures appear several years successively in the column of 'population.' Catholic 'population' includes all persons baptized—old and young. The number of communicants is estimated on the basis of the estimates of 'population.' The rule adopted by the prelates of the Church in making returns of communicants for the census of 1890 was to take eighty-five per cent of the 'population.' They deducted fifteen per cent for infants and children not admitted to communion and others not entitled to commune, and called the remaining eighty-five per cent communicants. It is not necessary to say that this method of obtaining results is not according to statistical science. They are more or less valuable guesses—guesses at 'population,' guesses at the percentage of communicants. Some years ago Dr. John Gilmary Shea, as editor of Sadler's Catholic Directory, dropped the column of 'population' as untrustworthy, insisting that it was better to have nothing than guesses; but apparently no advance toward a better method has been made since that competent historian and statistician passed away."

Some Net Gains.

The net gain in some of the denominations was: Baptists of All names 93,152; all of the Methodist bodies 116,475. The gain of the Methodist Church North was 73,482; that of the Southern Metodist Church was 30,764. The whole Presbyterian gain was 48,006, of which 38,496 was in the Northern Presbyterian Church. The Disciples of Christ gained 29,464; the Protestant Episcopal Church 19,228; Lutherans, all bodies 116,475; Reformed 17,337; Congregationalists 10,601; United Brethren 12,226.

Among the Churches.

Haywards.—A lot adjoining the church property has been purchased on which a manse will be built.

Monterey:—Dr. C. N. Denman, of Oakland, occupied the pulpit both morning and evening on Sunday, Feb. 24th.

Goldfield, Nevada.—The Presbyterians of this camp are busy securing funds for a building, and hope to break ground for it at Easter time.

Sacramento, Westminster.—The work of Westminster Church is prospering; congregations large, and new members are being added at every communion. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Wills, is again at his work, after a severe illness.

Pomona.—Los Angeles architects expect to have final plans and specifications for the new church edifice completed in about two weeks. It is expected that the contract for building will be let in a few weeks, and rocks are now being hauled for the foundation.

Danville.—The Rev. J. G. Anderson has presented his resignation as pastor, to take effect in six months. Much regret is expressed both in the church and community on account of the decision of Mr. Anderson, and it is hoped he may be persuaded to reconsider his resignation.

Orange.—The Rev. Alexander Parker, who expects to retire from the pastorate in Orange in a few months has been in the ministry for fifty years; for twenty-four years he has had charge of the Presbyterian Church in Orange where his life has touched many other lives for lasting good.

San Francisco, Mizpah.—The Lord's Supper was

observed last Sabbath. There were seven additions to church membership; four by letter and three young people of the Sunday-school joining on profession of faith. Last Sabbath also marked the largest attendance at Sunday-school since last Easter.

Santa Ana.—Thirty-seven names have been added to the list of members since the Rev. J. A. Stevenson entered on the pastorate a few months ago. It is thought that the growth of the work will demand an enlargement of the building ere long. A pipe organ costing $3,000 was dedicated recently.

San Francisco, Westminster.—Dr. Hunter Corbett, Moderator of the General Assembly, will deliver an address before the Men's Club of Westminster Church on Monday evening, March 11th, at 8:15. Dr. S. A. Moffett will also be present, and Dr. J. H. Laughlin will bring echoes from the Omaha Men's Missionary Conference.

Weed.—Weed is a town of 700 people, and until last fall was entirely without a church organization or building of any description. At that time Rev. David H. McCullough came to the place and after organizing a church, secured a building site on which has been erected a Presbyterian church, which it is expected will be dedicated within thirty days. The building includes a reading room and pastor's study, and is free from debt. A permanent pastor is expected early in April.

Pasadena, First.—Work on the new church building is nearing completion, and it is hoped that within thirty days the congregation may occupy it. The work has been slow, as the artificial stone which is used in construction, had to be cast on the ground. In architecture the structure is Gothic. Everything about the building is massive, and gives the impression of great strength. Ample room is provided for all the departments of church work, and the edific when complete, will be one of the finest in Southern California.

Petaluma.—At the communion service on March 3rd, six members were received; five of them on confession of faith. Thirty-one new members have been received since Dec. 1. The pastor has announced a series of evening sermons, beginning next Sunday, under the general title, "A Few Practical Questions." The individual subjects will be, "Is it Good to be Broad-minded? How Broad?" "Popularity—Do I Want It?" "What to do With Hostile Circumstances"; "What Does Easter Day Mean to Me?" "What is a Saint?"

Fair Oaks.—Rev. J. T. Wills, D.D. writes, that having been laid up for four weeks with an attack of la grippe and asthma, he accepted an invitation to spend a week in Fair Oaks, where he had the privilege of seeing that fair colony, and of attending service in the beautiful Presbyterian church of that place. The sermon by the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. S. Thomas, was good and profitable, and was followed by the ordination of two, and the installation of three ruling elders in an impressive manner. The congregation is composed of an intelligent people, and Dr, Thomas in doing a good work among them, as well as also at Orangeville, where he has a growing congregation, and a church of increasing membership.

Vallejo.—At a recent service for the ordination and installation of elders, the Rev. T. F. Burnham stated that the church since its organization in 1862 had had only 21 elders. Concerning its pastors Mr. Burnham said: "In our forty-four years of church life this congregation has had only five ministers to break unto them the Bread of Life. Rev. N. B. Klink served the people 22 years, Rev. J. M. Chase 3 years, Rev. E. C. Jacka 2 years, Rev. Jos. Hamilton 3 years and the present pastor is now in his fifteenth year of service. The stability of pastoral engagement is a mark of our denomination, and largely the effect of a system long established, built upon principles at once conservative and progressive. Our nearest neighboring church up the Napa Valley, has a pastor with over 40 years to his credit, while the next pastoral neighbor at St. Helena has toiled thereabout faithfully for three and thirty years. We are in a goodly company and on the best of terms with the veterans and their congregations. It would require long sleeves on their coats for Brothers Wylie and Mitchell, did the church add a gold band for each five years of service as in the navy." The church at Vallejo is having a good growth notwithstanding frequent removal of members to other places.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The Onward Club, of San Anselmo, held their first regular meeting in the Sunday-school room of the church on the evening of Washington's Birthday. The object of this new club is the intellectual, social and moral improvement of San Anselmo.

Rev. James Murray, '02, pastor at Asotin, Wash., recently received fifteen new members into his church. This accession followed a series of special meetings, in which he was assisted by Rev. and Mrs. O. E. Harper, who were sent to Washington by the evangelistic committee.

Rev. James Curry, D.D., '75, recently celebrated the fourth anniversary of his pastorate at Vacaville. They have been years of blessing. The church building and manse have been improved, an old debt wiped out, the membership increased, and the benevolences enlarged.

Rev. Andrew B. Meldrum, D.D., '84, pastor of the First Chruch of Cleveland, Ohio, who lost his first wife several years ago, was recently married to Miss Ella H. Herrick, of Cleveland. Though First Church is a down-town church, situated in the business center of the city, it continues to exert a strong influence under the leadership of Dr. Meldrum.

Dr. Landon preached to the young people at Trinity Chruch, San Francisco, on the evening of March 3rd. His theme was "Beniah, the Man Whom God Built." This was one of a series of services and social gatherings, beginning Sunday morning, March 3rd and closing Thursday evening, March 7th, commemorating the fifteenth anniversary of the dedication of the church.

Rev. Robert C. Jones, '99, and Mrs. Jones, from Petchaburee, Siam, who have been at home a year on furlough, will sail from San Francisco on the "Doric," March 26th, returning to their field. They are to be sent farther into the interior than before, and will be located at Pitsanuloke.

INVITATION TO BANQUET FOR DR. CORBETT.

The Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will be tendered a banquet by the Brotherhood of Union Street Church, in the church on Union Street, near Eighth, at 6:30 p. m., Tuesday, March 12, 1907. Rev. J. H. Laughlin will report the Omaha Convention, at which over one thousand men were present. Banquet for MEN ONLY. Plates 35 cents each. Reservations to be made by March 9th. Evening meeting at 8 p. m., open to everybody.

Plates may be reserved by addressing J. E. Whitehead, 1027 Union Street, Oakland, on or before March 9th.

Provisional Program.

5:15 P. M.. Social Hour.
5:45 P. M. Address on "The Laymen's Movement in the United Presbyterian Church."
.....Rev. H. H. Bell, D.D.
6:30 P. M. Dinner—For men only. Guests will be seated exactly at 6:30.
Address. "The Omaha Convention."....
.....Rev. J. H. Laughlin.
Address. "The Presbyterian Brotherhood."
.....Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D.
8:00 P. M. Public Meeting in Church Auditorium.
Address. "Our Men." ....Dr. S. A. Moffett.
Address. "Universal Brotherhood."....
.....The Moderator of the General Assembly.

THE WHARTON RESOLUTION.

The name of Representative Wharton, of Illinois, will go down in history and gather luster with the passing years for his manly defense of the purity of thought and speech in our social and home life, as expressed in his ringing resolution introduced in the national house of representatives, Feb. 14, 1907.

In the very nature of the case, the resolution will be hailed with universal satisfaction. The wonder is that our common law has not forbidden such outoutrages ere this, and that men have not risen up and demanded the supression of all such vile stuff as is found in the every day news. Here is the resolution:

"Whereas, the public sense of decency and morality has been grossly outraged by the publication in detail of the most revolting features of the evidence of the trial of Harry K. Thaw, now in progress in the city of New York, and which reveals a depth of moral depravity, degradation and degeneracy on the part of Stanford White, unequaled in all the annals of our criminal history; and,

"Whereas, the publication in detail of the loathesome and licentious acts of the said Stanford White, must, of necessity have demoralizing influence on the youth of the land; therefore be it

"Resolved, by the senate and house of representatives in congress assembled that as a protection to America, the president of the United States is hereby authorized and empowered to exclude from the mails of the United States any and all publications containing the revolting details of this case and others of a similar nature.

Hearts cannot be reached by heads alone.

BROTHERHOOD.

All men are equal in their birth,
  Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when the earth
  Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on Him whose power
  Upholds the life He gave;
The sage within his starlit tower,
  The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
  In courts their hands have made,
And hears the worshiper who bows
  Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
  And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
  While the same path they go.

O, let man hasten to restore
  To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more,
  In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride;
  Ye low! your shame and fear.
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
  Your brotherhood revere.

—Harriet Martineau.

The attempt on the part of the Atlanta News to raise up a war against the Negro signally failed. The resentment was so positive and so intense as to drive the News to the wall. The good people of the South resent the attempt to stir up race-hatred. The time is not distant when the South will be heartily ashamed of Tillmanism and Vardamanism. The fact that the Atlanta News has been forced out of business by the reaction against its unreasonable crusade of race prejudice should be a warning to the press of the South. The days of the Ku Klux Klan have gone by forever. There is only one way to look at the race problem. The white and colored races must plan to live together in peace. Neither can rise without the other and neither can go down without dragging down the other. There are local prejudices in the South and in the North. These prejudices are abnormal and must be treated with kindness and friendliness. The question will be settled by the time we are ready for it. Intelligent righteousness, not persecution, will adjust this difficulty.

"To teach the immortality of all men is by no means to teach the eternal blessedness of all. Immortality comes of itself; it is the metaphysical conception of man, the attribute which he cannot lose." Blessedness is, on the contrary, an attribute or destiny to be accomplished and fulfilled,—an immortality rich in its contents, divinely replenished; in other words, eternal life.

William McKinley, speaking of the missionaries, said: "Who can estimate their value to the progress of nations? Their contribution to the onward and upward march of humanity is beyond all calculation."

The Home.

A MORNING PRAYER.

O God, our Heavenly Father, in the light of morning we raise to Thee our altar of thanksgiving. For the mercies of the night, and the gift of refreshing rest, we offer to Thee grateful praise. Keep us this day without sin, and teach us to do the thing which pleaseth Thee. May we ever remember that we are Thy children, not only by creation and providence, but also by adoption and grace. Father, cause the light of Thy countenance to shine upon us and ours; defend us by Thy mighty power, and let Thy banner over us be love. Help us to be loyal to Christ, our Master and our Friend, and banish from us all selfishness, pride, and love of the world. Amen.

TWO MOTHERS' WAYS.

I am going to give you the story which Mrs. Emma S. Bromley tells of a family tragedy because it holds such a lesson for all of us. Says she:

"I was the accidental witness of one dear mother's tragedy. She realized all too welll that the man who was paying attention to her daughter was not one who possessed the great qualities which make a woman's life happy after marriage. Although in outward appearance he was most agreeable, and it was deemed an honor to be the object of his special attentions, as this sweet girl had been, yet the attractiveness was superficial rather than fundamental.

"One evening as she was dressing for a ride with him, her mother entered a protest against the companionship. The girl, wishing not to hurt her feelings, for she truly loved her mother and knew the tenderness of her solicitude, said very little. This, instead of pacifying, seemed to exasperate the mother, who gradually said more and more cutting things to prove her ground, things which hurt far worse from her than they would have done had they come from one less interested in the girl's welfare. Fearing she had not made the impression she desired, feeling that she had failed to convince the girl of his unsuitableness, she became almost frantic in her grief and anxiety, and as the daughter still continued with her preparations, she exclaimed: 'Go with him then, if you care more for him than you do for your mother!'"

"Now, the inference was as false as it was unkind. The girl had no reasonable excuse for refusing at that late hour, when she had already accepted the invitation, and the carriage would be at the door in a few moments. And she knew in her deepest heart that her mother had no doubt about her filial affection. She had ever been a dutiful and loving child. Therefore it seemed as though the thrust were deliberately given to wound her. The first shock of it rendered her speechless, but on second thought she felt that it were better to try to pacify the mother-heart, than to go out leaving her feeling as her words implied. But her protestations were in vain.

"Then came the question whether she should manufacture an excuse for declining the ride at that time —the thought of revealing the true reason seemed like treason to her mother, and was not harbored by her loyal heart. Thoughts flew fast, for time was shortening. As the carriage drew up to the door she made her decision—that the mother of her whole life was less apt to misunderstand her when she had time to think it over calmly than would be the friend who was trying to please her. She chose the ride.

Exasperated at the decision, the mother sent her from her with the cruel words: 'Well, as you care more for him than you do for me, I might as well keep still." It was the cry of an overwrought, agonized mother-heart, but it was also the defiant threat of the mother will, which was not supreme now that the child had become a woman. In vain did the girl protest, 'Mamma, you know I love you best!' And she went out with the tearstained face of her mother vividly in mind and the sting of her false accusation in her heart.

"Her distrait manner caused her companion to search himself for its origin, and inasmuch as he felt that he must have unwittingly done something to vex her, he now tried more assiduously to please her. The kindness on his part contrasted sharply with the unkindness of the mother, and also helped to make her more cheerful. As she became more like herself he credited the change to her love for him, and before the drive was finished had asked and been promised her hand in marriage.

"When this intelligence reached the ears of the mother, her grief knew no bounds. In her agony her very love seemed turned to "gall of bitterness," and every fresh wound drove the girl into the arms which sheltered her from the hurt and increased her regard for the one who was ever kind. And yet she did not really love him.

"And now, is or is not this the average parent's method of procedure? And is or is not this the method best suited to bring about the desired result? As I look back to my own girl-heart and understand its impressions, its experiences and its needs, I believe that mother adopted the very course which would drive that girl to marry that man. That a time comes when the woman heart, consciously or unconsciously, seeks love in its outward expressions is as true as that the girl develops into a woman. And the love must be the kind which is warm and jealous and very apparent, as well as unselfish.

"I have often wondered what would have been the effect had that mother followed the course which I have planned to adopt should my daughter's admirer ever prove distasteful to me. I would say: 'Oh, darling, mamma wants you for tonight. Can't you coax George to come in and stay here with us instead of going for the ride?' Chances are ten to one they would stay. And then I'd vie with him in showing her that she was all the world to me. And when he was at last gone I'd kiss her and tell her how happy she had made me by staying. She would know I meant that, and I'd score one point.

And my days would be spent in scheming to score a point every time they met. Some little preference, deference or consideration which she had shown me would be the excuse for praises. She would know that nobody in all the world could appreciate her attentions so much as I who loved her as only a mother can. She should feel that no one needed her quite so much as I.

"And when Mr. Right came along, and I felt that her heart could safely trust in him, I would let her feel that he, too, was essential to my perfect happiness as well as to hers.

"And my course with my boy would be a similar

one—the one which would show him what a true woman's true love ought to be and do and bear for the one she loved."—Union Gospel News.

The Quiet Hour.

"His way is best.
I may not know the reason
Of all the darkness I am passing through;
But this I know, that every testing season
He makes a blessing, if to him I'm true,
And so I rest."

THE PATIENT BEARING OF RECURRING ILLS.

Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

Humanity is subject to many ills, but in general the most troublesome and trying troubles are those which are recurrent. The ceaseless or even intermittent grind of pain or grief makes the spirit restive at last with a great upheaval of its protesting emotion. It is a well known fact that a comparatively light pressure if continued may at length cause a breakage in a strong mechanical structure. Many people, if they said out their inmost thought, would declare that they could bear almost anything for once, but that there is nothing which they could bear all the time. Like the constant trickling of water, incessant or recurrent worries, pains or griefs finally wear away the substance of the soul until it seems thin and friable and ready to perish.

The apostle Paul was one of the people who had experience of recurrent ills. Beside the great variety of troubles, to be laid to the account of hardship, persecution, poverty, and homelessness, which he endured, there was given him, for some mysterious reason, a "thorn in the flesh" to buffet him. By the recurrent paining or festering of that, so to speak, splinter in the flesh, the apostle's soul was well-nigh worried out of him. This trouble, whatever it was—and the commentators have exhausted all their ingenuity in seeking explanations for it—crossed the mountains and sailed the seas with the apostle. It was a cross he carried with him to every new scene of labor, it was a sorrow which wore on him heavily—yet the Lord took it not away. This "thorn" was a distinct element in that "body of humiliation" to which Paul's proud soul was chained like an eagle to a cage. But Paul did not lament and repine, much less murmur and blaspheme. He took his trouble to the Lord in prayer, he received from his Lord strength to bear it. He would have his "thorn" not a hindrance, but rather a help to him in his spiritual life.

Many like Paul have suffered from recurring ills. Luther was given to morbidness, and so was Cowper—yet the one reformed Europe and the other is yet teaching Christendom to sing the lyrics of the Cross. Edward Payson was an invalid, yet he did a wonder work as a pastor. For years that noble preacher, Dr. Walker, of Hartford, would preach sitting in a chiar on the pulpit platform. Many men have accomplished a remarkable lifework in spite of serious disabilities. They have not lost hope or heart because so harrowed by care or want or pain or sorrow.

The spirit to be cultivated, whatever troubles may come, is that of a dogged perseverance. There is a great deal of meaning in that phrase used By Paul to the Thessalonians, "The patient waiting for Christ." There is no telling how long Christ will keep us waiting, and we are to be patient while we wait. It is hard to be patient—about the hardest thing God ever asks of us—but it is not ours to choose either our tasks or our trials. If we please God we are successful, if, under any pressure of sorrow or assaults of temptation, we surrender faith and hope and the spirit of a Christian optimism, we do not have to wait till the Judgment Day before becoming "of all men most miserable."

Time is an important element in the disciplinary processes of life. Grain cannot be ripened in a day, or character matured over night. God takes time to do things, for man and in man. The fine flower of perfection is grown only on the stalk of patience. Pain is the seed-ground of patience, sorrow is the background of supernal joy. The moral of it all is to hope in God, and to direct the heart make all things right, and bring to fullest fruitage the painful processes of soul-growth now slowly maturing in a world of sorrow and sin.—New York Observer.

THE NEW LEAF.

"He came to my desk with quivering lip,
The lesson was done.
'Have you a new leaf for me, dear teacher?' he said,
'I have spoiled this one.'
I took his leaf, all stained and blotted,
And gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled,
'Do better now, my child.'

"I went to the throne with quivering heart,
The year was done.
'Hast thou a new leaf for me, dear Father?' I said,
'I have spoiled this one.'
He took my leaf all stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled,
'Do better now, my child.'"

THE GIVER MORE THAN THE GIFT.

Gipsy Smith tells in his autobiography how after having been away from his family for seven months they received him with joy on his return, shortly after which all of them attended a bazaar.

Thinking to give pleasure to his little girl, he took some money out of his pocket, and, displaying it in the palm of his hand, said: "Zillah, take what you like and go and spend it!"

The child's big dark eyes filled with tears. She looked wistfully at her father, and said: "Daddy, I don't want your old money; I want you! You have been away from us for seven months, do you know it?"

Gipsy Smith felt rebuked, and he thought how different his little Zillah was from many people in the world who are willing to have the gifts of God, and yet do not recognize him as the Father and Giver of all. This is a condemnation which with entire justice may be visited upon many of the residents of happy America, who, filling their hands with God's gifts, never lift up thankful hearts unto him, nor seek to approach him for communion and filial fellowship.

Such is not the spirit of a true child of God, who thinks more of the Giver than of the gift, who cares more for fellowship than for favors, and who is most blessed when feeling most intensely his nearness to God.

It was this intimacy of spiritual relationship to the great Father in heaven which inspired the poet to sing:

"Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless Thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven!"

Young People.

THE FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

"Why is the four-leafed clover more lucky than the three?"
I questioned Master Greedy; and thus he answered me:
"It's because the four-leafed clover so crafty is and bold,
It has an extra hand, sir, to grasp the sunshine gold."

"Why is the four-leafed clover more lucky than the three?"
I questioned Master Generous; and thus he answered me:
"It's because the four-leafed clover so kindly is and gay,
It has an extra hand, sir, to give its gold away!"

—Amos R. Wells.

THE MAGNET'S CHOICE.

Mrs. Goldpin lived with her cousin, Miss Silverpin, in a blue satin cushion that was trimmed with dainty white lace and had a gay little bow at each corner. Mrs. Goldpin and Miss Silverpin were so vain as to think the blue satin cushion was made on purpose for them, so when the Brasspins came to live there, they didn't like it at all.

"Really," complained Mrs. Goldpin, "I should think they'd know better than to come here. Why, they're nothing but common brass!"

"It's too bad," said Miss Silverpin, "but then you know, cousin, we need have nothing to do with them."

A few nights after that Mrs. Goldpin met the Brasspins at a party, and the next morning she said to Miss Silverpin:

"I think, my dear, we may as well make friends with the Brasspins. I met them last night at Mrs. Bonton's, so they must be nice people after all."

Miss Silverpin agreed with Mrs. Goldpin, and that very hour they spoke to the Brasspins, and soon they were all good friends.

One day the mistress came into the room, and put some shining cambric needles and a small darning-needle in the cushion. Upon this, Mrs. Goldpin screamed as if she were in pain, and so did Miss Silverpin and the Brasspins.

"Dreadful," said Mrs. Goldpin. "Needles coming to live with us! Why, I've been told they work for a living."

"I shall not speak to them at all," said Miss Silverpin and the Brasspins.

The cambric-needles and the darning-needle had not heard them, and they were very much pleased to find themselves in such a pretty place. "This is a kind lady," said one, "to give us such a fine cushion to rest in."

"I'm sure she ought to," said the darning-needle; "those children of hers wear me out with the heels and toes of their stockings; and how that Tommy manages to get such big holes right where his knees come, is more than I can tell."

As soon as they looked around, they saw Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin, and the Brasspins, and being very polite, they said "Good morning."

No one answered. Mrs. Goldpin looked out of the window as if she hadn't heard; Miss Silverpin looked up at the ceiling as if she hadn't heard, and the Brasspins looked down at the floor.

"Strange," said the needles, "they don't mean to speak to us."

They had been so busy all their lives, making clothes for little girls and boys, they had never found out that some people who do not work look down upon others who do. But they did not speak to their fine neighbors again. They had such a good time by themselves.

One afternoon the mistress left a bright new horseshoe magnet beside the cushion. "What splendid creature is that?" said Mrs. Goldpin. "Why, he's looking right at me."

"Isn't he fine," said Miss Silverpin; "but he seems to be looking right at me."

"How grand," said the Brasspins. "Surely he came to see us."

The horseshoe magnet lay there all afternoon and evening, looking very smart and knowing, but not saying a word; although Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin and the Brasspins tried very hard to get him to notice them. By and by lights were put out, and the house was still.

Mrs. Goldpin was just getting into a doze when she heard a strange sound beside her on the dresser.

"What's that, cousin?" she whispered to Miss Silverpin. "Do you hear it?"

"Mercy on us!" said Miss Silverpin; "it's that magnet. He's coming right up here."

Before Mrs. Goldpin could answer the magnet stood before them. He made a low bow, and said, "Excuse me for disturbing you, ladies. I am just going on a trip to the northern lights, and am looking about for some one to take with me."

Then Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin and the Brasspins were in a great flutter.

"He'll take me, of course," whispered Mrs. Goldpin.

"Yes, and me, too," said Miss Silverpin.

"Surely, he'll want us," thought the Brasspins.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Goldpin, politely. "Miss Silverpin and I will be very glad to go with you."

"You are very kind indeed!" said the Brasspins; "we can go in a moment."

"But," said the magnet, "you're not the ones I want. I'll see who's on the other side of the cushion," and away he clumped.

They heard the magnet go up to the needles, then came a joyful cry, "Oh, here is our old friend! How

glad we are to see you, Magnet!" and the needles, one and all, fairly jumped from the cushion and clung to him.

The magnet was just as glad to see them, and started off at once taking them with him. "Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Goldpin, as she watched them leave the room.

"To think of those common needles being chosen!"

"That magnet doesn't know what he's about!" snapped the Brasspins.

But he did, though, and when he left the mistress' house that night, he had picked up the jolliest lot of people. There were a shingle nail, a buttonhook, some carpet tacks, a hair-pin, a key, and even a pair of scissors, besides the needles.

I think the northern lights heard they were coming, for they made a great display in the sky that evening, and if the horseshoe magnet and his friends ever come back(I hope they'll tell us how it was done. —Howlison.

A MESSAGE.

Perhaps some boys remember hearing about the eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Trevis, who operated on the king some time ago when he was ill.

He was asked by the editor of a paper for boys to send the boys a message.

"This is my message to you, boys," said Sir Frederick.

"Don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance, and determination. The best motto for a long march is, 'Don't grumble. Plug on.' You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers, like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap jack crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open downs. Keep clean body and mind."

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

Marcus Aurelius was born in 121, A. D., His childhood fell during the reign of Hadrian. Hadrian being childless, adopted Pius as his successor, with the express stipulation that Pius should adopt Marcus as his successor.

Marcus was given an education which fitted him for his exalted station. He was fond of running, boxing, wrestling; he was a good player at ball. There are three respects in which his education seems worthy of notice: 1, diligence; 2, gratitude; 3, hardness.

In the best sense of the word he was diligent. He flung himself, with his usual undeviating steadfastness into every branch of study. He never ceased until death to honor the memory of his teachers.

His hardness and self-denial were perhaps still more remarkable. Since he was born in the midst of splendor and luxury, his abstinence was truly admirable. He assumed the Stoic dress when he was twelve years old.

Marcus owed much of his character to his mother, from whom he learned to hate the very thought of evil. He was married in 146, A. D., to Faustina, the daughter of his adopted father. A large family blessed this union. One of his sons became the detested Emperor Commodus.

Marcus was made emperor 161, A. D.. The wild tribes on the frontier were in constant insurrection, overshadowing the whole of his reign with trouble and discord.

It was while he was on campaigns against the Quadi that he wrote his "Meditations," which were merely a private diary. In these sad meditations we find a pure serenity and docility to the commands of God, which before him were unknown, and which Christian grace alone has surpassed. They are a noble soliloquy with his own soul; an honest examination of his own heart.

One of his many rules was to fix his thoughts as much as possible on the virtues of men, rather than on their vices. He states that evil is a relative thing,—as being good in the making—the unripe and bitter bud of that which shall hereafter be a beautiful flower. This indicates that he believes that our view of evil things rises in great measure from our inability to perceive the great whole of which they are but subservient parts.

The nine rules which he drew up for himself, as subjects for reflection when any one had offended him, are similar to a remarkable degree to passages of Scripture. Unlike the Stoics in general, this noblest of all sovereigns whom the world has seen, taught that gentleness was a virtue, and a proof at once of philosophy and true manhood.

In A. D. 180, he passed away, on the frontier. A Roman, a patrician, strong, of heavenly beauty, of noble ancestors—almost born to the purple. The favorite of emperors, the greatest conqueror, the greatest philosopher.

Housekeepers must be watchful, for great efforts are made to sell the alum baking powders which every physician will inform you are poisonous to the human system.

The Government Report shows Royal Baking Powder to be an absolutely pure and healthful cream of tartar baking powder, and consumers who are prudent will make sure that no other enters into their food.

Though the storms may lash the surface of the ocean to fury there are depths beneath the surface where the storms are never felt and the waters lie in the profoundest calm. The little nautilus ventures up to the surface of the ocean in pleasant weather, pushes up its membranous sail, and the gentle breezes bear it over the deep blue waters. I have seen it floating on the long undulating waves, reflecting the colors of the rainbow from its little sail, too frail, too puny a thing, it would seem, to voyage over the trackless ocean.

But when a storm arises, and the winds begin to howl over the watery waste, it folds up its little sail, we are told, and sinks down to the calm depths of the ocean, where the power of the storm is never felt and all is quiet.

And so the Christian must live in a world of strife and storm; must meet the hostility of men on the surface of human life; but there are calm depths to which he may sink betimes where the power of earth's storms are never felt and the very peace of God rests on the soul. The Christian lives two lives—the one a surface life, such as other men live; but he lives another life, his real life, below the surface, shut in with God, where "the peace of God passeth all understanding" quiets his troubled spirit.—Henry Graham.

The Eskimo, as your geographies will tell you, are the natives of that cold, desolate country called Greenland, far up in the icy North. If you have read about them in your school books, you will have learned that their clothing is made of the furry skins of animals, and that their food consists chiefly of the frozen flesh of the seal, walrus and reindeer, which is eaten raw. Because they live in such a cold climate, and fat is a heat-producing food, they eat a great deal of blubber, which is the name given to the fat of whales. Reindeer tallow is their finest delicacy, however, and the Eskimo children eat it just as American children eat candy. It is put up in little packages made out of the bright red feet of a water-fowl, called a dovekie. The Eskimo women cut off the feet of the birds which the men have killed, take out the bones and blow up the skin so as to make pouches. Then they fill these with the reindeer tallow and give them to their little folk, who often eat a great deal more than is good for them. In fact, all of the Eskimo, big and little, are given to over-eating, and when they have made a hearty meal of raw flesh they often finish up by eating blubber until they cannot move at all. Then they simply curl up where they are and sleep off the ill effects.

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THE PURE IN HEART.

I asked the angels in my prayer,
  With bitter tears and pains,
To show mine eyes the kingdom where
  The Lord of Glory reigns.

I said, my way with doubt is dim,
  My heart is sick with fear;
Oh come, and help me build to him
  A Tabernacle here.

The storms of sorrow wildly beat,
  The clouds with death are chill;
I long to hear his voice so sweet,
  Who whispered," Peace be still!"

The angels said, God giveth you
  His love,—what more is ours?
And even as the gentle dew
  Descends upon the flowers,

His grace descends; and, as of old,
  He walks with man apart,
Keeping the promise as foretold,
  With all the pure in heart.

Thou needst not ask the angels where
  His habitations be;
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair,
  And he shall dwell with thee.

—Alice Cary.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A few months ago it was thought that Mr. Bryan would surely be the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Other names are mentioned now and then for the place, but usually with the proviso, "If Mr. Bryan should not be a candidate.

In a recent lecture Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson of Philadelphia said that the house of the future will be heated from an outside central plant, elevators will entirely do away with the necessity of walking upstairs, and all cooking will be supplied from a co-operative center. "The house cleaning will be done by power, and the dust will be removed by a pneumatic exhaust system. Even the streets will be cleaned in this manner."

The poverty of British universities has again been brought to the notice of the public by an appeal issued by the duke of Devonshire, chancellor of Cambridge University, declaring that the sum of $7,500,000 is needed properly to equip the university and supply its needs, and this without extravangance or providing a pension fund for professors. The London newspapers in supporting the appeal of the duke of Devonshire contrasted the generosity of wealthy Americans toward the universities of the United States with the indifference of Englishmen of wealth.

Most newspapers are on most occasions mindful of what is expected of them. Now and then there comes an opportunity for free expression. The editor of the Gaylord Sentinel found such an opportunity on the occasion of his recent marriage. This is what he wrote: "This is the first instance in years of newspaper work, that the writer has dared tell the truth about a wedding, for fear of getting licked, and he does so with keen relish. The bridegroom is an editor, and is not a popular and accomplished leader of society—in fact, he doesn't know as much about it as a rabbit. His hair is red, and the freckles on his face crowd each other for room. In the dusk, it is hard to distinguish him from a telephone pole. He has never considered the future as very bright or promising—he has always been too busy paying board bills to have any dreams about future greatness. He is just a Kansan, from the soles of his clumsy feet to the top of his head. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. White, and was born and raised in Solomon Valley. Judging from the job she has taken on her hands, she is a young lady of more than ordinary nerve."

The editor of the Ohio State Journal has been in Washington considerably of late in the interests of Secretary Taft for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. One Ohio man said of Taft: "Taft is a good-natured fellow, fat and hearty. He never had a law business in Ohio amounting to more than $2,000 a year. He never dared to run for office. Every place he has had has been given to him by the man higher up. If he should be nominated for the Presidency, it would be the first time that he ever dared ask for the votes of the people." To this Mr. McClure, the Journal editor responded very promptly that "the lawyer with a business of only $2,000 a year is a safer one than the one who by selling himself to corporations makes $2,000,000 a year." Republicans pretty generally see that it will not do for the party to nominate any one who is suspected of corporation influence. Speaking of Bryan, Mr. McClure said that "he came away from the St. Louis convention impressed with the idea that Mr. Bryan, who had come there as the leader of a forlorn hope, had retired with all the laurels won on the field of battle. 'Only three speeches before national conventions,' have impressed me greatly. One was the speech of Bourke Cochran before the democratic national convention at Chicago in 1892, pleading against the nomination of Cleveland. The others were Bryan's two speeches at St. Louis. In both of these speeches the orator was talking to a hostile audience and swayed it to his will even though he did not control its votes. I came away from St. Louis believing Mr. Bryan a vastly greater man than I had ever thought him, and I have seen nothing since to change that opinion."

One who has spent some time in Mexico says the Indians of that country are not at all like the Indians of the United States: "To the average citizen of the United States the word Indian at once brings to mind the picture of the sullen and revengeful red man of the North. The simple minded, patient, docile Indian of Mexico is not in this class at all. He is eminently peaceful. Bountiful nature and perpetual summer combine to palliate his improvidence. He cannot see the necessity of laying up anything for a rainy day. It rains half the days in Mexico anyhow, but that only makes the mangoes grow larger and cheaper. If he has no tortillas today, some of his neighbors have, and they will gladly share, for conditions may be reversed tomorrow. These Mexican Indians make the best and the poorest servants in the world. The greatest charm from this standpoint is their perfect appreciation of their position. Always polite, never presuming, with hat in hand, it is always 'your servant' and 'with your permission.' In the household they ask a half holiday once a fortnight, and never a word of complaint when working hours last from daylight to midnight. So different are these people from the Northern Indian that it seems an injustice, as has been said, to call them by that name to those who know only the Indian of the cold country. The Mexican Indian does not want to fight. All he asks it to be let alone. His politeness and affectionate nature are inborn. His love for children is particularly marked. It is a common sight to see a laborer in the street with but two pieces of white cotton clothing to his back or his name stop a woman with a baby in her arms, and holding the child's face between both his hands deliver a resounding smack and chuck it under the chin. And in the same unconscious and entirely unaffected manner

will a young man take his sombrero from his head and reverently kiss the hand of some ancient relative in a tattered dress when he encounters her in the crowded thoroughfare."

Consul Norton writes from Germany that for some time past the feeling has been growing in Germany that the traditional hospitality of her universities and other educational institutions, open freely to the students of every land, should henceforth be kept within certain limits. Mr. Norton says that the practice causes the expenditure of a considerable amount of foreign money in university cities and throughout the land, and, what is far more important, that it enhances the intellectual prestige of the empire are uncontested facts. On the other side of the ledger are two equally plain facts. German institutions have been and are training up a large number of foreigners who are duplicating in other lands not only the educational plants of the empire but also its technical methods, and, above all, its spirit of investigation and research. "In Japan and in the United States these results are already strikingly evident. Until within a recent period no young American, ambitious to distinguish himself in such a science as chemistry, felt that he was equipped for a successful career without a degree from a German university. Now he secures in the universities of the home land an equally thorough training, and finds himself in an equally inspiring atmosphere. The same may be said of the experimental and testing laboratories of most great American manufacturing industries involving the application of modern science. Analogous results are recorded in Japan. These conditions, due originally in large measure to the liberality of the higher institutions of learning in this empire, and threatening its industrial supremacy in many directions, are becoming more and more patent to observant Germans. The demand is made that foreigners should be required to pay higher tuitions than native students, and that then the injustice may be, to some extent, rectified."

VERMONT CHURCH FEDERATION.

Report of George Frederick Wells of Carnegie Institute.

The Springfield Republican says: Church federation in Vermont is making rapid progress. A report made by an inter-denominational committee of Vermont clergymen last summer is supplemented by another by George Frederick Wells, who, under the auspices of the department of economics and sociology of the Carnegie Institute at Washington, has spent several months in the past two years investigating conditions in the state. Nearly 40 towns in the state enjoy some form of union or federation, though in some cases it is temporary and experimental, and church unity, which was seriously discussed in the leading magazines a dozen years ago as something very desirable, but doubtful of accomplishment, is rapidly becoming an accomplished fact in Vermont.

While there were union churches and some sort of combinations effected earlier, the federation at Randolph is the first real church federation effected in Vermont, and the most significant in New England. There were two old churches, Christian and Congregationalist, both owning church edifices and parsonages, both with good?sized membership and with sufficient income to continue without serious difficulty. But credal differences are less accentuated than formerly, and the congregations gradually reached the conclusion that they could unite without any grave compromise on either side. The result of their deliberations was the formation of Bethany church, really independent, though retaining the Congregational house of worship, because an architect who was consulted advised it. But the pastor is Rev. Frazer Metzger, formerly pastor of the Christian church. The combination was only effected last summer, but it has proved very satisfactory to the people of both the old oganizations.

Next in importance is Proctor, where there are many differences of creed among the workmen of the Vermont marble company, who make up a majority of the population, but not enough of more than two denominations to properly maintain church organizations. So six societies have united and all worship in one church, making such compromises in regard to details as may seem necessary.

Williston's Congregational and Methodist churches united in 1898, believing that better results could be secured from combining their resources. Both soiceties were weak and the Congregationalists too poor to maintain a settled pastor. So as a straight business proposition exactly different from the situation in Randolph, they decided to combine. Each society retains its identity, but both share in the expenses, the Methodists contributing $650 toward the support of the pastor and the Congregationalists $250, other expenses being divided in the same proportion. The result is better preaching, larger congregations and a better feeling of fellowship, while Congregational and Methodist forms alternate in the administration of the sacrament. The Methodists, Free Baptists and Christians have united in Lincoln, using the Union church for summer services and the Methodist in winter. The federation at Castleton has benefited both the Congregationalists and Methodists. Other places where federation has been put into effect are Grand Isle, South Hero, East Dorset and Cambridgeport, while in still 26 others a more or less complete form of union is being tried.

The principal conclusions Mr. Wells draws from his observations in Vermont are these:

Some communities are better off with two or more churches; when two or more distinct social grades exist in a community with only one church there is difficulty, while more churches might improve the situation.

A large number of Vermont communities are overchurched.

Te existence of the present unions or federations indicates the probability that such unions furnish an adequate means of solving the religious problem of the small town.

Church federation should be more generally used. This method of restoring the essential unity of religious forces should be applied with special regard to local conditions.

There is extreme danger that the activity of the Congregationalists will react unfavorably upon the federative method.

There is a strong inference that the propagandism of the Episcopal church in the small town, while commendable in zeal, is of doubtful Christian worth, as it has too often bred sectarian strife.

The thing that united Christianity in Vermont needs is expert scientific information concerning local

and general conditions. Such knowledge should be fearless and unbiased, and thus able to curb excessive denominational zeal to guide the local initiative and to prepare the local and general movements to cooperate to the best advantage.

THE FAR EAST.

Progress Progressing.

J. L. Barton, D.D.

I am endeavoring to keep my eyes and ears open as I pass through this great Far East. There is no doubt that unusual facilities are afforded me owing to the large number of our missionaries who have studied these countries for a generation, and even a larger number of educated Japanese and Chinese, who talk most freely with me because I am in the missionary business.

I met and talked with, both in Japan and in Shanghai, native officials, editors and leaders of public opinion, as well as pastors and Christian workers. It is evident that the thunder of the guns that pounded Port Arthur (in front of which we are going as I pen these lines), awakened old conservative China, and put new life into Japan. And all the navies of the world and all the king's men cannot put these two countries to sleep again.

I raised the San Francisco school question in Japan with several of the leaders, and did not find them much troubled over it. They do object to be classed with the Malays or Chinese, and strenuously object to any treatment that differentiates them from other treaty nations of the most favored class. They would not object to having Japanese young men ruled out of the primary or intermediate schools by an age or a language test which would apply equally to all races. They object to the contention that Japanese children are inferior in any way to the children of other foreign races, and ask only that such a discrimination shall not be made. At this distance, it is difficult to understand why a general law could not be formulated which would meet all of the requirements of San Francisco and satisfy the Japanese.

In coming directly to China from Japan, one is compelled to revise all previous conclusions that the Japanese and the Chinese have much in common. I have as yet seen little of China, but the little that has passed under my observation convinces me that about all the two races have in common are chop sticks, their religion, and the appearance of their printed incomprehensible language. To the stranger, these two languages in the printed book look much alike, but experts tell me they are wonderfully different. It is of more than passing interest that two races with languages of the same general class, so widely differing from that of other Asiatics, and with a common Buddhist and Confucian religion, should, at the same time, have so little in common in social and commercial customs and in general characteristics. China is a country by itself, and as such must we deal with it.

There is no doubt that Japan is doing much to influence China at the present time. The 17,000 more or less, Chinese students in Japan constitute a point of contact which may or may not work to the advantage of Japan. The recent revolutionary meetings of Chinese students held in Tokyo, is compelling the Chinese officials to consider whether Japan is a good place in which to educate the future leaders of China. Chinese schools are calling for foreign teachers of English and the sciences, and the Japanese are the cheapest and most convenient foreign teachers to be obtained. For this reason many of them are engaged in the government schools, but in most instances, I have been informed, they are not giving satisfaction. Incompetent men have applied for and obtained important positions.

A great printing and publishing house in Shanghia, that is putting out large quanities of Chinese books, is controlled by Japanese. The Japanese are translating many books into Chinese, not a few of which cannot fail to be of great assistance in the development of the country. It is an interesting fact that much Japanese is wrought into the text of most, if not all, of these Japanese translations. They are far from being pure Chinese.

The Chinese are not eager to have their people emigrate to the United States or anywhere else. They are now attempting to thwart the plan of the United States to secure Chinese laborers for the Panama Canal. It was only a few years ago that a Viceroy replied to an appeal to him to do something to protect Chinese who were suffering indignities abroad, that, "China has hundreds of millions of people. What possible difference can it make if a few of them die at home or abroad?" He refused to do anything. That period is now past, and China is beginning to look after her people, both at home and especially abroad. China is developing a national consciousness. This is inevitable in the face of the fact that many of her officials are graduates of colleges and universities in America and Europe, or of American and European colleges in China. Under the rule of the old Viceroys, like the one quoted above "Chinese Exclusion Acts" may have been the only way to protect American labor interests. When, however, we have to deal with enlightened officials, and a nation developing marvellous resources, and with which we need to keep in close and friendly relations, it is time to revise our "Exclusion Acts," and embody the needful enactment in a treaty with China. I have not the least doubt that China would be ready to negotiate a treaty with the United States that would cover, to the satisfaction of all parties, all questions of Chinese labor. Why then should we go on insisting upon an exclusion law, angering the Chinese, and forcing them to a destructive boycott of our goods, when we might accomplish the same end by a friendly treaty, and at the same time bind the Chinese to us as their natural allies, and hold these great developing markets for our goods? Mark my words: as a matter of commercial expediency, California should take the lead in insisting, that in the place of the exclusion act, a treaty be negotiated with China, placing beyond debate and dispute the question of the immgiration of Chinese laborers into the United States, and she should do this without much delay.

In China there has never been a time when the doors were so wide open for missionary operations. The mission schools are crowded, the missionaries are sought for advice and counsel. Interior and remote provinces are open to missionary residence; in fact, all China is accessible to the Christian Church. Mighty changes have taken place here since missionary work was first entered upon just one hundred years ago. Then no door was open, and no Chinese dared identify himself with the foreigner, even as a language teacher.

These conditions were but slightly changed for a generation. Now, in every one of the 18 provinces there are missionaries and missionary institutions.

The number of Chinese Christians is rapidly multiplying; modern education, introduced by the missionaries has been adopted by the government; modern medicine is taught in Chinese, and her young men are practicing it; and a Christian literature is circulating in all parts of the Empire. Never has a greater opportunity confronted the Christian Church than that which offers itself in China at the present time.

China Sea, Feb. 7, 1907.

THE CHICAGO MIDNIGHT MISSION.

This mission was organized in 1906 chiefly through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. John Balcom Shaw, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. Without organization a very successful rescue and evangelistic work had been carried on by night in the slums of Chicago for at least two years previous to the time the organization was effected, people of all denominations having part in it.

The superintendent of the Midnight Mission says concerning it:

During these three years pastors, deaconesses, city missionaries, foreign missionaries on furlough, evangelists, "Gideons," Salvationists, Volunteers, and other consecrated men and women—about two hundred in all—have taken part in this midnight ministry in darkest Chicago, snatching the lost from the fire in the very vestibule of hell. Wicked hands have been laid upon seven of us in the last few weeks, but no one has been permitted to hurt us seriously. Dive-keepers estimate that our meetings cost them $250 an hour in loss of patronage, and they antagonize us accordingly.

Pastors and church people generally have no conception of the multitudes of men and youths from avenues, boulevards, and suburbs, who swarm by the ten thousand through the glittering streets of our infamous "levees"—especially Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons. We have reached perhaps one hundred thousand of these.

We have used every honorable means at our disposal to compel their attention and to stir them to repent. The Bible is always with us and always foremost. But some who would pay no regard to an open Bible in a street preacher's hand, instantly give heed when they see the Revised Statutes of Illinois, open at the criminal code, and they listen carefully to the section which pronounces them criminal if they patronize an evil resort. No one ever taught them this before, and they go away with a new call to patriotic behavior ringing in their hearts.

We quote to them the great utterance of Judge Newcomer, spoken September 17, 1906, when he said:

"The great majority of criminals now are young men—an appalling crop of them year by year. After seven and a half years' experience in the states attorney's office, during which I have dealt with six thousand criminal cases, sending seven to the gallows and hundreds to the penitentiary and reformatory, I believe that the chief causes of crime among young men are: 1, Liquor; 2, Lust; 3, Drugs; 4, Bad associates. Of these, liquor, bad as it is, is not the chief cause of crime among young men. The chief cause is that named next after liquor. The welfare of the city, of the commonwealth, of society as a whole, of the national life itself, is menaced, to a degree exceeding any other cause, by the social evil."

We have never hesitated to warn our hearers by the prisons, by the gallows, by the most tremendous issues of life, death and eternity.

Some who are willing to harden themselves against the laws of God and man alike, lay to heart the evidence of a standard medical treatise on insanity when it is opened and read to them in the street. The description of the brain of a dead lunatic, who lost his mind and his life as the wages of the sin upon which they are bent, brings a pallor over the faces of crowds that seem nailed down to the pavement and unable to move away. Others heed the medical testimony concerning the fearful suffering likely to come upon their present or future wives in consequence of their iniquity.

We distribute leaflets specially prepared and attractively printed in two colors, telling plainly the criminality of vice and the ruin that it brings upon the body and brain and character of transgressors. We have printed in the last three months 45,000 tracts and cards, which are eagerly taken by many thousands of young men, to the anger and loss of the keepers of criminal resorts. The work of tract distribution is carried on in all weather, often when street meetings are impossible.

Several women have repented and have been cared for or restored to their relatives—one Illinois girl was sent to her parents since New Year. But our effort has been chiefly directed toward the thousands of men and youths whose money supports the institutions that destroy manhood and womanhood alike. Scores of repentant men and boys have knelt in the dust of Custom House place, Peoria street, Sangamon street, and Armour avenue. In social and business position they range from a wholesale merchant to gamblers and wrecks.

But what can be better than conversions—that make glad the heart of God? Nothing, except preventing the children of God from plunging into deadly sin. If the only good accomplished by our midnight cry were the prevention of the ruin of a dozen youths in a year, it would be gloriously worth while to keep on crying. But hundreds have turned back from the brink of perdition, including university students and church members. With outstretched hands and glad gratitude they say to us, "We thank you, you have kept us from sin tonight!"

On the civic side, in close connection with our work, illegal resorts have been suppressed in four streets—Custom House place, West Lake, West Randolph, and Sangamon streets. Our work is primarily and always evangelistic. But incidentally and inevitably, as we battle with evil and seek to make better men, we must also contend for better civic conditions. Christians who think they can neglect the public morals and evade civic responsibility, ought to reflect upon the ninth chapter of Ezekiel, where terrible judgment is executed at the house of God because of indifference to civic evils.

The order of Red Men at their recent grand lodge at Niagara Falls failed to exclude the liquor dealers, saloon-keepers and bar-tenders by a vote of ninety in the affirmative and eighty-four in the negative, two-thirds vote being required. The Red Men will finally succeed.

AMERICA AS A LURE TO THE WORLD.

F. J. Haskin.

The whole vocabulary of mankind contains no more alluring name than that of America. This country has attracted more home-hunters that ever went anywhere else since the world began. All the other migrations of men are puny affairs in comparison with the movement to the United States; in fact, the grand totals of this unparalleled "trek" to the land of the free and the home of the brave are so staggering that mere figures do not convey their full significance to the mind. Let us make our similes without the aid of figures.

There are more Jews in the State of New York than were numbered among the hosts who followed Moses from Egypt to the Promised Land. The manner in which the subjects of the Kaiser have flocked to Yankee land is indicated by the fact that there are nearly 700 newspapers in this country that are printed in the German language. There are so many French Canadians in Lowell, Mass. that they hold the balance of power in the municipal elections of that busy manufacturing center. The Swedes are so thick in the Northwest that a Minneapolis newspaper recently offered the Bible printed in Swedish as a subscription premium, and there are so many Irishmen in New York city that each year 40,000 sons of Erin march in the parade on St. Patrick's day.

More Than in All Venice.

That the lure of America is not a myth is proved by the material condition of the 175,000 natives of Italy who now make their home in New York—a colony in a single community of the United States containing more Italians than there are in the city of Venice. These New York Italians possess property worth $60,000,000. They have over $15,000,000 in the savings banks of Manhattan. They own 10,000 stores, 4.000 pieces of city real estate, and they are increasing their substance every day. At the last horse show held in Madison Square Garden, an occasion when the richest women of America vie with each other in flaunting their collection of jewels, the most resplendent of them all was Miss Morosini, the daughter of an Italian banker in Gotham.

As a rule, it does not take long for the foreigner to prosper in opulent America. If you inquire in all likelihood you will find that your servant girl is sending part of her wages to the home folks in Europe. The organ grinder and the banana man usually send a portion of their nickels and dimes to dependent ones on the other side, and the sum total from such sources soon climbs into the millions. The enormous sums going from this country to Europe in this manner are shown by the postoffice reports. During the last fiscal year the United States sent postal money orders abroad to the amount of $62,937,738, and inasmuch as most business transactions are conducted through banks, the bulk of the money order receipts is conceded to be personal remittances.

Italians Send Money Home.

Italians send more money home than any other class of adopted Americans. Last year they sent to their families and friends in Italy, and to the Italian savings banks for deposit, over $13,000,000, which was an increase in one year of more than $4,000,000. Even the Greeks, who are few in number, sent home over $600,000 last year. Inquiry develops the fact that many foreigners visit their old homes at intervals. Whenever there is a strike at the coal mines, or at any of the large works where foreigners are employed, there is an immediate exodus for Europe. Surely this is a land of plenty when it rewards the alien laborer with a living for himself, assistance for his absent loved ones, and holiday excursions across the Atlantic.

Last year we attracted more immigrants from Italy than from any other nation. Now, how does this wonderful United States compare with that country from which they came? Italy has a public debt of $78.85 per capita; the United States has a national debt of 11.51 per capita. Italy has a money circulation per capita of $9.75, while the United States has a money circulation of $33.08 per capita. In other words, should a direct and immediate tax be levied for the payment of our national debt (an impossible contingency used merely for illustration) the United States could pay off its obligation and have a balance of 21.57 per capita, while Italy, if she paid the whole amount of money in circulation, would still owe $68.10 per capita, or about four-fifths of her whole debt.

A good illustration of the number of people coming to this country from Italy may be had by the following statement: If the immigration into the United States from Italy last year had been followed by an emigration from the United States to any other country in the same proportion, and all these emigrants had gone from the city of Chicago, there would now be only sixty-three residents in the great metropolis of the midle West.

Since the foundation of our republic the magic of its name has drawn 25,000,000 men and women across the seas. If they had all come from Spain, Sweden and Norway, there wouldn't be a single inhabitant left today in the three kingdoms mentioned. The movement to America is distinguished from all other migrations in that it has drawn, not driven. The great intra-European migrations, the "folk-wandering" of the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, that resulted in the overthrow of the Roman empire by the German tribes, was a movement of the chieftains who forced their serfs and retainers to aid them to strike out for victory and spoils, but the tide of home-seekers that has swept to America was a movement inspired by the individual seeking to better his condition. He has come from Europe by the millions, and yet so great is the land which receives him that while Europe has 114 persons to the square mile of territory, North America has but thirteen, and the United States proper but twenty-six persons to the square mile.

Compared with Israel.

In searching history for some comparison of migration, it seems that the pilgrimage of the Israelites was the first great "trek" of which we have an authentic account. It is believed that there were about a million souls involved in that movement, which lasted forty years. During a similar period the United States has atracted 20,000,000 home-seekers, so that as a drawing card our country seems to outrank Canaan by twenty to one.

Caleb and Joshua told the Israelites the Promised Land was so rich that it was flowing with milk and honey. Let us see how we can show up with Canaan on that score. Last year Uncle Sam's cows produced enough milk, butter and cheese to sell for $500,-

000,000, and our bees are annually producing $10,000,000 worth of honey, which would surelv be enough to sweeten the "half-baked cake of Ephriam." The proceeds of our annual tobacco crop would reproduce the Temple of Solomon, and add a few modern furnishings that this early spendthrift had not reckoned upon.

In all the other migrations which have affected the history of the world, the movement has been a conquering one. Weaker nations have been overrun by stronger ones. Sometimes cultivation has been superceded by barbarism. But the millions that come to America come not to conquer, but to be conquered; not to change, but to be changed. Since the civil war we have received 20,000,000 foreigners, and yet our nationality, our governmental system, our modes and thoughts and purposes are unchanged. Could the national individuality of any other people have been preserved under the same conditions? Suppose half a million Americans were to go into Germany each year for forty years.

Little Red Schoolhouse's Effect.

The rapid assimilation of foreigners to our ideals is accomplished through the medium of the little red schoolhouse. Last year we gave free instruction in our public schools to as many pupils as there are inhabitants in the kingdom of Spain, that proud Spain which once ruled the world. Think of it! Free education for nearly 18,000,000 pupils, and the number increasing all the while, with the extension of the laws compelling children to go to school whether they will or not.

The political equality in America, as well as the material advantages, tends to draw men to our shores. In many States immigrants are permitted to vote even before they are naturalized, merely by declaring their intention to become citizens. This great country of ours offers equal advantages to all. Senator Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, one of the most highly respected members of the Senate, was a poor boy in Norway, Anton Michalok, Republican Representative for Illinois, was born in Bohemia. Richard Bartholdt, a Republican leader in the House, was an immigrant from Germany. Bourke Cockran, the foremost orator in Congress, was born in Ireland and reared in France.

Another feature of the attractiveness of America is the absolute guarantee of religious freedom, not only to worship as one sees fit, but be privileged to participate in public life without discriminatioin on account of creed. Oscar Straus, of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, is a Jew, and so is Isador Rayner, a Senator from Maryland. Charles J. Bonaparte, of the Cabinet, is a Roman Catholic. The President is a member of the Dutch Reformed church, and so it goes.

Our Fourth of July orators do not need to exaggerate when they boast of the greatness of America. It is the most favored child of nature. Its free form of government has been the greatest magnet that ever attracted men, and although it is yet in its infancy, as the age of nations goes, its luster far outshines the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

It is figured out that the distilleries can pay 6 cents a gallon for molasses to make alcohol. At present the planter gets only about half that sum.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

What Is It.?

There is a difference of opinion as to what the so called New Theology is. The London Daily Chronicle contained recently from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Warschaur the following plain statement of the fundamental positions of the New Theology, as it is known and understood by many persons: "Its fundamental axiom is the Divine Immanence; its differentiating feature is its Christocentric character. Both these terms will need explanation. The deistic conception which reigned supreme in the eigteenth century saw God set over against the world, and asserted his mere transcendence; the nineteenth century gradually rediscovered the truth that God was not merely transcendent, but also immanent, indwelling in his universe, the Life of its life, the Mind and Energy of which all the visible world was only the passing manifestation. But in addition to this, the thought came to force itself upon men that so far as God was transcendent—infinite and eternal—he must remain unknowable to finite human intelligences; and that only in so far as he was immanent—manifested in the world, upon a finite scale—could he become an object of knowledge at all.

"But if the immanence of God in nature reveals him as Power, his immanence in man reveals him under higher aspects—as Righteousness and Love. We have returned from the dualism of the past centuries to the spiritual monism of Paul and the Fourth Gospel, the conviction that man is the temple of the living God, the partaker of his substance, nay, that we are all one, even as God and Christ are one. That revelation, the highest of all, has come to the world through Christ, in whom the essential oneness of Deity and humanity became so unmistakebly manifest as to raise to the level of a conviction which had hitherto been only a guess. The historical Christ is God manifest in the flesh—God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God—the fullest manifestation of the Deity that could be given to finite comprehension; and his Divinity, his unity with the Father, is the earnest and the guarantee of ours.

The Atonement.

"It is, of course, the latter clause which presents what is distinctive of the New Theology. It is the unique glory of Christ that in him we behold, focussed as it were into a world-illuminating flame, that which in the common race of mankind glows as a spark; but spark and flame are alike manifestations of the central and eternal light of God. As for the Son of Man, he has, by the very reason of his Sonship, demonstrated the Divine Fatherhood; he hath showed us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Viewed from the point of that conviction, the question of the circumstances of his physical birth becomes irrelevant. The tenacity with which the Virgin Birth is clung to by many people is due to a belief that the miracle alone guaranteed the Incarnation; let that misapprehension be at once set at rest, and the legend enshrining the truth will be recognized as such, and still prized as the jewel's casket.

"While I have not space for dealing otherwise than by way of allusions with the question of the Atonement, I wish quite definitely to contradict the impression that the New Theology denies that doctrine. It interprets it afresh, as every age and every school of thought has done; it cannot give its adhesion to the

form in which the doctrine has been expressed in the past, for that form was based, on the one hand, upon a belief in the historical nature of the Fall, which we no longer hold, and, on the other, upon certain crude conceptions of Divine justice which we have outgrown. But while we cannot believe that Christ was punished instead of us, satisfying a wrathful Deity, whose one desire was to inflict pain on someone, guilty or innocent, and that he thus reconciled an angry God to fallen man, we do believe that by his sacrificial life and death he reconciled sinful man to a loving God, and gave us—not a means of escape from the consequences of sin, but—the victory over sin itself. By his example, by his compassion, by the love which prompted him to live and die for sinners, He has given the race the greatest encouragement and stimulus to live the Godward life. The reconciliation which he effects between God and the sinner is, in fact, the at-one-ment, that 'making one' and 'breaking down in the middle wall of partition' of which the Apostle speaks.'

THE CHRISTIAN AND AMUSEMENTS.

Edward Judson, D. D.

The develoment of the instinct for play is one of the most striking features of the advance of civilization during the last quarter of a century. The working man demands more leisure for recreation. Holidays are multiplied. The public goes mad over football, baseball, basket-ball and boat races. People go earlier to the country and stay later. The cities are environed by an endless succession of parks, beaches and summer resorts. In old times there were only hunting and fishing. Now we take up one by one croquet, lawn tennis, golf, the kodak, the bicycle, the motor cycle, the automobile. The world is learning how to play. This is one of the key-notes of our age.

What is the Christian attitude toward all this? Is it right for the follower of Christ to play? What view shall he take of doubtful pleasures, as smoking and wine drinking and card playing and dancing and theater going? Feeling his way through the intricate labyrinth of modern society, has the Christian any clue?

While these questions cannot be answered offhand, there are certain clear principles that guide us like heavenly constellations.

1. The first condition of moral insight is surrendered will, an absolute willingness to take either of two alternative courses that seem to us more right. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Our self-will, like breath, makes a little film on the window pane so that we cannot see clearly the vision of beauty that lies beyond. If our will be to do his will, we shall feel the presence of the firm hand that guides us. Conscience must be obeyed, right or wrong.

2. Our own conscience must be used. We must decide for ourselves. Each must give answer for himself to God. We must not look around for some stronger nature against which to lean. This is the wrong use to which to put a minister. He is not a kind of priest to silence or intensify your scruples. The New Testament even gives no categorical answer to these social questions. It lays down great principles so that our moral strength may be strengthened by grasping them and applying them to each case. We are not to depend upon others for an answer, but to train our own conscience by keeping it in constant use, as a hunter's eyesight grows keen through his frequent and sustained efforts to percieve small game in the thick woods. The priestly way of deciding such questions, one for another, causes the moral vision of the one who seeks counsel to be impaired through disuse and weak dependence upon those whose sight he thinks is keener than his own.

3. Our moral sense is corrected and quickened by prayer. It is not the office of the Holy Spirit to point out to us the right path, but, in answer to prayer, so to strengthen our moral vision that we shall find the path ourselves.

4. The deliverances of our conscience will be verified and corrected by our knowledge of the teachings of the New Testament bearing upon these social questions. Such teachings, however, will not be in the form of vest-pocket rules, but of great moral principles which we will have to apply for ourselves. The Bible is the crystellization in literature of the best moral and religious consciousness of humanity, extending through past periods of history, and controlled, as we believe by the Holy Spirit. It is therefore vitally authoritative, just as in art, an individual does not set himself up against the common consciousness of mankind. The man whose central purpose it is to obey his own conscience enlightened by the teachings of Christ made clear to him through the Holy Spirit given in answer to prayer, can not go far wrong in any social question.

5. Our decision should be absolute. One must not walk in the twilight of dubiety. No step should be taken in a path of doubtful pleasure until all misgivings about it have been cleared up. He that doubteth is condemned, St. Paul said, even about things that seemed to him perfectly right. A person of principle thinks things clear through, and has settled convictions before he acts. Be so persuaded in your own mind before going to the theater to see a high-toned drama that you will not be scared by any bogey in your path. Do it without concealment or shame. Be able to justify yourself to God and your fellow Christians; otherwise your enjoyment of the play will be marred by an aching conscience. Your religion spoils your pleasure and your pleasure your religion.

6. Unflinching refusal to indulge in pleasures that are wrong in themselves is of course the Christian's duty. One need not say much. Silent refusal is eloquent. It makes sinners uncomfortable not to have good company. For instance, gambling is wrong in itself. The element of chance is not what makes it wrong, otherwise one ought not to play backgammon. There is chance in baseball. The ball may chance to hit a stone and bound just out of the player's reach. Card-playing is not what makes gambling wrong. Cards are not wrong in themselves. Of course the associations of gambling are bad, but they are not what make gambling wrong. Gambling is stealing. The winner at the gaming table has money in his pocket that belongs to others. It is not his own. He has neither earned it nor has it been given to him. If I make a contract with another gentleman according to the terms of which a valuable consideration passes from him to me or from me to him without a fair equivalent, I do what is in its very nature fraudulent. It makes no difference whether I gain or lose. The fraud is in the contract. The other's consenting to be robbed does not make my act any less robbery. The Christian's duty is surely clear as regards pleasures that are wrong in themselves.

But many social pleasures are not wrong in them-

selves. Meat-axe condemnation of them is singularly unjust and ineffective. Whether they are right or wrong depends upon other considerations than their own inherent quality. Many a thing that is not wrong per se, is made wrong by what goes before or comes after it or is associated with it. Nothing in life comes to us per se. Everything is always connected with something else; like a live wire which is perfectly innocent per se, but happens to be connected with a dynamo. In regard to pleasures that have no inherent moral quality, other principles come into view.

7. Excessive indulgence in even the most innocent pleasure is wrong. Pleasure is the fringe of life, not the garment itself, the sauce that seasons food, not the food.

8. A pleasure right in itself becomes wrong if it steeps my mind in an atmosphere of evil associations, as a violin is sensitive to sea air and is detoned. Our Lord teaches us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation."

9. To the Christian, things not wrong in themselves become wrong if they harm the spiritual life of others. Self-renunciation out of regard for the weak is a principle which St. Paul urges with varied iteration. Even in matters which seem perfectly right to ourselves, our duty often consists in gentle and self-denying conformity to the beliefs, feelings and even prejudices of our weaker brethren, so as to make it easier for them to abstain from what they think is wrong. This is something unknown among worldlings. It is distinctive of Christianity. It requires a Christian to give up with a smile the most congenial recreation if by so doing he may save them from engaging in it to whom it would be a sin, and who would be influenced by our example to commit that sin. This principle may easily be overworked by an enthusiastic Christian, the weaker brother being put upon a kind of throne from whence he dominates his fellow Christians. One must learn to make nice, prayerful distinctions, considering whether more harm may not be done by the narrower course. It may easily happen that we may show more strength of character in breaking with the tradition of our childhood than in acquiescing in their enslavement. Each one of us is entitled to an ample and symmetrical development of the whole self, body, mind, social culture, spirit, all of course with an altruistic end. We are not doing our best if we give to the service of man a starved or half developed nature. And it is rather in regard to those pleasures that have little to do with our higher development that we are to coddle our weaker brother, as for instance wine drinking, while other recreations might form an important factor in our education for the service of our fellows. In some things pleasure predominates, in others profit. All this has to be considered. If it is a question of the pleasure by itself, that one might readily give up for a weaker brother, but it is another thing to give up mental and moral profit which contributes to our power to help the weak.

Such principles as these give to the Christian life a serious and heroic character. Some natures may be led by them into solitary, abstemious and even thorny paths. But losing pleasure, we sometimes gain peace. Christ gives infinitely more than he takes away. We do not so much mind the paling of the street lamps if it is caused by the rising sun.

New York City.

Among the Churches.

Calistoga.—The interior of the church has been improved by the purchase of three fine new pulpit chairs, two of which were furnished by the members of the Junior Aid Society, and the third by an interested gentleman of the congregation. Rev. W. D. Kidd is pastor.

Palo Alto.—A contribution of $6,000 from Eastern churches has been added to the building fund. Bids for the building contracts are to be opened on March 15th, and it is hoped that the contracts may be let at once for the new building, which is to be located at the corner of Forest avenue and Waverly street.

Santa Monica.—The gift of a $2,600 Estey pipe organ to this church was announced at a recent Sunday morning service. The gift is from Mr. J. H. Clark, and is a memorial to his son. Rev. H. P. Wilber, D.D., and his people are to be congratulated on this added equipment to the furnishing of the church.

Sacramento, Westminster.—On Sunday, March 10th, at its regular communion, the church received ten persons into fellowship, all on profession of faith. In one case a whole family, father, mother and two sons were received; in another, a father and three sons from the same family—the wife and mother being also a member. It was a happy service for Dr. Wills and his people.

Pleasanton.—By reason of failing health Rev. E. H. Avery, D.D., has felt constrained to resign the pastorate of the church of Pleasanton. His resignation was accepted by a meeting of the congregation, March 2nd; then immediately the same meeting, with happy unanimity, voted to extend a call to the Rev. W. H. Darden. It is expected that Mr. Darden will accept the call and take up the work of this field about the first of April.

Highland.—A special session of Los Angeles Presbytery was celled to dissolve the pastoral relation between Dr. F. P. Berry and the church. The Presbytery sustained the action of the church in voting the pastor out, but put on record its disapproval of the methods used in bringing about existing conditions in the church. A new church has been organized by some of Dr. Berry's friends, but this organization has not as yet been recognized by the Presbytery.

San Francisco, Trinity.—This church has been enjoying a week of festivities in the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the dedication of its church edifice, and of the payment of the mortgage upon this property. During all these years Trinity Church has struggled with a heavy debt and a heavy monthly interest. In the past six years about $10,000 has been paid on the debt, while the church has continued to keep up its current expenses and its pledges to benevolent work. Altogether it has contributed for all purposes during the fifteen years $105,000. But when the disaster of last April came, all hope of continuing to lessen the debt vanished, and had not the Reconstruction Committee given us the remaining $6,400

we would never have enjoyed the past week with its cheery reminiscences. Sunday morning, the 3rd, saw a large congregation celebrating the Lord's Supper, and welcoming nine additions to church membership. In the evening Rev. W. H. Landon, of the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, gave the young people a very happy and excellent sermon on the development of Christian character, which was preceded by a report by Mrs. S. H. Robinson, on the young people's work in past years. Monday evening witnessed a large gathering in honor of the Bible School, where reports and addresses, and the installation of newly elected officers, followed by refreshments, most happily occupied the evening. Tuesday afternoon the ladies celebrated their work for the church and missions at home and abroad. Wednesday evening was devoted to prayer and praise, with a very helpful address by Rev. J. S. Thomas, of Howard Church. The celebration culminated in the banquet of Thursday evening, when more than 200 sat down to a feast physical and mental and social. Addresses, with a poem and delightful music interested all, with history and reminiscence. At the close, the mortgage was consigned to the flames by Mrs. E. C. Housley, the only charter member now belonging to Trinity Church, while old and young joined heartily in the singing of the doxology. Trinity Church is nearing its 40th birthday, and enters upon the year before it with high hopes. While it has lost many cherished members by the recent disaster, it will be able to report a membership nearly as large as that of last year. Its congregations are growing, and its Bible School has not for several years made so good a report as at this time. The Endeavor Society is large and flourishing, and the young men are showing commendable zeal in reaching after young men through their Bible Class. Being freed from a heavy burden, Trinity Church purposes to make herself felt in blessing others.

CHILDREN'S DAY, 1907.

Pastors, Sabbath school superintendents and teachers, permit me to mention that the great Sabbath school festival of the year is approaching. It is a great occasion for every school that can catch the spirit of the day. Your schools are ready to respond to your enthusiasm. Will you not make early preparations for the day, that this year your school may excell all its past efforts in the observance of Children's Day?

You know that the greater part of the money used in the support of the 150 missioinaries and colporteurs of the Sabbath School Board is the gift of the boys and girls of our churuch on Children's Day. Whatever interferes with the enthusiastic observance of this day reduces the ability of our church to do its pioneer missionary work.

One thousand Presbyterian churches have grown from the work of the Sabbath school missionaries of this Board in nineteen years, besides more than five hundred of other denominations. This is a magnificent record. Help us to maintain the record.

The Children's Day programs are ready. A postal to Dr. Alexander Henry, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, will bring you all the programs and envelopes you need without any cost.

Sincerely yours, Arthur Hicks,
Synodical Sabbath School Missionary.

THE RELIGION OF TODAY.

By Bishop Hendrix.

Is Christianity an antiquated religion, good enough for those of a former day? Confucianism, with its ancestor worship, is the religion of the past, so that its votaries turn their faces backward. Buddhism with its Nirvana, looking to complete absorption into the great Essence as its principal teaching, is the religion of the future. But Christianity, with its rules from heaven for life on earth, is the religion of today.It is the only religion with a revelation that has an historic basis, and so stands indissolubly related to the past. Its Divine Lord is to be the Jndge of all the earth and so stands vitally connected with the future. But as Christ is the living Christ risen and reigning, so Christianity is the religion of the present, a present power and not a fading memory. Its ideals are the world's highest ideals today, its promises are men's best consolation. The hopes which Christianity inspires, alone save the race from despair. The strength of humanity is in the Christ who is head over all things to his Church. The very salt of the earth, its preservative and antiseptic, is revealed religion, especially when incarnated in good men and women.

Phillips Brooks was once asked, "Is Christianity a failure?" His prompt reply was, "Has it ever had a fair chance?" Absolute reliance on its teachings, without that spiritual adultery which secretly depends on alliance with worldly views and measures, is what Christianity demands for its largest success. When Jesus saw that the people would come by force to make him king, he departed into the mountain alone. Not by the aid of any crown would our Lord seek the scepter of universal rule. Unless he can be Lord of all he cannot be Lord at all. Men praise the lofty sentiments of the Sermon on the Mount but question whether they are practical politics, and yet wonder why the world is not better governed. They are shocked at mob law but fail to insist on the decalogue being taught the future law-makers of the land. They are startled at signs of degeneracy among civilized peoples and yet forget that our Lord declared, "From him that hath not (improved) shall be taken away even that which he hath." The world still holds on to the lamp of Christian profession, but, like the folish virgins with no oil in their lamps. Failure to use always means atrophy . The true religion of today should be given a chance, and it will justify itself in overcoming the degeneracy which shows itself in mob violence whether that degeneracy be in the victim or the lyncher. The salt should be used if we are to know its preservative properties. In vain is the light if it is given no chance to shine. The supreme need of our race today is not a new revelation but the right and generous application of the faith once delivered to the saints.

With all our neglect of its practical teachings, our failure to do as well as teach, and so the loss of one of the beatitudes (Matthew v;19) we are still somewhat in the kingdom of heaven. Only by both doing and teaching may we become great in the kingdom. Possibly the intensely religious East may yet furnish the greatest heroes of our Lord's militant host. Wise men from the East are again bowing about the manger of Christ, and, having seen his star, are come to worship him. It is most significant that China's most

widely-known and influential Viceroy, Chang Chi Tung, has ordered that the New Testament be introduced into the schools of his wide domain, declaring that while the teachings of Confucianism were good in their place, there was a life and vigor in western learning which must be looked for in their sacred book This is but in keeping with a remark of Li Hung Chang ten years ago: 'Confncianism has taken too deep a hold upon China for it to be progressive. What a pity, that Christianity did not come in in place of Confucianism!' The religion that awakens the intellect, that satisfies the heart, that strengthens and directs the will, is the religion of today. The Emperor Julian rebuked his subjects by the example of the early Christians whose limitless charity reached all classes: "What a shame that Christians should be allowed to minister not only to their own poor but to the wretched among the worshiper of the gods.

It is because Christianity has stimulated western nations with lofty ideals of morality, absolutely revolutionizing the morals of Europe, rebuking the bribe-taking judge, purifying the court frequented by nobles, establishing standards of commercial integrity and so making possible a world-wide commerce, that Asiatic peoples are asking for missionaries who know and teach the Ten Commandments, and who know and illustrate the life and teachings of the Savior of men. Hence the students sent over from China and Japan to learn what is called western civilization. Christian wives now reign in the homes of eminent Japanese generals and admirals and statesmen. They have come into the kingdom for such a time as this. Listen to a former Prime Minister of Japan, Count Okuma, in an address to the united Chambers of Commerce just after the war with Russia: "History has furnished many instances of countries which, so far from benefitting from victorious wars, have dated their decline from armed success. Japan must take care that such is not her lot." In another address at the commencement exercises of the Aoyama College, the same eminent statesman said: "I believe that Christianity is the most advanced form of civilization. There is a possibility, I think, that the center of civilization will come round to the Far East when this advanced religion (Christianity) has rightly been interwoven into the thoughts of the nation, and the nation has progressed with the times. I believe that any nation that makes an antiquated faith its religion will soon cease to exist. Therefore I hope that you will endeavor to live up to the teachings of Christ."

To troubled spirits asking, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" Christ still makes answer: "Go and tell what ye see. In what other religion are devils cast out and lepers cleansed and prison doors opened to those unjustly bound?" As Spurgeon once said in closing an eloquent sermon: "The God that answers by orphanages, let him be God." Men make much in literature of the spirit of altruism, but who best teaches it to the race? Colonel Ingersoll wept over the "Tale of Two Cities" and pronounced it the best work of fiction ever written. What is the great teaching which Dickens sought to embody in it but that which Christ taught on Calvary, the laying down of one's life for another? Who looks to pagan literature of today for heroes and saints, for lofty moral teaching and self-sacrificing lives? Without the shedding of blood there is nothing that moves or lifts us to holy lives. The measure of Christ is his lifting power. It was because our Lord was lifted up that he draws all men unto him.

The one great plea which our Lord made for his teaching was; give it a chance, tell it to every creature, disciple all nations. It is good for all times, for all places and for all peoples. It is not only the religion of today, it is the only religion. There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby they can be saved. The consciousness of being sublimely loved is the mightiest motive that ever touched and swayed the human soul or the human race. It is only as men, like the tides, are lifted heavenward that they manifest their real power as, like tidal rivers, they sweep up far inland to bless every continent as well as every island of the sea. Our Lord first presses to his own bosom the sons of God and then sends them into all the world with his healing touch. When Tallerand was once approached by the founders of a new religion who asked his counsel as how best to propagate it, he replied: "Let its founder be crucified and rise again the third day from the dead, and the world will believe him." It is because Christianity is the power of an endless life and her Lord is the risen and living Christ that it is the religion of today. He that believeth still hath the witness in himself and knows the power of his resurrection. No wonder that this religion in the last year added eleven new languages to those in which the Word of God was translated, through the beneficence of American Christians alone, to say nothing of what was done by our brethren in England and Scotland. Thus our land is giving the gospel to the race. Of these new tongues four belong to Asia, three to Africa, three to Oceanica, and one to America. When in a single year nearly six million volumes are sent forth from our American presses containing God's revelation of his Son, the world has reason to believe that there is a religion of today as well as of yesterday and tomorrow.

Conquering kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make;
Jesus by a nobler deed
From the thousands he has freed.

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.

MISSIONARY HEROES.

Henry Martyn.

Generally known as the "Scholar Missionary," because of his eminent labors in translating the liturgy of the English Church and of the New Testament into Hindostanee, and of the latter into the Persian and Arabic languages, is another eminent hero of the Cross. He was born of humble parentage, in Turo, Cornwall, England, Feb. 18, 1781, received an elementary education in the grammar schools of his native town, afterward graduating from Cambridge University in 1802. He reached Madras as a missionary of the Church of England, April 21, 1806, where he made a study of Sanscrit as the key to most of the Eastern languages, and of Persian. So intense was his application to his duties and his studies and labors translating, that his health failed, and in 1810 he consented to return to England to rest and recuperate. So intense was his interest in his Persian and

Arabic translations, that he went by way of Persia, in order to submit them to the critical judgment and revision of learned Persians. Great interest was taken in his works, and he spent two years in the discussion of his works to crowded conclaves of Mollahs and Sofis, as the learned and religious leaders of that country are called. He completed his Persian version in February, 1812, but was then too ill and weak to return to his native land. He lingered until October 16, 1812, and one mournfully writes: "No more is known of Henry Martyn save that he died at Tocat, Persia, without a European near, dying a pilgrim's solitary death, and lies in an unknown grave in a heathen land." He built on no other man's foundation.

David Livingstone.

Perhaps the first medical missionary—was a hero from boyhood, until the close of the life of one of the most heroic of men. He was born March 19, 1813, at Blantyre, Lauarkshire, Scotland. At the age of ten he became an operative in a cotton factory, attending evening schools, where he acquired some knowledge of Greek and Latin. Afterward he attended a course of medicine at Glasgow University, and a course of theological lectures by Dr. Wardlaw, of the Scotch Independents. In 1840 he offered himself as a medical missionary to the London Missionary Society, and in the summer of that year landed at Port Natal. From that time until found dead upon his knees, May 1st, 1873, his life was Christian heroism exemplified. Among those whose remains lie buried in Westminster Abbev. there is none nobler, or more highly honored than this real soldier of the cross.

I NEED THEE, LORD.

Mabel E. Kerr.

I need Thee, Lord, do Thou but near me stay,
Guarding my pathway here from day to day.
Forsake me not, though wandering I may be,
Oh, draw thou near, dear Lord, I need but Thee.

The way seems dark without Thy presence near,
If Thou but stay, there's naught I have to fear.
Temptation's power loses its control,
When in sweet peace Thou speakest to my soul.

I need Thee, Lord, each hour, each passing day,
Life's shadows deepen, darkening my way,
I cannot—dare not—wander here alone,
Unaided by Thy hand to lead me home.

In life, in death, my eyes are turned to Thee,
In hope, in faith, Thy guiding hand I see.
When this brief life has ebbed itself away,
Thou still art near in that eternal day.

Carsonville, Mich.

It is probably not an exaggeration to say that the liquor traffic could easily be prohibited if those favoring its prohibition, both the commercial class and the man placed in a position by popular patronage, were not made dumb with fear. The forces of the devil recognize, all too well, this leverage, and do not hesitate to make the man who dares speak his mind feel the weight of their power. Better "be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

The Home.

HYGIENE OF THE EYES.

By Kate Lindsay, M.D.

The eye is a very important organ, for it is principally by means of the senses of sight and hearing than an education is acquired. The blind are much hampered and restricted in their ability to gain knowledge, as well as in earning a living bv plying some useful trade or practicing some useful profession. Defective eyesight often affects the health of the patient, causing headache and various nervous troubles, disturbed digestion, sleeplessness—in fact, often inducing a general feeling of illness and discomfort, which prevents success in life and interferes with every effort he makes to work himself upward, or to get on in his everyday occupation.

As an army of many thousand blind people exist in the United States, to say nothing of other lands, who are thus hampered in life, it is a very important matter for us to understand the causes of so much blindness as well as the many forms of defective eyesight which more or less impair normal vision, and produce disease and much physical suffering.

A large percentage of eye disorders begins with eye infection in early infancy. Germs enter the babies' eyes even before birth, or for lack of cleanliness are grafted into these delicate organs soon after birth. The careless nurse may use a foul washcloth or sponge, or may have her fingers infected by some catarrhal discharge from her own eyes or nose. The writer has seen a careless woman blow her nose on her handkershief, then take the same foul rag and wipe the baby's face, and especially daub it into its eyes. It was no mystery that in a few days the little one had sore eyes, with a profuse purulent discharge, which, lacking the proper care and cleanliness, lasted for weeks, leaving permanently damaged eyesight to hamper its after life.

Often soapsuds get into the infant's eyes from lack of care during the first bath, or sometimes during the early months of life. The little one may also have its eyes infected by coming into close contact with older people suffering from catarrhal and other infectious eye disorders. Sometimes the baby may infect its own eyes by digging its little dirty fists into them. Colds and all forms of nasal catarrh also infect the eyes and cause many cases of what is known as conjunctivitis. The eruptive diseases—measles, scarlet fever, small-pox—all more or less cause infection of the eye's mucous surface, while influenza, diphtheria, typhoid fever and other germ disorders are causes of catarrhal and other eye affections. There is an infectious catarrhal disorder of the eyes known by the vulgar term "pink eye," which occurs in epidemics during the spring and fall in this country. Now as all the eye disorders characterized by a discharge are more or less infectious and laible to spread from one patient to another, and as the family and schcool are the chief breeding-places of these disorders, and as cleanliness will almost entirely prevent the infection of the organs of vision, it is an all-important matter for nurses and mothers to understand how to handle the infant from its birth so as to keep disease germs out of its eyes.

First of all, as soon as the baby is born the face

and hands should be made clean and aseptic or free from infection, the eyes receiving especial attention. No washcloth used for any other part of the body should be used to wash out the baby's eyes. A number of small clean cloths about four inches square should be prepared for this special part of Sir Baby's first toilet, also a small bowl of clean boiled water for each eye. Clean one eye at a time, using several of the small cloths in the process and burning after using. Never use the same cloth the second time, nor for both eyes. What is known as the normal saline solution, an even teaspoonful of salt to a pint of boiled tepid water, is often a very soothing wash for the eyes, if they become irritated in any way. Or a solution of boracic acid and water, two teaspoonfuls to the pint of water may be used.

Every member of a family should have his own towels, soap, washcloth and other toilet articles. The roller towel is responsible for much eye infection and for many cases of blindness, either partial or complete. The common towel is also in use in the school dressing-room more or less, and so one case of contagious eye disorder in a public school may cause an epidemic of sore eyes in the neighborhood. The writer has known a whole family infected by this "community" toilet article. The kitchen towel was used by the new hired man or girl, both of whom when engaged were known to have weak eyes with slight discharge, but which was not thought to be at all dangerous to others. Never considered at all "catching," yet some member of the family, more suspectible than the others, at once developed a severe catarrhal inflammation of the eyes, which, with greater or less severity, infected every member of the household, one or more of whom suffered for life from impaired eyesight due to this infection, of which the roller-towel was the medium of distribution.

Many children have defects of eyesight which are not discovered until they are sent to school, when they begin to suffer from headache, disordered digestion, and from extra eye-strain due to close application to their studies. Often the true cause of this health disturbance is not suspected by the parents or teacher. Sometimes it may be overlooked even by the family physician, and the child is given tonics of various kinds and pepsin and other remedies to aid digestion. Removal from school is tried but all remedies fail to relieve the distressing symptoms, until someone more observing than the average, notices the child holding his book too close to the eye, or that he has a squint, or scowls, or wrinkles his forehead, and suggests consultation with some eye specialist. The skilled optician at once knows that the child needs to be fitted with glasses, to correct the near-sightedness or far-sightedness, astigmatism, or some other error of refraction which is causing eyestrain by overtaxing the power of the organs of vision to adjust or accommodate themselves to meet the demands of close, continued work—hours spent in the schoolroom or in the evening at home poring over their books. Dust and foul air of all kinds, as well as dry, over-heated air, night work, and all work by artificial light will more or less overstrain the eyes. All constitutional diseases or organic diseases of the kidneys, lungs or liver, and all digestive disorders cause more or less derangement of vision. Everyone who has had a sick headache knows how dizzy and blind he felt during the attack. After every attack of severe illness the eyes, like every other organ, are weak and therefore should not be used for much reading or other close work. When working indoors, at some close eye-straining work, or engaged in school work where the eyes are constantly on the printed page, it is well to form the habit of resting them by looking off to some distant object for a short time. Frequently this will not hinder but rather help the student or worker with his task by increasing his ability to continue at his work or studies without pain or discomfort.

Summing up the measures which can be used by all to avoid eye disorders, there is first, strict cleanliness; second, avoiding infection by bacteria of other microbes; third, the proper use of the eyes, avoiding overtaxing the sight, especially when the body is weak; fourth, the adjustment of proper glasses so as to correct any error of refraction or other defect which can be remedied by proper lenses. Much suffering can thus be prevented as well as total blindness and impaired eyesight.—The Pilgrim.

The Quiet Hour.

THE SCORN OF JOB.

"If I have eaten my morsel alone,"
The patriarch spoke in scorn.
What would he think of the Church were he shown
Heathendom—hugh, forlorn,
Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,
While the Church's ailment is fulness of bread,
Eating her morsel alone?
"Freely as ye have reecived, so give,"
He bade who hath given us all.
How shall the soul in us longer live
Deaf to their starving call,
For whom the blood of the Lord was shed,
And his body broken to give them bread,
If we eat our morsel alone.

—Archbishop Alexander.

MISS ABBY'S INFLUENCE.

The great church was filled to overflowing, and it seemed as if one could have heard a pin drop had one fallen to the floor while Doctor Denison, the famous preacher, was speaking.

"Isn't he wonderful? And the best of it is, he lives up to his preaching every minute of his life," said one gentleman to another, as they came slowly and thoughtfully out of church. "My cousin knows him well, and she says she thinks that he does more good out of the pulpit even than he does in it. A life like his makes one glad to be alive, even if one can not attain to such heights one's self. He makes you feel though, that no matter how insignificant you are, you can do something worth while."

And yet if Miss Abby Foster had not been found faithful in her little hot kitchen that summer day so long ago, Doctor Denison might not have been just the man he was. At least Miss Abby's faithfulness had much to do with his greatness, though she, poor soul, grieved all her life long because it seemed to her she had lived, as she put it, "just to cook for summer boarders."

It had been an exceedingly hot summer, but this Saturday was the hottest day of all. Miss Abby was tired—oh, so tired! It had seemed to her she could not get through the day, and Maggie, her one helper,

had taken this day of all days to have one of her worst sick headaches.

There were twelve boarders to be fed, and the Saturday's baking to do. "I don't see how I'm ever going to get through the day," said Miss Abby to herself, as she stopped for a minute behind the pantry door to wipe the tears from her eyes. "But the good Lord will help me somehow, I know, and I've only got to live a minute at a time. I can't work for him, as others can, so I must try all the harder to be patient and faithful in my wee corner, even if it is out of sight. He will see."

Then she went bravely and patiently about her work.

The mercury moved steadily up, the little kitchen was almost breathless, and, as Mrs. Bummidge would have said, "everything seemed to go contrary." Miss Abby's face grew wan and weary, but not once did she falter.

"I can not do anything worth speaking of, but, God helping me, I will be patient and cheerful all day long," she kept saying to herself. "And it's only a minute at a time."

Out in the front yard, under the trees, where one got all the air there was to get, Mabel Denison lay in a hammock half asleep, when her twelve-year-old brother Jack appeared.

"O, dear!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "What have you come for? I was half asleep. It is too hot to live!"

"I'd be ashamed to complain if I were you," said Jack. "If you think it is too hot to live out her in the shade, what do you think of poor Miss Abby working in that hot kitchen all day long? It's a shame, I think—and—say, Mabel, could you help her a little? I would if I was a girl, and knew how."

The boy hesitated for a minute, then went on: "You see, I've made a mess of it, as usual. I don't see why boys always have to be in the way, even when they don't mean to be. I was going after a drink of water, and she was taking some sort of flummery stuff she-d made for dessert out of the ice-box. She didn't hear me, and I did'nt hear her, and between us we upset the whole thing. I could have kicked myself, and I expected she would take my head off; but, do you know, she just sort of grew white round her lips, and then patted me on the shoulder, and said, so comforting-like: 'I know you didn't mean to do it, Jack.' She is tired to death, Mabel, and she is a saint not to scold. Couldn't you go and help her out a little? Maggie's sick abed, you know. I think it would be just as much missionary work as going round to see poor folks at home."

So it came to pass, fifteen minutes later, Miss Abby, heartsick, and almost to the end of her strength, heard a little tap on the kitchen door and there stood Mabel and Jack.

"You poor dear!" said Mabel, impulsively, as she caught sight of Miss Abby's tired face. "You're fagged out, and this small boy has put the finishing touch on. But he is no end sorry, and I'm going to help him atone. I took a course of cooking lessons last winter, and I've just been longing to show what I can do. Here's the chance of my life to cover myself with glory, so you are just to go out in the hammock, and stay while I get dinner. You tell me your plans, and see if Jack and I can not execute them."

And Miss Abby went. It was while they were all three doing the dishes together that Jack heard Mabel say:

"How could you keep from being impatient when Jack upset your cream!"?"

"Why, dear," replied Miss Abby, "it's the only thing I can do for the Lord. My life doesn't count for much of anything worth while, so I just try hard to be patient and faithful every day."

"If ever I'm a Christian," was the boy's unspoken thought, "I'll try to be like Miss Abby. She may say she don't count for much, but I think she is a saint."

All the years of his life the lesson of that summer day followed him. When, a few years later, he professed before men his determination to serve Christ, his prayer was: "Help me to be the kind of a Christian Miss Abby was!" And when at last he was ordained a minister, it was still his prayer that he might help his people to be "true,, faithful, every-day Christians."

And in the little country churchyard, Miss Abby's last resting -place is marked by a simple white stone with this inscription: "To be great there is no need to do singular things. What is needed is to do common things singularly well."—Kate S. Gates, in Zion's Herald.

Young People.

THE CITY OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

Far away in the land of "If and Perhaps"
The city of "Make-Believe" lies,
With its wonderful, beautiful towers and domes,
And turrets that reach the skies;
'Tis peopled by fairies, pixies and gnomes,
And nobles and ladies fair,
And the poorest gamin that walks the streets
Is a prince if he enters there.

The very dust of the earth, they say,
Is the purest and finest gold;
There is no one there unhappy or sad.
And nothing to harm, I'm told;
But all is beautiful, kind and good.
That ever comes through its gate,
For the sentinel posted the entrance near
Keeps out all strife and hate.

But, alas, this strange and glorious place
Is inclosed with years, as a wall;
And only those who are young in heart
Can enter its portals small.
But the children all can go in and out,
And its mysteries bring to view—
This curious city of "Make-Believe,"
So old, and yet so new.

—Round Table.

WHAT A BOY DID.

James Pettigrew was the smartest boy in our class. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came around, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions that, one by one, we all dropped off till, just as we expected, the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when

question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent, and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together; but instead of being cast down at losing the prize, he seemed rather to be mighty glad. I couldn't understand it.

"Why, Jamie," I said, "you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could."

"Of course I could," he said, with a light laugh.

"Then why didn't you?" I asked.

He wouldn't answer me for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him, till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

"Look here," he said, ::how could I help it? There's poor Willie. His mother died last week; and if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at schcool. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?"—Evangelical Herald.

HOW THE FIRE CAME.

Spiders, you know, are all very much afraid of fire, yet it is to them that the Indians owe fire, and, of course, as the Indians are the oldest people in all the world (for they say so themselves), it is to them that we whites also owe it. The Indians are very grateful for fire, and in the days before there were matches, organized a brotherhood to care for it, and make sure it did not go out.

It all happened long ago, of course. In those days the world was cold, and when winter came the animals had to creep into holes to keep warm. They got very tired of this and were delighted one day when they saw the lightning strike a dead sycamore tree and set it ablaze. They determined to get the fire, and keep it alight all winter.

But when they went to get it a difficulty presented itself. The sycamore stood on an island in the river, and it wasn't altogether easy to get to it to bring it back across the water. However, there was no lack of volunteers. Every animal that could swim or fly was anxious to try. The raven—who was white in those days—was given the first chance because he was so big and strong that the other animals thought he surely would succeed. He flew over the water and lighted on the sycamore tree. But while he was wondering what to do next, the heat scorched all his feathers black, and he was so frightened that he flew back without trying to get the fire at all. Then the screech owl volunteered, and got there all right. But when he peered down into the tree a blast of hot air came up that nearly put his eyes out. For all his rubbing he could never get the rings of feathers about his eyes to lay down flat again. That is why his eyes look so queer, and why he can never see well in daylight even to this day.

Two or three other birds tried with the same ill success, and then they all gave up and told the animals they might try. The rabbit was so terrifi,ed at the suggestion that he turned white, as he does in the winter to this day. The fox declared that he couldn't swim, and the cat refused to wet her feet. The deer went over, but when he drew near the tree he burned his feet and became quite frantic with the pain. It is the memory of this time that makes deer and horses and cows grow wild with terror at the sight of fire.

Then came the turn of the reptiles. The little black racer was the first to try. He swam across to the island, and crawled to the tree, and went into it by a hole in the bottom. But the heat and smoke was too great for him, and he lost his way and had a terrible time in getting out again. Before he did so he was turned black, and has stayed so to this day.

Then the big black snake tried. He got over to the island all right and climbed up the tree on the outside, as the black snake always does. But when he poked his head into a hole to look for the fire, the smoke came up in a great puff and he fell down inside the tree, and you can imagine how black he was burned before he managed to climb out again.

At last all the animals gave it up. Each had some excuse for not going, the real reason being that they were all afraid, though none of them would admit it. Finally they said it was the turn of the insects to show what they could do.

The insects accordingly held a council and talked the matter over for a while, and at last decided to send the water-spider. She could run on top of the water and dive to the bottom, so that she had no difficulty in getting to the island. To bring back the fire she spun a web and fastened it on her back. Into it she rolled a coal from the fire, and dragged it to the water's edge and managed to float it over to the other side before the web was burned through. Ever since we have all had fire.

So the next time you feel inclined to sweep away a cobweb, remember what the first spider did for you and think again.—Exchange.

One of the greatest dangers to the Christian cause is a complacent attitude towards it by the unbelieving. But a still greater danger comes from a tendency on the part of believers to rest satisfied in a neutral attitude, not desiring to be the subject of hatred of those who oppose Christ. It is not necessary to be vindictive toward individuals ourselves—that is not Christ-like—but our attitude toward all things that do not tend to the advancement of the Kingdom should be uncompromising. Luther once remarked: "The world loves its own priests and mouthpieces, its own organization, Caiaphas, Pilate, Herod and Judas, and all devils.

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In thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim.
Chiefest of ten thousand Thou!
Savior, O most "PRECIOUS," now!

Gazing down the far forever,
Brighter glows the one sweet Name,
Steadfast radiance, paling never,
Jesus, Jesus! still the same.
Evermore "thou shalt endure."
Our own Savior, strong and "SURE!"
—Selected.

WE THANK THEE.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass so fresh and sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear and see,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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"I THANK THEE."

For the splendor of sunsets,
  Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds, that curtain
  Heaven's inner mystery:
For the molten bars of twilight
  Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of sunsets,
  I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beautv,
  The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows,
  That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
  Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
  I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
  With one dear name adored;
For the heavenlv in the human,
  The spirit in the word;
For the tokens of thy presence
  Within, above, abroad;
For thine own gift of being,
  I thank thee, O my God!

—Lucy Larcom.

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THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

In one section of New York City there are one hundred and eleven churches and 4,065 saloons. Throughout the city there are ten saloons to every church.

The most recent statistics for the United Brethren Church give 4,067 as the membership in the Pacific district. Of this number 1,097 are in California and 1,487 in Oregon.

The name of Vice-President Fairbanks appears on the list of persons giving $1,000 for a $250,000 Y. M. C. A. Building in Indianapolis. The Bible class of one of the Presbyterian churches gives $1,500.

In a missionary meeting at Canton, China, not long ago it was ascertained that one-half of fifty native missionaries in attendance had been led to Christ in the United States. Dr. Francis E. Clark says: "The more I see of America and of the world, the more convinced I am that the home missionary holds the key to the situation."

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, the honorary life-president of the National Association of Colored Women, spoke at a Y. M. C. A. meeting a few days ago in New York City on "The Bright Side of the Negro Problem." It is gratifying to learn that there are colored people who believe that there is a bright side to this problem.

Sir George Williams, the founder of the Y. M. C. A. and a man of large generosity, was accustomed to pray as follows: "Oh, Lord, thou hast given me money. Give me a heart to do thy will with it. May I use it for thee and seek to get wisdom from thee to use it aright." His biographer adds this statement: "George Williams did not attempt to serve God and mammon. He served God and made mammon serve him."

Bishop Candler of the Methodist Epispocal Church, South, who was in Japan recently, says: "I venture the prediction that at a day not far distant there is going to be a great breaking down of opposition to Christianity in Japan and a turning to Christ of thousands. The empire is interpenetrated by Christian influences. Thousands and tens of thousands secretly yearn to become Christians, but are restrained by family ties and overawed by parental authority."

"The Increasing Light" was the subject of an address given by the Rev. Dr. Algeron S. Craspey, the deposed Episcopalian, at a meeting of the Ethical Society in Carneige Hall, New York, on a recent Sunday. The pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church spoke that Sunday on "Justice to the Jew." The topic of another preacher was "The Awakening of Memory in the First Five Minutes after Death." Rabbi Wise spoke the same Sunday on "Is the Bible in Danger?" His address dealt with the attitude of the synagogue toward higher criticism.'

The Reformed Churches of France have about 100,000 members and about 700,000 adherents. A few days ago the Alliance of the Reformed Churches of America sent a letter to the Reformed Churches of France from which we quote: "We welcome the news of the new condition of civil government with you and that the setting free of the Church from the civil power has met with your approbation. We congratulate you on your cheerful and loyal obedience to the laws of France. . . .Living, as we do, in a land where there is no union of Church and State, and has not been, we welcome you to the enjoyment with us of religious freedom, which is God's gift and most precious boon." These Protestant churches in France were affected by the law of separation of Church and State as well as the Roman Catholic. How different their attitude! And how much more to be commended than that of the Catholic!

This from the New York Observir is well worth quoting: "Even in these favored twentieth-century times, brotherhood is far less of a realization than it should properly be, considering the distance that society has already traveled historically from the age of the Caesars. There are multitudes who bite and devour one another, there are many capitalists who oppress and many employees who strike back by cheating; there are clashes between classes and frictions between cliques, and even in the churches the bonds of brotherhood are far too much an idea and too little of an actualization. The world falls back upon its own worldliness and says: We make no pretence to be brotherly. Our business is to look after No. 1! When it so speaks it speaks consistently with its own selfish premises, but thereby invites the more surely the fearful condemnation of the judgment day. The church has no such plea to make, and must confess that to the degree in which it falls short of brotherhood it denies its Master's message and fails to fulfil his exhortation and direction. It is for the churches to convert brotherhood from a mere idea into a living actualization, and that, too, not simply within the bounds of a single more or less homogeneous congregation, but also throughout the whole surrounding neighborhood. A little formal handshaking now and then at church on Sundays, or at a week-night sociable, is not the fulfilling of this law of brotherhood."

General Booth of the Salvation Army landed in New York recently enroute to Japan. The general says that he wants five million dollars with which to found "A University of Humanity." He says that he does not intend to beg for it, but is looking for a man to come along, take him by the hand and say: "Look here, general, take me into partnership." General Booth states that he will take money from any source and will cleanse it, if it needs cleansing, in the tears of widows and orphans. Speaking concerning his proposed "University of Humanity," General Booth said: "You have good institutions almost everywhere for educational purposes, such as those devoted to literature, science and art. The ob-

ject of the institutions which I would see founded would be to instruct suitable persons in dealing with vices, sins and misfortunes of mankind. I would see them trained to combat the tendencies of the drunkard, the pauper and the criminal. Take, for instance, our anti-suicide bureau, established in London and recently in this city. Do you know that the number of persons who, through mistakes or misfortunes, throw away their lives is constantly on the increase? In the first five weeks after the establishment of our suicide bureau in London we had not less than five hundred persons apply to us, all would-be suicides, men and women. A part of these you would say would be loafers. Well, perhaps they are. All men are loafers. I am one myself. But I should think at least four hundred of the number would represent genuine cases."

A frequent comment concerning the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has made so great a stir in England by his liberal utterances, is "He is sincere." This is said sometimes in excuse of him. The Examiner, a Baptist paper published in New York says: "Well, what if he is? "Does that make his utterances any the less unscriptural, untrue, misleading, and abominable? We read some years ago a touching letter from a young wife to her husband, a professional burglar, who was undergoing a term of imprisonment at Sing Sing for housebreaking. We cannot recall the exact words, but the substance of the letter was that she was daily praying God that he might be speedily released from prison and able again to resume the practice of his profession. No doubt she was sincere—but did her sincerity change the character of the felonious business in which he was engaged? Not at all. Sincerity is an admirable virtue, but it is no excuse for wrong thinking, wrong teaching, or wrong doing. We have no doubt that Tomas do Torquemada, inquisitor-general of the Spanish inquisition, was tremendously sincere, but that did not make his bloodthirst any the less bloodthirsty, or the murders committed by his authority any the less atrocious. It is entirely conceivable that the slayer of President McKinley was perfectly sincere in thinking he was doing a noble act; but that does not lessen the guilt of his awful crime. No, sincerity is not enough. It does not excuse a man from just censure for wrong teaching; it does not excuse those who see his error from pointing it out with whatever emphasis the nature and extent of his error, and the opportunity he enjoys for propagating it, demands. We are altogether too lax, in the Gallionian days, with regard to the preaching of error."

The action of the intersynodical missionary convention of the Presbyterian Church, held recently at Omaha, in its recommendation of an advance movement in foreign missions is the subject of much comment in the East. The New York Evening Post says: "The thousand or more men who were delegates to that convention, representing the churches of the Middle West, after considering the call of the foreign mission cause on the Presbyterian churches of the United States, voted that the number of missionaries on the field should be increased five-fold, bringing the number up to 4,000, and that the people in the home churches should increase their contributions accordingly, giving $6,000,000 annually instead of $1,200,000 as at present. This action, it is stated, was the result of a business-like consideration of the missionary problem, and the figures arrived at were based upon the assumption that the Presbyterian Church, in the fields where it is now working and for which it is in a measure peculiarly responsible, should have at least one missioinary for every 25,000 people. This was considered the minimum basis on which effective work could be maintained, and the business men in the convention maintain that if the work was to be done at all, it must be rightly done, and there must be increased support accordingly. The question now is whether or not the standard set by these Western laymen will be accepted by the Presbyterian Church as a whole. It is considered to be probable that the General Assembly, at its coming meeting in May, will recommend this advance movement, but pastors are expressing their doubts as to the willingness or ability of the members of all Presbyterian churches to give an average of $5 a year to the foreign mission cause, and no smaller average amount would produce the total demanded." It would not of course be possible to get all Presbyterian churches up to the average of $5 a member. But there is wealth enough in the denomination to raise the $6,000,000. The foreign work demands it; and it ought to come. This is a day of great opportunity in foreign lands for the Christian church.

It is worthy of note that the Protestant Episcopal Church at its next triennial convention in October, may make an expression as to mental healing. The Boston Transcript says: "It is admitted that the teachings of Christian Science have had, if not a direct effect, at least the driving of ecclesiastical leaders in a number of bodies, the Protestant Episcopal included, to search through their theological stock in trade and see if they have not some long neglected agency that may accomplish what Mrs. Eddy and her school of healing essay to do. True to its record of having originated most of the unusual doctrines, good and bad, religious and otherwise, Boston has within a year tried some experiments, if such they may be called, that have turned out well, it is said, and which will have a marked influence upon the forthcoming general convention. These experiments have been made at Emmanuel Church, of which Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, now of St. Bartholomew's, New York, was until recently the rector. The present rector is the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester, late of the famous St. Stephen's parish, Philadelphia. It is not the present rector, however, who has alone been making these experiments. He has an assistant, Rev. Dr. Samuel McComb, who is an Irishman, lately from Belfast or near there. He tried a Presbyterian pulpit in New York for some years, but not with marked success. At that time he was devoting himself to Browning, and had a series of lectures which atracted wide attention. He returned to Ireland, and emerged once more as an Episcopalian. He went as assistant to the Emmanuel Church, Boston, and there he and Rev. Dr. Worcester have tried mind cure, rest cure and the like, aimed especially at the getting of people into a healthy frame of mind, as one requisite of getting them later into a healthy condition of body. Leaders in the Episcoual Church count it strange that not a word of criticism has been heard within the Church regarding this Boston experiment. There seems instead to be a general approval of it. Although throughout the Church there seems to be no adequate knowledge as to what it is. At the same time gratification is expressed that the Episcopal Church has at last

undertaken to utilize forces of mind over matter, which Christian Science, so called, has been turning to its advantage. The success of the Boston experiment will, it is said, cause the whole question to come before the general convention. It may be doubted whether the Boston experiment alone would have brought about this movement, but Christian Science itself has bestirred many to look about them for means to combat it or to turn to their own account the good which it admittedly has."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

This is a song in the East just now; for the snowflakes keep coming down although it is nearly the middle of March:

"I sing, I sing of ye gentle spring,
When the flowers begin to grow—
But I must quit, for wife, who's it,
Says I must shovel snow."

Boston Common looked very common indeed as the present writer walked through it on Sundav, March the 10th. The Common has a summer beauty, but none for winter. The city park, or garden, adjoining was dotted principally with skating ponds. Great stretches of ice without water under it covered the ground in many places.

Some Eastern statisticians figure that the population of Now York City will exceed that of London within ten years and that it will double in twenty-five years. A current magazine says: "The present generation will undoubtedly see in New York the world's greatest metropolis. Few persons realize that the population of New York citv is already one in twenty of the population of the entire United States, or that the growth of New York city in the century past has been five times more rapid than the growth of the whole country."

Taft seems to be in the lead for the next Republican nomination for the Presidency. Straw votes taken recently in the legislature of South Dakota and Nebraska gave Taft as many votes as all others combined. Many Democrats in different parts of the East would like to vote for Roosevelt. The Chicago Record-Herald says: "The progressive element of the party, with Roosevelt out of the running, is centering on Taft as the best exponent of his policies and the most capable man for the chief magistracy. It is equally certain that the strength of the conservative and reactionary elements in the Republican parties is centering on Fairbanks. Between Fairbanks and Taft the next national convention will very probably make its choice."

The physiological comfort of Lent is something that is well worth consideration. The London Lancet says: "In some measure the fasting enjoined by the church during the season of Lent may be defended; at all events in a large number of cases, on physiological as well as on moral grounds. The custom of the church is a very old one, and though modern life has rendered the carrying out of fasting on strict lines untenable, most intelligent people are prepared to confess an admiration for and a sympathy with the general principles of a scheme which has for its object the discipline and well being of the body and the mind. That being so; the strength of purpose is more likely to receive help when a specific season for carrying out the disciplinary exercise is selected than if the time were chosen in a haphazard way. Lent may therefore be regarded as a convenient season when the individual addicted to various obvious luxuries and excesses can effectually brace his moral strength to forego those things which he knows perfectly well he can do very well if not better, without. From the church's point of view there is, of course, a wider and deeper significance attached to what she regards as a holy season, but it is only in our province to consider the subject in its bearing upon the welfare of the body. The season gives the creature of more or less selfish or bad habits an excellent opportunity of relinquishing those habits for at any rate a certain period, and he may, and probably will, receive a salutary and moral lesson which may induce him to lead a better and physiologically happier life. he may be poisoning himself, for example, by overindulgence in tobacco, alcohol or even food, and he may find that as a result of his determination to give up these excesses for a season his mental and bodily activities are improved, his health is altogether better, and so he is constrained to go on with the 'godly, righteous and sober life.' It would be difficult, if not impossible, to defend by physiological arguments the excessive fasting of the old ascetics, but fasting from luxury and excess is a procedure absolutely in harmony with a vigorous, healthy and moral condition. The conduct indicated, therefore, in the Lenton fast of the church is calculated to lead the erring into the paths of physiological righteousness."

It is said by Mrs. George Livingstone Baker of New Brighton, Staten Island, that her brother, Eben Appleton, of New York, has in his possession the flag which floated over Fort McHenry when it was bombarded by the British in 1812, and which led to the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by Francis Scott Key. Mrs. Baker is a grand-daughter of Coloned George Armistead. "The flag, she says, has been deposited by her brother in the safe deposit vaults of a Broadway trust company. Her brother had been annoyed so much on account of his ownership of the flag that he wished the place of deposit of the flag kept private. Mrs. Baker has given the following account of how the flag came into her brother's possession: The flag came into the possession of my brother in this way: After the fort had been successfully defended against the British in the fight which prompted Francis Scott Key to write the national ode, the government presented the flag to Col. Armistead in recognition of his conduct of the defense. He died soon after. Three months after his death his widow gave birth to a little girl, to whom the flag descended. She married William Stuart Appleton, of the Boston family, who then came to Baltimore, her home, to live. My brother Eben and I are their only surviving children. On my mother's death the flag was left to Eben. The flag is in a fine state of preservation. The edges are not frayed, although the flag is dingy and faded. There are a number of bullet holes in some of the stripes and other rents that look as if they were made by the fragments of shells in the bombardment. It is a large flag, of the size usually flown now over army posts. It is my brother's intention to leave the flag on his death to one of the national museums at Washington."

FAIR PLAY FOR THE JAPANESE.

By Clarence Ludlow Brownell, F. R. G. S.

One of the San Francisco newspapers the other day printed an interview with City Attorney Burke concerning the Japanese school question.

In this interview he was reported as saying that Americans are not allowed to own real property in Japan; that they are only privileged to buy a certain class of securities; they cannot hold Japanese on certain sorts of mortgages; they are not allowed to attend Japanese schools, old or young; they are only permitted to reside in certain sections set aside for them; they are not allowed to sail in a private pleasure boat in certain waters; they cannot leave a treaty port without a permit; they cannot enter any port of Japan (except the regular open ports) from the water front; at the theatres they are charged more than double what Japanese pay for the same accommodations, and hotel charges are on a similar basis; they cannot obtain justice in the lower courts, every case in which a foreigner is involved having to be carried up before justice is given; they pay double the taxes paid by the Japanese.

None of these statements is accurately complete and some of them are wholly untrue. As it reads it singles out Americans and implies that they are discriminated against in Japan. This is quite false. Japan does not discriminate. Her statesmen have been painstakingly correct in their attitude towards foreign countries. To the legal eye of Japan all foreigners look alike. She treats one exactly as she treats another. Take the Russians for instance. They had been unpopular, one might say hated, since 1875, when Russia bulldozed Japan into giving up the Island of Saghalin, but the Japanese have always treated the Russians with courtesy.

I was in Japan when the Czarewitch, now the Czar, was attacked by an insane policeman who believed that the Czarowitch had come to spy out the land, and I saw the nation's heart bleed at the "breach of hospitality" to a guest of Dai Nippon. Its efforts to atone where magnificent.

I was also in Japan when the Russian minister, Baron Rosen left the capital one evening some few days after the beginning of the late war. The crowds that lined the way from the Legation to the Shimbashi railroad station was courteously respectful. Though Russian ships had just been sunk there was no exultation. Many in the crowd bowed and those who wore hats took them off as the diplomat's carriage passed. At the Shimbashi railroad station there were troops to give him a military salute. Under similar circumstances what would have been the conduct of a street crowd in New York or in London or say of a Paris foule? I doubt if a crowd in the capital of any other country in the world would have shown the same dignity and consideration.

The Russian missionaries who work in the great Greek Cathedral on Surugadai in Tokio were unmolested throughout the war. They remained at their posts and went on with their work quite undisturbed. From any action of the Japanese about them they might not have known that they were living in the midst of a people with whom their country was at war. Not long ago a Russian Admiral in the public dining room of a hotel in Japan felt his dignity offended because a petty officer and some men-of-war's men presumed to enter there and to order food. He demanded that the offender be removed. Such thought and such action on the part of a Japanese Admiral is unthinkable. He would rather have sent a bottle of wine to the men and have drunk a toast with them, saying that though they served under different flags they were "fellow sailors and most welcome."

I have heard hard things said about Japan in the foreign community in Yokohama, but that community is not Japan, any more than San Francisco's Chinatown was America. "Knocking" the Japanese is a habit in Yokohama and I believe the knocks may have done much good even when they have been given from mere habit. They have awakened a dormant sense in Japan and her pride will do the rest. Assuredly Japan owes much to the foreigners who live or have lived in her treaty ports and in her capital, but notwithstanding this debt the treaty ports seem hardly to have been fair. I think their example in some ways has not been one for the Japanese to emulate. They have enjoyed for years a police protection for which they did not pay, though their houses could not be searched freely as could the houses of the Japanese, and they were exempt from the direct action of Japanese law. Their own consuls tried them when they broke the laws of the country.

Many foreigners today do not pay the house tax that all Japanese have to pay. They receive all possible protection from the Japanese Government, but they will not ever fight for it. In this respect they are like the Japanese in California today except that the protection the Japanese Government affords is more efficient.

One may mention in passing that for years Japan afforded further protection to foreigners and foreign shipping in the way of the best lighted sea coast in the world, and collected not one cent in tolls from the foreigners.

As to hotel charges my own experience does not bear out the statement emanating from San Francisco's City Attorney. I have put up at many native Japanese inns: Wherever I was charged more than a native would have been charged it was because I wanted more and got it.

A foreign traveler in Japan is vastly more trouble to a native inn-keeper than is a native traveler. The foreigner, especially the American in Japan, is not a parallel to the Japanese in America, for when a Japanese comes to this country he takes things as he finds them. He has to, and it is no great hardship for him to do so. It is what he expects and he gains comfort rather than suffers by the differences he adapts himself to.

But the foreigner in Japan, unless he has been put wise, and this means much intelligent instructing and as much intelligent understanding, is often impatient and sometimes inconsiderate. It is difficult if not impossible for him to adapt himself to Japanese conditions. He does not like to sit on the floor, he must have chairs. Now Japanese floors are covered with soft matting and chairs tear the delicate surface of this matting. So do boot heels, and the foreigner sometimes forgets and wears his boots into the Japanese house.

Then, too, the foreigner does not like to bathe

where others bathe. He wishes the bath house all to himself, and he wishes to bathe in the early morning instead of the late afternoon, which is the time when all Japan bathes.

In short, the inn and its order of the day need to be made over and reversed if the foreigner is to receive the accommodation he is accustomed to in his own country. So it is not strange that mine host charges him more.

Travel in Japan is as free to foreigners as to natives. There is no difference in fares on the railways, on the street cars, or in stages. A palanquin bearer or a jin-riki-sha coolie may expect more of a foreign fare. The foreigner weighs many pounds more than the Japanese, on the average, and Japan is a country of mountains where grades are steep. The foreigner is also less patient and less understanding. Often he does not understand at all and his coolie has a sad time trying to explain by gestures and grimaces, rules of the road and customs that a volume might be written upon.

To say that Americans and their pleasure craft are forbidden certain waters of Japan, is to state part of the truth only. Japanese are forbidden just the same. The native **sanpan** has no more privilege than an American yawl. Japan is a multitude of islands, many of which are protected by forts and by submarine mines. Where these things are the Japanese government enforces strict regulations which are equally for native and foreigner.

The Japanese school question, which outside of San Francisco is rather a matter of wonder, does not exist in Japan. Japanese schools are free enough. I taught at various times in schools and colleges in Japan. I never heard of objection to foreigners. The late Lafadio Hearn sent his children to Japanese schools, and a Scotch acquaintance of mine put his child into one to acquire the vernacular. There was no trouble in either case.

The school system is patterned after the American. The Reverend W. Griffis, author of the "Mikado's Empire," the standard work on Japan, laid out the scheme for the Japanese schools and saw it put into efficient effect. Good as it is for the Japanese I hardly think many of the foreign residents are keen to take advantage of it. They send their children to the excellent mission schools, to private schools, have tutors and governesses for them or send them "home" as the case may be. This is not all a reflection on Japan's schools. It is a race instinct. Once, for the act of a Japanese who was then in rebellion against his government, Japan was forced to pay an indemnity to many foreign powers. Later the United States, bearing in mind that the act was that of a rebel, returned this country's share of money with interest At the suggestion of the American Minister it went to the public school fund, for use throughout the Empire. This fairness made for friendship.

I have seen much of school children both in Japan and in America. I wish the pretty manners of the Japanese were contagious. They are worth "catching," and if they can be caught I advocate exposure.

Courtesy is one of the prime virtues of Japan. Masters of vessels have told me that they have received pleasanter treatment and more consideration from the hands of Japanese inspectors than from any other customs officers in the world. Americans going into Japan will have less difficulty passing the customs there than they will have in passing into their own country on their return. Not only on the border but all through the country there is courtesy. The police are ubiquitous and their manners never failing. They are a centralized body of which the head is in Tokio, and their attitude towards foreigners is the government's attitude. Time and again I have heard them spoken of as "gentlemen," as by birth many of them are, being samurai and sons of noblemen. Their deportment entitles them to be called such in the American sense, which, after all, is the only sense worth while. Excepting when called to quell a disturbance in some treaty port dive—there are no dives anywhere else in Japan,—the Japanese policeman does not address a foreigner without first saluting, and he is often at great pains to help him. He does this as a matter of course and will not accept a gratuity. I have not heard of him refusing to aid a foreigner, but I have heard the contrary many times.

On two occasions a policeman, thinking I was a tourist, sought to protect me against overcharges that could hardly have amounted to more than a few cents. I do not recall that I have seen a police officer in San Francisco go out of his way to look after the interests of a Japanese. And in Japan let us remember the policeman represents the national government.

Though foreigners cannot obtain absolute title to land they may lease it for 99 years. They can build houses, factories and mills on this land, which are as absolutely their property as is possible here in the United States. Foreigners may go where they like except into forts and navy yards, and may live anywhere. They may not own mines, though they may be employed as superintendents, and they are not to go into farming as a business, but any other sort of occupation is open to them as freely as to natives. They mav hold chattel mortgages and foreclose them, but if thev held mortgages on real estate they could not foreclose. This keeps them from putting money into railwavs and from making some other investments which are attractive to them. Japan understands what has happened to some of the weaker countries when citizens of stronger countries become heavily interested therein. Christian countries, someone has said, have an appetite for heathen countries, and while heathen is scarcely a word appropriate to Japan, the Japanese government is wise in its generation. It would welcome capital but it has never had a mind for a protectorate. It declines to be owned by a Morgan, a Rogers or a Rockefeller.

In a word, Japan is not for sale. Her islands are not to become like the Samoan or the Hawaiian Islands, nor does she envy the status of Egypt, India or the Transvaal. Japan admits Americans and other foreigners to citizenship. Two notable instances are those of Dr. Virbeck and the late Lafcadio Hearn, both Americans. These men would have achieved distinction in any country. The government of Japan has no desire to unload its surplus population into America. It could have no reason for such a wish. It much prefers Japanese emigrants to settle in Korea and Manchuria, where they are availably near at hand, and remain under the jurisdiction of their home government. Japanese coolies come to California for the very evident reason that they can earn more here than at home. Not one of them has come because his government wished him to. In short, all I can say from my intimate knowledge of Japan is that she is living up both to the letter and to the spirit of her treaty with us. It would seem but fair, therefore, that she should ask us to do the same.

MEN AND THE CHURCH.

By Kerr Boyce Tupper, D.D., LL.D.

It is one of the popular fallacies of our times, accepted in no few quarters without anything like thorough investigation, that men do not go to church now-a-days; that however it may have been in the time of the sacred chronicler of old, it is not a fact today that there are many "very able men for the service of the house of Jehovah." It is readily acknowledged that there is a place for such in the kingdom of God; that the strongest manhood finds play in this sphere for its loftiest potencies of body, mind and spirit; that some of the greatest of the sons of men have worn out their noblest forces of personality and power in the divine service and wished that they had a hundred-fold more of capability to dedicate to it; that one has to write the word "Christian" large beside the names of such intellectual potentates and valiant souls as Paul, and Athanasius, and Augustine, and Anselm, and Bernard, and Luther, and Pascal, and William the Silent, and Gustavus Adolphus, and Cromwell, and Gladstone, and Washington, and McKinley, and Roosevelt, and ten thousand other such who have revered God's name and honored God's Son. It is freely admitted that while the blessed religion of Jesus Christ is a religion for human weakness and dependence and sorrow and sin, it is also a religion for human strength and valor and courage and heroism, indeed for all the althletic faculties of human nature. And yet, it is added, the Church has not drawn men to it in any large numbers, and so there is a lamentable absence of men from church services and Christian work.

Will the position here taken bear critical examination? Let us see. Some interesting facts present themselves in this connection.

The largest congregation in the city of Boston is unquestionably that of Tremont Temple, and there the majority present are not infrequently men. One of the largest congregations in New York city is that at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and there generally the majority present are men. The two largest congregations in the city of Brooklyn are those of the Plymouth Church and of the Baptist Temple, and in these two congregations men quite often predominate. The largest congregation in the city of Chicago is that which gathers weekly in Music Hall, once presided over by the scholarly Swing, and now by the eloquent Gunsaulus; and there weekly men in greater numbers than women, it is said, crowd every available space. Among the largest congregations in the city of Philadelphia are those of the Grace Temple, the Holy Trinity, the Second Presbyterian and the First Baptist churches, and at the night services, at least at each of these churches, it will be found that quite generally more men attend than women.

It is a fallacy, therefore, that men do not go to church. Men do go to church, and in large numbers, and with sympathetic soul, when pastor and people give them something to go for—something which satisfies their highest intellectual and spiritual aspirations and needs.

Weigh some suggestive figures here. Of a total United States population today of 80,000,000, there are about 14,250,000 young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five. Out of the total United States church membership of 29,000,000 there are today 5,500,000 young men—note, not men, for such would swell the number here given by millions; but young men. Recent reports from seventy-eight representative churches in different parts of our land as gathered by a careful writer, seem to indicate that thirty-seven per cent. of the total number of young men in the United States are directly or indirectly connected with the work of the church. There are today sixteen times as many young men alone in the churches of our land as there were members in these churches one hundred years ago. Add to these the male youth connected with our Sunday-schools with their 20,000,000 members, with young people's societies with their 4,000,000 members, with the Salvation Army with its 84,000 weekly open-air services, to say nothing of the exclusively men's organizations, as the brotherhoods, the Gideons, and the Young Men's Christian Association—this last mentioned body with more than 300,000 members and an annual expenditure of $12,000,000 in our land, while throughout the world it has today 102,000 members who give annually not less than $80,000 for foreign missions alone. Not long ago Mr. Mott, the famous leader in the Student's Volunteer Movement, stated that at a recent Young Men's Christian Association gathering at Yale there were present more than half of last year's football team, one-third of the college crew, and other fellows equally representative of that great university. In the University of Pennsylvania there are 3,000 students engaged regularly each week in Bible study. In our American colleges at prsent there are at least 85,000 students, of whom about 40,000 are members of Christian churches. How true it is that more and more these manly college fellows are accepting the Bible as oracle of faith as well as manual of devotion, and yielding heart and will to the manly Man of Nazareth.

Of course, we should not see one side only of this question. There is a dark as well as a bright side. All over our land are splendid fellows who subject the fine within them to the gross and coarse, the spiritual and the noble to the animal, and so mar the beauty of their bodies, destroy the strength of their intellect, deflower the vigor of their wills, and lose all grace of soul. As a consequence, there grows upon them an indifference to the true, the beautiful and the good, and so the Christian service misses their presence and God is without their consecrated allegiance.

Now such as these need Christ that their life may become true, noble, symmetrical and holy, and Christ needs them that his work for men may be beautifully complete. How can more men be reached for this glorious two-fold purpose? There is but one answer to this question. Let the pulpit more and more proclaim a manly message—a message appealing consistently and persistently to the manly strength of men. Sentimental preaching will never draw men. Sensational preaching will draw only for a time, and even then not the most representative class of men. become attracted by the Lord presented in his 'Manliness The class that like to read Hughes' "Tom Brown" will of Christ." Make men see that character outweighs all else; that without it genius is a fatal gift and talent a glittering sham; that there may be the manly form and the manly intellect, but that the crowning glory of manly worth is wanting if the soul lack those high transcendent virtues which are the girdle of a man's strength and the garment of his beauty. Let the ministry emphasize and illustrate all this, pointing out that the most glorious embodiment of manliness is

found in Jesus Christ, and more and more will men yield heart and will to the Son of Man and the Son of God!

A CALL FOR SOME REFORMS IN METHODISM.

The Boston Transcript comments as follows: "Alterations in social structure profoundly affect all forms of institutional life. New conditions modify church polity as well as forms of government. Mechanism that proved efficient a century ago or even a generation ago may not work well now. This is a time of flux in governmental forms as well as in theology and ritual. Broadly speaking, the churches which Wesley brought into being are presbyterial in type, with extensions in the direction of episcopacy, especially in this country and Canada, the general superintendency or episcopate, however, being of a democratic type and carrying none of the differentiation as to orders of ministry which inhere in the pure episcopal form. This form of polity, however, of late years has been consciously and unconsciously affected by the congregational ideal, so that the product has become a polity of an eclectic type.

"The significance of the address recently delivered in this city by former President Warren of Boston University and published in the current Zion's Herald is in the frank disclosure it makes of some of the difficulties which the Methodist Church is facing today in meeting radically new conditions in the world at large, and in its call for a square facing of structural weaknesses. Just as the Congregationalists of Greater Boston a few years ago were compelled to realize the impairment of their strength which came from lack of coordination and genuine fellowship, so also, according to President Warren, the Methodist Church here and elsewhere in New England is weakened by the lack of cohesion among its churches, the operlapping of spheres of authority and the breakdown of that superintending or episcopal oversight which worked satisfactorily in the past.

"Just as in the political world nations and communities that are autocratically ruled are working toward democracy, and nations and communities that have gone far toward pure democracy are reacting somewhat toward more centralized forms of government, so in the ecclesiastical world this double movement is going on. Congregationalists the world over, whether bearing that specific name or the Baptist name, are feeling their way toward some form of supervision and approximate presbyterianism, and churches that have had a highly developed form of episcopacy are working toward more congregationalism, the ultimate ideal apparently being a form of polity which will embody the best forms of each principle of rule."

SOCIETY AND THE CONVICT.

Isabel C. Barrows.

Self-protection is the right of society, a right acknowledged especially when it refers to danger from criminals. How does society protect itself from criminals? By arresting and imprisoning them. If the discipline of imprisonment returns these convicts to the community good citizens, then society is forever protected from those special individuals. If imprisonment has not improved the industrial and moral habits of these men, every one who comes out, made sour, bitter and hard by prison life, is a worse foe than before. What are the facts? In this country, at a moderate estimate, twenty-five thousand such men having "served their sentence" are every year thrown out from prisons to again mingle with the community and with liberty to ply their criminal life if they so desire. Society then has failed to protect herself.

The attempts to improve this condition have not yet succeeded because they have not gone far enough. Too much has been made of the necessity of imprisoning men and too little of holding them till they are fit to go out. Reforms are at work in both directions, but to be carried out there must be wise, sober, sincere public sentiment in their favor.

Instead of trying to imprison all who have comitted crimes it is found better to imprison only where it is absolutely necessary. Last year 10,000 persons in the State of Massachusetts were kept out of prison on probation, under the watchcare of proper officers. Morally that was a tremendous gain to the commonwealth. Financially the amount of money saved more than paid for the services of the probation officers.

What of the treatment of those who had to go to prison? A genuine indeterminate sentence, with the proper safeguards of grading and marking, without which the indeterminate sentence is a farce, and with a carefully arranged system of parole which is absolutely necessary, these men will never again be a menace to society. They will have it in their own power to work out their own salvation. No unjust warden can tinker with their marks, which are made up from the reports of many different officers beneath him. The convict has always the right to call these marks in question, if they are not just; and no men in the world have a quicker, keener sense of justice than the men behind the bars. By his own record the prisoner must stand or fall, so far as his marks go.

When the hour for parole has been earned no capricious warden will decide whether the man shall be trusted outside. The board of directors connected with the prison, who must personally know the man, his history, his record inside and outside the walls, with the judge who committed him sitting with them as a parole board—as is done for instance in the Reformatory for Women in Bedford, New York—will decide whether it is for the interests of the convict and safe for society to let the man try his freedom, always with a string to him, so that he can be pulled within again in case of danger to either. When the man on parole has demonstrated his ability to go alone—it may take six months, a year, two years—the tether is cut and the man has absolute release. Little is to be feared from him after that. It goes without saying that it is the best type of prisoner who yields to this treatment.

How about the others? At present the worst, the most dangerous to the peace and welfare of society, are the men who, at the expiration of a maximum sentence, are set free. Is that rational? Is it any wonder that crime does not seem to abate, in spite of all that is done to stem it? If these more dangerous and hardned criminals will not rise in the grades, will not about face and determine to live honest lives, why should they be at large? The timidity that fears to keep them imprisoned lest a wrong should be done to them, should turn its fears toward the menace to society to have them free before they are ready for freedom. So long as it lies within their own power to

win their way out by honesty and industry, with their rights guarded in every respect while in the prison, there is little danger that individual freedom will be imperiled. It can be further protected by giving them a right to appeal to the department of justice. So much for men of strong will and determination.

But look at the number who are not of strong will, or sane mind, who have joined the ranks of criminals and from whom society must protect herself. In one of our best State prisons, where careful statistics are kept, out of a population of 675 it was found that sixty-eight were insane at the time of conviction, or immediately after, when they came under the hands of the prison physician. Beyond that 122 were degenerates, unfit to be at large propagating their kind. A well-known prison expert estimates that hardly three-fourths of our prison population today are normal men. They are insane, imbecile, feeble-minded, degenerate. Why should not society keep these dangerous convicts indefinitely, physically well cared for and busily employed? If in addition to the crimes which sent them to prison, they are to endanger society morally, why should they not stay where they are, rather than come out to spread vice and misery through untold generations?

The catching of a thief is an important thing. His release is quite as important. The judge in sentencing him knows little about him. When he is to be released there are many who do know the man, his habits, the probabilities of his future, and whether his release is to be for his own good and the good of the community. If it is not, why not hold him till his cure has been wrought, no matter how long it takes?

New York City.

LIQUOR INTERESTS ALARMED.

A highly significant article appeared in a recent number of Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular. The caption of the article was, "Is Our Trade To Be Outlawed?" And the conclusion is that it will be to a great extent unless the liquor interests unite to secure from the temperance forces some compromise.

We quote from the article as follows: "People do not object to wine, beer or whisky, but they do object to drunkenness, and they do object to the violation of law, and we do not hesitate to say the very large majority of the men connected with our trade object to these things as earnestly as the most enthusiastic advocate of prohibition principles.

"At the convention of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association last June an address was issued to the people of this country along these lines, and it was received by the press of the country with the highest commendations, and many of the papers publishing it urged the men connected with the liquor traffic not to stop with words, but to put them into deeds and prove to the country that they meant what they said, and that they were equal to the great opportunity that faced them.

"The point is well taken, and at a meeting the other day the Kentucky Distillers' Association appointed a committee of five good men to confer with the various wine, beer and whisky associations in regard to the advisability of calling a national convention for the purpose of framing a model license law and presenting it to the legislature of every state in the Union, and of urging its adoption by all of the states as a substitute for the radical and impracticable legislation that is being urged by the Anti-Saloon League."

Bonfort's favors the calling of such a convention and offers a few suggestions for consideration if the convention should be called. They will not be satisfactory to many Anti-Saloon League people, saying nothing as to other temperance workers. But we quote from the suggestions the following:

"A model license law, it seems to us ought to provide for a contract between the retail liquor dealer and the state, and the community in which he does business, and conviction of the violation of law should cancel the holder's license, and should prohibit him from ever securing another license to retail liquors. These licenses ought to be of great value so as to insure extraordinary care on the part of the holder to preserve them, and, therfore only one should be issued for each 500 population. The total cost of the license should not exceed $500 to $1,000, and the sum should be divided between the state. county and city. There should be a separate and cheaper license for selling in unbroken packages—not to be drunk on the premises—and all localities should be allowed to choose, say, once every few years, if the proper petition is filed, whether they will have saloons, or licenses to sell in original packages, or prohibition.

"We furthermore believe that a model license law should provide that no man or woman could obtain a license from the United States government to retail liquors without first showing a license from the town or city in which he or she proposed doing business. In other words, we believe that our trade should ask congress to enact such a law for the purpose of putting out of business the man who illegally supplies liquors to men who vote against the legal sale of liquors."

These suggestions are good, but not good enough. A large number of people object to wine and beer and whisky too much to rest satisfied with any such compromise as the one here suggested. As a stepping stone to something other and better it would perhaps serve a good purpose.

The plan is that of local option, and would doubtless be an improvement in some states. That is an admirable suggestion that no government license be allowed to persons unable to secure a local license. This would shut out the selling by the quart or gallon as it is now carried on in some communities in some of the states, from which the saloon has been barred.

It is significant indeed that these suggestions should come from the sources from which they have come.

But it is manifest that the far-sighted dealers realize that they are ere long to be in sore straits. Bonfor's Circular says further:

"With more than one-half of the geographical limits of this great country under laws prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages; with Tennessee passing through her Legislature a bill that almost amounts to state prohibition; with the West Virginia Legislature passing a measure to submit the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of wines and spirits to a vote of the people; with Texas providing that express companies transporting wines and spirits shall take out a $5,000 license; with the Illinois Legislature considering a county local option measure and Indiana a $1,000 license for the few saloons that the remonstrance law will leave in that state; with Kentucky

almost a dry state and facing probably a legislative session that will submit a prohibitory amendment, and with an organization opposing us and sworn to our destruction that seems to lack nothing in the way of money or brains, enthusiasm or persistent, untiring work, what—mav we ask—is the wine and spirit trade doing to arrest the current of events or to alter in any way the radical conclusions which are being forced upon the people in every state, county and precinct?

"If there is one thing that seems settled beyond question, it is that the retail liquor trade of this country must either mend its ways materially or be prohibited in all places save the business or tenderloin precincts of our large cities."

We send forth these words for the encouragement of the noble temperance workers on the Pacific coast. It is an admissioin of weakness in the very camp of the enemy. Press the fight! The saloon has seen its best day in this country.

Among the Churches.

Pomona.—Work on the new building is now under way—the foundation is being laid. Th architecture is Gothic in style, will be 70x110 feet, and have a seating capacity of 1,100 persons. Special rooms are arranged for the several departments of the work of the church, and a pipe organ is to be installed. The church will cost about $30,000.

Orange.—Rev. Dr. Alexander Parker has resigned the pastorate after twenty-five years service with this church. Resolutions of appreciation of the faithful and efficient work of Dr. Alexander, and of the love and esteem in which he is held, were read and adopted at the annual meeting of the church held recently. Fifty persons were received into fellowship during the last year, thirty-four of them on profession of faith.

Los Angeles, Immanuel,—Has organized a chapter of the Presbyterian Brotherhood, which takes the place of the Men's League in existence for the past eight years. The monthly dinner of the Brotherhood has proven to be a very attractive feature. A large number of men attend. The addresses by Rev. J. A. Stevenson, of Santa Ana, at the February meeting and by Rev. W. E. Dodge, at the March meeting were of a very high order, and the members of the Immanuel Chapter are enthusiastic over the prospect of a splendid work being done, especially for the "new and neglected men of that large congregation."

Valona.—The work on this field is in a hopeful condition notwithstanding the many losses this church has sustained by removals. It was the people's wish that Rev. G. H. Whiteman should continue as their pastor after his return from Nevada. His consenting to remain with them seemed to give them new hope, and of late there has been increased congregations with several accessions to the church. A quickening of spiritual life is perceptible in all the services of the church. One or two cottage meetings are held in addition to the regular prayer service of each week with good spiritual results. The Ladies' Missionary Society, though few in numbers has met its pledges. This church has met many discouragements, but is a loyal band of believers in Jesus Christ.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. Charles F. Woodward, '02 is succeeding well in his work at Roswell, Idaho. He and his people are building a fine church edifice which is nearing completion.

Rev. Wm. E. Parker, Jr., '05, pastor of Olivet Church, San Francisco, has been ordered by his physician to leave his work for a time on account of the condition of his health, and to take a long sea voyage. This will be a trial to his church where he has been doing an excellent work. For the present Mr. Guy A. White of the Middle Class is in charge of the work. He has for some time been assisting Mr. Parker.

Rev. William Kirkhope, '96, has succeeded Rev. William J. Clifford, '05, in the pastorate of Lane St. Church, Seattle. As Mr. Kirkhope is a genial, energetic man he will undoubtedly further the work which Mr. Clifford has done so well the past two years.

Rev. David James, of San Rafael, has been advised by his physician that he should discontinue pastoral work for at least a year. Dr. Day preached for him on the 10th and Dr. Moore on the 17th of March. Dr. Moore will probably supply the pulpit for some weeks.

Rev. D. H. McCullough, '98, presbvterial evangelist for the Presbytery of Sacramento, has been assisting Rev. Pitt M. Walker, '06, of Fall River Mills, in special services for two weeks. Eighteen professed conversion, the most of whom Mr. Walker expects to receive into his church.

The Onward Club of San Anselmo, held their second regular meeting in the Sunday-school room of the church on Friday evening, March 15th. Rev. William Rader made a brilliant address on "Tolstoi." In the open discussion which followed, Dr. Moore spoke at considerable length and impressively, taking exception to Tolstoi's interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount and of Christ's teachings in general.

NOTICE.

The Presbytery of Santa Barbara meets in Lompoc, Cal., Tuesday, April 9, 1907, at 7:30 p. m.

W. C. Scott, S. C.

NOTICE.

The Presbytery of Spokane will meet at Quincy, Washington, Tuesday, April 16th, 1907, at 7:30 p. m.

Eugene A. Walker, S. C.

The death of Rev. Horace A. Mayhew occurred March 3, 1907. Mr. Mayhew came to Red Bluff, Cal., in 1871, serving the church there as pastor for sixteen years, retiring on account of advancing age. Two sons, Chas. P. Mayhew, an elder in the Red Bluff Church, and Frank J. Mayhew, an elder in Trinity Church, San Francisco, survive him, also a daughter, Mrs. W. T. Phipps, of Sacramento. Mr. Mayhew died at Riverside, Cal., where he had gone to spend the winter months, as had been his custom during recent years.

The Home.

A NEGLECTED VIRTUE.

Hospitality is one of the first virtues, as well as one of the finest courtesies of life. One can do nothing better for a friend or confer a higher honor upon a stranger than to throw open the doors of his house with a generous invitation to join the family circle for a time. In the construction of a modern house a blunder fully as serious as the omission of a bath room or a heating plant is the failure to provide one room more than the family will ordinarily need—a guest chamber. As an aid to culture and refinement, as a means to the proper training of the children in good manners and self-respect, there is nothing more effective than a wise and liberal hospitality. To the fact that his parents kept open house for the circuit preacher, the occasional sojourner, the visiting friend from the old home in the East, many a young person in the middle and western part of the country owes his early and useful knowledge of the ways of the world, his ease in society and fund of information gathered from the conversation to which often he has listened in breathless interest.

Hospitality is only one degree less valuable as an educational measure than travel. Next to seeing all lands and peoples and customs, is to meet those who have traveled in distant parts, and brought back in their conversation specimens of what their faculty of observation picked up, understood and retained. If it is true that as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," the parent who denies himself and his family of growing children the benefit and pleasure of an occasional guest must be regarded as stupid and stingy and selfish.

But this virtue should find its spring not only in the fact that a guest in the house is a source of inspiration, that he leaves behind him the influences of his individulality, that the Scriptures enjoin hospitality on the grounds that we may be entertaining angels unawares, but also in the truth and obligations of brotherhood. Emerson in his essay on "Friendship," says: "We are holden to men by every sort of tie—by pride, by blood, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle; but we can scarcely believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness?"

Yes this is the very thing men need. When they come on voyages of discovery in our neighborhood they do not relish the flight of poisoned arrows, but they seek the gold and silver of our hearts. In some directions mankind is not slow to recognize and act upon the fact. The sick are visited, the dead are buried, the orphan is housed. In these matters benevolence lies in actions, not in feelings and sentiments. Are we aware that the possession of the capacity of hospitality carries with it an obligation of use?

Who is not acquainted with a substantial two-story dwelling, planted firmly and attractively on a little natural terrace which fronts on a fine residence street in his town? Neatly kept, its outbuildings screened from view by a stone wall or a painted fence, it meets the approval of one's eye, and inflames his pride in the town of which it is an ornament. But one day when a sight-seeing stranger asks, "Whose house is that?" the resident is astonished to find that he has little more to say than, "Why, that—that house over yonder?—that's old Scroogleley's place." For he remembers that he has never been invited to step within its doors; that he has never seen its curtains up at night, and cheerful light within; that he has never heard of a generous feast being spread upon its board, or a visitor being conducted to its guest-chamber. Somehow he is sorry that the stranger ever saw that house at all. Turning to the sight-seer he says: "But have you seen Mr. Greatheart's cottage? It isn't much of a place architecturally, but it's a fine place to visit."

Is the reader sure that Scroogleley is a non-professor of religion, and that Greatheart is a deacon in the church! Where is the pastor who does not sigh for householders who are given to the cultivating of the neglected virtue of hospitality?—Frank E. R. Miller.

HIS MOTHER'S CORN BREAD.

Young Mrs. Gilmore watched her husband anxiously as he cut into a smoking pan of corn bread.

"I do hope you'll like it, dear! I made it myself."

"It looks very good," replied Gilmore, as he helped himself liberally, and shoved the pan toward her. "Last time we had it I thought it was a little too short."

"I know you did, and yet I was sure that Katie put in the right quantity of shortening."

"It crumbled all to pieces when it was cut. But it was better than the one we had Friday morning. That was soggy."

"That's the reason I was so particular about having plenty of shortening in the last one."

"You should learn not to go to extremes," said Gilmore. He had often thought that if he had not been a practical business man, he might have become a philosopher.

"Why, Martha!" he exclaimed, after swallowing his first bite of the corn bread, "I do believe that you put sugar in it!"

"Of course, Byron. It was only yesterday morning that you told me that your mother put some sweetening into her famous corn bread."

"I said that mother used just a suspicion of sugar. This is really as sweet as cake, and I think you must have left out the salt. Mother often said, 'Spare the salt, and spoil the food!' "

"She must have been a remarkable cook," sighed Mrs. Gilmore.

"Indeed she was."

"I sometimes wonder," continued Mrs. Gilmore, gently, "if your boyish appetite did not have something to do with your relish for your mother's cooking."

"That boyish appetite explanation is getting pretty stale, Martha. I guess I always knew palatable food when I tasted it, even in my earthly youth. My mother was an expert."

"I heartily wish that she had bequeathed her recipes to your wife."

"It's one thing to be funny," Gilmore retorted, "but it's another to excel in cooking. Martha do you put any white flour with the corn meal?"

"Yes, some."

"Well, that's the trouble. It destroys the flavor of the corn."

"But, Byron, you have told me a number of times that your mother always mixed a little spring wheat flour with the corn meal."

"Of course, I suppose a little is necessary, but you must use discretion."

"I don't seem to have any," murmured Mrs. Gilmore, wearily.

"Well, mother often said that some women were born cooks, and some weren't." Gilmore took the last piece of corn bread in the pan.

One night a week later Mr. Gilmore handed his wife an evening paper opened at the household department page. She glanced at a paragraph he had marked, and read aloud:

" 'Will some one tell Martha, who is troubled about many things, how her husband's mother made corn bread?

' "M. G., 1000 Blank St.'

"So they really printed it," she said, much amused. Gilmore joined in her laugh somewhat weakly.

Every day for two weeks the postman brought Mrs. Gilmore at least one letter, and sometimes half a dozen, from other housewives who had long been struggling to reach that height of perfection in cooking which their husband's mothers were said to have attained. They wrote in a spirit of sympathy for a fellow sufferer.

"Martha," remarked Gilmore, after listening with the air of a martyr to a dozen of the communications which Mrs. Gilmore had read to him gleefully, "if you'll stop reading to me those ridiculous notes, I'll never say corn bread to you again."

"Just one more, Byron, that you must hear. It's from your sister Lucy. She says she laughed till she cried when she saw my letter in the paper."

"Why? It didn't strike me as so wonderfully amusing. Read me what she says, please."

" 'Poor, dear, busy mother,' " began Mrs. Gilmore, in a tone which she tried to make expressive, " 'never was much of a cook. She had too much to do to bring up her hungry brood to be very particular about the cooking. I well remember how father used to fuss about her corn bread. She could never reach the ideal of that dish. He wanted it just as his mother had made it.' "—Farming World.

The Quiet Hour.

THE FICTIONS OF SIN.

There is not reality in the pleasures that sin promises. Temptation brings flowers, but they do not delight as do the flowers of the garden of God. Pleasure that is immoral, pleasure that is selfish, pleasure that has no thought of God in it—such pleasure is ever a ghastly fiction. Swan's great picture of the Prodigal Son contains a fine touch. The poor wanderer stands feeding the fierce, filthy swine, and the painter has put in one of those poetic touches which make great art and hint so much—here and there a few poppies supply points of color to the dismal picture. One deep lesson of the parable is expressed in these poppies. The devil causes men to see wonderful promise in selfish, godless excitements, but they who yield to temptation find sooner or later, as the prodigal did, that all such pleasure is illusion, delirium, falsehood, leaving only bitterness and ruin. There is no true smile, no radiant joy, no sincere laughter, no satisfaction of the soul in the whole range of unrighteous and unspiritual enjoyment. The laughter of fools, the song of the drunkard, and the mirth of wickedness are expressions of morbidity and disease; they are far removed from the sweet, sane gladness of those whose hearts are pure and whose hands are clean. There is no pleasure beyond the rules of righteousness; there is no pleasure to him who loves pleasure more than God.

Seek genuine, solid satisfaction. Do not deceive yourselves; do not permit yourselves to be deceived. During his last days, Berlaine, the brilliant French poet, was occupied in covering the squalid furniture of his squalid rooms with gold paint. The reason of the poor fellow was gone, and it pleased his wild eye and disordered fancy to reckon the worthless furniture of his miserable lodging as the golden garniture of palaces. So the distempered soul, drugged with the opium of vanity and passion, looks upon base, vulgar, ugly and ruinous things and habits as altogether beautiful and precious. But Verlaine's yellow furniture did not sell for gold, and the day inevitably comes when those who have lived a worldly and godless life awake to the vanity of the things and pursuits for which they gave and suffered so much. It is in the truth and grace and power of God in Christ that we realize all the rich and enduring satisfaction of the heart. All is reality, immortal reality in His faith and service and hope. "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you." No mimic crown, no ghostly garland, no mocking prize. He setteth "a crown of pure gold" on our head, and we reign for ever and ever.—The Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

HEARING.

Much depends on hearing. "Take heed how ye hear." "Be swift to hear." "Hearken diligently, and your soul shall live." "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

From all this it is easy to see that everything does not depend on preaching. The preacher may do his whole duty and yet men may not be saved, because they do not hear. Why are there so many walking in darkness in our midst? Chiefly because they will not hear. Their ears are dull, and they are slow to hear.

They are not slow to hear some things. They are swift to hear voices against which all ears should be stopped. The ears of children are keen enough to hear the profane and vile language of the street. When an evil report is circulated by some slanderer about a neighbor the hearing of the people is sharp enough.

But men are slow to hear the voice of the Lord. There is a Bible in almost every house, but how few recognize in it the voice of God. Men read the newspapers every day, and the voice of the Lord is in every current event, but they do not hear it. The mercies of God showered upon them every hour, and in every blessing there is a voice from the skies, but those who greedily devour the good things provided for them do not hear the voice. They hear the voices of the lowest, but not the voice of the highest. The voice of the Lord is smothered by other noises.

In an old book there is a story of a wayward young man, whose father, lying at the point of death, sent for him to come home and receive a message from his lips. The son came, and went with fear and trembling into the room where his father lay. The father said:

"I have one request to make. After I am gone, I desire that you will spend one hour each day alone in your room." That was all. The young man was surprised and puzzled, for he had expected to hear that he was disinherited on account of his wickedness. The request was so reasonable and the task so easy that he readily promised. So soon as his father was buried the son proceeded to fulfill his promise.

At first he did not know why his father had requested him to spend an hour alone each day, but the meaning of it all soon dawned on him. While shut up alone the myriad voices which had deceived him were hushed, and in the silence he heard another voice which he had not heard since he was a child—it was the voice of the Lord.

Let the voices of the world be shut out for a time every day, and the soul will hear God speaking. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

Young People.

THE WISH THAT CAME TRUE.

By Hilda Richmond.

"Still in the store, Henry?" asked Mr. Kendall when he had shaken hands all around and asked about the entire family. "You have grown wonderfully in two years, my boy."

"Yes. still unpacking pots and pans and kettles," said Henry with a little laugh. "I wish I didn't have to, but father makes me work every vacation."

"That is the same place you had when I was here the last time, I believe," said Mr. Kendall. "I fully expected to find you clerking by this time."

"I wish I could have a chance to clerk," said the boy bitterly. "But I'll be doing heavy, dirty jobs as long as I stay. I wish you would talk to father about it and try to persuade him to let me go somewhere else. I'd like to wear better clothes and be able to have a good place in the main store, but that will never be. It makes me angry to see the dressed up clerks who have nothing to do but wait on people and order the rest of us around. Why, when they want a lamp or any article from the wareroom all they have to do is to call one of the helpers to bring it in."

"I suppose they are not allowed to leave their places," said Mr. Kendall. "You do your best, Henry, and one of these days you'll be in the main room, too."

"I've given up all hope of that," said Henry, and just then the dinner bell broke up the conversation.

Greatly to his surprise the proprietor of the store called Henry a week later and said, "Henry, there is a vacancy in the department where we sell cooking utensils and I'd like to have you try it for a few weeks. You are seventeen or nearly so, I judge, and able to handle the goods. Your pay will be $7 per week, but the place is not permanent unless you give satisfaction. I am looking about for a number of boys to fit themselves for clerks as soon as they graduate, and hope you will get along all right. Report at 7:30 in the morning."

"Thank you! I'll do my best," said the delighted boy, and then he was dismissed.

"What in the world has happened?" inquired Mr. Kendall as eHnry came home all out of breath. Mr. Kendall as Henry came home all out of breath. Mr. because he was named for him and because he was a dear friend of the boy's father and mother. "Have you discovered a gold mine?"

"My wish has come true!" panted Henry. "I'm to clerk in the store beginning tomorrow morning."

"Well, my son, I hope you will do your very best," said Mrs. Simpson. "Remember, this will be a harder and more responsible place."

"Indeed it won't, mother. Why, I am not to go till 7:30, a whole hour later than usual, and the clerks never stay after the store closes in the evening. You know lots of times I've been late to supper when we had goods that had to be unpacked, but now I can come when the whistle blows."

Joyfully the boy started out next morning, neatly dressed and with his shoes polished. The old clothes that were patched and dirty from contact with rough boxes and crates, he took to the attic and said aloud as he tossed them into a dark corner, "I'll never need you any more."

"Is this the Arrow brand of granite ware?" asked a sharp featured woman, who was Henry's first customer.

"I don't know," said Henry, hastily turning the pan over to find some clue. What did it matetr about the brand anyhow?

"Don't know? What are you here for, then? I won't have any but the Arrow ware, and if you don't know. I'll go somewhere else."

By this time the head clerk was on the spot and inquired the cause of the difficulty. He was able to assure the customer that the ware was what she wanted, and she bought a large bill of goods. As soon as she was out of hearing the clerk turned to Henry and said severely, "Young man, you worked in the wareroom long enough to know every brand of goods this store handles. You might have lost a valuable customer by your ignorance. See that this doesn't happen again."

"But I never paid any attention to those things," explained Henry. "It was my business to unpack boxes."

"A boy sixteen years old ought to keep his eyes open without being told," said the clerk briefly. "If you are all the time thinking you're only hired to do this or that you'll never succeed."

"I'm only fifteen," retorted Henry, forgetting that he had allowed his employer to think him much older. Being large he was always mistaken for a much older youth.

But the clerk was already on the other side of the store adjusting some other matter and did not hea Henry watched closely to see what his fellow clerks did and noticed that they were busy with many little tasks every spare moment and that every bit of goods was arranged and set away after each customer. It seemed foolish to set a coffee-pot back on the shelf when the next customer might want just such an article, but the printed rules of the store hanging near bade each clerk keep his counter clear.

"I want some first grade granite pie-pans," said another lady, pausing at Henry's counter, after he had begun to think things were going smoothly.

"Are these first grade?" whispered Henry to a passing clerk.

"You ought to know," retorted the young man. "You handled enough of them to know all about them."

In despair he had to hunt up the head clerk, but that individual was too busy to scold. He merely said,

"Yes," and sent him back to his post. By the time the whistle blew in the evening Henry was ready to confess that he was discouraged. He wished he had paid some attention to the marks on the boxes with which the other clerks were so familiar. Why, the boy at the tin-ware counter next to him was no older than sixteen, but he was a walking bureau of information concerning his wares. Henry remembered what a short time he had spent in the wareroom bebefore being called to the tin counter, and had always supposed it was because his mother was a widow and needed his help. As he listened to the ready answers and noticed that the customers put great faith in his words, Henry began to wonder if there was not another reason for his success.

"What is the matter, Henry?" asked Mr. Kendall, coming upon a very forlorn boy in a corner of the sitting room after the new clerk had had a very trying week. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I'm discouraged," admitted Henry. "I tell you, Mr. Kendall, I'm not able to do the work at my counter. I don't mean it's too heavy or anything like that, but I don't know enough."

"Now, I call that a very encouraging sign," said Mr. Kendall. "When you begin to feel like that you will set to work to remedy matters."

"That's exactly what I'm going to do," said the boy with emphasis. "I'm going to ask Mr. Porter to let me have my old place until I can learn something about granite ware and iron kettles. I suppose the other clerks will make fun of me, but I don't care. I've had all the clerking I want till I know something about the business."

"That is a very manly thing to do, my boy," said Mr. Porter when he timidly sought the private office and asked for his old place. "We start all our boys in the wareroom to allow them a chance to gain the desired knowledge. That boy at the tin counter learned a great deal in a short time and was promoted rapidly, but many stay always at the work of unpacking and doing errands. Mr. Kendall is an old friend of mine and he suggested taking you into the store to show you the mistake you were making by spending your time wishing instead of learning."

"Mr. Kendall! Did he speak to you about me?"

"Indeed he did, and I am glad his prediction proved true. If I am not mistaken you will be back at the granite counter before school begins in the fall."

And just five weeks later the old suit went to the attic to stay for all time. Henry had mastered the different brands and was able to do satisfactory work in the main room. "I'll be very careful what I wish in the future for fear it may come true," he said laughingly, and then added, "I guess it was a good thing it did, after all."

A certain professor was giving his pupils a lecture on "Scotland and the Scots." "These hardy men," he said, "think nothing of swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast." Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the center of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of any one daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such conduct. "I was just thinking, sir," replied the lad, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed."—Lippincott's.

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THE RESURRECTION.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" is one of the most important questions that individuals have considered during all the past ages. Man's greatest intellects cannot demonstrate immortality. Like every important fact in connection with our holy religion, it is a matter of revelation. Our Master has brought life and immortality to light in the gospel. To each soul it appeals, as no other question can.

"How are the dead raised up?" By the power of God. The creation, and the sustaining of the universe are evidences of His Omniscience. As He has revealed to us the fact that "the hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." This is as true as any fact in the great revelation of God. The raising of the daughter of Jairus, the widow's son at Nain, and of Lazarus, all are object lessons to us of the fact of the resurrection of the body. Paul says our Lord was raised by the power of the Spirit. This fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians is known generally as the "Resurrection Chapter." Because of the power of God as shown in the development of seed sown, so this power is able to raise the bodies of men. As to the kind of bodies, this important inquiry is answered from verses 42 to 54. Immortality is the greatest fact that mortals have ever been called upon to realize as individual experience. Job desired to carve on the highest cliffs in his land the greatest fact that ever flashed across his mind. He says: "That they were graven with an iron pen, and lead in the rock forever. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy my body, yet in the flesh shall I see God, whom I stall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold, and another; though my reins be destroyed within me." The resurrection of each of us in certain. How will we rise? To the resurrection of life or unto the resurrection of damnation? It is a personal question; one we can answer for ourselves, and for ourselves alone. God help us to answer it in the light of our knowledge of the gospel.

"WORLD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL DAY."

A Universal Day of Prayer for the Sunday School Convention in Rome.

Interest in the World's Fifth Sunday School Convention in Rome is so great that it has been found that one steamer will not accomodate all the delegates desiring to attend, and a second ship has just been chartered. Both will sail on the same day, April 27th, but from different ports. The first steamer, "The Romanic", will start from Boston, while simultaneously the "Neckar", will sail from New York. The routes of the ships vary somewhat so it is not expected that the steamers will sight each other until they land their passengers in Rome a few days previous to the opening of the Convention.

The world-wide gathering has now assumed such proportions that it has been decided to continue it for five days instead of three as originally planned. Hence it will begin on the 18th day of May instead of the 20th and will continue until the 23rd. The opening meeting on Saturday evening will be presided over by Mr. E. K. Warren, President of the Convention. This will be a notable occasion, as there will be present not only the delegates from every quarter of the globe, but in all likelihood special representatives from the chief European nations assembled to do honor to the growth of the Sunday School cause.

A few days ago the World's Convention Committee met in Chicago and formulated a plan which will doubtless make the gathering the most epoch-making in the history of the Sunday School movement. It was agreed to set apart Sunday, May 19th, as a Day of Prayer for the Rome Convention. It will be observed in all lands and will be known as "World's Sunday School Day." Pastors are urged to preach on the Sunday School as a missionary force or on some phase of Sunday School activity, and to unite with their congregations in prayer to God for a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Convention then in session in Rome.

The Committee requests Sunday Schools throughout the world to observe the day by adopting the same devotional service that will be used by the Convention. It is entitled, "The Apostle Paul in Rome." It is expected that great inspiration will come both to the Convention and to Sunday Schools throughout the world, through this simultaneous scripture service.

An outline of the form of service adopted by the Committee at their recent conference is as follows:

THE APOSTLE PAUL IN ROME.

1. Singing—Missionary Chant.
   'Ye Christian heralds go proclaim,
   Salvation through Emanuel's name;
   To distant climes the tidings bear,
   And plant the rose of Sharon there." etc.
2. Prayer—closing with the Lord's Prayer.
3. Responsive Reading of the Scripture—Paul's Purpose to visit Rome.
4. Singing—"The Son of God goes forth to War."
5. Responsive Reading of the Scriptures—How Paul Came to Rome.
6. Singing—"God Moves in a Mysterious Way."
7. Responsive Reading of the Scripture—Paul's Experiences in Rome.
8. Ten Minute Address: "The Martyrdom of St. Paul in Rome."
9. Prayer.
10. Singing.
    "For all the saints who from their labors rest,
    Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
    Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
    Allelulia! Allelulia!" etc.

An inexpensive leaflet containing the full Scripture readings and songs will be at once published and may be secured from the Denominational Publishing Houses, or The Sunday School Times Company, or from Dr. George W. Bailey, chairman, Executive Committee, North American Bldg., Philadelphia.

It is hoped that many million copies of this leaflet will be used. Although it is still early, superintendents may profitably put in their orders for the leaflets at once, that the entire demand may be supplied, and that full preparation may be made in the local schools.

It is also the desire of the Committee that the Sunday School scholars of this and other lands be requested to pray earnestly each day of the Convention for God's blessing upon the gathering.

One of the most interesting features of the World's Fifth Convention will be a "Sunday School Exposition." It is being organized by Dr. C. R. Blackall, the well-known Sunday School writer. It will consist of a complete display of all the latest and most modern paraphernalia in use in Sunday Schools throughout Christendom. The Exposition will probably be held in the same building in which the sessions of the Convention take place. It will consist of a profusion of mounted and unmounted articles of all shapes and size, including maps, charts, lesson pictures, music, Bibles, books for Sunday School workers, records, normal and teacher training methods, manual work, architecture, training school for Bible workers, the tools of general missionary enterprises. It is safe to say that it will be the most complete and extensive display of the kind ever attempted.

There will be no commercialism whatever in connection with the enterprise. Its aim will be to set forth the various methods whereby the evangelization of the world is being carried on through Sunday School effort. At the close of the Convention the material will be distributed to missionary and Sunday School workers from all lands in order to advance God's Kingdom upon earth.

THE PETTY CARES.

"Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles overcome in part.
I dare not lay it down; I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness into perfect rest."

A true faith can no more be separated from good works than the light of the candle from its heat.—Jonathan Edwards.

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1 pint Snider's Catsup, new, reg. 25c.	.18
4 lbs 4-crown Layer Figs, reg. 60c	.40
1 bot. Vanilla Extract, large, or any flavor, or 10 lbs. Finest Santa Clara Prunes, reg. $1.00	.75
1 qt. Fancy Ripe Olives, reg. 35c	.25
1 gal. Pure Honey, direct from San Diego, 12 lbs. net, reg. $1.50; better than syrup	1.25
1 bottle Mustard in Oil, best	.10
2½ lbs. Spider Leg Uncolored or any other S. C. S. reg. 75c Tea at 50c	1.25
5 lbs. 40c Coffee, Mocha and Jave; none so good flavor; roast or ground	1.50
2 tins New Petit Pois, reg. 25c	.40
1 Royal Baking Powder Cook Book free	
Total for all—unchanged	$7.85

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Italian Chestnuts, sound, lb	$0.10
Cutting's Petit Pois, a few tins	.15
Imported Sardines, 3 tins for	.25
Best Eastern Y Corn Meal, 50-lb. sack	.98
Orange Blossom Honey, shipped us direct, pure, from Apiary, 1 gal. $1.00, 5 gal.	3.75
Bayo Beans, grower ships us, perfect, lb.	.03
Uderwood's Star Lobster, 8-in. tin	.15
California Lobster, 1- lb. tin	.25
Root Beer Extract, 15c. kind, bot	.10
Crisp Soda Crackers, ⅛ cases	.40
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THE EMPIRE OF JESUS.

The marvellous thing about Christ's influence is the nature of the things which He influenced. The winds and the sea—these are the wayward forces, the types of variableness, the elements which cannot be counted on. If one can rule these he must have the root of empire in him. Our marvel at the sway of Jesus is the same marvel as that of the men on the Lake of Galilee—that "the winds and the sea" should obey Him. It is not the number of His followers that startles us. Buddha had more followers; Mohammed had more followers. It is the quality of the followers of Jesus that wakes our wonder. They are drawn from "the winds and the sea"—from the sphere of wayward forces. Both Buddha and Mohammed dwelt in a stagnant atmosphere. They stood, not by the brink of the sea, but by the side of a dead pool. They heard no sound of waves, they listened to no murmur of the storm; theirs was a rod of empire over minds only half awake. But the mission of Jesus was a mission by the sea. His was a message delivered in front of the winds. He spoke to minds which were already on the wing—instinct with new life and separate life. Europe had come over into Asia, and the pulse of Asia had been quickened. Men had ceased to be uniform; they had begun to think independently. Opposite tastes had risen, opposing schools were rising. And yet this complex world agreed on Jesus. He took representatives from every school. He conquered men amid their varieties. He took them into the ark as they were—of every kind. He did not ask them to be of one nature. He let them keep their separate tastes, their different likings. He allowed the winds to blow as before, the sea to wave as before. He required but one article of agreement—obedience to Himself. No wonder the men of Galilee marvelled!

O Lord Jesus Christ, Thine has been the empire of the West—an empire over the winds and the sea! Other masters have ruled the Eastern mind; they have wielded the sceptre over sleeping souls and passionless hearts. But Thou hast reigned where passion reigns. Thy flag has waved amid the tempests of the spirit. Thou hast been most adored just where the pulses of life beat strongest. Thine is not the sway over a bruised and broken humanity. Thine is not the dominion over a valley and shadow of death. Thy kingdom has not only the power but the glory. Thy subjects are free souls, living hearts. Thou art king, not where Buddha is king—amid the tombstones, not where Mohammed is king—amid the graveclothes, but where the streams flow, where the rivers run, where the torrents sweep, where the breezes dance and play. The people are willing in the day of Thy power; the winds and the sea obey Thee.—George Matheson, D.D., LL.D., in Rests by the River.

"Adversity is the diamond dust heaven polishes its jewels with."—Leighton.

GOD, OUR GUIDE.

God's people were not led by a road already made and used, and which they could have studied from beginning to end on a map before starting; but they were led day by day, and step by step, by a living Guide, who chose a route never before trodden. In the morning they did not know whether they were to go forward or back, or to stay where they were.

Our passage through life is similar. It is not a chart we are promised, but a guide. We cannot tell where next year or next month may be spent. We are not informed of any part of our future, and have no means of ascertaining the emergencies which may try us, the new ingredients which may suddenly be thrown into our life, and reveal in us what till now has lain hidden and dormant. We cannot tell by what kind of path we shall be led onward to our end; and our security from day to day consists not at all in this, that we can penetrate the future, and can see no danger in it, but our security is that we shall always be guided by infallible and loving wisdom.—A. Maclaren, D.D.

WORD "PLAY."

"Rob," said Tom, which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"

"It's 'stumbled,'" said Tom, "because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letters."

"Good!" said Rob. "What is the longest English word?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom, quickly.

"No; it's 'smiles,' because there is a whole mile between the first and last letters."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Tom. I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending."

"What's that?" asked Rob, faintly.

"Beleaguered," said Tom.

—Busy Bee.

A man is frequently known by the company he keeps—out of.—Selected.

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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COME HOME AND REST.

At sunset, when the rosy light was dying
Far down the pathway of the west,
I saw a lonely dove in silence flying
To be at rest.

"Pilgrim of the air," I cried, "could I but borrow
Thy wandering wings, thy freedom blest,
I'd fly away from every careful sorrow,
To find my rest."

But when the dusk a filmy veil was weaving
Back came the dove to seek her nest;
Deep in the forest, where her mate was grieving,
There was true rest.

Peace, heart of mine! no longer sigh to wander;
Lose not thy life in fruitless quest;
There are no happy islands over yonder—
Come home, and rest.

Henry Van Dyke.

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PROGRESS IN THE TRI-CHURCH UNION MOVEMENT.

The Act of Union adopted by the Tri-Church Council in Chicago last week, and proposed to the Congregational, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestant Churches for consideration and adoption, marks another distinct stage of progress in the movement for the union of those denominations.

The Act of Union embodying the declaration of faith adopted by the council last year at Dayton and the articles of agreement entered into this year in Chicago, are printed elsewhere in this issue of The Pacific Presbyterian.

Therein, we believe, is set forth an admirable basis for the organic unity of the three denominations. For a few weeks before the council met in Chicago progress in the movement toward union seems to have met with some interruption, and it was feared that it would appear at the meeting in Chicago that it could not be consummated. But, as theretofore, difficulties vanished when the representatives of the denominations met and prayed together; and, face to face and heart to heart,considered once again the great question before them.

It had been feared by some that it would not be possible to get a basis for organic union which would preclude the possibility of successful litigation concerning the property. But under the direction of Judge Baldwin of the superior court of Connecticut the articles of agreement, it is generally believed, were so framed as to preclude this. Other eminent legal authorities unite in the declaration that this has been accomplished.

Also it is the belief widely that the Act of Union will be found to be one under which there can be such freedom in local church affairs as Congregationalists have long cherished and yet such supervision as will make it possible for United Brethren and Methodist Protestants to carry over into the United Churches that modified connectionalism which has latterly characterized those denominations.

For instance, it will be in the province of the annual conferences to arrange a plan which will make it possible for churches desiring it to select their pastors and for others to have assignment made by stationing committees. The two systems can be worked in any one conference in such a manner as to better meet the interests of the churches than either can do it alone.

The provision which gives to the National Council now possessed by the National Council of the Con- of The United Churches a greater authority than that gregational Churches we believe to be one which will make for an efficiency which the Congregational churches do not possess under the existing system.

This gift of authority will not be abused. Whatever authority there may be will be the creation of the churches composing the new organization—The United Churches—and nothing that is dear and essential to the local church will be sacrificed. Congregationalism has leavened for their good all the great religious denominations, and in a democratic country is not destined for extinction.

But, today, in the interests of the kingdom of God upon the earth, under the pressure of modern life, all religious denominations are seeking the best in polity,—as the Boston Transcript remarked recently in an editorial concerning the call for some reforms in Methodism:

"Just as in the political world nations and communities that are autocratically ruled are working toward democracy, and nations and communities that have gone far toward pure democracy are reacting somewhat toward more centralized forms of government, so in the ecclesiastical world this double movement is going on. Congregationalists the world over, whether bearing that specific name or the Baptist name, are feeling their way toward some form of supervision and approximate presbyterianism, and churches that have had a highly developed form of episcopacy are working toward more congregationalism, the ultimate ideal apparently being a form of polity which will embody the best forms of each principle of rule."

It is hoped by many persons that when this proposed union shall have been consummated it will bring into affiliation other denominations and so be far more for the good of man and the glory of God than if it should stand as originally constituted.

It is an earnest of better things religiously when denominations such as the Congregational, the United Brethren, and the Methodist Protestant, which were thought only a few years ago to be widely different, find after due deliberation that there are no insuperable obstacles to organic unity, and proceed to bring it about.

In this union when at first consummated there will be "a wheel within a wheel;" but the inner wheel will disappear in a few years and only the machinery necessary for a church unit will be left.

It is one of the consummations devoutly to be wished. Religious work, as it is carried on today, is in many places wickedly wasteful.

Moreover it is necessary for the smaller denominations, if they are to keep from a constantly decreasing influence, to come together. It is becoming more difficult every year for the small denominations to establish and maintain new work.

The time has come for Christian people everywhere to make concessions, to cast aside the non-essentials, to get together and carry on church work as the other work of the world is carried on. God wills it.

"Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce, oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE TRI-CHURCH COUNCIL.

In reporting the Tri-Church Council which met in Chicago last week we have found it necessary to give results and to omit largely account of the method by which the results were attained.

It should, however, be noted that the representatives of the churches felt in Chicago as they felt at Dayton that the Spirit of God was moving upon them to arrive at a basis of union, and that they would be recreant to the voice of the times and to the voice of God if they should fail to find that basis.

In Chicago, as at Dayton, there was manifest everywhere the spirit of concession; and this year as last year the surprising thing about it was that when the searchlights were thrown upon what the different denominations regarded as their differences not much difference was found remaining. President Mackenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary, in explaining to the United Brethren some of the difficulties which would confront Congregationalists in their efforts to bring the Congregational churches into the proposed organization, said: "There is a region where may is the most solemn shall."

Nevertheless, Dr. Mackenzie and the Congregational representatives almost without exception, in obedience to what seemed to be the constraining Spirit of God, voted to let shall have preference to may, believing that what **may** could accomplish ought to be brought about as readily and as pleasantly under **shall.**

Concerning the name "The United Churches," a few words of explanation are in order. It will be observed that the name as first given is, "The United Churches—Comprising the Congregational Churches, the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and the Methodist Protestant Protestant Church." The full name was adopted for legal purposes; the name, "The United Churches," for common use.

There was no difficulty in settling on the name. The committee which was appointed for this purpose, and instructed to report only after all other details had been settled, was unanimous in its choice. And their report was adopted without debate. Congregationalists know that their name has come to them simply from the fact that their churches have the congregational form of government—authority being vested in the congregation. Other denominations such as the Baptists and the Disciples of Christ have the congregational system. The name is not one to be clung to. Originally the Congregational churches were called the New England churches; and in England for a long time the Independent churches.

It is worthy of note that objections to the declaration of faith came largely from Congregationalists. Two Methodist Protestant delegates from Mississippi and Louisiana made objection to it because it had no mention of a doctrine dear to them, that of sanctification; and stated, without any authority to do so, that their conferences would not proceed to a consummation of the union. Several Congregational delegates urged some declaration on eschatology, but voted finally for the incorporation of the statement of faith as adopted at Dayton. It is suggestive that in the main the replies to the objections to the declaration of faith came from the United Brethren delegates. Bishop Carter stated that he preached the doctrine of eternal punishment, but he wanted the declaration of faith to stand in that beauty and simplicity which had characterized it when it came forth from the heart of the council at Dayton and met with wide-spread approval on the part of Christian people without regard to denomination.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of Connecticut will celebrate in June the 200th anniversary of the establishment of the Church of England in that state.

O. C. Barber, the great match manufacturer of Akron, Ohio, offered to build for St. Paul's Episcopal Church of that city a $500,000 church patterned after the Madeline Church in Paris. His offer provided that the church should be kept open all the time so that the people could enter at any time for prayer and meditation; and that arrangement should be made by the parish for the maintenance of the church. It was feared by the church people that the expense would be too great and the negotiations ended not long ago, and plans have been adopted for a new building to cost $60,000.

Father Vaughan, a noted Roman Catholic priest in England, said recently that if the Church of England did not right herself, and pretty soon, as a champion of Christ's divine personality she would no longer be wanted as a breakwater against the incoming tide of infidelity. Speaking of society being on the down grade he said: "When a Christian people slipped off the broad platform of sound Christianity they were on an inclined plane, and to judge from the scabrous books read, the loose plays applauded, the gross superstitions practiced, the palmists consulted, the quacks feed, and the charms worn by society women, there was a growing section of society on the down grade."

The new book, "Christ and the Human Race," by Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Theological Seminary, was one of the six best selling books at three of the stores of the Methodist Book Concern in January. This was at the stores in New York, Boston, and Detroit. In Boston Dr. Gordon's "Through Man to God," was third on the list; and in Pittsburg it was second. In Detroit Charles R. Brown's book, "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit," stood second on the list. "Listening to God," by Black, stood first on the Detroit list; second at Boston, and fifth in New York. Gipsy Smith's books were well up on the list in New York and Boston—his autobiography and his book of sermons. Another book on the list in New York, Boston and Pittsburg was "Letters on Evangelism," by Hughes. Only the last named is of Methodist authorship. Evidently people want the best things religiously nowadays without regard to denomination; and they can get those best things only by being eclectics. The New York Christian Advocate says concerning Dr. Hall's book which is composed of the lectures given by him last year at Harvard: "It is quite impossible in a brief notice to indicate the powerful spiritual quality of Dr. Hall's words. They should be read carefully, especially by the student of theology, and also by the business man, in order to have his vision widened and his faith invigorated."

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press writes: "Russell H. Conwell, the pastor of the Temple Baptist Church in Philadelphia, the largest church in the world, has turned his diversified genius to many ac-

counts. Besides preaching to a record-breaking crowd every Sunday he is one of the most popular lecturers on the platform, and is acknowledged to have spoken to more people than any other living man. He has filled 6,000 different lecture engagements, one of his subjects having been given on 3,000 different occasions. Between times he served through the civil war, built up a flourishing law practice, studied theology, built a university and a hospital, and laid to his credit more individual charities than any other preacher in America. He is a genuine apostle of strenuosity. It has been said of him that he can lecture a year without disclosing the fact that he is a preacher, and can preach six months without letting one discover that he is a sectarian. He once heard of a man in his congregation who had failed at the trade of bookbinding. Instead of offering spiritual consolation, he studied the art of binding books and preached a sermon on it, which has been preserved as an authority on the subject. This also served to put the unfortunate bookbinder on his feet again. He is now a man of comparative wealth, and he accredits it to that sermon. It was a fair example of Mr. Conwell's methods. His university was originated as a free night school for working men, until its growth necessitated its present commodious buildings. His Samaritan hospital is built entirely from subscriptions he solicited and portions of his Sunday collections. His congregation at Temple Baptist Church each Sunday outnumbers any other congregation in America."

A correspondent of the Chicago News writes that the old mission home in Honolulu is to be restored and made into a museum of missionary relics and mementoes of early life in Honolulu. "The house, sawed, framed and ready to be put together, was brought from Boston in the brig Thaddeus, which brought the first missionaries to these islands. The Thaddeus left Boston in 1819 and arrived here in 1820, but it was not until three years later that the chiefs allowed the missionaries to put together the material they had brought with them and erect this house of old New England design in this tropical land. When the missionaries arrived Honolulu had just been made the capital of Liliho's kingdom. It was a straggling village of grass huts along Nuuanu river and on an arid plain. At the edge of the harbor was an adobe fort. The king's palace was near the fort and was partly of adobe and partly of grass. The frame house the missionaries brought with them was far superior to any other building then in Honolulu, including the king's palace. The chiefs, however, were suspicious of allowing the missionaries to erect any permanent buildings and especially one that so surpassed even the king's residence. There were white men also who did not hesitate to fan the native suspicion. Eventually permission was given and in 1823 the building was erected. It was on the outskirts of the village as it was then, though now it is only a few hundred yards from the capitol and the judiciary buildings. Here it has remained ever since. For forty years it was the center of the work of the American board in the Hawaiian islands. For many more years than that it was the center of missionary activity in Hawaii. The needs of the mission resulted in the erection of other buildings near by, but this remained the missionary home. It was occupied as a residence by missionary families until about a dozen years ago, but since then it has fallen upon evil times. It has latterly been occupied by Chinese as a laundry, the celestials smoking opium during their hours of ease and establishing little joss shrines with burning punk sticks before them in some of the rooms. Frame buildings, occupied as Chinese and Japanese stores, were built between the house and the street. The place and its surroundings have been growing shabbier and shabbier for several years. The Hawaiian Mission Children's society, an organization to which all descendants of the missionaries are eligible, has lately taken up the matter, secured the property and proposes to restore it as nearly as possible to its original appearance. This will not be difficult, as it has been changed very little since it was originally erected."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A colored boy whose home is in Pennsylvania, and who will graduate from Harvard next June, has been awarded the Rhodes scholarship at Oxford. Here is an opportunity again for the cry "This is the white man's country."

The decision of the Pennsylvania railroad company to raise the age limit of new employes from 35 to 45 is a commendable one. Under certain restrictions the plan will operate as well for efficiency in the service as the old one.

A Chicago judge suggests the destruction of the cheap dance halls and cheap theaters as the best way to save the youth of that city from moral degradation. Most of the delinquents in the juvenile courts, especially the girls, he says owe their unhappy condition to the frequenting of such places.

In order that the health of the people may not be so endangered by crowded and poorly ventilated street cars the health board at Cleveland, Ohio, urges the putting on of more cars in the morning and evening hours when people are hurrying to and from their work. So unsanitary are crowded cars that they are regarded as a public nuisance.

In the management of its street railways, Tokio, Japan, can give some valuable lessons to this country. Such is the franchise that one-third of the receipts of the road above a 7 per cent dividend and a reserve fund of 10 per cent goes to the government. It is said however that the Japanese electric railway interests are satisfied, and that extensive systems are about to be built. One from Tokio to Kobe, a distance of 400 miles.

A Michigan paper puts it this way: "The California legislature came down with all the celerity of the Crockett coon. It was the President's loaded letter of warning that did it." It is amazing that the legislators did not know beforehand that their program could not be carried out. The actions of not a few people in California as to the Asiatic immigration question brings to mind the old saying, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

One of the curiosities of modern forestry, says the Boston Herald, is the care of beautiful old shade trees. "The amputation of diseased or dead limbs is as carefully performed to prevent further decay from the elements as in surgical operations on human beings. Decaying cavities are cleaned and filled with a preserving

cement, as is done by the modern dentist. And the latest advance is to build a tin roof along the upper surface of wide spreading branches where little hollows might hold dampness and promote decay. Some handsome patriarchs well deserve it."

A judge in Toledo, Ohio, fined a man $20 and costs a few days ago for drunkenness and then offered to remit the fine if the man would sign a pledge to abstain from the use of liquor for one year. The following was submitted to the man: "As evidence of my appreciation of the opportunity given me by the judge of the above named court, to become a sober and better citizen, in suspending the sentence of—— days in the workhouse, imposed upon me this day, I hereby freely and voluntarily sign the following pledge. I will abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors of every kind and character for a period of twelve months from this date and I will conduct myself in an upright and gentlemanly manner, and that I will report to this court once each week until further notice." The man signed. This system has been followed in St. Louis for two or three years with good results.

A New York correspondent writes: "The New York Society for Ethical Culture, of which Dr. Felix Adler is the most visible exponent, is striving to so spread its mantle of educational usefulness as to take in those who belong to the churches because they have belief, and those who do not belong to the churches because of their unbelief. It believes that it supplies a platform upon which both can meet. This winter, especially, has the effort to harmonize the two been more marked than ever. Dr. Leslie Willis Sprague, associate leader of the society, explains how these diverse elements are to be brought together. 'The mission of ethical culture to the religious people,' he says, "is to emphasize the claims of morality as greater than any interest in matters of speculative faith, and to point the way to a larger and surer faith through the perception which the moral nature gives of the highest meaning of life. Only when the churches shall make morality their greatest concern, shall religion be placed upon an enduring and truly helpful basis. But the special mission of ethical culture is to that class of people for whom the churches have ceased, or are ceasing, to be an authoritative interpreter of life. We invite the unchurched not because they are human, with intellects to furnish, feelings to nurture, wills to stimulate and train, passions to direct. We invite the unchurched especially because in many cases they are most in need of a stimulating fraternity, and because often they are the people capable of greatest service to others, but for lack of stimulus or opportunity are least given to those forms of service which mean most to the moral welfare and progress of men and women, whose moral needs today are not less than they ever have been.'"

The Cleveland Leader says that the decision of the Ohio supreme court affirming the constitutionality of the Jones local option law may do more than uphold that particular law. "It is likely to lead to still further legislation along the same lines, if it shall appear that the supreme court goes as far as did the court in the Toledo judicial district, which not long ago sustained the same law. The sum and substance of the Toledo decision was that saloons have no legal rights beyond those specifically granted by statute; that there is no limit to the state's power to regulate, restrict or prohibit the liquor traffic. This, however, was distinctly less surprising than another conclusion expressed in the same opinion—that the legislature can give women a voice in this matter. This can only mean that the court in question would hold valid an act permitting women to vote at local option elections. The practical importance of this is plain, in the light of the last session's liquor legislation and that mapped out for next year. A year ago a bill giving women this privilege was beaten in the house by a narrow margin, largely on the ground that it was unconstitutional. This objection will obviously lose force by reason of the Toledo decision. It was urged, too, that the bill was not demanded by the Anti-Saloon league. This was for the reason that this organization was then concentrating its efforts upon the Jones and the search and seizure laws, and did not deem it wise to scatter its fire. At the next session, however, the league is to support a county option bill, and also one allowing women to vote at local option elections. This program will receive encouragement from the Toledo opinion, especially if the full decision rendered in the Jones case shall justify a belief that the supreme court takes the same view of matters less directly involved."

Competent observers estimate that the loss of cattle on the Western plains this winter will amount to 75 per cent of some of the herds; that at least half a million head of cattle have been allowed to starve to death or freeze to death. An Eastern paper calls it colossal savagery, saying in that connection: "The average American thrusts his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, throws out his chest and with smiling assurance tells all who care to listen that his nation leads the world in progress, humanity and civilization. The average Briton strokes his comfortable stomach, ignores the claim of America, and in solemn seriousness points out that England leads in the struggle of the human race upward into the light. Yet England's government protects and fosters the opium trade, which holds a large part of the most populous race on the face of the earth in a poisoned stupor. Yet the United States presents the spectacle of thousands of cattle tortured to death every winter—deliberately starved and frozen to death. There is this much to be said in defense of the United States, however: The barbarous treatment of cattle is known to but comparatively few people east of the Mississippi River. And an effort is being made to put a stop to this annual exhibition of brutality. The American Humane Associatioin has been investigating the subject, and the report its president makes is horrifying. The chief offenders are the cattle barons of North Dakota and Montana, though the hideous practice prevails more or less throughout the far Northwest. With them the raising of stock has become a kind of gamble. By not providing any feed for their cattle they save an enormous item of expense. That enables them to stand a heavy percentage of loss. If a winter is open, only comparatively few of their cattle starve to death. If the winter is a hard one the loss is heavier. Most of these men lost all they had twenty years ago. They borrowed money, obtained another start and today most of them are rich. This winter there was an early snow, followed by a slight thaw. Then freezing weather came and covered the thin, dead grass with a sheet of ice. More snow settled on that. The cat-

tle are dying by thousands and all the cattlemen are doing is to figure on the probable extent of their losses and the length of time it will take to get even. There is not a thought, apparently, for the long-drawn-out suffering of the helpless animals."

A PSALM OF TRUST.

A Sermon by Professor Charles G. Paterson.

Text—"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." Ps. 23:1.

There is no way of estimating the place that is occupied by the 23rd Psalm in the lives of men today. But we know that through many centuries it has been the most popular poem ever written; being one of the first things committed to childhood's memory, and one of the last passages of God's Word dwelt upon by old age before passing from this scene. Like a sunny brook it has murmured its way from the Palestine of David's time to the America of our own day, bringing its quieting, soothing influence to restore the weary soul that stoops down and drinks.

It is the product of an Oriental mind, composed 3,000 years ago, and full of Oriental metaphors; and yet it is nowhere more prized than in the modern West. Why is this so? It is because it satisfies the universal longing of humanity for some suitable expression of trust in God. It is such a tender, lovable little song, withal; hence it makes a place for itself very near to our hearts. There are other psalms of trust: for example, the 46th, which was the basis of Luther's splendid hymn: "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." But such psalms stride forth, mighty, and terribly in earnest, while the Shepherd Psalm nestles gently and with child-like confidence in the bosom of God. It differs from other psalms of trust also in this, that while they contain petitions, this psalm has none. What they sometimes even stormily demand, it quietly takes for granted. Hence it is the perfect expression of trust; for he who truly trusts God will not besiege him, but confidently expect from him.

The thought of undisturbed trust in God is presented by the poet under the form of three images; each one being an integral part of Eastern life, and all of them being familiar to us through our acquaintance with that life through our Bible.

I. First Jehovah is pictured as a Shepherd: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul."

In the nature of things the shepherd really tends, not a single sheep, but a whole flock. Thus this figure of the shepherd referred originally, not to an individual, but to a people. In profane writings the picture is very common as applied to kings and rulers, shepherds of their people; and Jehovah, likewise, was set forth originally and primarily as the shepherd of Israel. This most touching way of representing his pitying fatherly care for Israel is beautifully illustrated in Isa. 40:11: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

But the psalmist boldly chooses this lovely simile to express Jehovah's relationship to himself. Herein we have perhaps the key to the secret of the peculiar hold that the Psalms have upon the affections of men —why they alone of all the Old Testament are often bound up with the New Testament. It may be because the psalmists, more than even the prophets, maintained in their thoughts and writings such a personal relationship to their God. Thus, he who speaks of the Shepherd of Israel may have our ear, but he who sings of "my Shepherd," has our heart.

Gladly the devout singer paints the picture of the good shepherd, and lovingly sets forth the various aspects of his tender care. He speaks as one who was familiar with such scenes, and makes them live before us.

We are led in imgaination to a Palestinian plain. The sun beats mercilessly upon the head, the ground is parched and hard, the dust is stifling. But yonder is a wady through which runs a brook, and there the grass is green. Thither the wise and thoughtful shepherd leads his flock; not roughly driving them, but gently leading. Each sheep, old and young, can comfortably graze there, drink the precious water, stretch its limbs and be refreshed.

So Jehovah deals with the soul, declares the psalmist; he restores it by guiding it to refreshment, to ample provision for its needs.

He had in mind, of course, the temporal provision which the Divine Shepherd makes for his sheep. And we are to take this lesson from the psalm. We need it badly enough. Let us learn, in this connection, two things from this portion. First, that our real needs are very few. See what the psalmist desired of the Lord his God: not riches, power, or prominence, not any great thing; just a comfortable competence, a peaceful life without oppressing cares, daily bread and just a little more. There come times into many lives when what they thought they could not do without is taken from them, and they are so thankful to have anything left at all, thankful for even life itself, that what has gone they hardly miss. Such an experience was that of multitudes after the great earthquake and fire. One lesson then quite universally learned was, that having food and raiment we should be, not indolent, but content. But blessed is the man who continually realizes how few are his needs compared with his wants, and does not suffer his soul to be disturbed because of the latter. Then, too, let us learn to look to God for the supplying of our few necessities. Has the shepherd wisdom, ability, and love to care for the sheep of his band? How much more will the shepherd of our souls provide for us. Heartsease will come from the habit formed of believing and expecting that God will withhold no good thing from us.

II. Almost imperceptibly the first picture melts into the second, that of Jehovah the Shepherd into that of Jehovah the Guide: "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

For an instant the metaphor may seem mixed; but immediately it is clear. The psalmist compares himself to a wanderer who, somewhere in the wilderness, has lost his way, and is then directed into "straight paths," as the more accurate translation is, by some one who knows the whole country and serves him as a guide.

We should pause to notice the sequence of the picture: first the refreshment and then the journey. For the lesson thus conveyed to us is one of supreme importance. It is, that the soul is restored to strength

only that it may proceed. Rest is meant to fit us for activity, and food to strengthen us for effort. We are to move from the green pastures and the still waters to the dusty and noisy highway. There is here no continuing rest.

To return to the psalmist's second image. What the man in the wilderness did for the bewildered wanderer, that God does for the perplexed soul. He will guide us, as well as provide for us.

To all who regard life as a great trust, and living a great responsibility, this is a welcome truth. They who believe that Christ spoke the truth when he said, "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment,"—such find this thought inexpressibly comforting. The path of duty, even for those who most earnestly wish to walk in it, is not always plain. Several ways, each seeming to be the right one, sometimes cross at one's feet. God permits uncertainty to come upon those whose whole desire is to do his will. But it is only that they may be kept in close touch with him, by having to wait much upon him. And he keeps watch; unknown, perhaps, as was Jesus when going to Emmanus, but never failing to say to an inquiring one at his wits' end, "this is the way!" The biography of David Livingstone furnishes a striking comment on this part of the Psalm. That man often pursued courses which seemed to his friends foolish, if not even wicked; but he always had the assurance that God was guiding him in straight paths, in paths of righteousness. This confidence was due to three things: his singleness of heart, his minuteness in his prayers, and his careful consideration of every external indication of the divine will. All of which is possible for all of us who read these words of the psalmist.

We must not overlook the strong ground for the singer's trust in God' that he will guide him. It is not because of his own goodness, nor because of God's compassion, but "for his name's sake." His hope is anchored in nothing less firm than the honor of God. He has promised to protect the godly, and his name is pledged thereto. Should he forsake him, then the scorners would mock, and say, Where is thy God? Jehovah's name would thus be exposed to shame—but that shall not be. Let us remember this: God's honor is pledged to the guidance of those who look and listen to him. This thought will give us courage to face the unknown future: "he leadeth me . . . for his name's sake."

And courage will be needed. Hope presses forward, and takes us with her; but "Hope has ever something of dread in her eyes." So the psalmist knew that the most frightful way might lie before him; that he might have to go through the valley of the shadow of death; yea, even unto Hades itself, the black pit of departed spirits, deep under the foundations of the earth, full of horrors and awful dangers—yet even there he would fear no evil, but would trust that God, like the shepherd with his guiding rod and helping staff, would prevent all threatening evil, and lead him back into the land of light.

Would that we had such courage, begotten of such trust! Would that we, when called upon to pass through any place of deep darkness, whether the darkness of the hour of pain, or of frustrated plans, or of bereavement, or of spiritual distress, or of death, might be able to whisper to ourselves the psalmist's words, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." If we are wise we shall concede to ourselves the possibility of many such valleys of the shadow of death before us, and the certainty of some. But the thought shall not unman us but strengthen us, if we believe that God will guide us.

III. In the third division of the Psalm we have an entirely distinct and new conception. God is here described as the liberal Host, whose guest is the lonely psalmist. In this thoroughly Oriental picture we see a man fleeing from pursuing enemies. They have run far, and the hunted man is almost breathless and ready to fall from exhaustion, when in the distance he espies a tent. He takes new strength from the sight, he makes one last great effort; gradually the distance between him and the tent is lessened; nearer, nearer, nearer he comes, the enemy already reaching out to clutch him, until at last, speechless and almost dead he flings himself within the sheltering protection of the dwelling. He has become the owner's guest; and by the sacred laws of Oriental hospitality, his host is bound to protect him and provide for him. Therefore the precious and refreshing oil is brought and the throbbing head is anointed; then the table is spread with food to strengthen the trembling limbs, and in the midst is placed a cup of wine, filled to the brim and running over. It is a joyful, sacramental meal of which he partakes with his host; and the rich spice of it all is the sight of the enemies' faces as they stand outside, baffled and gnashing their teeth in rage, but not daring to put in a foot or put out a hand. For the tent of the host is their victim's sanctuary. Thus he sits without fear at the richly laden table spread in the presence of his enemies.

This exultant note of triumph over disappointed enemies is the only feature of the beautiful song which jars upon our sensibilities. We are not wholly in sympathy with it, chiefly because it is so peculiarly of the East.

But we become enriched by these three thoughts as we ponder that 5th verse. First: we can at any time flee to God for protection from evils which threaten us. Again, when we cast ourselves upon God he is bound by the law of his own nature to take care of us. And, lastly, our blessings may be magnified to us if we will but consider the perils out of which we have been delivered.

All this is beautifully set forth to us in the sacrament instituted by our Lord. There we gather at a table spread in the presence of the powers of darkness; and there our souls, anointed with the oil of joy, banquet upon the spiritual food of which material bread and wine are but the symbols.

The psalmist concluded his song with a full-toned shout of joy: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." In language of striking boldness, and out of the fulness of his trust in God, he declares that all his life long that which his heart desires shall run after him; like accompanying streams, or like attendant angels. And, to crown all, his ideal of human blessedness shall be realized in a long life passed in the singing of praises at the holy sanctuary, and with the ever present consciousness of the presence of God, who has so richly blessed him.

This, stripped of its literalism, may be our confidence also, if we have faith in God. This world may become for us the house of the Lord; we may see in all the dispensations of life the rod of our Shepherd, the hand of our Guide, the table of our Host; and we may be able at all times to say with Christ, "I am not alone, for the Father is with me."

This little psalm sings to us in the dark like the

nightingale, and sings in the morning like the lark. May the music of its metre and the influence of its teaching be blessed of God to our souls as we move toward the eternal home! Amen.

ACT OF UNION.

Between the Congregational Churches, The Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and the Methodist Protestant Church.

We the representatives of the Congregational Churches, the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and the Methodist Protestant Church, believing that we can do more to promote the work of our Lord Jesus Christ in the world by uniting than by continuing our separate existence as denominations, and being of one accord in the desire to realize our Lord's prayer, "that they all may be one," having already, at the first meeting of this council, entered into a common declaration of faith hereinafter set forth, do now in order to bring about an organic union propose to our respective denminations the articles of agreement hereinafter set forth:

Declaration of Faith.

1. Our bond of union consists in that inward and personal faith in Jesus Christ as our divine Saviour and Lord on which all our churches are founded, also in our acceptance of the Holy Scriptures as the inspired source of our faith and the supreme standard of Christian truth; and further, in our consent to the teaching of the ancient symbols of the undivided Church, and to that substance of Christian doctrine which is common to the creeds and confessions which we have inherited from the past. But we humbly depend, as did our fathers, on the continued guidance of the Holy Spirit to lead us into all the truth.

2. We believe that God, the Father and Lord of all, did send his son Jesus Christ to redeem us from sin and death by the perfect obedience of his holy will in life, by the sacrifice of himself on the cross and by his glorious resurrection from the dead.

3. We believe that the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God and of Christ, moves in the hearts of men, calling them through the gospel to repentance and faith, awakening in them spiritual sorrow for past sin and confidence in the mercy of God, together with new desires and a new power to obey his will.

4. We believe that those of the sons of men, who hearing God's call of divine love, do heartily put their trust in the Saviour whom his love provided, are assured by his word of his most fatherly forgiveness, of his free and perfect favor, of the presence of his spirit in their hearts and of a blessed immortality.

5. We believe that all who are through faith the children of God constitute the Church of Christ, the spiritual body of which he is the head; that he has appointed them to proclaim his gospel to all mankind, to manifest in their character and conduct the fruit of his spirit, that he has granted them freedom to create such offices and institutions as may in each generation serve unto those ends, and that for the comfort of our faith he has given to his Church the sacred ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper.

6. We believe that according to Christ's law men of the Christian faith exist for the service of man, not only in holding forth the word of life, but in the support of works and institutions of pity and charity, in the maintenance of human freedom, in the deliverance of all those that are oppressed, in the enforcement of civic justice, in the rebuke of all unrighteousness.

And possessed of these convictions, both as truths which we do most firmly hold, and acts of faith which spring from our hearts, we do, therefore, in the happy consummation of this union and in the name of all the churches which we represent, commit ourselves, body, soul and spirit to the faith, love and service of him who made us and saved us, the everlasting God, our Father, Redeemer and Lord. To him be ascribed all praise and dominion and glory, world without end. Amen.

Articles of Agreement.

Article I.

The name of this organization shall be The United Churches—comprising the Congregational churches, the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and the Methodist Protestant Church.

Article II.

For the purpose of realizing the fellowship of the churches, and to provide for their co-operation, they shall be organized into District Associations, Annual Conferences, and a National Council.

Article III.

District Associations shall have their boundaries, composition, duties, and prerogatives defined by the Annual Conferences, of which they shall be sub-divisions.

Article IV.

1. State Associations of the Congregational Churches and Annual Conferences of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and of the Methodist Protestant Church, shall be recognized and continued as Annual Conferences under this organization until such time as the National Council may, by the consent of the parties concerned, arrange new boundaries. They shall have the right to maintain intact their present modes of organization and operation in local affairs, but they shall be known and styled as Annual Conferences of The United Churches, and they shall make effective this union by co-operating with the National Council in all matters affecting the general interests of the churches.

2. Two or more State Associations, or Annual Conferences, may, by mutual consent, unite to form one Annual Conference, with power to make rules and regulations for its organization and operation in local affairs.

3. All Annual Conferences shall have power to make rules and regulations for their organization, and for the conduct of all their local affairs.

4. Ordination to the ministry and ministerial standing shall be in Annual Conferences, except where it is preferred to delegate or leave these to local bodies.

Article V.

The National Council of Congregational Churches, and the General Conferences of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and of the Methodist Protestant Church, shall continue their legal existence as long as may be deemed necessary.

Article VI.

1. The National Council of The United Churches shall assemble in———on the third Thursday in May, ——, and regularly thereafter on the same day every four years. It shall be composed of representatives as follows: Each Annual Conference shall be entitled to one ministerial and one lay representative for every

five thousand members, and major fraction thereof, within its bounds, to be elected as itself may prescribe. **Provided,** That each Annual Conference shall be entitled to at least one ministerial and one lay representative; and **Provided,** That the National Council may at any time change the ratio of representation.

2. A majority of the representatives in attendance shall constitute a quorum of the National Council, and ordinary questions shall be determined by a majority vote; but no vote shall be passed contravening or modifying this Act of Union unless a majority of the representatives from each denomination represented in the union agree thereto. And whenever requested by a majority of the representatives of any one of these denominations, the vote shall be by denominations and a majority of each shall be necessary to decide the question pending.

3. The National Council shall elect at each meeting a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and such other officers as may be deemed necessary, who shall hold office until their successors are elected; and who shall perform the usual duties of their office and such other duties in the service of the churches as the Council may determine.

4. The National Council at its first meeting shall proceed to organize societies and boards for the conduct of the general business of the churches: such as missionary, evangelistic, educational, church building, Sunday-school, publishing and other benevolent and religious work; or may adopt for any of the purposes societies and boards now existing, if a majority of the representatives of each denomination consent.

5. In organizing these societies and boards the National Council shall name for membership therein those who now constitute such societies and boards in the denominations represented in this union wherever similar societies and boards exist; and in others, membership shall be distributed among the denominations in due proportion. This arrangement, however, shall be only temporary and for the purpose of facilitating the combination of the interests involved and preventing confusion and interruption in the work of any existing society. As soon as may be, consistently with the interest of the work, the membership of these societies shall be reduced to a basis of economy and efficiency of administration, and the National Council shall at every quadrennial meeting determine how many and who shall constitute these societies and boards.

6. All societies and boards now existing in the churches represented in this union shall as soon as possible after the adoption of this Act of Union and the organization by the National Council of the societies and boards indicated in this Article, cease their active operations in collecting funds from the churches. They shall hand over to the corresponding societies and boards organized in pursuance of this article the income of all their funds and the use of the property and equipment now employed in the prosecution of their work, whenever this may be lawfully done pursuant to their corporate purpose. And, in general, it is understood that they will co-operate in carrying out the true intent and purpose of this union to consolidate all the active operations of the three denominations in general church work. But nothing herein contained shall direct nor authorize any diversion of trust funds from the spirit of the purpose for which they were donated.

7. The societies and boards organized by the National Council shall meet at call of the president of the Council as soon as practicable after the adjournment of the Council and elect officers. They shall secure charters in pursuance of the instructions of this Article and appoint secretaries and agents for the prosecution of the work assigned them. They shall arrange for the visitation of churches and Annual Conferences by their agents in the interest of their work and take full charge of all the work now performed by corresponding societies and boards in the denominations represented in this union. They shall make a full report to each National Council and shall be responsible to that body.

8. The National Council shall make rules and regulations for the conduct of its business and for the prosecution of all the general interests of the churches; it shall counsel, warn and appeal to the churches on questions of religious and administrative concern, and, in general, shall represent the churches; provided that nothing be done in contravention of this Act of Union

Article VII.

Ministers in good standing in any denomination represented in this union shall be ministers in this organization. Licentiates shall retain their standing for the period of their licensure. Ministers under censure must look to their own denomination for relief.

Article VIII.

This union shall be consummated by the adoption of this Act of Union by the denominations represented in accordance with their rules and regulations, and when the moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches, the bishops of the General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and the president of the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church shall have announced that this Act of Union has been adopted by the proper bodies of their respective denominations, these officers shall unite in filling the blank in Article VI, section 1, fixing the place and time for the meeting of the National Council, and publish the same, together with a call for the election of representatives, according to Article VI.

LECTURES ON THE E. T. EARL LECTURESHIP FOUNDATION OF PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The E. T. Earl Lecturer of the present year is one of the best known of American scholars, Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody, A.M., D.D., of Harvard University, Plummer Professor of Christian Morals of the Divinity School since 1886, and for several years past Dean of that departmant. Professor Peabody has won success in several directions. As director of the religious life of the greatest university of America, he has shown great wisdom, earnestness, breadth, and fertility of resources. His chapel addresses to the students have been characterized by spiritual and intellectual virility and adaptation. As an author, he has produced several books that have been widely read and of great usefulness. One of these books, "Jesus Christ and the Social Question," is undoubtedly one of the most timely, cogent, and valuable studies of the relation of Christianity to modern life. Its chapters on the Family, the Rich, the Poor, and the Industrial Order are unequalled for condensed, effective, and judicious application of Christian principles to modern society. This book alone entitles Professor Peabody to the

highest rank among the influential moulders of American thought. As a lecturer, Professor Peabody has achieved unusual distinction both at home and abroad, as was indicated by his appointment as the first lecturer at the University of Berlin upon the foundation of the Theodore Roosevelt Chair of American Institutions, in the winter of 1905-6. In this course of lectures the Emperor himself showed very warm interest, and the University of Berlin received them with marked and enthusiastic cordiality.

Professor Peabody possesses the very finest type of scholarly and Christian culture. His personality is full of charm, and carries his message with winsomness and grace. Prefossor Peabody has won a national place for himself, so that he belongs to all the denominations, as a chosen servant of the higher spiritual truth. The subject on which he is to lecture is one of the greatest interest and timeliness, namely, The Approach to the Social Question. This will be considered in six lectures, as follows:

Monday, April 1, I. Philosophy and the Social Question.

Tuesday, April 2, II. Social Science, Sociology, and the Social Question.

Thursday, April 4, III. Economics and the Social Question.

Friday, April 5, IV. Ethics and the Social Question.

Monday, April 8, V. Ethical Idealism and the Social Question.

Wednesday, April 10, VI. Religion and the Social Question.

The lectures will be given in the First Congregational Church, corner of Durant Ave. and Dana St., Berkeley, at eight o'clock, p. m., of the date named. Cordial invitation is extended by the Seminary to all interested.

Among the Churches.

California.

Stirling City.—The Rev. C. E. Botts has tendered his resignation at Stirling City.

El Centro.—Plans for a new church building at El Centro are under consideration.

Azusa.—A call to the pastorate has been extended to the Rev. C. F. Richardson who has been acting as supply.

Los Angeles, Immanuel.—Twenty-eight persons were welcomed to membership at the last communion service, six on profession.

Santa Monica.—The gift of a fine new pipe organ has been announced . It comes from Mr. J. H. Clark as a memorial of his son E. J. Clark.

Fresno, First Armenian.—Sunday, March 17, the Armenian Church of Fresno celebrated joyfully the liquidation of the debt on the church.

Los Angeles.—The Euclid Heights Presbyterian Church was organized recently with a membership of 24. It is in charge of the Rev. W. A. Jackson.

La Jolla.—The new church building erected recently at a cost of $1,875 has been dedicated without indebtedness. The dedicatory sermon was by the Rev. H. S. Jordan of San Diego.

Fullerton.—Fourteen persons united with this church at its recent communion service. Great spiritual uplift has come in and through the preaching of the Rev. S. T. Montgomery of Los Angeles in a series of meetings held recently.

Los Angeles.—The Los Angeles churches have been enjoying a week of services conducted by the Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, who is on his way home from a missionary tour in the Orient whither he went as a representative of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions.

Los Angeles.—A movement for the organization of a second Presbyterian Church at Highland Park, with the Rev. Dr. F. P. Berry as pastor, is well under way. Meetings have been held for a few weeks, each Sunday, in a hall. The new organization will start with at least an hundred members.

Santa Rosa.—The Christian Endeavor societies of this church have just completed a banner year of beneficence in missionary work. The senior society, with a membership of less than 60 has raised during the year $200 for home and foreign missionary work, and in addition has paid $25 toward the work in Occidental College. The Intermediate Society has sent $3.65 to the F. M. Board, while the Junior Society, reorganized in June with only 7 members and now numbering 35, has raised in that time $45 for home missions and $40 for foreign missions. The grand total from the three societies for missions is $288.65. Such a result as this is full of promise for the future, when these endeavorers shall have assumed the responsibilities of church work.

NOTES.

We have pleasure in giving to our readers this week a sermon which was given recently in the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley by Professor Charles G. Paterson of the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo. In the interim between pastorates the First Church in Berkeley regards itself as fortunate in that it can have the services of Professor Paterson.

The movement for union between the Congregational, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestant churches is one which is being closely studied by all Christian people. In it is seen one of the promising signs of the times. Readers of the Pacific Presbyterian will see in the Act of Union which we publish this week a system of government somewhat similar in some respects to that of the Presbyterian Church. About two years ago the Rev. Dr. McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary made the prediction that before another half a century should roll around the Presbyterian Church and the Congregational Church would be united. There are not a few persons who are of opinion that this Tri-Church Union movement may eventuate in many more than three denominations coming together in organic unity after a few years. Everywhere people are casting about for that which will most advance the kingdom of Christ upon the earth.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. H. Senoye, '04, returned to Japan in December last and is now pastor of a church in Tokio, in a district of the city called Shiba-ku.

Prof. Paterson has so arranged his work as to spend this week before Easter with Rev. James H. Sharpe, '05, of Red Bluff, in holding special services.

The last Monday evening conference of the year was held on March 25th. It was Foreign Missionary night, the subject being "The Requisites and Necessary Preparation for Missionary Service in Foreign Lands," and the guests being Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Moffatt, of Korea, and Rev. R. C. Jones, of Siam. Dinner was served at 6:30, and the conference followed. An interesting feature of this meeting was the presence of the ladies. Dr. Moore presided. Interesting and profitable addresses were made by Dr. and Mrs. Moffatt and Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones had just arrived from the East and sailed the next day on the "Doric," returning to Siam. Mrs. Jones was too weary from the long journey across the continent and preparation for the longer journey across the seas to attend this gathering as all had hoped she might. Mr. Jones' visit, though for only an hour or two, was of special interest because he studied here, having graduated in 1899.

Rev. E. T. Allen, '02, pastor at Irrigon, Oregon, recently received nine new members, six of them on confession of faith. He is reaching out to the new fields beyond and about him, preaching to several outstations where new church buildings are needed.

THE PRESBYTERY OF SAN JOAQUIN.

The next meeting will be held on Monday, April 8, in St. John's Church in Orosi. The sermon will be the first evening by the Rev. H. K. Pitman. Tuesday evening the Rev. Dr. Mobley will give an address on "The Present Day Church and Missions."

"LET PATIENCE HAVE HER PERFECT WORK."

Let patience have her perfect work:
Yea, through years of duty and labor and strain,
When burdens are heavy and the yoke gives pain,
Patience, consider the heavenly gain.

Let patience have her perfect work:
Yea, through days of temptation and trials sore,
When evils oppress and tempests roar,
Patience; besetments will shortly be o'er.

Let patience have her perfect work:
Yea, when age and illness constrain to rest,
And the world sweeps by in ardent quest,
Patience; whatever He orders is best;

Yea, patience and cheer and joy in the sight
Of young men strong and true for the right,
No alarm at approach of the shadows of night,
For at eventide there shall be light.

Eugene H. Avery.

From a sick chamber, March, 1907.

EASTER.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is the profound and thrilling question of the ages. The answer is given in the resurrection of Christ. The Easter fact is the pivotal point in the history of redemption. It is the culmination of a series of wonderful facts, including the Incarnation, the Life, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection of Christ. Had there been no Gethsemane, or Calvary there would have been no glad Easter morning to answer the question "After death, what?" The earth is billowed with graves, and the eyes of sorrowing millions are suffused with tears, but in the "Sweet By and By" all tears shall be wiped away. When Jesus burst from the fetters of darkness that bound Him, resplendent in glory to live and to reign, there fell athwart the tomb a flood of celestial light, and upon the ear of humanity the voice from heaven sweetly saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Shall we bring flowers on Easter morning? Yes, bring the pure white lilies, and pansies for thoughts, and sweet forget-me-nots for love, but first and best of all let us bring ourselves, in fullest consecration, and like those noble Bereans of old let us give our very selves to the Lord first, and to loving service according to the will of God, with our ideal so high, and our lives so true, that men need not study Christian evidences in books, while they have us as living epistles to be known and read of all. The exemplary Christian is everywhere and at all times a witness to the truth of the dying and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Go where he may, he carries about him the evidences of the resurrected life to which he has been uplifted.

In our Easter joy we must not lose sight of the fact that death precedes life. First crucified with Christ, then partakers of His resurrection. It is only when the corn of wheat is buried in the ground and dies, that it brings forth fruit. So also, the glorious resurrection is for those who are crucified with Christ. Paul said, "I die daily." Out of the depths of contrition comes the new life. They who die to pride obtain the resurrection of humility. To die unto the love of the world is to gain the resurrection of the life of God. To die unto self-will is to have the resurrection unto obedience. To die to anger and unbridled passion is to be raised to the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Every noble death is followed by a glorious resurrection. In Jesus we are assured of a life deeper than death. As we approach the borderland of existence we see a great chasm yawning between the living and the dead. But here is one who has stood on both sides of the chasm, who died for all, and rose for all. He is stronger than death for Himself, and for us. Glad Easter morn! Greatest and best of all the days! Greatest, because in it He vanquished death. Best, because in it he wiped sorrow's tears away. Let us lift our glad voices in triumph on high, for Jesus hath risen, and man need not die.—Rev. W. W. Case, D.D.

RESURRECTION.

Sing with all the sons of glory,
  Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
  To the former days belong:
All around the clouds are breaking,
  Soon the storms of time shall cease,
In God's likeness, man awaking,
  Knows the everlasting peace.

WILLIAM J. IRONS.

The Home.

SCATTERING PENNIES.

"It is entirely beyond my comprehension how you manage. If I didn't happen to know that our husbands bring home the same wages every week, I should be nearer solving the mystery."

The speaker paused and fixed a questioning gaze upon her companion.

"It is all in knowing how to scatter your pennies," was the somewhat enigmatical answer.

"Scatter my pennies? Bless you, I can scatter them fast enough! What I want to know is how to save them." Mrs. Jones seated herself in the comfortable rocker her friend offered, and assumed a listening attitude.

Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Jones occupied twin cottages that stood side by side. Mrs. Marsh had four children, and Mrs. Jones only two; yet the household of the former always seemed prosperous and happy, while that of the latter had the appearance of being rather poorly clad, dissatisfied, and of continually striving to "catch up" one week with the losses of the preceding.

"Jennie Marsh dresses a great deal better than I do, and yet you say that Mr. Marsh and papa get the same salary," sixteen-year-old Mollie Jones complained one day when the money problem was being discussed, as was usually the case when new clothes happened to be the subject under consideration.

"I know it, child; it's a conundrum to me just as it is with you. I'm going to talk it over with Mrs. Marsh the very next time an opportunity presents itself," answered her mother.

The opportunity was at hand. Mrs. Marsh willingly consented to let her friend into the secret of her seemingly more prosperous condition in life, and after she had made her first somewhat startling assertion—that of scattering her pennies—she kindly went on to explain her meaning. "In the first place, there is no need for me to remark upon our limited income, since you have one to match it," Mrs. Marsh began. "I soon found, after the children began to develop wants in keeping with my own, that some way must be devised for meeting them, or attempting to; for I don't imagine that the wants of a growing family ever are wholly satisfied. It must be a way that will apeal to the children, or the scheme will be a dead failure, I assured myself; for you know that when children are once interested in any kind of a venture they become wonderful helpers.

"After many hours of anxious thought, I launched my suggestion, with fear and trembling. in the following abrupt statement at the breakfast table: 'We really need a litle desk, children. How many want to help me get it?'

"'But how can we?' all protested in a breath, their eyes, afire with the idea, but overpowered by their seeming helplessness.

"'Well, I have been thinking it over, and I know you are all as anxious for a desk as I am,' I replied. 'I see one way of attaining it at present, and but one: I am going to give each one of you an envelope, and whatever you can in any way save toward the desk you can put into the envelope; and I will keep one myself and do the same.'

"It was a slow process at first, for, with our limited income, the children had verv little spending money. It was a penny here and a penny there; five cents saved from a car ride, a few pennies earned bv doing an errand. Self-denials unnumbered went into those little envelopes before the united efforts of all succeeded in saving enough for the much-coveted desk. And I think we all appreciated it far more than if we had obtained it in any other way.

This was the beginning of a system which has become a fixed principle in our home. If, for instance, Beatrice wants a new fall dress, she starts her envelope in the spring, and ice cream sodas and candy are at a premium all summer and all her energies are spent toward the attainment of that one object.

"It is just the same with the boys. A new suit is planned for months ahead. The envelope begins to receive its five and ten-cent piece and even penny contributions; and when the amount necessary for the purchase is obtained, it is sealed and laid away. Nothing will induce them to spend a penny of it for any other object. It is as safe in that respect as if it was in the bank vault."

While Mrs. Marsh had been talking, her listener's countenance had been brightening; and when she arose to go, visions of "saving envelopes" danced before her eyes.

"Well, my dear, if that is the way you have been scattering pennies, I think I will try my hand at scattering a few," was her delighted exclamation as she grasped Mrs. March's extended hand.—Helen M. Richardson, in Zoan's Herald.

HOW TO LIVE 100 YEARS.

M. L. Wicks.

1. Eat nothing but what you can chew, chew every mouthful until it is reduced to a creamy consistency, thoroughly saturated in the mouth. Use no liquids at meals.

2. Take between meals, daily, the equivalent of two quarts of aerated distilled water, admirably supplied in the fresh fruit, one-fourth of it upon arising, one-fourth in the forenoon and one-fourth in the afternoon, and one-fourth before retiring. Eat no fruit after dark.

3. Never eat white flour products, whole wheat and unpolished rice are ideal foods. Live as much as possible on uncooked food. Nuts, fruits, grains and vegitables are natural foods; apples and blackberries are first in value among fruits. Olive oil is especially desirable as both a food and as an ointment for the whole body.

Always give preference to fruits, nuts, grains and vegetables grown in the air and sunshine, over such as are grown in the earth.

4. Eat two moderate meals per day, seven or eight hours apart, omitting breakfast except of fruits. Eat only when there is a desire for food; when indisposed fast. The average man eats twice as much as is beneficial.

5. Sleep from six to eight hours as nature demands, near an open window; have ventilation both near the ceiling and near the floor of the room. Carbonic acid and the heaviest gases settle, while the lighter gases accumulate above.

Breathe deeply through the nose and frequently during the day take breathing exercises.

6. Keep the body supple by exercise and bathing twice a week in tepid, not hot, water, cooling off with cold water, or better use cold water alone. At every bath wash with two flushings the lower bowels, then

inject and retain a supply of water—distilled water is best to retain.

Exercise regularly in the open air and sunshine.

7. Abstain from meat, narcotics and stimulants, including tea and coffee.

Wear nothing but cotton, linen or other vegetable product next to the skin.

8. Forget how old you are, forget all unpleasantness; practice daily auto-suggestions for health, happiness and success; don't fear anything, Love God and man and despise the devil.

9. Adopt for a motto: "Do it now, Don't worry." Recognize in the most adverse circumstances "This also will end."

11. In cold weather do not coddle yourself before a fire or with heavy clothing in or out of bed; never sleep on a feather bed. Cultivate the resistant powers of the body.

Know that there is but one disease, but it has a thousand symptoms. Nature alone cures, physicians sometimes assist but often resist nature.

12. Invoke pity for wrong doing, not anger; help don't harden.

13. Give cheerfully, quickly, all assistance practical to man and beast.

14. Recognize the kingdom of God to be within you, and strive to show it to your neighbor. Honor God as Father and Redeemer.

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Quiet Hour.

O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Are like the yielding, but irresistible air!
—Henry W. Longfellow.

THE SUBTLETY OF SELFISHNESS.

There is nothing deceptive about unselfishness. It promises no more than it fulfils. It is what it appears. When we deal with it we deal with what we know and are able to trust. It does not shift in the processes of a calculation. There are no concealments in it. All its roads are straight roads, with no confusion of direction or returns upon themselves. Simplicity, candor, open-facedness, are essential qualities of the goodness of unselfishness. But it is very different with selfishness. Selfishness is itself a retroversion, an obliquity, a contortion of the soul's right expression. It twists the straight lines of life's right significance and service into spirals and irregular confusions. Ever since it has been in the world it has mixed things. It has thrown clouds over every brightness, insinuated misgiving and sophistry into every inquiry, and poisoned with uncertainty everything that was plain and clear. Goodness goes on its way, ingenuous, direct. Selfishness, which is the essence of badness is tortuous, uncandid, dubious. It is as Jesus said, "If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness."

This beclouding, deceiving influence of selfishness runs through all the forms in which selfishness expresses itself in our lives, the light and comparatively inoffensive, and the heavy and somber. It is ever endeavoring to appear as what it is not, and in the most cunning and subtle ways making a place for itself under the very guise of innocence or generosity or high principle.

How often selfishness hides behind the contention for what we call our rights. A man works in association with others. He feels slighted because he is not given the same prominence or privileges which they are given. He claims these things to be his rights. He protests that he does not care for them. He is only defending what he regards as a principle which it would be wrong for him to waive. The calm friend looking on from without sees that there is too much heat and storm to be acounted for by the impartial defense of principle. The man is simply fighting for his own will under the pretext of principle. Selfishness is to subtle for him. It is using him as its dupe. All men need to be careful here. "I wish Luther had not got married," said a thoughtful Christian man. "I wish he had opposed and denounced the celibacy of the clergy, and asserted the righrt of marriage, and not exercised it. I like to see a man absolutely above the suspicion of maintaining even right principle in any personal interest. Selfishness is such a seductive thing, it is better for a man to refuse to profit himself by any battle he wages for general principle." Without passing any criticism on Martin Luther, the peril which this good man perceived is a real peril. When we stand upon our rights, are we sure we are as solicitous for the right in itself as we are for our rights because they are ours? The world is full of meanness and pettiness and self-seeking parading under the cloak of lofty devotion to principle.

In our spiritual moods, selfishness plays curious tricks upon us. It satisfies us with counterfeit sympathies and cheap spurious sacrifices and heroisms. Some people can sob themselves to sleep with imaginations about their future devotion to duty, or about noble things that they think of themselves as doing to others, or with intense self-pity over some indignity they have not suffered, or some sorrow that might have come to them. And these imaginary sacrifices and heroisms take the place of the real thing. The heart is satisfied with such a mere mirage of real love and sympathy and service. Selfishness is fooling the soul which thinks it has been up in the heaven of selfless action for others when it has been bowing like an idolater before its own emotions. This is one reason why the theater is such a poisonous and unreal thing. It enables selfishness to pass itself off upon the soul as its very opposite, and the psychological effects are deadly. "When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit," says Professor James in the chapter on "Habit" in his "Psychology," "it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge. There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed."

In other words, check and correct your subtle, deceptive selfishness by wholesome acts of kindly unselfishness. It is mere selfi,shness to go to missionary meetings, or to meetings to consider the condition of the poor, and to feel sympathy and pity, unless our feelings are given expression in adequate practical helpfulness.

There are people who always feel abused or mistreated. Some one has slighted them, or they have not received proper attention, or they are not appreciated. There are melancholy souls which live thus in a perpetual self-torture. Perhaps they clothe themselves with mourning long after such dress has any justifiable significance, and cultivate a submissively patient and injured look. As a matter of fact, the root of all this in them is just selfishness. They are thinking, even though they may be unconscious of it, of how becoming this air is to them, or they are taking a real pleasure, though of this unworthy sort, in the pity they seek from others. One breath of good, wholesome unselfishness would sweep all this mustiness away and let in the sunshine. A vast deal of our modern conventional mourning over the dead is sheer selfishness.

And a great deal of unselfishness is selfishness. We give, for example, that which costs us nothing. Intrinsically, perhaps, the gift is valuable, and the world praises, but it cost us nothing to give it. Indeed, we gave in order to escape doing something that would have cost. And there are other sorts of selfish service to others. We offer service which is appreciated and useful, and which brings us profuse thanks and recognition for our trouble and unselfishness, when, in fact, all the trouble and unselfishness fell on others. There are people who are constantly offering help to others for which they take the credit to themselves, when the actual help has to be performd by some one in the background who gets none of the credit at all. This is selfishness so subtle that it is even ignorant of its own deceit.

The argument for the justification of a lie rests on selfishness. A lie is justifiable, we are told, in such and such circumstances. Who is to determine what the circumstances are which make the lie right? Oh, the prospective liar. So the breaker of the most sacred and inviolable moral law is to be himself the judge of the innocence of his offence! The truth is the one supreme form of unselfishness. It is itself irrespective of us. Our business is to subordinate ourselves absolutely to it. But the liar, whether of the "justifiable" or of the unjustifiable variety, sets himself above the truth. Selfishness can go no farther in its self-deceit. That is why Jesus called the Devil the great liar, and the father of all lies and lie tellers. He and they set themselves above God, who is the pure and inviolate truth..

Unselfishness is the great qualification of the soul for right vision. The purely unselfish soul is capable of flawless judgment. So Jesus declared. "Yea and if I judge, my judgment is just, because I seek not mine own will but the will of the Father that sent me." This is why character is worth more in judges than cleverness or legal knowledge. There is a discernment of the soul, an instinct of just judgment, an intuition of the truth which the man of pure disinterested unselfishness possesses that no amount of legal shrewdness or craftiness of mind can replace in the judge or advocate who is seeking his own glory, or who carries the taint of selfishness in his heart.

And therefore unselfishness is the qualification of the soul for God. "The Father hath not left me alone," said Jesus, "for I do always those things that as pleasing to him." If we turn with shame from subtleties and deceptions, and our hearts be pure, our eyes shall behold afar the beauty we have longed after, and thither by God's grace we may hope shortly to come.—Sunday School Times.

Young People.

INDIAN BOYHOOD.

What boy would not be an Indian for a while when he thinks of the freest life in the world?" asks the Indian writer, Mr. Charles A. Eastman, in his book, "Indian Boyhood." But while Indian boys have the freedom of the woods, they have a more severe training than white boys to fit them for what their tribe believes to be the duties of manhood. Mr. Eastman thus recalls his own experience: "It seems to be a popular idea that all the characteristic skill of the Indian is instinctive and hereditary. This is a mistake. All the stoicism and patience of the American Indian are acquired traits and continued practice alone makes him the master of the art of woodcraft.

"My uncle, who educated me up to the time when I was fifteen years of age, was a strict disciplinarian and a good teacher. When I left the tepee in the morning he would say: 'Hakedah, look closely to everything you see,' and at evening, on my return, he used often to catechise me for an hour or so: 'On which side of the trees is the lighter-colored bark? On which side do they have the most regular branches?'

"It was his custom to let me name all the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color or the shape of the bill or the song or the appearance and locality of the nest; in fact, anything about the bird that impressed me as characteristic.

" 'Hakedah,' he would say to me, 'you ought to follow the example of the shunktokecha (the wolf). Even when he is surprised and runs for his life, he will pause to take one more look at you before he enters his final retreat. So you must take a second look at everything you see.'

"All boys were expected to endure hardship without complaint. In savage warfare a young man must, of course, be an athlete and used to undergoing all sorts of privations. He must be able to go without food and water for two or three days without displaying any weakness, or to run for a day and a night without any rest. He must be able to traverse a pathless, wild country without losing his way either in the day or at night. He cannot fall short in any of these if he aspires to be a warrior."—Youth's Companion.

A RAINDROP'S JOURNEY.

Big clouds filled the sky. A tiny raindrop fell to the earth and trembled for a moment on the sand. Then it sank slowly into the ground, and was soon lost to sight. "Oh!" cried the other little raindrops, "we will never see our little sister again," and they sobbed so much that they too soon lost their place in the clouds and came tumbling from the sky.

They fell into the lake with a joyful splash, and soon they had forgotten their little lost sister, as they laughed and danced on their way to the sea. Such merry little raindrops. They held each other by the hand and danced with glee.

But what had become of their poor little lost sister? We shall soon see. She slipped quietly down into the soft, dark earth. She trembled, for she was all alone, and she was a little bit frightened. But soon she reached a tiny stream of water flowing under the ground. This made her very happy again, but still

she longed for the bright sunshine and fresh air.

She joined the little stream as it flowed, and soon they came to a little pool where the water was bubbling up through the soft, moist ground. In a short time our little raindrop found herself up in the fresh air and beautiful sunshine again. She had come up through the soft earth into a pool of water called a spring. Oh how tired she was after her long, dark journey. She lay for a moment, resting with the other little raindrops who had made the same trip. Then she started out gaily on another trip, running and racing down the brook. Soon the brook joined a beautiful river and they all went singing to the sea.

The next day they reached the shining sea, and the very first thing our little lost raindrop spied was her sisters, who had fallen into the lake, riding on the top of a large wave and singing with joy.—The Child's Gem.

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THE RAVEN IN STORY.

Primitive man has credited the raven with qualities both good and bad. It has a place in religious art, where in commemoration of the ravens that fed Elijah it is emblematic of God's providence, and several of the saints are represented as accompanied by this bird.

In the wild north land, where war and rapine were man's highest pleasures, the standard of Odin bore a raven, typifying the desolation of the land after his hordes had passed over it. The figure embroidered on the standard predicted defeat and victory, the bird appearing alert, proud and aggressive for victory, and shrinking and timorous for defeat. Two ravens, which represented thought and memory, were fabled to sit on the shoulders of the war god and to whisper wise advice in his ears. The ravens of Odin are not alone in northern old world legends, for an army of ravens attacked the enemies of a Welsh hero, while Cuchullaind, an Irish chieftan, was aided by two ravens who warned him of the coming of his foes.

The raven was a bird of foreknowledge and prophecy. It foretold war, famine and pestilence, and this belief in its prophetic powers arose from the fact that ravens frequently accompanied an army, expecting to feed on the bodies of the slain.

These primitive ideas are found in the new world as in the old. On the northwest coast, the raven, still everywhere extremely abundant and a useful bird, is the hero of a thousand Indian myths. In some of these he is the creator, or a hero who performs great deeds, or again is the chief actor in mischief-making pranks.

Among the Indians of the plains the bird is credited with much power. Of all the animals he only does not fear that dread power the Thunder, and sometimes—according to the stories—even helps mortals to overcome him.

The raven never starves, for he knows always where food is to be found. Often he will fly near the hungry hunter or over the starving camp and by his cries and flutterings will urge them to follow him to a place where buffalo or other food may be found.

In war, too, the raven is helpful, for if a warrior wears the skin of a raven tied to his scalplock the bird will warn him when danger is near, tapping him lightly on the head with its bill or whistling in his ear a note of warning.

In the old world and the new alike, it is fabled that once the raven was white. A classical myth tells how Apollo blackened him for a fault, and Algonquin stories tell of a white raven, hostile to the people and who drove away the game, and how when a hero who pitied the sufferings of the tribe, captured the bird, it was tied in the smoke hole, where it hung and coughed and grew thin and feeble until its feathers were wholly blackened, when it was set free with a warning. Since then all ravens have been black.—Farest And Stream.

SOME RUSSIAN RIDDLES.

Here are some riddles which the boys and girls in Russia puzzle their heads over. See how many of them you can guess without looking at the answers:

1. I am blind, but show others the way; deaf and dumb, but know how to count.
2. People pray for me and long for my company, but directly I appear they hide themselves.
3. I have four legs and feathers, but am neither beast nor bird.
4. There are four brothers under one hat.
5. Four brothers run side by side, but never catch one another.
6. What walks upside down overhead?
7. Who are the two brothers that live on the opposite sides of the road, yet they never see each other?
8. A pack of wolves ran by. One was shot. How many remained?

Answers: 1. A milestone. 2. Rain. 3. A feather bed. 4. Legs of a table. 5. Wheels of a cart. 6. A fly. 7. Your eyes. 8. One—the dead one.

The means of spiritual discipline are sometimes misunderstood. Paul prayed to have the thorn in the flesh removed. God did not, but enabled him to triumph as He had always done. The exercise of spiritual discipline is best for all of us. Paul required it. We all do. Its mode is sometimes painful, but the supports are always abundant. "Sufficient grace" has been a source of consolation to the sincere followers of our Lord in all the past. It, and it alone enables us to always triumph.

THE OPTIMIST.

We may smile at the simplicity, but we cannot deride the piety of the sensible old man who said: "Some people are always complaining about the weather; but when I wake up in the morning I am thankful to find any weather at all!" It is a most unfortunate thing to have eyes which see clouds more easily than they take in sunshine. The glorious optimism of Robert Browning, which is essentially Christian, ought to be cultivated by the melancholy saint:

"I find earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue,
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy;
Do I stand and stare? All's blue!"

Not "blue" in the lugubrious sense, but in the celestial meaning—the blue which the divine Painter has spread above us, through which the sunlight is filtering. "Many a time," writes dear old MacLaren of Manchester, "I am ready to thank God, when I see the deadness of the churches and the awful problems to be faced, that I am nearer the end than the beginning of my course." Well, well, things are not so bad as that! A papyrus recently found in Egypt, dating at least 2500 B. C., deplores the degeneracy of the times, and longs for a return to the happier days of long ago. Look aloft and about. See the beams of day spreading everywhere. Listen and you can hear the chariot wheels of the advancing King. The world is growing better every day. Lend a hand to make it still more righteous, and thank God for each particular token of progress which the eye of faith can discern upon the horizon.—

"ALWAYS ABOUNDING."

Paul was found of using large words when speaking of the privileges and duties of Christian life. It was not that the words were long and hard to pronounce or understand. It was quite the opposite. The words themselves were apt to be short and easily understood, but they stood for great and wide and long things. They were great words, not in the sense of filling the mouth, but with the power to fill the mind and the heart.

Such a word is "abounding." It has the largeness of the ocean about it. It has the free range of the mountain in its atmosphere. It carries one out to the wide plains where there is no restriction to the liberty. The word means "without bounds." It is the great sea rather than the pint cup. It is the wide universe rather than the imprisoning room. It is the King's treasure rather than the beggar's dole. It is the grace of God poured out without measure into the heart of the Christion, and it is the grace of the Christian manifesting itself in loving and continuous service for the sake of Christ. It seeks ever for enlargement. It tries not to save self, but ever to be more and do more. It breaks down the bounds of contradiction and confinement, and diffuses itself like the sunlight that floods all the spaces.

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A PRAYER.

O God, to Thee my love I give,
  For Thou hast first loved me;
Thy bondsman would I rather live
  Than walk at liberty.

Except Thy glory in my heart
  May no remembrance be;
And be this still my only art,
  How to lay hold on Thee.

Yea, whatso'er Thy will may be,
  That will alone is mine;
All that I have Thou gavest me,
  And I now make it thine.

I render back Thy gift again:
  Use it as pleaseth Thee.
I fear not what Thou shalt ordain,
  Knowing Thou lovest me.

Love is the only gift I crave,
  That I may thine requite.
If this Thou givest, all I have;
  All else are dreams of night.

Latin Hymn

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THE DISCLOSURE OF SIN.

Lessons From the Experiences of the San Francisco Boodlers.

It has been said that no man ever realizes how wrong wrong is until he has committed it and the awful burden of actual transgression is on his soul.

Supervisor Sanderson of San Francisco, who made full confession recently of his part in the grafting campaign which has so greatly cursed the city of late, and who in his confession implicated many others, said to a newspaper reporter after his confession: "Yes it's all true. There is very little to add. It's horrible, horrible! The money just came to me. I never asked for it. I didn't approach any one with a proposition, but when my share was handed me, I took it. I can't tell how it began. The first money I received was from the fight promoters. After that I lost control of myself. I never paid much attention to the Sunday night caucuses, and I don't know what was planned or talked about there. When the overhead trolley franchise came up I believed it was the best thing for the city. I voted for it. Afterward Jim Gallagher gave me $4,000 which he said was my share, and I took it. I don't expect to live long, and I have wanted to tell everything before I died. My chief regret is for my aged mother."

Sanderson was the first member of the corrupt board to repent, and it is probable that his poor health had something to do with his confession. His burden was greater than he could bear, standing as he was on the verge of the life beyond.

Sanderson is a member of an honored old-time family. His father was once mayor of San Francisco and in many ways a leader among men of affairs. When the son entered public life a few years ago he was greeted with interest and enthusiasm by many persons who thought he had come to serve his city as his father had done before him.

But alas! He was not strong enough to resist temptation; and now having fallen and having been brought to a realization of the enormity of his sin, he exclaims, "It's horrible, horrible!" But, relieved through confession, he goes back to his suburban home hoping that he can now sleep better and have physical as well as soul rest.

It is pitiful. But it is the path every sinner must tread. Sanderson thought, doubtless, as all the supervisors thought, when he accepted a bribe that he could do it and have enjoyment from the money received; but soon there came such a realization of the wrong that he had no rest until confession had been made. It has always been so and it always will be so. Long ago was it said, "Be sure your sin will find you out." And a little later was it said: "There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known."

It is a remarkable fact that in a majority of cases the sins of which people are guilty become known in one way and another in this life. "The consciousness of iniquity is something under which no man is ever at ease. It is a weight on the soul from which the soul struggles to be free." There is that which makes men want to tell, and in certain circumstances compels them to tell the story of their misdeeds and crimes.

Daniel Webster said in one of his speeches in a great historical trial: "The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or rather it feels an irresistible impulse to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed upon by a torment which it does not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the guilty soul possesses soon comes to possess him, and, like the evil spirit of which we read, it overcomes him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart. rising to his throat and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears it working in the silence of his thought. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed. It will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession."

The universal verdict is that this is a classic statement as to the workings of guilt in human hearts. It has had exemplification hereabouts, recently, not only in the confessions made by San Francisco boodlers, but in the confessions also of a murderer now awaiting execution in San Quentin.

Experience after experience can be cited to show that there is no exception to the truth in the words, "There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known." "Be sure your sin will find you out!"

A few weeks ago officials of a great railroad system in the East received a letter from a man who asked that a bill be sent to him for several rides which he had stolen on the road a few years ago. The man had gone into some evangelistic meetings, had been converted, and felt impelled to make amends for his wrong doing.

In "The Scarlet Letter" Hawthorne has shown how his secret sin gnawed at the heart of Arthur Dimmesdale and brought him at last to stand in open confession alongside the woman with whom he had sinned and whom he had deeply wronged. It was only at the death hour that he did it; but the time of confession and revelation does not matter. It was through the workings of a law which, either here or hereafter, makes certain the uncovering of every sin. Referring then to Hester's mark, Arthur Dimmesdale said, speaking of himself: "He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you that with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast; and that even this,

is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a witness of it!"

The fact that many persons commit great sins and pass out of this life without disclosure thereof does not militate against the declaration that all sin will sometime be uncovered. That which we now see and know indicates God's purpose and substantiates as truth the words, "There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed, and hid that shall not be known." Written everywhere in the book of human experience as well as on the pages of Sacred Writ are the words, "Be sure your sin will find you out!"

In view of all this, one of our poets has said:

"Full many a light thought man may cherish,
  Full many an idle deed may do;
Yet not a thought or deed shall perish,
  Not one but he shall bless or rue.

The world is with creation teeming,
  And nothing ever wholly dies;
And things that are destroyed in seeming,
  In other shapes and forms arise.

And nature still unfolds the tissue,
  Of unseen works by spirit wrought;
And not a work but has its issue
  With blessing or with evil fraught.

And thou mayst seem to leave behind thee
  All mem'ry of the sinful past;
Yet, O, be sure thy sin shall find thee,
  And thou shalt know its fruit at last."

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The Rev. William Rader preached last Sunday morning to a congregation of nearly a thousand persons in the Columbia Theater in San Francisco. The plate contributions for the carrying on of the work amounted to an hundred dollars.

The Pacific Seminary lectures by Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard University are having a large attendance. Two lectures will be given next week, the topics being "Ethical Idealism and the Social Question," and "Religion and the Social Question."

The Rev. Dana Bartlett of Los Angeles has entered on a campaign for the raising of $50,000 for institutional church work such as he has been carrying on in Bethlehem Institute and in its branches. It is a good work. We hope that he will succeed in the effort to raise the money.

In the public schools of Berkelev there are teachers who are graduates of the Universitv of California who are receiving less than $30 a month. The highest salary paid any grade teacher is $825 a year. In general the salaries paid to school teachers in California where wages in other lines of work are high are not such as to encourage the seeking of an education for the purpose of teaching.

That is a strange condition of affairs which permits a sorority in the University of California to summarily dismiss a young lady member and yet her offense be not such as to make necessarv her dismissal from the University. When to this is added the fact that all the sororities are warned of the "unworthiness" of the young lady, the mystery deepens. We wonder whether the sorority walked in the scriptural wav and in the spirit of the highest sisterhood sought to win the young lady from what they regarded as errors of conduct.

In a California paper we saw a few days ago the headlines: "Popular Man Dead." A glance at the article revealed the fact that the man was a bar tender. We have faith to believe that there will come a time in California when the bar tender will have no greater popularity than the highwayman has. This is not to say that there are not bar tenders who have many good qualities. So has Abe Reuf some good qualities. So have the large majority of the inmates of our penitentiaries.

The Chicago Record-Herald in an editorial on graft in San Francisco remarks: "It should not be forgotten that San Francisco has long been notorious for corrupt deals between public service companies and political bosses. Its iniquity has not sprung suddenly from Schmitz and Ruef. The accepted conditions before they had risen out of obscurity was one of bargain and sale. Who was to blame at the beginning it is impossible to say. Perhaps the corporations had to do business with the politicians to get a start. But history shows that they were not content with this and with merely saving their lives from time to time. They are expansionists."

The decision of the San Francisco police commissioners that saloon licenses must have clauses prohibiting women therefrom is a step in the right direction. It is to be hoped that this decision will not be simply to have such prohibitive clauses for the present, but for all time. It appears that the aim is through the regulation to keep women of bad reputation from frequenting the saloons, one commissioner being quoted as expressing the opinion that "a decent woman had a right to go into a saloon." There are in the world many men of manv minds, and standards of decency differ. But however decent a woman may be she will not long retain that degree of decency as a patron of the saloon. Largely they of that sex who enter there leave hope behind.

The Los Angeles Times lays the whip on the shoulders of the labor union leaders who put the San Francisco grafters into office, saying in that connection: "The leaders of these labor organizations, whatever excuse and allowance mav be made for the good intentions and honest purposes of the rank and file, have been lacking in all moral sense." The Times notes as another handicap on San Francisco the subserviency to a great extent of the newspapers of the citv to these loud-mouthed agitators who have been leading the labor unionists into pitfalls for themselves and their city. Action on the part of labor organizations condemning the municipal grafters is commendable; but this will not absolve them from the blunder made by them when they dipped into politics and put these boodlers into office. These organizations have by no means put feathers into their caps, and they cannot, because of their gigantic failure to do the public good, expect leadership for some time again. For all time the outcome ought to make

them profit by Old Davy Crockett's motto, "be sure you're right; then go ahead."

Scientists unite in the declaration that San Francisco and vicinity will in all probability have immunity from severe earthquakes for many years. Would that there could be as much assurance that there will be immunity from graft and kindred corruptions—more damaging than earthquake and fire! District Attorney Jerome of New York says that grafting is virtually universal. It seems so inbred in the life of this money-mad age that it will require more than the cleaning up that several cities have had of late, and that San Francisco is now having, to eradicate it. These disclosures and their consequences will do great good; but there is too much selfishness in the world to allow the expectation that many will not go on in the old ways and take the chances of being discovered in their iniquities. The San Francisco Chronicle says editorially: "After we have succeeded in putting an end to the reign of graft in public offices, it would be a good idea to direct attention to its practice in private life. There is a good deal of grafting nowadays which touches the citizen as closely as the robbery by public officers, but there is not much said about it, perhaps because the impression is general that it is an ineradicable evil." The signs of the times are that more will be said about it hereafter than heretofore. Evidently God is working on the consciences of men for the bringing about of a more righteous manner of life.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The different political parties in Kalamazoo, Michigan, say that the municipal campaign this spring in that city shall be "drinkless, cigarless, and carriageless." Good! That is getting far away from bribery. Is it too far away? We think not, unless it be as to the carriage.

A banker is reported to have put down as one of the rules for success "taking your bank to bed with you." The Christian Register remarks that the victims of the dollar are on the increase, and that in the rush for wealth we use ourselves with less common sense than we train our horses; that many of the elbowing crowd go to the wall sooner or later, and that among those who survive are many who are not easily affected by scruples of conscience.

It is said that every inch of snow that falls costs the city of New York $37,000. The sum of $1,200,000 was spent during the last winter in removing the snow from the streets of the city. The heaviest snow fall of the season was on the 10th of March. But that was only about eight inches. It is stated that the snow at the Summit on the Southern Pacific between Truckee, California, and Reno, Nevada, attained a depth of sixteen feet this year. On Monday of last week it was two feet deep on the top of cars that had been side tracked only a short time.

A Washington correspondent makes a note of the fact that William Tyndall who represented a Missouri district in congress has gone home, after two years in Washington, with $11,000 which he has saved from his salary and perquisites. Referring to the statement of Senator Beveridge that no public man can live in Washington on a salary of $5,000 a year the correspondent says: "Of course Mr. Tyndall's case is an extreme one. He did not wear seventy dollar frock coats as Mr. Beveridge does and he did not wear a dress suit for dinner. He cut no social capers. He did not go to theatre nor to Willard's afterward. He didn't go to the laides' days 'at home' or to banquets or pink teas nor take visiting constituents to dinners at the 'club.' He lived modestly in a boarding house and did his own clerical work. He saved car fare by walking to the Capitol and leaving his large family at home in Springfield, Mo., he nipped the social aspirations of the women kind and saved himself trouble and money. He lived easily on the fifteen hundred that he might have paid a clerk and by selling his home and making some good investmments with the money he maintained his family. He has had enough to eat, enough to wear, as good a bed as he wants and he declares that the President himself cannot get any more than that."

Senator Cullom of Illinois is outspoken in regard to Harriman in his dealings with the Chicago and Alton Railroad: "If I could have my way, and there was a law by which it could be done, I would put Harriman in the penitentiary and keep him there long enough to make him pay the full penalty for looting the Alton and bringing about conditions for which the road's bondholders will have to suffer." Senator Cullom says that he feels the outrage in the Alton deal with special keenness because it runs through his own city. "It was a fine property, but it has been drained dry, and the bondholders must suffer from the despoiler of the road simply to gratify the looting proclivities of Mr. Harriman. Having lined his pockets by looting the property and disposing of bonds for millions of dollars to innocent purchasers I do not suppose he cares what becomes of this particular line or any other which he has exploited." The Senator says however that it ought to be possible to prevent such things in the future and welcomes the bill prepared by Governor Deneen of Illinois to prevent overcapitalization and assure investors in stocks chartered under the laws of Illinois of the exact purpose for which every dollar authorized is to be expended.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

London papers state that the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan has been feeling considerably of late the strain of overwork.

There is a Student Volunteer band in Peking University, China, of forty-seven Chinese students. The Missionary Advance says: "Last summer they were all engaged in evangelistic work. The formation of this band, without even a suggestion from a missionary, is one of the hopeful signs of the self-propagating power of Chinese Christianity." For this and other reasons it is not surprising that John R. Mott should say: "In my judgment, the Peking University is one of the most pivotal institutions in the world."

The Rev. F. B. Meyer of London, speaking concerning the Free Church Federation enterprise and inherent tendency of all such bodies to become political, declared that only a religious revival can save England. Mr. Meyer who has been in the pastorate for nearly 40 years goes now as a missioner among the Free Churches in an endeavor to lead up into a

higher life. One paper puts it as follows: "It will be his task to help in hitching the wagons of Free Church enterprise to the stars of spiritual faith and hope."

Many Christians and many Christian nations need to get their practice more in conformity with their preaching. A few years ago when Li Hung Chang was living he wrote: "Opium is a subject in the discussion of which China and England can never meet on common ground. China views the whole question from a moral standpoint, England from a fiscal England would sustain a source of revenue in India, while China contends for the lives and prosperity of her people."

For the first time the National Council of Free Churches in England has a layman as president. Concerning him the British Weekly says: "Dr. Harris is a humanist and a humorist, a scholar, and, say those who know him best, a saint. It is a humbling experience for most ministers to see this layman handle the Greek Testament. He is the first layman to be president of the National Council. Many felt that the time had come when the fundamental faith of our Churches, that all their members are a royal priesthood, should be publicly recognized. Moreover, the exceptional assistance rendered to the life and development of the National Council by Messrs. Cadbury and the Society of Friends have longe deserved fuller acknowledgement."

At Oakland, Indiana, there is an example of the good resulting from the union of The Presbyterian Church and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. This is what a member says: "A weak Cumberland church and a somewhat stronger Presbyterian church are now one strong and perfectly harmonious church. Two old church buildings razed and a splendidly equipped modern church, more centrally located, stands instead. Beside a beautiful auditorium, with pipe organ, chapel, parlor, study, class rooms and large basement for amusements, we enjoy a well-equipped manse next to the church." Evangelistic meetings were held recently and this is the report: "The meetings were all that could possibly be expected from the first. In addition to well-attended services in the church in the afternoon, down-town meetings for the business men were held in stores and offices. Large crowds attended these meetings. Business men would lock their doors and attend with their clerks. As a result there have been added to the church fifty-seven members, fifty-two by profession. Every church in the town is reaping a rich reward from the seed sown. In this town of less than two thousand people no less than one hundred persons, mostly men, have been converted from sin unto righteousness." It is not possible, of course, to tell just what influence this union had in this result. But that it had considerable is beyond intelligent question.

""Have we a right to expect a revelation from the Creator, respecting Himself, His works, and His will?" We have no rights as such. His revelations are evidences of grace, and grace only. But we have such a revelation, and it has been unfolded through the ages as man was able to grasp it.

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE PROPAGANDA.

J. R. Knodell.

Nineteen hundred years before Christ, one of the Pharaohs sitting on the throne of Egypt issued an edict that every male child born of the Hebrews should be cast into the river Nile. This was a crime black and awful, and we shudder when we stop to think of the anguish it entailed. This crime was committed by a sovereign, at the head of the most enlightened people of the age. In extenuation it may be said, this horrid deed was precipitated away back in the world's twilight, and when slave life was very cheap. It has, however, been marked down by every historian as one of the most cruel fiats that ever came from the lips of an earthly ruler anywhere.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea, wise men came from the East inquiring where the new-born King of the Jews might be found. Herod the Great sat on the throne in Judea at that time. He heard of the inquiry, and, his jealous fears being aroused, he sought to discover the child to destroy him. Being defeated in this murderous purpose by the return of the wise men to their own land without giving him the information he asked, he determined to accomplish the child's destruction in another way. He accordingly sent out his soldiers and murdered all the male infants in the village of Bethlehem, from two years old and under, planning thus to destroy the heavenly child. This massacre of the Innocents has been marked against Herod the Great as the most cruel crime of his whole long, bloody reign. The only extenuation is that it was at a time when the world had fallen into the greatest moral corruption and when the common amusement of the day was the fierce cruelty of the bloody arena.

A Modern Instance of Greater Criminality.

While American citizens are shuddering over these bloody enactments of the half civilized rulers of two thousand and four thousand years ago, and condemning them as the most heartless butchers, it is without the faintest conception of the fact—and fact it is—that the American people, after two thousand years of the light of Christ, enjoying the highest civilization that the world has ever seen, are, by legal enactment, for a certain sum of money paid into the hands of the officers, the American States appoint to represent them, granting permission to a few hundred thousand of their citizens to gather from the homes of our people one hundred thousand boy babies every year, who shall be, by those privileged citizens, enticed into the ranks of the moderate drinkers, graduated into the army of drunkards, and before half their lives are lived, push them into drunkards' graves and consign them to the drunkard's hell. This is a crime before which that of Pharaoh and that of Herod the Great pale into insignificance.

The Liquor Traffic is a Crime.

A few months ago, there was born into an Oakland home two babies, a boy and a girl. One who saw that young mother—only twenty-three years old—bending over her treasures as they lay sleeping in the double baby-cab, said: "I never saw anything so beautiful or so holy." And we all say, Amen. The American Courts have spun about that girl baby strong laws that will forever protect her from the wiles of the procurer who will wait at the door of her home to seduce her from the path of sweet, pure young

womanhood to a life of shame and an early death of dishonor, and every right-minded American citizen will boil with indignation and be ready to string up to the nearest lamp-post such a dastardly wretch as would betray thus her young life. But her baby brother will grow up by her side; these same American citizens will enact laws to allow the saloon-keeper —the twin criminal of the procurer—to entice him into a life of drunkenness and consign him to an eternity of ruin. Who gave us the right to thus discriminate? Nay: we have no such right. Both the procurer and the saloon-keeper are criminals; and we are verily guilty in that either is allowed to carry on his traffic under protection of law.

Utility Says it is a Crime.

Three names are given to our activities: Business, Charity, Crime. Business has two characteristics, Service and Profit. Charity is all service and no profit. Crime is all profit and no service. Granting the classification—and who can successfully dispute it— where shall we place the traffic in strong drink? Who has ever been fitted to more faithfully perform his duties on earth by the saloon? Who believes there are any in heaven sent there by their alliance with the drink traffic? Surely we must assign this activity to the rank of those things which are all profit and no service— a Crime.

Reason Says it is a Crime.

Look at this traffic. Look at the barrenness of good in its best results. See how it unfits men for the performance of their ordinary duties. See how it makes cruel monsters of otherwise kindly men. See how it depreciates the character of men of the noblest mould. See how it changes the sweet promise of the marriage altar into the awful experiences of a drunkard's home. See how it debases young men from pure homes to become victims of lust only less awful than the women they lead into sin. All this, and a thousand more equally damaging charges that might be made, render it impossible for us to do other, if we act rationally, than to treat this traffic in strong drink as an awful crime. A crime it surely is.

Turn to Your Dictionary.

The Standard Dictionary defines a crime as "A grave offence against morality and social order." The Century Dictionary says a crime is "Any great wickedness or wrong-doing." Webster's Unabridged says it is "Any aggravated offence against morality or the public welfare.," If you would illustrate these definitions by the use of a concrete case, where would you find a better than the liquor traffic? What can be a more "grave offence against morality and social order" than the liquor saloon and the things that go on therein? President Roosevelt said, when he was Commissioner of Police in New York City and was face to face daily with the retail liquor saloon: "The liquor traffic tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and law-breaking among the saloon-keepers themselves." Dr. Henry Ostrom, one of our most earnest and successful workers among those who have fallen, and who stands in the front rank of those who are helping to purify the slums of our great cities, says: "To make saw-logs into lumber is a business, but to make boys into drunkards is a crime." In this utterance he bears out the Century Dictionary's definition that a crime is "any great wickedness or wrong-doing."

A Voice From on High.

William McKinley, one of the great men of our nation's life, and whose utterances were always worthy of the most earnest consideration, said: "The drink traffic is a great wrong." Again he said: "The liquor traffic is the most degrading and ruinous of all human pursuits. Every man who votes for license becomes of necessity a partner to the liquor traffic and all its consequences." Among the greatest men of earth stands Abraham Lincoln. His words were always weighty. Here is one of his utterances: "If it is a crime to make a counterfeit dollar, it is ten thousand times a worse crime to make a counterfeit man." This utterance was made when he was speaking of the retail traffic in ardent spirits.

Perhaps a quotation from the highest legal authority of our nation will be in place here. The Supreme Court of the United States says: "The traffic in strong drink is not one of the rights growing out of citizenship in the United States." Again, "There is no inherent right of a citizen thus to sell intoxicating liquors by retail. It is not a privilege of a citizen of the State or of a citizen of the United States." And again, "The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained in those retail liquor saloons than to any other source."

But the highest earthly authority in this land is the voice of the people themselves. That voice has spoken. One half of the actual territory of the United States is under some form of prohibition of this traffic. Thirty-two of the eighty millions of the people of the United States are living under some form of prohibitory enactment. This was brought about by the vote of the people themselves. If we add to those the votes of hundreds of thousands of others, in territory where their votes were not numerous enough to prevail, we can certainly conclude that a majority of the people of our land are firmly set against the criminal traffic. Here, then, is the most authoritative earthly voice for this land, and its declaration is that the traffic is criminal and must go.

But why dwell upon the words of any earthly people, court or individual. Four hundred years before Christ stood on the earth in mortal flesh, God spoke to mankind by the mouth of the prophet Habakuk, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also." Did we not see the shame and misery and defeat and degradation and death of the hundreds of thousands who die drunkards; and other and greater hundreds of thousands who have fallen with those drunken victims; and if the great and good of every century had not spoken against this traffic, this utterance of God alone would put the mark of Cain upon it and send it forth as the greatest vagabond and murderer ever found on the face of the earth.

Yet in fair California, in this Golden State by the Sunset Sea, we have a large number of our counties, a great majority of our people, and hundreds and hundreds of our cities granting to this arch criminal the privilege, for money consideration, of prostituting our girls and women, making drunkards of our boys and men, and bringing untold shame and sorrow upon thousands of our homes and loved ones therein.

Oh God! The Saloon tolerated! The Wonder of it!

A man never masters others until he has mastered his own appetites.

CHRISTIANTY IN JAPAN.

H. Loomis.

The one thing that has been especially prominent in the recent devedopment of Protestant Christianity in Japan has been the growing desire and purpose on the part of the Japanese Christians of conducting the work themselves and developing it along such lines as seemed to them best suited to the needs of the country.

Already the Congregationalists have assumed the entire control of their work, and the foreign missionaries are only assistants to the Japanese; and all of their churches which are entitled to recognition, or representation in the council of that body are required to be self supporting.

The same tendency to independence is not yet quite so strong in other bodies; nor has it reached the same stage. But since the Japanese have been able to conduct two wars to a successful issue, and at the same time retain their financial standing, it has led them to the conclusion that in religious matters also they are quite competent to have the direction in their own hands. That they are not unreasonable in their expectations is shown by the number of churches that are receiving no foreign assistance, and at the same time the extent of the evangelistic work and its encouraging results.

The spirit of union is also prevalent and making steady progress. It is a growing conviction in the minds of the Japanese Christians that the continuance of the diversity of sects which is found in other lands is not only unnecessary but evil; and so there is a general determination to avoid as far as possible any schisms in the body of Christ in Japan. The Presbyterians and Reformed branches have led in this move ment; the English and American Episcopalian churches are also united; and the Baptists have what may be called a federation.

For some years there has been a demand for union among the members of the different branches of the Methodist church. Such a movement has been very slow of consummation; and not until July last were the home authorities able to come to an agreement upon a plan for its accomplishment. That has now been settled; and not for Japan only, for it marks a step in the line of unity in other lands, and probably at home as well.

In the same line there was appointed at the last meeting of the Japan Branch of the Evangelical Alliance a committee for the consideration of the subject of a general union of all the various denominations who are connected with that body. Just what will be accomplished in this line it is impossible to tell; but no doubt a considerable reduction will be made in the number of Christian organizations in Japan.

An important and interesting question is what effect this state of affairs has on the spiritual life and activities of the native churches. It seems that no unprejudiced person can but see that the leaders, as well as the ordinanry members are taking up the responsibilities with commendable zeal and courage, and going forward on such lines as will bring about the most important results.

In the first place there is an increasing readiness to consecrate themselves and their means to the accomplishment of the work which has fallen upon their hands. In the last annual report of the churches the native Christians alone are credited with having contributed during the year ending about April 1st, 1906, a total sum of Yen 181.966 ($90.000). When the financial ability of the people is considered this is certainly a very large sum.

But in addition to the amount given for the support and extension of the work there is evidently much personal effort being put forth; and as a result there is now a deep religious interest in many places and converts are being rapidly multiplied. In how many places the work of the Holy Spirit is being manifest we are not able to say; but from present indications we look for large accessions to the churches in the near future, as well as a marked increase in the spiritual life and activities of the members. Many feel that a real awakening has begun, and that we are entering on an era of rapid development in the growth of vital Christianity in this land.

As a remarkable and unexpected result of the war there has been a marked increase among the people in the study of Christianity. During the conduct of the war the practical value of Christanity was so fully demonstrated that the nation may be said to have been impressed as never before with its power and value. Gen. Baron Kodama, Chief of the General Staff, is said to have remarked that for a long time he had been anxious about the welfare of the soldiers without being able to find any solution. When he investigated the work of the Army Y. M. C. A. he found that it had solved the problem. Before the Russo-Japanese war he doubted the efficiency of Christian soldiers in case of war with a Christian nation. But he had found that such fear was groundless.

From the beginning to the end the military authorities enthusiastically cooperated in making the work practical and effective| Some of the officers ~ave time and money to the work. General Oshima, the Military Governor of Manchuria, contributed 1,000 Yen $500) to continue the permanent Associations. The War Department has welcomed the decision of the Association to maintain permanent work at Fort Arthur, Liauyang and Tiehling, and offered free transportation on railways and transports for all secretaries and supplies. In Newchwang one bank manager promised at least 500 Yen for an Association building, and in Tientsin five firms are giving 50 Yen a month for the combined Church and Association work. Also in Dalny the city authorities and citizens have given several thousand Yen to church and other Christian enterprises.

In an address recently delivered in Yokahama by the Hon. S. Shimada of Tokyo, he made the statement that during the China—Japanese war the victories achieved were attended by the disgraceful reports of fraud and embezzlement on the part of the officials to whom was entrusted the holding and disbursement of the funds.

To obviate such conduct in the last war Christian men were selected to fill such places; and from the beginning to the end the administration was efficient and satisfactory.

He also said that whereas addresses on Christianity were but a few years ago unpopular among the pupils and teachers, now there is an urgent and universal demand for the same, and eager crowds attend them.

The relief that was given to the famine sufferers in the North by the Christian people in the United States and elsewhere made a deep impression upon the minds and hearts of the people and has been fol-

lowed by a spirit of inquiry in many places. In one little village the Head-men wrote that there were 174 wanting to know more about the Christian religion, and some were ready to be baptized. One of the missionaries in Sendai writes, "I have not seen the work in such a favorable condition since I came to Japan. In the last two months I have baptized about 100 persons. At one of the churches in Sendai we are having an extraordinary religious awakening. Some eighty have been added to the church within the last few months. There is new life in the churches; but we believe that this is but the beginning of a great movement that will reach over the entire country.

Reports of a religious awakening are coming from various places and different sections of the country. One missionary writes that during thirty-two years in Japan he has never before seen such a very marked wide hunger for soul food that shall give life more abundantly. At one church in Yokahama there are more than 70 inquirers; at another there have been 70 baptisms. At one church in Tokyo there were 78 additions; and at one at Tsuyama 76, and 126 inquirers at Maebashi. Sixty-one pupils at the Boys' School at Nagasaki have decided to become Christians, and 100 at Wakayama. These are but indications of the condition of things in other places.

The World's Student Convention is to meet in Tokyo on the 3rd of April, and will be opened by an address by Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of New York. More than 500 delegates are expected, and no doubt a very deep impression will be made| Following the Convention there will be a visitation of the various educational centres of Japan by delegation and thus the influence of the movement will be disseminated to various parts of the country. In the present attitude of the young men of Japan towards Christianity the field seems especially fitted for such a religious campaign. It is not too much to say, "As goes the schools of Japan so goes Japan."

The Willamette Valley Chautaqua Association has been reorganized in the last few months, and now this work has progressed far enough so that the Secretary and General Manager, Mr. Harvey E. Cross, is ready to make the announcement for the season of 1907. The Assembly will open this year on July 9th, at Gladstone Park, and among other prominent speakers it is expected that Stanley L. Krebs, of Chicago, Lecturer on Psychology, the noted cartoonist, Frank S. Regan, Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, and Rev. Dr. Waters, pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be present. All the speakers who appear here will aso appear at the Chautauqua Assembies at Long Beach, Cal., Pacific Grove, Cal., and Asheland, Oregon.

The State Sunday School Convention will be held in Fresno next week, April 10-12. The people of Fresno have arranged for the entertainment of all delegates.

The graduation exercises at Pacific Theological Seminary will be held at 10:30 next Thursday. The Rev. Dr. W. C. Evans will give an address.

Among the Churches.

Fresno, First.—Eighteen persons were welcomed into membership at the recent communion service.

Pasadena, First.—Seventy-five were received at the last communion service, thirty-five uniting on confession of faith.

Los Angeles, Bethany.—To meet the needs of the growing Sunday-school a new room is demanded and will be built soon.

St. Helena.—The reports at the recent annual meeting showed all the current expenses met. The Sunday-school has a Home Department of 114.

Los Angeles.—The Highland Park congregation of which the Rev. Dr. Berry is in charge has arranged for Sunday afternoon services in the "Christian" church.

Long Beach.—Foundations have been laid for the new Presbyterian church at Long Beach, which will cost about $55,000. It will be of concrete blocks, stone and brick, and in English Gothic style. The designs indicate a beautiful and a thoroughly up-to-date edifice.

Santa Paula.—The Santa Paula Chronicle says that the members of the Presbyterian Church are looking forward to great things for the church under the leadership of the new pastor, Rev. Mr. Steele, and that the unity and harmoniuos relations warrant such a hope.

Oakland.—The Rev. O. E. Hart of the Centennial Presbyatrian Church is active in a movement for arrangements for a Sunday-school Children's Day in Oakland. A feature of the day would be a parade along the streets, the children carrying flowers and singing songs. The mayor will be asked to set aside a part of a day for such a parade.

Pasadena.—A movement is well along to federate the church clubs of this city which have a membership of nearly 1000. The federation will hold an annual meeting—in all probability an around-the-table meeting. This union will not interfere with the individuality of the clubs. Each will carry on its own work as usual; but the federation will open up the way for cooperant action.

Azusa.—The Rev. C. F. Richardson, who has been acting as supply for several months, has been called to the permanent pastorate. The Azusa local paper says: "Mr. Richardson came here, after serving important pastorates in Ogden, Utah, and Great Falls, Mont., and later as superintendent of Home Missions for the state of Montana, which place he filled for nearly five years, and on resigning came as temporary supply to this church. Since coming here the church has made progress in many directions. Twenty-five new members have been received, twelve by letter and fifteen by confession. The Sunday-school rooms and the study of the church have been thoroughly renovated, painted, and new rugs furnished; and the grounds around the church have been improved, and have as neat and pretty an appearance as

any property in the town. Other plans and improvements and additions for the interior of the church are also being considered for the coming year. Although this church met with considerable losses through the organization of the church at Covina last spring, yet it has now about 175 members, and with the prospect of once more having a permanent pastor, the church is much encouraged and has a bright future."

Red Bluff.—Under the leadership of Rev. James Henry Sharpe, the Red Bluff church has closed one of the best years in her history. Marked advances were reported in all of the societies of the church, especially along the work of benevolences which were 50 per cent greater than last year and nearly 10 per cent greater than any previous year. The membership made increase in keeping with the rest of the work though we would that it were far greater. We think that we can see a growth of spirituality, too, during the year. Death invaded our ranks, but not as much as in some former times. Among those taken, was "Father" Mayhew, who, though not identified with us recently, so long labored as pastor of this church. During Holy Week Rev. Charles Gordon Paterson, of San Anselmo, was with us for five evenings. His theme was "The Living Christ," and we received a great spiritual uplift from his earnest words. His topics were: "Christ, Living and Present," "The Deity of Christ," "Realizing the Presence of Christ," "Surrender to Christ," and "The World's Need of Christ." Probably never in the history of the local church was the subject so forcibly, earnestly, and logically, as well as clearly and simply presented. Large congregations listened in rapt attention to this master of language as he told plainly and reverently the story of The Christ. The session has decided that Thanksgiving and Holy Week each year shall be devoted to such meetings. We enter upon a new year with prayer for God's presence and a realizing of the presence of the Living Christ.

BENICIA PRESBYTERIAL.

The 18th annual meeting of Benicia Presbyterial was held in Petaluma, Thursday, March 28th. The weather was most auspicious and as a result many delegates were assembled to enjoy the gracious hospitality of the Petaluma laides, as well as to listen to a most interesting program along missionary lines.

The reports from the various secretaries were excellent, showing advancement both by more interest in the work and by increased gifts over the entire Presbytery.

The treasurer, Mrs. Mitchell, reported the total receipts for foreign work to be: $966.90; for home work, $851.80; Freemen, $109.75; giving as a total increase over last year $100. This report was particularly gratifying in view of the disaster of a year ago, which had affected some of the churches most seriously.

The guests and speakers for the day were listened to with great interest. Mrs. Alice Fish Moffet gave an inspiring account of her work in Korea, speaking especially on the work for the women, comparing the lives and the homes of the native women after accepting the Christian faith with their more primitive heathen condition. The transformation of these women and the wonderful growth of the work in Korea seemed almost miraculous.

Miss Groseth from China and a worker in the Evangelical Lutheran church told in an interesting manner of the work being accomplished at her station, 1,000 miles inland.

Miss Boyce, from the Synodical Society, demonstrated the mission study class work, which will bear fruit in the future, judging from the interest shown in her talk.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, and the Presbyterial is to be congratulated upon having the services of such efficient women: President, Mrs. T. F. Day; vice-president, Mrs. J. S. Mac Donald; foreign secretary, Mrs. T. F. Burnham; home secretary, Mrs. W. M. Sutherland; young people's secretary, Mrs. A. W. Robertson; assistant young people's secretary, Miss E. A. Tomlinson; secretary of literature, Mrs. W. H. Landon; Freedmen secretary, Mrs. Robt. Crichton; box work, Mrs. Williams; baby band secretary, Mrs. Ralph Cassidy; treasurer, Mrs. Jas. Mitchell; mission study classes, Mrs. Geo. Graham; missionary correspondent, Mrs. C. H. Fish.

After expressing hearty thanks to the Petaluma ladies for their hospitality the meeting was adjourned to meet in San Rafael a year hence.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Landon went to Los Gatos on Thursday, March 28, to assist Mr. Fraser that evening in special Passion Week services. He spoke on the events connected with the institution of the Lord's Supper and then administered the communion to a large congregation. This evening gathering of believers in Christ not only from this congregation but from other congregations in the place at the Lord's table was very impressive. Mr. Fraser was assisted in the other services of the week by Rev. Mr. McOuilken, Dr. Gilchrist and Dr. Dinsmore of San Jose, Rev. Mr. De Camp of Wrights and Mr. Arthur Fruhling, a student in the Seminary, who is a member of this church. These meetings have proved very helpful to the church.

Prof. Wicher has planned a somewhat strenuous life for the two weeks following the close of the Seminary year. On the last Sabbath in April he preaches in the First Church of Tacoma. That week he is to deliver three lectures before the Sunday-school teachers of Tacoma. The same week he is to address the students of the State University in Seattle. The first Sunday in May he will preach in Vancouver, British Columbia, and that week will deliver several lectures at the Synod of British Columbia in New Westminster. Later in July, Prof. Wicher is also to deliver a course of five or six lectures at the Federate School of Theology in Berkeley, his theme being "The Social Gospel."

Rev. Arthur H. Barnhisel, '97, pastor of the First Church, Tacoma, Wash., has consented to deliver the annual commencement address. Commencement occurs this year on April 25th.

Prof. Paterson reports very interesting and profitable services during Passion Week at Red Bluff, where he preached every night for Rev. James H. Sharpe, '05. The services began in the lecture room, but before the week ended the auditorium of the

church was filled. Mr. Sharpe has taken a strong hold upon the entire community.

Easter services at San Anselmo were more largely attended than ever before. It was necessary to bring in chairs to accomodate the congregation. A large chorus choir under the leadership of Mr. Charles Campbell of the Junior Class had charge of the music. Dr. Landon preached on "Proclaiming the Resurrection."

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO IN ITS NEW AUDITORIUM.

The largest congregation which has assembled in any church in San Francisco since the earthquake and fire last April worshipped in the auditorium of the First Congregational Church last Sunday morning. Seven weeks before the church met for the first time in the new building—in the lecture room in the basement. Last Sunday it moved up higher and worshipped in an attractive auditorium which seats 1,100 persons, and a few chairs were brought in to accomodate the large attendance.

Very appropriate was the responsive reading in the first part of the service: "Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks. For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

It was Easter Sunday, and the prayer of the pastor was that all might have a full realization of the fact that it was Christ's resurrection on that glorious morning of old that had made possible all that they there enjoyed.

The topic on which Dr. Adams spoke very briefly was "A visible Resurrection;" and the passage of scripture in connection therewith was from the seventh chapter of Ecclesiastes: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?"

The thought was that we are living in San Francisco in a glorious time; that out of its disaster, out of the corruption which had so scandalized it, the city was arising into a better life; and the appeal to all was to look in humble dependence to God for that help which would make that day the date of a deeper, broader more spiritual life.

The new building, in which the First Church starts once more to make itself as of old a great influence for righteousness in the city, and more widely, has been constructed and furnished at a cost of $73,000. Of the amount needed to meet this cost $29,000 was received from insurance, and $28,000 from aid given by friends all over the country. The pastor stated Sunday morning that $8,500 were needed in order that the edifice might be dedicated without indebtedness, and $6,100 were pledged on cards at that service.

Unlike the old building, the new one is well-lighted by the light of the day, there being on each side two rows of amber-glass windows, five in each row; and in addition, windows in the roof and in the gallery at the front. The new pipe organ is a beautiful one, and in quality such as to delight the ear and heart of Mr. Mayer who will finish in May his 35th year of service in the capacity of organist.

Worthy of note is the fact that the sign on the corner of the church never came down; it remained there in and through the shock of the earthquake and the devastation by fire, and all through the months of reconstruction, marking the site of a church of God, designating the denomination to which it belonged, a mute declaration of the fact that "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." A few days ago the sign was taken down and repainted; but as a living record of that through which it had passed in those trying experiences of last April two broken blackened places on the edges were left untouched.

In order that the reconstructed building may not be out of harmony with the buildings which are being built thereabouts with material entirely new, a coat of plaster has been put on the walls that are exposed to view.

Arrangements are being made for the dedication of the new edifice on Thursday afternoon, April the 18th. The sermon will be given by Dr. Adams, the pastor; the Rev. Dr. Meserve will give the dedicatory prayer; the Rev. C. R. Brown will come with greetings from the fellowship of the churches and other San Francisco pastors will have participation.

A SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

(From the California Christian Advccate.)

Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is against the "Jim Crow" car for Missouri. He goes on to say, "it seems to me that in the providence of God the two races have been thrown together and it is in every way desirable that a mutual understanding and reciprocal good will should characterize the religion subsisting between them." Not long since President Kilgo of Trinity College, North Carolina, addressed the alumni of that college at an annual banquet given in New York. In that address he took occasion to say some things which clearly show that the South is tired of the leadership of such race-haters as Tillman and Vardaman. He says "the working South is tired of the old type of leader. It wants a leadership that will express its faiths and its hopes and its sympathies. Never before was there felt throughout the South by worthy men in every line of work a deeper humiliation than that recently provoked by the rough and sectional utterances of Senator Tillman in the United States Senate. And never did the South more earnestly long for a Southern leader like Lamar or Hill or Vance to rebuke in its name this antiquated voice of strife. Forever has the day passed when the builders of the South will applaud the voice of strife, when they will have pleasure in sectional hatreds, and when they will admire the demagogue."

These are strong words from this one of the most enlightened Southern educators. It is evident that he does not train with the old leadership of the South. President Kilgo was the fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1904, held in Los Angeles. His address on that occasion was one of the most effective ever delivered by the fraternal representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The prediction is a bold one but we venture to make it: The time is not a generation in the future when every commonwealth in the South which has disfranchised the colored voters will be heartily ashamed of the subterfuge by which that end was accomplished. The South knows the African race as the North does not know it. The South has a conscience and sooner or later that conscience will find expression in fair play. The voice of such men as Kilgo, as Tuttle, proclaim the presence of a higher and nobler feeling in the heart of the intelligent South.

This silenced but higher sentiment is finding expression here and there over the South. The proposed amendment of the constitution of Maryland was defeated. Dr. Kilgo says plainly "there is a great unknown South. It is not a talking South, but a working South. If one would know it, he must go away into the fields, where sturdy farmers are making things grow out of the dirt, he must go into the forests where mills are putting out millions of lumber, he must go back into the mountains and see the miners, he must go into stores and banks and factories, and there he will find a busy South of which he has heard little and about which he knows little." Booker Washington says: "I do not believe that race hatred in the South is on the increase. There is more talk recently, but one will find that in ninety-nine communities out of every hundred there is peace and harmony and a friendly interest on the part of the whites toward the blacks. I will never allow any man to drag me down by making me hate him."

The people of the North must be patient with the South until they themselves show a better, a more generous, a more hospitable, race spirit. The North and the South should give the African a fair chance to make an honest intelligent man of himself and social questions will take care of themselves. See how California has behaved herself in the presence of a few Chinese and again in the presence of the Japanese! California should move out of her glass house before she throws any stones toward the South. There are only a few Chinese and a few Japanese on the Pacific Coast while there are fully 10,000,000 of negroes in the South. We do not believe California or the South will make any headway by repression. There is only one solvent for all these race problems: The grace of the Lord.

Suppose it is true as we recently heard a Southern lecturer say, that the Saxons are destined to rule the world. We do not concede that such a presupposition is correct. The Saxon will lead the world by no inherent dominant right. That is a dream without even substance of which dreams are made. The Saxon will rule while he is broad, generous, and noble. If he adopts a policy of social despotism or repression of any kind he will fall to the rear. Tyranny, neither social nor civil, can permanently rule this world. He must be stronger in moral fiber, clearer in mental vision, more constructive in policy than any other people in order to maintain his leadership.

SAN FRANCISCO'S SCOURGE.

The duty of every true citizen in this great city is to stand firmly and sympathetically by the district attorney and his able assistants. The revelations of the last week have overwhelmed the city and the state. That every member of the Board of Supervisors has confessed that he has taken bribes to nearly if not quite $10,000 is amazing. This is a tremendous victory for conscience and righteousness. We confess that we do not know why these offenders should not be hurled headlong from the places of authority they have so thoroughly disgraced, but in a time like this we think it best to thoroughly trust the men who have done so much to redeem the city from its terrible condition. These attorneys and judges have deemed it wise to grant immunity for these self-confessed bribe takers and they know what is involved in the step they have taken. The community can afford to trust them and rally to their support. Hercules and his stables will scarcely be worth mentioning on the same day with these men who have decided to clean San Francisco. The city has been robbed and looted right and left. It would be a great thing if every one of these grafters and bribers and bribe-takers were put into the penitentiary. The scourge is not earthquake, not fire, but vice, swarming, creeping, breeding, reeking, tainting, polluting and corrupting the whole city. The traffic in vice has been something beyond all conception. The saloons and the saloon politics have wrought out the most gigantic systems of fraud and political corruption discovered within the history of the United States. The end is not yet. This investigation shows the power of the right when in the hands of a determined set of men. There should be everywhere a quiet, sustaining sentiment. Every true citizen should stand four-square. Speak up for righteousness. Speak straight to your neighbor. Warm his lukewarm and vascillating judgment. Defend the officers who are fighting this battle almost alone. Be sure that the forces of evil are busy corrupting public sentiment. It is the duty of every Christian man, who loves his home, his city, his state, and his country to defend and in every manly way uphold the officers of the law in this tremendous battle for civic righteousness. To fail is to plunge a thousand fathoms deeper into the inextricable vortex of crime. It is good to pray, it is also good to fight. Stand by the colors. Do not allow any opportunity to speak a word for civic righteousness to pass unimproved. Upon the issues of this bttle depend the future of our city. This is no time for flimsiness, weakness, moral cowardice, apologies of any sort. Speak up, and speak quickly and hotly for a clean city. The issue is clearly and sharply defined. He that is not with San Francisco is against it.

IMMORTALITY.

To a brother who asks my opinion as to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures concerning what immediately awaits believers after death, I would answer that three things seem to be graciously assured:

First, continued conscious existence. This tremendous fact is constantly affirmed or assured in the New Testament. The promise of our Lord to his fellow sufferer on the cross meant this, according to any fair interpretation of the gracious words.

Second, where Jesus, is there shall his disciples be also. To be with Him, said the apostle Paul, was "far better" than anything this life could offer. To be "with Him;" to "know even as we are known;" to see, "not through a glass darkly, but face to face"—this is the promise. "Where He is, there shall we be also." That will be the place "prepared for them that love Him," and it will be good enough.

Third, we may remember that to a "spiritual body" distance presents no formidable obstacle to intercourse. In our "Father's house are many mansions," and his children shall have the freedom of them all.

Summarily: We shall continue to exist; we shall be with our Lord; the body "sown in weakness" shall "be raised in power." We can wait for fuller disclosures.—Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald in Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen.

The Home.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
  And then accept my prayer;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
  For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
  Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
  Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do the thing that's right;
  And when I stray, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
  To serve thee while I live.

—Jane Taylor, in Herald and Presbyter.

ON THOUGHTFULNESS.

Not long ago a friend came in to see me on a matter of business, one who was usually prompt in her appointments, but who that morning was an hour late. She looked excited when she appeared, and, dropping into a Morris chair in the living room, throwing back her head as if exhausted, she exclaimed: "Well, I did not know as I should be able to get here at all. I have missed my appointment in Boston and almost gave up coming out here. I am all used up with excitement and loss of sleep. I think thoughtlessness is one of the sins of this age."

"Do tell me what is the matter," I asked, and, turning to my daughter, I said, "Please get a cup of tea for Mrs. Smith; she is all tired out."

"What has happened?" I asked again.

"O my blessed Kate gave me such a fright yesterday. I haven't gotten over it yet. She went up from the shore and out to Lowell to spend the night with May Douglass, one of her old friends, you know, and I was to come up and meet her in Boston this morning. Well, about eight o'clock I received a telegram which I wanted to send at once to Kate. So I went to a long distance telephone and called up the Douglasses, only to find that Kate had not been there. I was surprised, but I thought at once that possibly May had met Kate and they had gone to see one of her other friends before going to May's home. So I called up, one after the other, three of her friends, but neither one had seen her or knew she was in town. By that time I was pretty much worried. I hardly knew what to do. I began to question as to whether Kate might have met with some accident and had never reached Lowell. I sat for a while debating what I should do. Then I telephoned to my sister, who lives there, thinking that possibly something unforeseen had happened and Kate had gone there, although nothing had been said about it. But my sister had neither seen her nor heard from her.

"I was in distress, as you may imagine, to know where my child was. After a half hour or so I telephoned again to the Douglasses, and this time found Mrs. Douglass at home. She told me that a young friend of Kate's and May's—of whom I had not thought—had asked them both to her house for dinner and had met Kate at the train and taken her for a long drive first. They would be back about ten o'clock, she said. My mind was relieved, but my nerves were so on edge and I was so upset that I felt really ill, could eat no dinner, and got no sleep until nearly morning. Now, that was sheer thoughtlessness on Kate's part.

"It was just what most girls would have done, I suppose, but how easy it would have been for her to have telephoned me from the station of her change of plan and so saved me all that intense anxiety. I have told her always to let me know where she was when away from home, as it might often be necessary for me to communicate with her."

Mrs. Smith had given me this experience so hurriedly I had done nothing but listen. When she had finished I remarked that Kate, I presumed, was perfectly innocent this morning of having caused her any anxiety.

"Of course," replied Mrs. Smith, "she said it never occurred to her to send me word. She did not remember what I had told her and did not think of me at all. This thoughtlessness I often feel is her one fault. At least," she added, smiling, "the one her mother sees."

There was surely, as I knew, no mother more proud of a daughter, nor one who found more comfort in a daughter, than did this same mother.

"Let me tell you," said Mrs. Smith, "what she did a few weeks ago. It was Saturday morning, and Kate had planned to go off to the woods in the afternoon with four of her friends, and was going to take a noon dinner with one of them. She asked me if she might have them all to supper, and I said yes. I did not see any reason why she shouldn't, and after a little added, 'You'll let me know if they will come.' So the child went off never remembering to send me any word at all.

"We prepared a nice supper for seven, but I did not know until those five girls appeared at nearly six o'clock whether there would be seven or only three here that night. That is another instance of thoughtlessness,."

"There is indeed much of it," I said, " and I don't know but you are right in calling it one of the sins of the age. For instance, this happened the other day: I went in to Mrs. Tyler's on an errand Saturday afternoon about five o'clock to find her all upset over the thoughtlessness of her Sue. She had been out when Sue came in from town with three of her friends, and they had gone out into the kitchen to make fudge. The cook was half sick and had just managed to finish her Saturday cleaning; but, of course, Sue 'didn't think.' The girls often do make candy there, you know, and often without making a muss, but this time it seems everything went wrong and things boiled over on the stove, and when Mrs. Tyler got home everything was in a horrid muss and the kitchen had to be cleaned all over again when it was time to begin the dinner preparations. Of course, if Sue had only thought the girls could have had a jolly time in the living room just as well. Now do drink your tea and be refreshed."

"Well, thank you; it looks delicious," replied my friend, "but I do wish we could cure our girls of this habit and teach them to be thoughtful."

"The girls aren't the only offenders, either. My small boys," I confessed, "put me to a good deal of embarrassment often by bringing in their friends and asking, right before them, whether they may stay to luncheon or dinner. One doesn't like to appear inhospitable, but it is sometimes most inconvenient to invite them."

"Yes, I know," responded Mrs. Smith. "I have had

just such experiences. Well, we have a good many lessons to teach, all the time, to our children, but perhaps we have neglected to teach them the beauty of thoughtfulness."—Ex.

The Quiet Hour.

HORIZONS.

"Whither?" I asked of the laughing child,
As he danced along by some dream beguiled.
"Nay, hinder me not," was his eager call,
"For Fairyland lies just over the wall!"

"Whither?" I asked of the stalwart youth.
As he jostled the throng without pause or ruth.
"Who climbs to yon mountains topmost rim,
El Dorados there are awaiting him!"

"Whither?" I questioned the aged saint,
Wayfarer still, though bent and faint,
"I follow the light of yon setting star,
And beyond, where the loved of the Homeland are!"

HIS STAR.

"We have seen His star."—Matt. ii: 2.

The star was a thing for which Nature had no use. It served no physical purpose. It was superfluous so far as secular need is concerned; there was no place for it in the merely natural sky. That is the reason the wise men believed it to be supernatural. Its light gave no help to the present world; they said: "It must have a function in some other world."

And this is precisely how we reason in our moments of premonition. We see something very beautiful for which we can find no earthly purpose; and we say: "It must have a purpose elsewhere; we have seen the light of an undawned day." What, for example, is the mundane use of poetry? Does it help the development of the world? To the business man it is rather a hindrance; it tends to make him unpractical. To the schoolboy it is a retardation; it makes him dream when he should be studying; you cannot see the beauties of "Paradise Lost" at the same time that you are parsing it. To the dispenser of charity it is a barrier—real sorrow seems so prosaic compared with ideal sorrow. Whence then has it come—seeing that earthly need has not created it! It is one of the grapes of Eschol. It is not an evolution; it is a premonition. For any time-purpose it might be called a useless organ; but its use is coming. It tells us that we are preparing for something ideal—for a Christ who is "fairer than the children of men," for an "Altogether Lovely," for a presence "without blemish and spot;" in poetry "we have seen His star." Or, what is the temporal use of remorse for an irremediable past! Measured by the time standard, it is a weakling of energy. Great crimes are punished by law, great vices are put down by society; these are really effective pieces of mechaanism. But what purpose is to be served by the gnawing at my heart of a poignant pain for a past which has vanished!

There is none now; but it is coming. This gnawing pain is useless here; but it will be satisfied by and by—when my evil shall work out good, when my dark deeds shall open God's door, when the sin that made Christ's Calvary shall lead up to Olivet. The cry for a reversed past is useless now; but it will be answered in the day when "the wrath of man shall praise him" Him; of that day we have seen the star.

I thank thee, O Lord, that there are things in this world which this world does not need. I thank Thee that there are things called unpractical—unusable. It is from these I get my hope; they are my "star." Other things give me earthly riches—the gold and the frankincense and the myrrh; but the star gives me my Christ. My finest treasures are in this world bound in a napkin. My dreams disqualify me; my star-gazing strands me. I seem to be only on the road to a manger—a place where inferior intelligences dwell. So I am, if this world were all. Why hast Thou suffered the boy to see castles in the fire when he ought to be studying his map! Why hast Thou permitted the youth to see stars above his ledger when he ought to be studying his figures? Why hast Thou allowed the maiden to dream of romantic beauties which domestic life will never yield? Why hast Thou caused Matthew to forget the count of his tax-gathering in a vision of loveliness? Why hast Thou made Peter drop his fishing-rod for a call that could bring no bread? Why hast Thou sent Nicodemus a night dream that makes him less successful with the world by day? Oh! it is all the star—the star of Bethlehem! It is because in the great world to which I go these powers disused of earth will be all the vogue. It is to ripen me for Thy riches, to train me for Thy treasures, to fit me for Thy fullness, to leaven me for Thy light. I thank Thee, O Lord, that, amidst the many constellations whose path I can trace there is revealed to me at moments one orbitless star.—George Matheson.

Young People.

THE TWO SIDES OF IT.

There was a girl who always said
  Her fate was very hard;
From the one thing she wanted most
  She always was debarred.
There always was a cloudy spot
  Somewhere within her sky;
Nothing was ever quite right,
  She used to say and sigh.

And yet her sister, strange to say,
  Whose lot was quite the same,
Found something pleasant for herself
  In every day that came.
Of course things tangled up sometimes
  For just a little while;
But nothing ever stayed all wrong,
  She used to say, and smile.

So one girl sighed and one girl smiled
  Through all their lives together.
It didn't come from luck or fate;
  From clear or cloudy weather.
The reason lay within their hearts,
  And colored all outside;
One chose to hope and one to mope
  And so they smiled and sighed.

-Priscilla Leonard.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

A twelve-year-old girl was once traveling in a railway coach with her father. It was one of those raw and gloomy days when there was a general feeling of

uncomfortableness. There was a crying baby on the train, and a cross old lady, who found herself sitting in a draught from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back. A passenger had left his bag in the aisle, and the trainman, stumbling over it, kicked it and muttered ugly words under his breath. A woman asked about the next station so many times that the conductor growled it out and slammed the door as he left for the next coach.

The girl had just asked her father a question. It was this: "What is unconscious influence?" Her father began to study how he could answer her. It was a very hard thing to define. Just then a young man came into the car. He was evidently a traveling man. He shook off the rain and the sleet from his overcoat and looked pleasantly round on the company. He spoke cordially to the trainman and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag, which she could not put in the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He grinned gleefully at the baby and its anxious mother, as if a crying baby was not the least disturbance in the world. He did not seem to have the least idea how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man by the open window put it down, and the old lady who had felt the rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly. A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby, which made it willing to sit on the seat while its mother rested. The passenger put his bag where people would not stumble over it, and the trainman and conductor grew very gracious. The girl had been taking it all in.

"What a nice young man," she said.

"Yes," answered her father, "he has been exerting an influence of which he was not conscious, and everybody in the car has felt it."—A. P. Hodgson.

MARKS OF MANHOOD.

A boy of seventeen was enthusiastically swinging a pair of Indian clubs. His bright, healthy face was fairly crimson with the strengthening tonic. Eagerness to excel in physical power was evident in every movement of his magnificently developed muscles.

"Some day you will be a man," remarked a fellow student, with something of a sneer in his tone.

"I'm that already," responded the youth sharply. "Look at my muscles."

He drew up his arm till the muscles stood in corded heaps upon it.

The other smiled satirically. "That isn't the mark of a man," he said at length, "but of a brute."

A bitter retort rushed to the young athlete's lips, but he thought better of it and withheld it. Moreover, the other's expression, "but of a brute," had impressed him strangely.

By dint of hard training he succeeded in "making" the football team. He fairly reveled in the rough practice. Priding himself upon his physical prowess, he rushed into the practice games with the reckless, unreasoning energy of a bull into an arena. He employed every possible trick and turn to outwit his opponents.

It is needless to relate that he became a popular idol—so popular, indeed, that he was now superior to study. The scars and scratches and bruises won in the mad scrambles after a senseless pigskin were regarded by him as marks of manhood. His companions said so; the great daily newspapers said so; enthusiastic men and women everywhere approved of and applauded the great game, calling players "conquering heroes."

It never occurred to the young giant that he could be maimed and wounded like many who were borne off the field; but his day of disaster came at last. There was a furious rush for the goal. Players collided with players. Centre rushes, half-backs, left tackles, right tackles mingled in mad melee. In a twinkle the muscular medal-winner was down. The others piled on him with crushing weight. In the fierce scramble to rise, his right leg snapped midway between the knee and ankle-joint. A few moments later he was borne off the field white-faced, biting his lips to stifle the cry of pain which involuntarily sought expression. Few who had praised the powerful centre-rush thought to pity the fallen champion. They thought only of the lost game, and bewailed the loss of prestige which it had entailed.

During the weeks—the long, weary weeks—of his confinement to bed, the young athlete spent much time in serious reflection, and one day when the student who had taunted him in the gymnasium about his strength came to see him, he turned wearily on his couch, and remarked: "Well, Brookshire, you were right. Mere muscular manhood is a mark of the brute. I have decided to make other marks. I'm going to make some mental and moral marks. Also," he added after a moment, "I've thought of the marks mentioned by the great apostle when he said: 'I bear about my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.' I do not believe they were marks of strife, but of sacrifice and service."

And the athlete did find it so. He developed at last into a well-rounded man, as muscular of mind and morals, of spirit and soul, as he was of body.—Kind Words.

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Jesus, thou hast been the same;
Through our own life's chequered pages,
Still the one dear changeless name.
Well may we in Thee confide,
Faithful Savior, proved and "TRIED!"

Joyfully we stand and witness
Thou art still today the same;
In thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim.
Chiefest of ten thousand Thou!
Savior, O most "PRECIOUS," now!

Gazing down the far forever,
Brighter glows the one sweet Name,
Steadfast radiance, paling never,
Jesus, Jesus! still the same.
Evermore "thou shalt endure."
Our own Savior, strong and "SURE!"
—Selected.

LITTLE TANGLES.

Once upon a time there was a great king, who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and woof and patterns were also given by the king, and he looked for diligent work-people. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send for him and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures — the silks were tangled and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered around the child and said:

"Tell us how it is that you are always so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"So we do night and morning," they replied.

"Ah!" said the child; "but I send directly I have a little tangle."—Great Thoughts.

Blessed is the man who in the midst of trials is contented not to know. Not least among the heroes of the war were the men who were in the ships, listening for and obeying the commands of the officers, hearing the noise of battle and having more than a full share of its risks, but for whom, because they were deep down in the engine-room, there was none of the excitement of vision. Such must often be our Christian obedience, knowing but in part, and yet obeying cheerfully in faith and patience and good assurance that the end is victory through Christ.

If seeing the invisible object of our faith would make it more real to us, ours is only a half-faith.

In the matter of faith, "half a loaf is better than no bread"; indeed, it soon grows into a whole loaf.

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HER NAME.

"I'm losted! could you find me please?"
Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,
I stooped and lifted her with ease,
And softly whispered, "May be!"

"Tell me your name, my little maid,
I can't find you without it."
"My name is just 'Shiny Eyes!'" she said.
"Yes, but your last?" She shook her head,
"Up to my house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't oo hear me tell oo?
Dust 'Shiny Eyes!'" she said.
"Yes, when you're good, but when they blame
You, little one, is't just the same
When mama has to scold you?"

"My mama never scolds," she moans,
(A little blush ensuing,)
'Cept when I' been a-frowin' stones,
An' then she says, (the culprit owns)
'Mehitable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a-doing?'"
—Selected.

Speak not evil of the absent; it is unjust.

When another speaks be attentive yourself and disturb not the audience.

Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.

To persevere in duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

FAILURE IN CHRISTIAN WORK.

History scarcely furnishes us another instance of such utter failure, judged by human standards, as that of the prophet Jeremiah. He was not able to persuade the people to do anything that God wanted them to do. Shall we pronounce Jeremiah a failure? If so, Noah goes into the same class. Pronounce no man either a success of a failure until God has been heard from. Jeremiah was not the only man who offended man in obeying God.

The lighthouse on a dangerous coast which is kept burning at its best every night, from dark till daylight, is not a failure though every careless sea captain runs his vessel on the rocks. God counts that man a success who goes at his bidding, whether or not men are willing to listen to his voice.

Yet Christians are very apt to become disheartened in doing the humdrum duties of the Christian life. I heard a faithful Christian woman say in prayer meeting one evening that she had often felt that her testimony did not amount to anything. Year after year she had witnessed for Christ, but had seen no results; and she had been tempted to let it drop out as something that would not be missed. And I heard a weary class leader say that he felt like giving up his class unless he could see something more than a routine of songs and prayers and testimonies week after week. What is the value of these routine Christian duties?

Soldiers at the tap of the drum are brought out early every morning to roll call. Just a roll call—nothing more. No fighting is required of them at such times; they do not even wear their arms and accouterments. No other duties are laid upon them; they just stand up straight in line, clothes clean, shoulder to shoulder, and answer to their names; that is all.

Just a roll call. The names are called one by one, and each man answers, "Present."

What if a soldier should say, "I am tired of the monotony of this roll call every morning; nothing comes of it; I shall not be missed; I will stay away."

Why, they would send an officer at once to his tent to see if he were sick or dead. It would be an unheard-of proceeding; an utter violation of military discipline. Everything depends on his answering "Present" every morning. It is only thus that the general knows whether he has an army or not. All he can depend on are those who are present at roll call every morning. Those in the hospital, or on furlough, or absent without leave do not count in the army.

"Present" —"Present" —"Present" morning after morning means everything.

"Present" for service when service is required. Ready for any emergency that may arise; and emergencies arise without warning in the army.

"Present" for battle when the day of battle comes. Arms bright, cartridge box full, gun loaded, ready for defense or advance whenever the order is given.

And if it should fall to the lot of a soldier, as it may, although it seldom does, to do little else than answer "Present" every morning, year after year, he has done his duty—all that his country required—and his faithful attendance at roll call will not fail of its reward.

And the man who has stood in his place in the church year after year to answer, "Here am I," will never know how much good he has accomplished until God's books are opened. Then it will appear that there is no such thing as failure to the man who has done his duty. Duty done leaves an impress on the soul which is its own reward, though no effects may be produced on others.—Henry Graham, D.D., in Old Truths Newly Illustrated.

A GRIN OR A FROWN.

Sister measured my grin one day;
  Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
  One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheshire cat," said she,
  Father said, "That's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
  Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
  Trying to trim it down.
Mother said, "Better three-inch grin,
  Than a little half-inch frown!"

Little Roger had gone into the country for the first time, and his grandfather had taken him out to see a colt.

"There, Roger," said the old gentleman, "did you ever see such a little horse as that?"

Roger never had, and his eyes shone; but there was one drawback.

"What's the matter with him, grandfather?" he said. "He hasn't any rockers."—Selected.

Faith is a bridge over a stream, the further end unseen; but we know it must rest on solid piers.

We can do nothing but believe in Christ; we cannot even do that entirely, for Jesus is the author and finisher of our faith. (Heb. 12: 2).

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FULFILLMENT.

By Rev. Luther Davis.

O soul of man that callest back in fear
From shelving shore where slipping feet declare
The term of life,—
Hast ever lived?
To breathe is not to live,—
To walk, to talk, to go the daily round
Of work and play.
Hast ever lived with pulsing tide of spirit-life?
Caught fire from heaven?
Seen visions radiant?
Set firm thy feet on rock of truth?
Touched heart of God in faith?
Touched heart of man in love?
If not, know well,
No death can slay the inanimate;
Already dead, thou comest to thine own.
But if thou thus hast lived, fear not;
For thou canst never die,
Life indestructible is thine.
Thou mockest pride and hate and lust and sloth:—
Thou mockest death.
Breath from the wind of heaven art thou;—
Spark from the fire of God.
Beyond are home and heritage.
Up! On! Thou comest to thine own!

Petaluma, Calif.

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THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

All reports indicate that the Young Women's Christian Asscociation conference at Capitola was one of great spiritual uplift. Prominent among those who contributed to the great success of the conference were the Rev. Dwight E. Potter of Oakland, the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of Los Angeles and the Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnstone of New York.

Presbyterian union in Walla Walla, Washington, has worked greatly to the advantage of the church kingdom in and through Presbyterianism. The transformation of two churches into one in that city has made a strong and influential organization. None of the interested parties of this union have any desire for former conditions. The new are so much better than the old.

What was thought to be a run on a bank recently in Pasadena proved to be a long line of the members of the First Presbyterian Church of that city formed in part as early as seven o'clock in the morning for the purpose of making selection of pews in the beautiful new house of worship which is about completed at a cost of $100,000. The small boy is usually on hand on all occasions; and a small boy was first in line; next stood a young lady and following her came two ladies of mature years. By eight o'clock there was a long line of people in waiting. The plat of the sittings was on exhibition at a savings bank; hence the supposition at first on the part of some persons that a run was being made on the bank.

A valuable pamphlet of 133 pages, entitled "Discrimination Against the Japanese in California," has been issued by the Rev. Dr. Herbert B. Johnson, the superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Japanese missions on the Pacific coast. Dr. Johnson gives in an able and interesting manner a thorough review of the situation as it has been for some time. This little book will be found of value in the future when the question of Japanese and other Asiatic immigration shall have come up for consideration again. The general question is not settled. There is in California a considerable element determined that the Asiatics shall not be accorded the same treatment that is accorded other foreigners; but neither in the interests of our commerce nor in the interests of justice will the question be rightly settled until it is settled on that basis. The Asiatics are great peoples, destined to be greater; and although we do not believe that the Pacific coast will ever enter into any arrangement that would allow the coast to be over-run by them, we do not believe that they will allow the principles of humanity and justice to be trampled on as they have been by some of the agitators of the past. Certainly the nation will not allow this, however much politicians among us who fear the influence of the agitators may be swerved from the right.

All who attended the meeting in Pilgrim Church, Oakland, Monday evening, felt repaid for so doing. It was under the direction of the Interdenominational Missionary Federation. Bishop Bell, of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, presided, and an address was given by the Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnstone, of New York, on "The Progress of Christianity as a World Religion." Dr. Johnstone returned recently from a trip through the Orient, as a representative of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He was absent from this country about a year and a half, and was not a mere globe-trotter. He had time to study conditions and to form judgments of value. Speaking of China Dr. Johnstone said that his observations and studies led him to the belief that that nation was to be the greatest factor in the future of the Orient. Mention was made of the rapid progress of the kingdom of Christ in Korea, and it was said that if we in this land had such a spirit of self-denial and generosity as the Korean Christians have, we would belt the globe with Christianity in a generation. As we listened to Dr. Johnstone's story of his experiences with the people of pagan lands we were impressed with the thought that nowhere are men of wisdom and tact needed more than they are in the foreign missionary fields.

The marriage of Miss Culver, a young lady Baptist missionary of Southern California, to a Chinese, and her departure finally for China with her busband who was held to be unlawfully in this country, has brought forth considerable comment. It is a case, the outcome of which, will be watched with much interest. Life in China with a Chinese husband will not be as pleasant as life would be in this country in similar relations. The remark of the lady as she was about to leave the United States, knowing that she could never return, that she would follow her husband even unto death, showed great devotion and heroism. We do not commend this marriege; neither do we condemn it. Like most of the people who have condemned it, we know nothing in particular about it; have no basis for judgment in the case. The contracting parties are better able to judge than outsiders are. Of this we are certain: We have known many marriages on the part of persons of our own race much more to be deprecated. The young lady might have done worse by an alliance with some one of her own race. We know some Chinese young men who rank well up in every particular with many of our own young men. This marriage may turn out badly; so do many of the unions that are entered into on the part of people of the same race, and our own boasted land furnishes a big lot of them.

Sir Humphrey Davy once said that the greatest work or achievement of his life was the discovery of Michael Farady. The Rev. Dr. Baldwin of Palo Alto, in a paper read on Monday before the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, made it very evident that he has a genius for discovering what is in young men and for aiding them to attain to that which is highest. It is fortunate for not a few persons now doing successfully the work of life

that many of the years of Dr. Baldwin's life have been spent in educational work, and that latterly as a pastor he has been in proximity to our great university at Palo Alto. Dr. Baldwin's paper on Monday considered the efficiency of present day educational systems and maintained that they were far from being efficient—that they are to be compared in efficiency to the incandescent lamp which gives back to us only about two per cent of the force that is expended in the production of its light. His ideal educational institution would be one having an attendance of not more than two hundred students and a faculty of twenty persons who believe that in every young man there is the **whole** of a man and who would thus be so situated as to bring out that whole. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Baldwin said that no man, not even a Phillips Brooks, ever got out of himself more than a fraction of his actual worth.

The Spring Valley Water Company of San Francisco is reported as being in financial distress; to use a current phrase, "almost on its last legs." The Oakland Enquirer declares that it is not worthy an existence, saying editorially: "The Spring Valley Water Company has for years been an arch criminal. It has debauched the politics of San Francisco, fought an auxiliary municipal salt water supply without providing adequate fire protection itself, and is more responsible than any other cause for the destruction of the city in the conflagration following the earthquake of the 18th of last April. The Spring Valley Water Company has been a blighting withering curse to San Francisco; it is a corporation outlaw and deserves to die." This is pretty scathing. It may be entirely too severe. But the water company undoubtedly has been a transgressor; and the way of the transgressor is hard. To a considerable extent great corporations are too much bent on making money. They take too much out of the pockets of the people. The Spring Valley Water Company has trangressed in this way, if in no other, and so it pays a penalty. Whether it has transgressed in ways far more flagrant, let the courts decide. We shall not kick it now that it is down, But let it be remembered by this and every other great corporation that the day for the piling up of great fortunes for a few at the expense of the general public is about to end. Men everywhere will have to consult more the interests of the other fellow than has been the custom in the past. The handwriting on the wall is that the selfish man has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The Rev. E. J. Harper, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, has been appointed city forester. The duties of this position as outlined in a city ordinance are set forth as follows: "It takes the planting and care of trees on public streets out of the hands of the property owners and places the work in the hands of city officials. It requires permits to be issued for any property owner or citizen to plant trees upon the public highways. It provides for the care and trimming of trees, for carting away the cuttings and permits the cost to be assessed against the preperty owneres. It makes it a misdemeanor to damage or mutilate trees or to interfere with the city forester in the discharge of his duties. It compels contractors or other citizens to protect trees already planted, in case of building operations, grading or other work, by building a fence not less than four feet square and four feet high around each tree during such operations, and it also holds contractors and other citizens responsible for any damage done to trees by reason of such operations. It makes it compulsory for property owners on any street to accept such varieties of trees, shrubs or plants as are selected by the city forester or the commissioner under whose control the care of trees, shrubs or flowers may be vested, but leaves it to a majority of the property owners, by protesting, to overrule the decision of the city forester. It permits assessments to be made against property for the planting, care and maintenance of trees, shrubs or plants." The salary accompanying this office is $150 a month. Mr. Harper is a brother of Mayor Harper; but his appointment was not on the mayor's initiative, but on the initiative of the members of the Municipal Art Commission.

One of the recent Sacramento Valley excursionists to Los Angeles writes to the Sacramento Union that one of the things in the Southern city impressing him is the limited number of saloons. He says: "If you were not looking for a place to take on liquid enthusiasm you might not fall over one in an hour's walk. Los Angeles claims to have 200,000 people and 200 saloons, or one for each 1000 inhabitants. Sacramento, with her 50,000, has about 185 drinking resorts, or one to a little over 275 inhabitants. In Los Angeles saloons are looked upon as a necessary evil, and they are tolerated as such. In the smaller cities of the South they are not considered as necessary adjouncts to advanced civilization and are eliminated. And the people of these little cities, the pleasantest on the coast, tell me that the elimination of the saloon has brought them many of their best homeseekers." This man adds: "This is not a temperance lecture. Dr. H. has prescribed for me several times on this trip, and I think the medicine did me good." This, with reference to the fact that in certain cities liquors can be had only on a physician's prescription. But this visitor to our Southland impressed by the wisdom of the regulations there nevertheless suggests that Sacramento might profit by imitating the example. Remembering that the Sacramento excursionists went south to learn something as to the wonderful growth of that part of the state and reasons therefor this open-eyed man notes the fact also that Los Angeles has wiped out dice gambling and the nickel-in-the-slot machine—two other things which curse Sacramento. It has been said that a hint to the wise is sufficient; but our Northern California people are not wise—at least not so wise as the Southern California people are.

In an article with the caption "The National Physician," the Springfield Republican comments as follows: "An invitation to deliver a series of lectures at a theological seminary in California had already been received by Mr. Roosevelt when he was honored by a visit from a delegation representing the New York city Federation of Churches, whose purpose was to discuss with him the question of religion, in the President's native town. The theological lectures Mr. Roosevelt has intimated he would be unable to deliver, and there is likely to be much disappointment in theological circles. With the religious problem in New York city the President must have a personal familiarity, owing to his long residence there and his highly intelligent interest in local affairs. But he appears to have been nuable to show the New York delegation of clergymen how to stem the tide of religious indifference which is said to be engulfing the metrop-

olis. Mr. Roosevelt confessed frankly that he was at a loss for a remedy to suggest, but possibly he could think of something if the clergymen would give him more time. They came in upon him suddenly and seemed to expect to see him dash off a prescript or that would check atheism in three doses. This turnnig of the theological professors and the metropolitan clergy to the President for aid in attacking their problems shows how universally his powers of achievement are recognized. The old Indian chief's conception of 'the great father' in Washington has almost materialized in the minds of the pale faces themselves." The Springfield Republican is in error when it states that President Roosevelt was invited to deliver theological lectures. He was invited by Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary to give the lectures in 1909 on the Earl Lectureship Foundation. The lectures on this foundation are not necessarily theological lectures. They can be on any vital subject. The lectures this year by Professor Peabody of Harvard University were not theological. They were distinctly sociological. Nor were those by Dr. Van Dyke two years ago theological. They were literary, having to do with poetry.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Since 1900 there has been an average rise of 38 per cent in the value of farm lands in the United States.

Ripe peaches picked in Louisiana on the 29th of March! That beats California. The mildest winter in 30 years made this possible.

Such is the demand for stories nowadays that many of the Eastern daily papers especially those published in the afternoon, are giving their readers a story each day.

During the year 1906 New Orleans wrested from Boston her rank as the second port in the United States in point of foreign commerce. The figures were for Boston $209,000,000; for New Orleans $212,000,000. "Westward the course of empire takes its ways." Sometimes it is Southwestward, however.

Several of the western railroads have employed what may be called "a put-yourself-in-his-place man." It will be their duty to buy their tickets and travel just as the regular passengers do, so as to be able to make report to the railroad companies as to the treatment their employees give the public and how the work on the road is carried on. In the absence of a name by which to designate this employee one company is for a time calling him "The General Public." He is expected to "kick" just as the public kicks when it thinks anything has gone wrong.

Every position of responsibility has its worries. Governor Hanly of Indiana was on the verge of a nervous breakdown last week. The recent session of the legislature taxed him severely. He was considerably worried over some of the measures passed by that body and its neglect and refusal to pass others. Some of his vetoes drew upon him wrathful denunciations, and he felt all in all that "uneasy rests the head that wears a crown," even though it be no more than that of a governorship. Governor Hanly has brought great credit to Indiana during his administration. He is a Christian, and a man who has the courage to act on his convictions.

Western educational institutions have been promised conditionally the following amounts from the Rockefeller $32,000,000 fund: Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas, $25,000, provided $100,000 are raised; Iowa College at Grinnell $100,000 toward $400,000; Beloit College, Wisconsin $50,000 toward $200,000; Wooster University, at Wooster, Ohio, $125,000 toward $500.000; Colorado College, $50,000 toward $500,000; Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., $125,000 toward $500,000. In the East Yale is to receive $300,000 toward $2,000,000, and Princeton $200,000 toward $3,000,000; Bowdoin $50,000 toward $250,000. For institutions in the South $522,500 have been apportioned toward $2,215,000.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

Leading Baptists are advocating the formation of a National Council, not for legislative purposes, but as a channel of expression and a means for the shaping of opinion both within and without the denomination.

The latter part of this month Professor James Orr of the United Free Church College, Glasgow, Scotland, will give six lectures in New York on "The Virgin Birth." Professor Orr is one of the world's greatest theologians. His lectures will be in defense of the doctrine, and are being looked forward to with much interest.

It is said that a movement is under way to bring the Reformed Episcopal Church back to the parent body, The Protestant Episcopal Church. That which brought about the separation was what was regarded as a dangerous trend toward ritualism. But the general opinion now is that there is no longer any such danger. The Reformed Episcopal Church has had only slight growth in the thirty years since the separation took place. In only two cities has it secured much of a foothold. Along with all the other small religious bodies it is destined to suffer a gradual extinction. Standing alone it is not today very much of an influence. Far better to get in where it can count for more than it is counting for now!

A unique scene was witnessed recently in the streets of Litchfield, Illinois. Six hundred dollars worth of liquors were poured into a sewer by a converted saloon keeper. At some revival meetings his 12 year old daughter was converted and united with the church along with her mother. She plead with her father to go to the church to see her baptized. He went and was so deeply impressed by the sermon which he heard that he decided to take a stand for Christ and quit the saloon business. Later he invited several of the ministers of the place to a bottle smashing, and thousands rejoiced as the liquor flowed down the sewers instead of in its usual channel down the throats of men.

The present writer had the pleasure of worshipping recently in the historical Park Street Church in Boston where Dr. A. Z. Conrad is now the pastor and the veteran Dr. Withrow pastor emeritus. The $10,000 spent in renovating the famous old structure have made it one of the most inviting of auditoriums. The interior finishings are white and of such

light tints that it is not somber as of old. The sum of $1,250,000 was refused not long ago for this property. Situate, as it is, on Tremont Street, just across from Boston Common, in the heart of the business center, it is a valuable corner. Dr. Conrad has succeeded in drawing large congregations and hopes to get ere long an endowment of an $100,000 and assure thus the permanency of the historic church on its old corner. It is worthy of note that the $10,000 for refitting of the church came from Unitarian sources. But Park Street Church is no more Unitarian than it was when it was called "Brimstone Corner." Unitarians are interested in it as something of historical value.

Concerning "Seventh Day Rest" the Morning Star says: "A practical difficulty is that in a city like Boston there are many people—Jews and Seventh Day Baptists, for example—who are as religiously devoted to the observance of the Sabbath (Saturday) as most Christians are thoretically to the observance of Sunday. They cannot take Saturday for worship without losing a day's pay each week, and if they try to conduct their own business and work on Sunday the law punishes them—theoretically, at least. What shall they do? It is a serious question. Either we must invade the field of conscientious conviction and attempt to compel the Jew to keep the Christian Sunday, which would not be relished if it were a case of the Jew trying to compel Christians to keep the Jewish Sabbath, or else we must agree to let each party observe his own rest-day and work on the other six, provided he does not disturb anybody's worship. An intelligent Hebrew conductor on one of our street cars a few mornings ago said that the present regulation was destroying the religious worship of the Jews because they could not afford to be idle on Saturday and their synagogues are not open on Sunday. But how will it affect the rest of us to put Sunday on a kind of secular level with the other six days of the week?"

SAN FRANCISCO RELIEF WORK.

[The American Unitarian Association, last year, appointed the Rev. Christopher Ruess, on behalf of the givers of the Unitarian Relief Fund, to assist for one year the San Francisco Associated Charities. An interesting report is made by him in the Christian Register of March the 14th. We reproduce it here.—Editor.]

The last turn in the road is within sight. About two millions of the great San Francisco relief fund remain, and the Relief Corporation is almost ready to announce what disposition will be made of the money that will be left after the twenty-five hundred applications still in hand are answered,. Since February 15 no new applications have been received in any department except such as would ordinarily be made to the Associated Charities.

The city that can survive a half-billion-dollar fire and general and private relief amounting in all, perhaps to nearly twenty million dollars, is not builded on sand. Months ago even the workers, whose salaries from the Relief Corporation would cease with the closing down of the application bureaus, were almost unanimously agreed that relief had been and was being overdone. A member of the Rehabilitation Committee said to the writer yesterday, "Well, I can't see that there is any less real distress today than there was three months ago." That is undoubtedly true. Of real distress there will perhaps be as much three months hence as there was three months ago. And there will probably be as many people in San Francisco three months or even three years from now as there were three months ago who would be willing to make application for relief if money were to be had at expense of the asking and of proving that the applicant had needs and could make good use of a grant. Few civic misfortunes are greater than for the citizens to be tempted for almost a year by the opportunity of getting something for nothing.

That is the far-seeing and "hard common-sense" side of the situation. Yesterday, however, the writer visited, in a new suburb of San Francisco, a couple past fifty who lost their all in the fire, and tented in Golden Gate Park from April till December, and who now, for the first time in their life, together have a home of their own. The man is a railroad car cleaner, earning about sixty or seventy dollars a month. He has lost little time since the earthquake. In July he began to pay on the installment plan for his lot, the first he ever owned. In November he began to build. The family is without children. They were granted a sewing machine and for household rehabilitation one hundred and fifty dollars. They have managed to do the rest themselves. The man rises at 4:30 in the morning and reaches home at 7 at night, and the couple rejoice that this month he has had to work Sundays and holidays. Through the joy and hope of a home of their own, this man and woman are ten years younger. The best social result of the fire and of the relief fund is the multiplying of home owners in a city of renters.

And despite criticisms the truth remains that since the day of the earthquake there has been practically no acute suffering from need of food or clothing or shelter. The men and women in charge and at work have dealt with an utterly unprecedented situation as promptly and as efficiently as could be expected.

One result of the relief work will be the advertisment of the fact that charitable organizations exist in San Francisco. From doing yearly as much work as in some Eastern cities of one hundred thousand the Associated Charities will probably be called upon hereafter to do the full stint of organized charity work in a city of three or four hundred thousand. Before the fire the Associated Charities did modestly a quiet work. Since the earthquake the Associated Charities has self-effacingly given itself to the general problem; but more and more responsibility has fallen to its lot, and it will emerge to assume something like its rightful central place in the charity work of the ninth largest city in the nation.

Both in earthquake and fire and the raising of the relief fund were instances of dramatic situations dramatically met. The raising of the great relief fund demonstrated the sympathy and sacrifice for brother men that dramatic and immediate suffering can arouse in the American heart. The American people could not pass by on the other side of the road.

What the Unitarian and other churches are striving for, however, what every deep and earnest leader of moral forces in this country is striving for, is that we should add to this sympathy insight, and to promptness, faithfulness and endurance. We need to add to our pain at the sight of physical suffering and

material poverty a deeper pain at the sight and thought of starving minds and lives. For the greatest pain in the world and that on the vastest scale is not immediate and soon over, and cannot be alleviated by the feverish subscription even of twenty million dollars.

The man or the woman who, year in and year out, understandingly supports a church of his choosing, a reform of his choosing, be it woman's suffrage or kindness to animals, socialism or anti-socialism, who consistently and faithfully subscribes to his city's Associated Charities in order that the unfortunate may be helped with discerning love, the man or the woman who will risk popularity to insist on the enforcement of the laws on the statute books, like school attendance, child labor, and tenement construction laws,—these men and women, I say, have length and breadth and depth in their love for fellow-men. True brotherhood demands not excitability so much as social imagination. What we need most today is more men and women who are each able to influence one or two or ten others, and who can understandingly give themselves to the social ideals of the century of brotherhood.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Hereafter and Heaven." By Levi Gilbert." Dr. Gilbert has crowded much that is of interest and value into this little volume of 189 pages. There are chapters as follows: The Faith of the Ages, Risen Indeed, With You Alway, Not Born to Die, Waiting for the Oarsman, The Unforgotten Faces, The Communion of Saints, For the Faithful Departed, Heaven: Here and Beyond. Throughout, the volume is one of comfort and inspiration. We quote from one of the articles: "Is it claimed that definite supplication for the dead is ruled out of the theology which teaches that it is utterly useless and unavailing, since it could effect nothing—since the dead are in no fixed condition of joy and have all consummation of blessings? We may well pause to question it. Is it not reasonable to believe that in heaven itself there are gradations of happiness, possible growth into larger and fuller bliss, ever advancing progress toward the perfection which is in God? Is it rational to suppose that our dead are to maintain a flat, stationary condition of dead-level in that land of vast opportunity? Was not Tennyson right in describing the life of the future as

> Eternal process moving on;
> From state to state the spirit walks?

And, if so, can we repress our profoundest wish that our departed ones may advance by sure steps through the circuits of their orbits, unto a higher height, a deeper depth? And is not that wish truly a prayer? Yea, does there not lie latent and unexpressed, a real prayer at the heart of all love? And as we love the holy dead must not our love breathe out a petition for their constant and increasing advancement in the happiness and holiness of heaven?" [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal., 75 cents net.]

"Modern Poets and Christian Teaching." The volume before us on **Sidney Lanier** is one of a series of much value, several of which have been reviewed in our columns. A few years ago we read the following words written by this poet at a time when things were not going easily and pleasantly for him: "The poetry is good poetry, the music is good music; and beauty dieth not, and he that needs it shall find it." Lanier did not live in vain; many found the beauty of his life and profited thereby. The author of this volume, Henry Nelson Snyder, shows well his worth to the world, in this study of his poems. "No one who touches even superficially the man and his poetry can fail to feel the inspiring potency of the upward lok that shines from Lanier's eyes. One knows that he lived for the best, strove for the best, and aspired to the best. He is no man of low degree, walking contentedly the commonplace paths along the mere levels of life. His face is toward the heights always, and the road he is on is an ascending one. And this impression of spiritual uplook and uplift, of the ever-aspiring energy of a soul seeking to realize the very truth of God is that virtue in the spiritual message of Sidney Lanier upon which all the world will agree." As the author contemplates his life he writes: May we not in conclusion call him

> One who never turned back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph;
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake?

[Eaton & Mains, New York; Jennings & Graham, Berkeley, Calif., $1.00 net.]

"The Incarnation And Recent Criticism." By R. J. Cook, D.D. This is a timely book. It announces as its purpose a review of the methods and findings of negative criticism on the Incarnation, the gospel narratives of the virgin birth, the essential deity of Jesus of Nazareth, and to show the untrustworthy character of rationalistic thought on these and related themes. The table of contents will indicate the scope of the volume: "Old Foes With New Faces; Who Was Jesus? The Virgin Birth and Heathen Parallels; Did Paul Know of the Virgin Birth? The Sinless Christ; Wendt's Theory of Ethical Union; Beyshlag's Theology of a God-Fitted Man; Jesus, the Master-Teacher; The Kenosis; The Lesson for the Modern Life. As the author studies modern life he says: "The ache of humanity is heartache. There is need, then, for the reaffirmation of the infinite worth of man; need for the incoming power of some transfiguring idea on the common life, some heaven-born vision of the innate glory of humanity, which will once more exalt man above the level of the brainless, soulless machine at his side—above the beast of burden, above the degrading passion for power and material grandeur as the highest ends—and dignify the **man**. But what can be more ennobling, what can be more inspiring than the truths which spring from the incarnation of the Son of God. And what truths need more to be proclaimed in the ears of this practical, selfish age than this: that he emptied himself and took among us the form of a servant?" The book is an able defense of the doctrine of the Incarnation as taught in the New Testament, that the Absolute God assumed human nature and was manifested in human history as a man among men. It has been well said concerning it: "The plain Christian man, as well as the Christian pastor in touch with the scientific thought of his time, will read these pages with much

pleasure and profit." [Eaton & Mains, New York; Jennings & Graham, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal., $1.50 net.]

"Christ And The Human Race." By Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., LL.D. The series of articles comprising this volume were given by Dr. Hall, president of Union Theological Seminary, New York, on the Noble Lectureship foundation in Harvard last year. It is a book which should have careful reading on the part of all who are interested in the progress of the kingdom of God upon the earth. Dr. Hall has the world consciousness, and believes that the viewless spirit of God has been preparing a way in the Oriental consciousness whereby ultimately to express truths as yet largely unrealized in Anglo-Saxon religious experience. Concerning the century in which we live he writes in the preface: "Its religious outlook is problematic. The churches of the western world certainly have not attained a maximum of religious power. A general solicitude is felt for their purification in practice, their intensification and deepening in faith and insight. It is considered to be of vital importance that the Christian ministry of the future shall attract and win the service of the strongest, the purest, the most chivalrous men. This result is not probable unless the vision suggested to such minds by the Christian ministry be at least as broad and winsome as that offered by other social enterprises of the altruistic age. That it is in fact more broad and winsome than any of these I believe, and in these lectures have attempted to show." Dr. Hall says further: "If young men of culture and earnestness in our American universities will break from the bonds of race prejudice, ignore traditional Anglo-Saxon notions of superiority, and face the world of today in the spirit of the all-encompassing humanism of Jesus Christ, they will find in the Christian ministry, whether at home or abroad, a vocation great enough to satisfy the loftiest ambitions and to employ the most statesman-like powers. The Lectures were on topics as follows: Jesus Christ and World Sympathy; The Larger Meaning of the Incarnation; The Essential Unity of the Human Race; Temperamental Contrasts between East and West; Religious Insight and Experience Outside of Christianity; Christian Missions and the Modern World. Dr. Hall's studies and experiences lead him to this conclusion: "The Christian minister in the East must, in the coming time, stand for the larger meaning of the Incarnation of the Son of God. He goes as an ambassador for Christ; but, more and more, he must go as an ambassador of the mysterious and universal Incarnation of Christ in the whole human race. He must take the position that, as yet, Christ has been but partially interpreted through the evolution of the western religious consciousness. He must point out to the finest minds of the East that there are gifts and qualities in the Oreintal religious consciousness which, when they will fully undertake the interpretation of Christ, of Christian Scripture and of Christian experience, may open deeper depths and more splendid vistas of soul power than the West, with its genius for institutions and for practical ethics, has yet discerned." He says therefore that it is not only as the giver, but also as the receiver, that the West is to approach the East, bearing the gospel of Christ; that he is not to say, "This is the gospel which I know and which I teach you;" but rather: "Here is the gospel which I know in part, according to the gifts and insight of the West. Share it with me, O Soul of the Eastern World; help me to know better, through you, that gospel and that Christ!" [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $1.25 net.]

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Rev. William Rader.

The crowd which received Jesus with such loud acclaim turned against him before the close of the week. The palms were not withered when he was nailed to the cross. Mobs are often fickle. Yesterday Dewey was greeted in the New York harbor with the thunder of guns; today he is an almost forgotten hero. Yesterday Dowie was followed by a throng of worshippers; today he sleeps in a lonely grave.

When Jesus entered Jerusalem he went to the Temple; when he stood in the Temple he stood on history. Here his fathers worshipped. Here the priests offered sacrifices, and the prophets spoke. Sacred was this holy spot.

Jesus did three things in the Temple which deserve mention. He cleansed it of the men who turned it into a market-place. He heard the lowing of cattle, the flutter of doves and the clink of coin. Then the Nazarene, so gentle and generous, changed into a man of denunciation. It was a son of thunder who made a whip and laid it on the back of the Temple grafters, driving them out.

This Temple stands for the church. Jesus would have a clean church, devoted wholly to spiritual work. He would have a pure pulpit. Into the modern church has crept more or less worldliness, which Jesus would rebuke now even as he did then. He healed the sick and set before us an ideal of worship. The children, who were the closest friends of Jesus, followed him into the Temple and sang against the criticisms of the priestly fault-finders. Jesus said that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings." God hath perfected praise. Here was an ideal of spiritual worship. These happy children singing spontaneous praise of the Son of David. It overflowed into the people as the spring bubbles from the hill.

Jesus stirred politics. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Jesus always stirs the city. Sometimes he enters on a colt, and again on the white horse of the Apocalypse. Sometimes on the wings of devouring flame, and again on the chariot of earthquake, whose wheels shake the walls. He enters London and Glasgow in Moody, and stirs Brooklyn and Chicago through Gypsy Smith. He enters the city through reform. Witness him shake Florence in the fiery eloquence of Savonarola, who stands before Lorenzo the Magnificent like Christ before Pilate.

Dr. Parkhurst in New York, and Folk in St, Louis, are examples of Christ's triumphal entry into municipal politics. Not otherwise has he entered San Francisco.

We are having a true revival of religion. Rudolph Spreckles is the Moody, and Heney is the Sankey. God is moving the city, and when a number of our supervisors and other officials are sent to prison we will be more free. The clouds send down tears over our condition, but the sun will shine again. Thank God the Christ spirit is not dead; it lives.

Christ would come into the personal life. There he stands at the gate. He knocks. Holman Hunt has described him in his painting. Open the door. Be-

lieve in Him. He is the Truth—divine, human, real. Every man must reckon with Truth. Every man must admit Truth if he would be saved. This is the Gospel. Let it pass over the threshold on a colt, in a chariot, in the Roman Catholic Church, by the Congregational or Presbyterian way, it matters little. If you can be saved by the Catholic faith, use it. If by the Protestant faith, hold to it. If by Christian Science or any other science, cling to it. Truth does not enter every soul in the same way; but any system that will make a man see, and feel, and know, and do, is a good system for that man. The main thing is to know the truth as lived, believed and preached by the Lord Jesus Christ. "Let the dear Saviour in."

Among the Churches.

California.

Santa Paula.—Residence property on Santa Paula street has been purchased for parsonage purposes.

Colusa.—Seven persons were received into membership on Easter Sunday, six on confession of faith. Baptism was administered to three adults.

Santa Cruz.—The church held its regular communion service on April 7th. At that time seventeen new members were publicly received. Every department of the work gives promise of greater efficiency than ever before.

San Jose, First.—Work will be commenced soon on a new church building on North Third street. It is the intention to erect an edifice with a seating capacity of 1,200, at a cost of $60,000 including the lots.

Palo Alto.—Contracts for the construction of the new church building aggregating $32,000 were signed last week. The edifice is to be on the corner of Forest avenue and Waverly street, and will be of brick with shingle superstructure.

Mendocino.—This church at its recent annual meeting found all the expenses for the year fully met and a small balance with which to begin the work for another year. The Rev. W. A. Hough was unanimously invited to continue his work as pastor.

Long Beach.—The last year was a successful one for the First Presbyterian Church of Long Beach. The 152 members received has brought the membership up to 640. Contributions to the amount of $11,000 were made during the year for home expenses and about $20,000 for various benevolences.

Covina.—The Rev. Paul G. Stevens who has been acting as stated supply has been called to the permanent pastorate. During the last nine months there have been 40 additions to the membership. The lots which were bought a year ago have been paid for, and all current expenses met up to date.

Glendale.—The Glendale Presbyterian Church which started the year with 48 members reports an increase of more than 50 per cent. It has expended $1,100 for home work and has given $900 in benevolences. At the annual meeting held in March an increase of the pastor's salary was voted unanimously by the congregation.

Los Angeles, Immanuel.—Easter morning Immanuel Church made an offering of more than $3,500 for some additional home expenses for the current year. In a review that morning of the work of the church Dr. Walker stated that the members had, during the last two years, contributed $300,000 to various religious and philanthropic enterprises. It is thought that the sum of $152,000 given last year, of which all but $16,000 was for benevolences, will be surpassed this year.

Haywards.—The reports at the annual meeting on the 3rd of April showed a prosperous condition in all departments of church work. All the demands for current expenses during the year had been met and nearly $700 raised for the parsonage lot. The Sabbath-school of which the membership is 236 reported contributions to the amount of nearly $50 for the work of home and foreign missions. The Dorcas Society in addition to contributions for various home purposes from time to time turned over $300 for the parsonage lot. The Ladies' Missionary Society reported over $200 contributed for home and foreign missions. Both the senior and junior Christian Endeavor societies contributed to home and foreign missions.

Oregon.

Elgin.—This church is now vacant through the resignation of the Rev. S. A. Parker.

Prineville.—The Rev. J. Anthony Mitchell retires from the charge of this church after three years of faithful service.

Portland, First.—Rev. William Hiram Foulkes has received a most hearty welcome to the First Church, and has already found his place among the brethren of the city.

Portland, Marshall St. and Mount Tabor.—Both of these churches assume self-support at this time. This makes nine self-supporting churches in the city of Portland; and every other church in the city has made gratifying advance towards self-support.

Milton and Valley.—These churches form the charge of the Rev. B. F. Harper, who has served as stated supply for the past three years. On Sabbath, March 31st, at a joint meeting of the two congregations attended by almost every member a call to the pastorate was unanimously voted. It is expected that Rev. Mr. Harper will accept and be installed in the near future.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. A. E. Magary, '03, pastor of the First Church of Oswego, N. Y., received thirty-five members on confession of faith on March 17th.

Rev. H. Jacobs, '01, who is in charge of the churches at Millerboro and Willowdale, Nebraska, has had a gracious revival and recently received thirty-five new members into these churches. After diligent pastoral visitation and earnest preaching, he

called an evangelist to his assistance. He has received forty-two new members in the four months since he took charge of these churches.

Mrs. S. P. Taylor, one of the oldest members of the Seminary Church, died on Friday, April 5th. Dr. Landon officiated at the funeral on Sunday last. Mrs. Taylor has been on the coast for fifty years. During all this time she has been a loyal Presbyterian. Until a few years past she lived in San Francisco where she was long connected with the old First Church. She was a strong character and had a wide circle of acquaintance. She and her son George, who recently resigned the office of postmaster of San Anselmo, will be greatly missed in the Seminary Church.

Dr. Landon has gone to Portland on a short trip to be present and deliver an address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of Calvary Church, of which he was for some years pastor before coming to the Seminary.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Mrs.J. A. Hanna of Long Beach, widow of the Rev. J. A. Hanna, lately deceased, has deeded to the Board of Church Extension property to the amount of $15,000, to be used in church extension work in Southern California.

At a meeting of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions held in San Francisco last week report was made of receipts for the year to the amount of $19,074, a greater sum than that of the preceding year. The annual meeting of the Board will be April 17-19.

Forty-five Chinese pupils are enrolled in the Occidental Board School in Oakland. As soon as the new church for the Chinese is finished on Stockton street, San Francisco, two rooms in that will be set apart for the use of the Woman's Occidental Board for school purposes.

The San Francisco Church Federation has very appropriately arranged for three mass meetings on the evening of April the 18th. They will be held in Calvary and Trinity Presbyterian churches and in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal. This is the anniversary of the great disaster of last year, and the exercises will have reference thereto.

The United Brethren of Oakland have a new church building well under way. It is being built on the corner of the lot purchased several years ago from the Fourth Congregational Church. The building now used will be made into flats. Such has been the growth of the United Brethren work that a new building is greatly needed. It will cost about $8,000.

The Rev. Dwight E. Potter has resigned the pastorate of the Union Street Presbyterian Church in Oakland, intending to take up the work of Pacific coast secretary of the Young People's Missionary Movement among the Presbyterians. Mr. Potter is well fitted for such a work. He has done a most excellent work in Oakland and will be missed widely in religious circles in that city.

Many Presbyterian brotherhoods have been organized in California during the last few weeks. Several in Los Angeles and vicinity met together recently and had the pleasure of an address from John H. Converse of Philadelphia the noted Presbyterian layman. President Baer of Occidental College also gave an address, and the occasion was throughout one of much inspiration and profit. A Brotherhood convention in connection with the Synod of California at the next meeting is talked of. The Brotherhood idea is meeting with a hearty response widely.

The Welsh Presbyterian Church of San Francisco has increased during the last year from a membership of 100 to one of 150. The house of worship of this church, which was situated on 14th street, was destroyed in the fire of last April. Last Sunday two sacred concerts were given in Howard Presbyterian Church, at which contributions were received toward the work of rebuilding. In the afternoon the program was given in Welsh in the evening it was in English. A San Francisco paper says: "The music, consisting of old popular Welsh hymns, was sung entirely by the congregation, no choir being present, a feature always dispensed with by the Welsh religious bodies. The results as to vocal effects and harmonious volume of sound might well be emulated by other denominations, for this large body of people gave forth a magnificent choral singing in perfect rhythm and with soulful expression."

SACRAMENTO PRESBYTERY.

Colusa, Cal., April 6, 1907.

In accordince with the provisions covering such cases, the Presbytery of Sacramento is hereby called to meet in regular spring session in the Fremont Park Church, Sacramento, Tuesday, April 16th, 1907, at 7:30 p. m., instead of at Reno, Nev., conditions having recently arisen which necessitate this change of place.

Hugh T. Dobbins.
Stated Clerk.

"A MEMORABLE YEAR."

The above is the title of a pamphlet telling the wonderful story of the destruction and raising of funds for the rebuilding of the Young Men's Christian Association Building in San Francisco. General Secretary, McCoy, has the congratulations of the Christian people in this city and it is not too much to say of the entire Pacific Coast. He acted quickly, directly, personally and successfully and the friends of this noble institution have responded. Secretary McCoy has had a strenuous career in San Francisco. The old Y. M. C. A. building on Sutter Street was heavily in debt when Mr. McCoy came to take charge of the work nearly thirty years ago. By hard and faithful work the debt was paid. By tactful and good work the new location corner of Ellis and Mason Sts., was secured. By this time Mr. McCoy had the confidence of the leading men in San Francisco and year a after the new building arose, and at last even its debt of over $100,000 was paid. This institution has always been conducted upon high principles and Mr. McCoy has shown a type of profound common sense, business sagacity, of genuine religious experience which have made this great institution a power for good. This is a great cosmopolitan center and as such affords unusual conditions for work among the young men. Mr. McCoy has correctly apprehended the situation and met the approval of all the Christian forces in this great city. It is a victory not easily over-estimated, that the $500,000 for the rebuilding of this Christian institution has been secured. We cannot say too much for the wisdom, the devotion, the

unsurrenderable purpose of General Secretary McCoy. He is so manly, so broad, so generous of impulse, so hospitable in his large personality that all can truly rejoice with him.

THE PORTLAND CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

After a strenuous campaign of several months the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. committees of this city "took account of stock" about ten days ago and discovered that they were $90,000 short of the necessary sum—$350,000—which a careful survey of the whole field of Christian work in connection with these organizations was thought to demand to carry into execution the building plans which had been determined upon. The limit in which the money could be raised expiring on March 30th. In this emergency, an "Everybody Gives" campaign was resolved upon, and pledges were secured from one hundred business men that they would lead in the enterprise, by giving the time of some of their best solicitors, in addition to lending a hand themselves. The work was begun on the 25th of March and pushed on with splendid persistence until 10 o'clock Saturday night, when the forces were called in to see what the footings were, and it was discovered that the sum pledged was $95,800,—making all that was needed and over $5,000 to spare! That there was great rejoicing, and the singing of the Doxology with an unwonted emphasis, it is needless to state. Work has already begun on the new structure by the awarding of a contract for the plans and the purchase of a site. This will be on the north side of Taylor Street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. The building will be 100x200 feet and seven stories high. The site is an excellent one, and it is in the first block south of the largest hotel in the city—The Portland.

ANARCHY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

The Mine Workers Journal has some things to say concerning the disgraceful and treasonous action of the San Francisco anarchists. The editor says "that if he were the executive in California or in San Francisco he would hang those people for treason if it were to be the last act of his life." He goes on to comment as follows: "It was stated in the public press and confirmed by correspondence that some frenzied traitors, masquerading under the garb of trade unionism, tore down and trampled on the Stars and Stripes in San Franicsco. Let these anarchists be undeceived. That flag is the flag of organized labor, its stripes are **OUR** stripes, its stars are **OUR** stars; it represents **OUR** country, **OUR** institutions, **OUR** freedom. It at any time or at any place these ruffians do not like this country or its institutions no attempt will be made to keep them here." The guilty silence of the editorial columns of the San Francisco dailies on this outrage is in itself treason. Why they did not speak cannot be surely stated. Perhaps they felt that the publicity would do no good. It was the same policy as that pursued a year ago. On the 8th of April, 1906, fully 1,500 men with profane transparencies marched down Market Street and raised a red flag at Lotta fountain. The scriptures speak of treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God. We could no more keep silent when the flag was being trampled under foot than we could trample it down. The press of San Francisco has a code of its own which we confess we cannot understand. Why it should mercilessly lampoon grafters is not strange, but why it should keep silent in the presence of the maximum crime is a puzzle. It may be that any publicity of such an awful crime against the government would seem at this time to confirm the strong words of President Roosevelt concerning the dominancy of the hoodlum in San Francisco. We wish to commend the strong words of the Mine Workers Journal. The labor unions owe it to the community to purge themselves from this act of treason. It must not be forgotten that the meeting was held under the auspices of the labor unions of this city. They have taken no action that we have seen.

EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE IN CHINA.

That China is undergoing a deep, inward, vital change cannot be doubted. The military success of Japan is spectacular and impressive, but Japan knows right well that her success depended on an inward coherency growing out of her new western ideals. Her scientific knowledge, her medical skill, her moral power enabled Japan to succeed in her contest with Russia. China has come to see that situation and has set to work on the immense task of reeducating her people. The North-China Herald in a leading editorial notes that a great inward revolution is in progress in China. It goes on to say the book of Chang Chih-tung, the Viceroy, was widely circulated all over China. In that book he calls attention to the fact that Japan translated a large number of the best books in the West into the Japanese language and fairly saturated the Japanese mind with western ideas. There are a considerable number of Japanese teachers in China and proportional to their number they are having a great influence. There are thousands of Chinese students in Japan. The most of these Chinese students are supported by the Chinese government and selected from widely separated provinces. These bright, representative young men are being taught western ideals. The effect is instantaneous. In some instances these Chinese students have become so infatuated, so intoxicated with the new ideals, that they have left before their education was completed and quite lost their heads. That they have created a reaction in some quarters is not to be wondered at. The Japanese books are being published in China on a large scale. Nearly every subject of importance has been through the medium of the Japanese language transplanted into China. There can be no reason to doubt that China is already in the period of tremendous transition.

A PLEA FOR GUIDANCE.

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed;
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thy own true way,
No man can find it! Father! Thou must lead;
Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing to Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly!

—Michael Angelo.

HOW THE EARTHQUAKE SEEMED TO ME.

Rev. Elbert R. Dille, D.D.

Over in Oakland we were not in the center of the seismic disturbance but our city was damaged to the extent of about three million dollars, practically every brick and stone building being more or less shattered and the frame buildings wrenched and racked, while scarcely one chimney in the city was left standing.

But for that matter San Francisco was not in the center of the earthquake zone; if it had been it would have needed no fire to complete its destruction. When an earthquake of the magnitude of that of 1906 hits the bulls-eye, it is like lightning—it does not strike twice in the same place —it does not have to —there is no place left to strike!

I was awake when the shock came. I have been accustomed to earthquake tremors for thirty-three years and was about to turn over and try to woo the drowsy god when the house seemed to be seized in some Titanic grasp, lifted up and shaken for about five minutes as a terrier shakes a rat. The time was really forty-eight seconds—but it seemed to be much longer—it had the impressions of twenty-four hours packed into it. I had time while the quake lasted to get up, assure my family sleeping in other rooms that "it was only an earthquake," to go to the window and see chimneys falling, cats and dogs scuttling for dear life and the house across the street collapse like a card playhouse.

The din was something appalling. The earthquake was heralded by a rumbling roar like that of an approaching cyclone or of distant cannonading. It was accompanied by the noise of chimneys falling upon the roof; the creaking and straining of the timbers of the house as of a ship in a heavy sea; the falling of furniture, bric a brac, glassware and china. When the temblor was over it had left its handwriting on the walls which were so full of cracks and fissures that they looked like a railroad map of the United States.

At the climax of the quake I verily thought it might be the end of all things earthly and the only thing that seemed firm under my feet was the Rock of Ages.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday morning a few of the pastors of Oakland and other citizens were called to a conference at the Mayor's office to take measures to organize relief and to care for the refugees. As a result of that conference a meeting was called in the First Congregational Church that evening and the nucleus of a Relief Committee organized which was the next day merged into the larger citizens committee which did such splendid service during the strenuous weeks and months that followed.

Equipped with my Relief Committee badge and armed with a pass which had to have the signature of the Governor of California and the Mayor of Oakland, I ran the military lines and entered San Francisco early Thursday morning, while the fire was burning north, south and west, I walked that morning for three miles through the burned district. It was a dead city apparently; not recently dead, but one like Herculaneum and Pompeii which had been struck by some catastrophe ages ago and just dug out of its lava; and above that ruin a yellow smoke floated, and above all a heavy brooding silence broken only by the roar and crash of distant flames and the occasional bomb of a dynamite explosion upon the firing line where the advance of the conflagration was still being desperately fought inch by inch.

I walked up Mission, Howard and Market Sts., to the junction of Haight St., and in all those three miles not a drop of water nor a mouthful of food could be had for love or money. I met along that Via Dolorosa thousands of people wending their way through the hot ashes and cinders and smoldering debris to the ferries—for the ferries were just beginning to carry passengers out of the city. This strange procession represented every social strata, every nationality, every age and race and color; but all brought back to the primal level. There were no millionaires or paupers in that throng; they were just men and women, stripped by calamity of all artificial distinctions and made one by a common trouble and a common need. But the impression that was burned most deeply into my soul that day was one of unutterable desolation. I shall see that scene in my dreams to my dying day. Thompson's weird poem "The City of Dreadful Night" does not present a picture half so somber and gruesome.

On the evening before the earthquake I rode down Market Street to the ferry and remarked that I had never seen San Francisco so borne upon the crest of a wave of prosperity and so beautiful in her stately splendor. What a queenly city it was that lay that day under the smiling California sky and mirrored in the magnificent Bay—San Francisco, warder of two continents: but thirty-six hours had passed and lo! the queen had become a widow, nay the bride of the Pacific lay a mangled and mutilated corpse, while the vultures of the fire flapped their wings over her and the smoke settled down with its murky pall upon her.

But this Easter week, though not quite a year has passed, lo! San Francisco is having a glorious resurrection. Purified by fire and chastened by affliction, God and the indomitable spirit, the faith and courage of her citizens, are giving her beauty for ashes and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

May her resurrection be to newness of life. May the fires of civic reform and moral regeneration consume all her dross! May she not only be (as she certainly will be) a greater and more beautiful, but a better San Francisco. May the bells that usher in her new era

"Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Ring out the narrowing lust for gold,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws."

In marked contrast with the selfish and successful man of the world is God's estimate of the value of the human soul. Why is it humanity will persist in failing to endeavor to comprehend the inestimable value of the pearl of great price? Well does the poet sing:

"All common good has common price;
Exceeding good, exceeding;
Christ bought the keys of Paradise
My cruel bleeding.

And every soul that wins a place
Uuon its hills of pleasure,
Must give its all, and beg for grace
To fill the measure."

The late-hour habit is essentially wrong. The great cities should go to bed and go to sleep. The pressure upon the heart, head, and vital forces generally are too great. If people took advantage of the improved conditions of life they might live to be 101 years old. Increasing the vitality and energy of life has increased its speed. It is all right to have an eight-hour day, but few take advantage of the rest and leisure. The machinery of life is kept thumping away nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

The Home.

MRS. WILSON'S SELF- DENIAL.

"It took out of me what little heart I had," said the worried-looking woman to her companion who had the rosy, comfortable appearance of a Baldwin apple.

"It didn't strike me that way," answered the older woman, "most of us take extra steps till we let our heads save our heels. But what if a woman does walk twice around the globe in twenty years getting a thousand meals a day, and fetch up where she started, she's been giving life and happiness to her loved ones every step of the way."

"Ruskin says something about the feet of a good woman touching the meadows and leaving the daisies rosy," murmured the tired-looking woman.

"I don't know much about poetry," answered the plump woman, "but don't tell me a man prefers a couple of raw apples or a dish of breakfast food for supper and a woman all rigged out and ready to sing to him. When my John comes done out from the shop he wants a hot, tasty stew, or light biscuits with preserves, then he's worth having around."

Mrs. Wilson listened attentively to the two women. They had been to the afternoon lecture and were waiting for the same suburban train. They had, too, heard "women are overworked and underpaid, and most of them sick," and had not understood how to meet the problem. Mrs. Wilson had expected to be inspired and uplifted, but she came away discouraged, for she saw no way to "lighten the load."

"You have more work than I, but you hold your own, " the tired-looking woman was saying to her companion. "Lately you look real young."

"You see it in my face," answered the older woman with the young look, "I always take a fresh start during Lent."

"Fast and pray?" was the inquiry.

"I do aim to pray more, but then I always do that when there's extra work, it rests and strengthens me of course; but I fast. I can't do my heavy housework with five children without my victuals, but I fast in my heart. I deny myself every anxious thought or worry for forty days, for, try my best, I fall back and need to begin over again each spring. After being cheerful and hopeful for more'n a month it kinder comes natural for a long spell, and while it lasts it makes work and living with folks mighty easy, but there's our train, I'll tell you more——" but the rest was lost as the crowd rushed out as if pursued by wild beasts and Mrs. Wilson was separated from the happy-looking woman and her companion.

Mrs. Wilson was beyond listening distance, but she sat where she could study the face of the woman who kept Lent by a heart fast, giving up what is dear to most women. "I am going to see if I can go a month without repining in my heart over my overworked condition," decided Mrs. Wilson, "the words of mv mouth and the meditations of my heart shall be my Easter offering this year."

Mrs. Wilson entered her home with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time. She had received an inspiration from the happy-faced stranger in the waiting room, but it was soon put to the test. Nellie met her with, "Mamma, the boys have been fussing as usual and have knocked over your beautiful cut glass vase and broken it."

For a moment there was a struggle in the mother's mind as she weighed values, cut glass or cutting words, then she decided "I will begin my self-denial now. I will not have angry feelings or worry over loss for awhile."

"I am sorry, dears," the mother said gently. That was one of my wedding presents, and the friend is dead, so I valued it highly."

"Mamma, Ned dared me to throw him, and I forgot about wrestling in the parlor," spoke up Will, very much ashamed. "I'm awful sorry but I'll save every cent I get till I can buy a vase like that."

"I'll help," said Ned, "we would have stopped in time, but Nell began to order us out and we wanted to tease her."

Nellie's face showed she had not been guiltless.

"The tendency to make each other uncomfortable makes me feel worse than the loss of the beautiful vase," said the mother.

"We won't again," the children cried, and the mother knew she had gained a point with the children in her self-control.

Mrs. Wilson stepped out to the kitchen to see about dinner, and found the maid tired. The mistress remembered the girl had been ironing all day so had an excuse for being nervous. "You have such a good fire it would be nice to have some of your delicious biscuits with the stewed chicken gravy," Mrs. Wilson suggested.

Usually a late order brought a quick retort or a slamming of doors or other "wooden swearing" from the maid, but Mrs. Wilson was so pleasant Katie caught the spirit and promised biscuits and took more care with dinner than she usually did on Tuesday.

"You look tired, darling," Mrs. Wilson said as she greeted her husband with a smiling face.

Mr. Wilson looked surprised, for his wife usually got in her expression of weariness first, and after a man hears how tired his wife is he drops the weary subject. "The insurance business is hard just now. Our general manager is dissatisfied about returns, and we have to do extra work to hold our places, even with reduced salary," answered Mr. Wilson.

If women were overworked and underpaid, men were even more so, and it might as well be borne patiently the wife decided as she watched her husband's careworn face brighten at the dinner table. "These biscuits go to the right place," he said.

And then the wife told him that the speaker on social problems advised wives to serve a cold supper and be more attractive in appearance.

"That will do with a Katie in the kitchen," remarked the man, covering his third biscuit with gravy.

"But it means a wife's constant attention to keep Katie up to the mark, and she must do without much to pay Katie," reminded the wife. "The lecturer thought women ought to have time for books and art and music."

"I would like that program, myself," said the husband.

"I'd like to cut school and play marbles or ball every day," said Ned.

"I'd like to ride in an auto as Lily Fisher does, and not have to practice or study or help around this big house," said Nellie.

"Mamma would like to stop making your pretty clothes, and get out of doors more; but there is no

path to success but hard work, my children," said the father.

"I am thankful we are all well enough to do our part," said the mother heartily. "Now, after a half hour's fun we had better get the lessons out of the way."

Without the usual protest, the children took up their evening tasks and Mrs. Wilson went to the library where her husband was lying on the lounge too tired to take up the new magazine. The wife sat down by his side and stroked the hair that was growing thin and white too soon.

"Nellie," the husband said slowly, "I am tired because we have met with a misfortune."

"Not lost your place, John?"

"No, I work too hard for any company to turn me off, but the mine has failed and been sold out and we have probably lost the savings of years. I went in against your judgment."

"We won't think of that, John," she said, kissing his forehead. "You did not deceive me about it or go against my consent, only my **feeling**, and that might have been wrong. We must begin saving for old age in a slower, safer way."

"Bless you, Helen," said Mr. Wilson.

"I might let Katie go and get a cheaper girl," said the wife.

"No, we will not economize on your health, for you cannot be on your feet more than you are," spoke up the husband. "There must be other ways, clothes and food, and entertainments."

A quick reply about her own shabby clothes rose to the wife's lips, but she remembered her Lenten sacrifice and was silent. He would **not** have understood, anyway, as he supposed she had all she needed.

It took many a battle before Mrs. Wilson felt reconciled to the loss of the money that went to develop a new mine. It was not always easy, but Mrs. Wilson kept true to her fast of heart. She would not have her peace of mind disturbed by the worries of the kitchen or the imperfections of the children or the bad business management of her husband. She would help each day to bring what perfection she could in all these lines but she intended to have a few weeks of soul-rest preparatory to Easter. Sometimes she ran very quickly to her room and locked the door and gained the victory on her knees. Oftener it was only the upward look, the thought of God that may be a prayer, that kept her steadily on her way. The anxious puckers around her eyes straightened out and a happy smile was often on her face that made her look young again. The boys stopped quarreling, lazy Nellie took more interest in her work, and was less inclined to "boss" her brothers. Katie did not find it necessary to keep the flag of independence in the air with such a sweet-spirited mistress.

There were no new Easter clothes for Mrs. Wilson. A bunch of fresh violets on her old hat was the only touch of spring about the little lady except the happy look in her face, but it was a very attractive-looking wife and mother that started with her family for the Easter sermon.

Her husband gave her an admiring glance. "It's braced me up to have such a well wife this spring. I believe I would have broken down with nervous prostration as Brown did but for your being so happy this spring. Been taking a tonic, Helen?"

"Yes, I got one for Lent, but I'm going to keep on with it," answered the wife with a merry smile.

"Did Dr. Weaver give you the prescription?" asked the husband. "What's the matter with passing me the bottle?"

"I got it from a woman waiting for the train," replied the wife with a low laugh. "You can have just as much as you are willing to take, and I will tell you all about it when we are alone this afternoon," replied the wife as they reached the church and entered to the uplifting beauty of Easter bloom and message in song and sermon.—Myra Goodwin Plantz.

The Quiet Hour.

WATCHFULNESS.

By John G. Whittier.

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
  And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time,
  And his appointed way?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
  Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
  Of silent prayer may make!

We gird us bravely to rebuke
  Our erring brother in the wrong;
And in the ear of pride and power
  Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer:
Life's "great things" like the Syrian lord,
  Our hearts can do and dare.

But, oh! we shrink from Jordan's side—
  From waters which alone can save,
And murmur for Abana's banks,
  And Pharpar's brighter wave!

O thou who in the garden's shade
  Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
  Forgetful of thy pain—

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
  And set our sleep-bound spirits free;
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
  Our souls should keep with thee!

AN HONEST LOOK AT OURSELVES.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

At the beginning of each year, merchants are accustomed to take an account of their stock of goods on hand; and all prudent men of business make an examination of their affairs, asking, "Am I a richer or a poorer man?" If it is wise for the tradesman to face his own financial condition, how much more is it the duty of every one of us to take an honest searching inlook of our own hearts, and the condition of our immortal souls: "Examine yourselves," is the plain, yet kind commandment in God's Word.

One might suppose that the person we live with

every day, and who inhabits our own body, would be thoroughly known to us. Yet how pitiably ignorant we often prove to be, and how many chambers in our own heart-house are seldom explored at all! Happy is the man who acts the Columbus to his own soul! Our greatest spiritual danger lies in the direction of unsuspected or undeveloped qualities. No one knows what is in him until he is tried. This truth cuts both ways; it applies to the good qualities as well as to latent weaknesses or vices. For example, Abraham could not have known how much faith he had in God until he flashed the bare blade over the bosom of his beloved son. Daniel may not have fairly measured his own courage until the threat of the den of lions stared him in the face. One of the purposes of God's dealings and discipline of his people is not only to put his grace into them, but to bring his grace out of them.

On the other hand, David had seen the cover of a very horrible pit in his own character lifted off when he wrote, with a pen dipped in tears, that penitential Fifty-first Psalm. Judas may have passed for an average specimen of honesty till the bag was intrusted to him, and the chief priests held up the shekels before his greedy eyes. Peter boasted of his own constancy until his Master let him know what a flaw there was in his iron; just there the iron snapped. It is the undetected flaw that lets the axle break when the locomotive is spinning over the track at forty miles an hour —with frightful wreck of cars and passengers! Christians are never in greater spiritual peril than when dashing along at a high sped of prosperity, amid the envy of many beholders. At such time look out for the axle!

Sometimes we hear of the commercial failure of men who have stood high in the business community. They were not rogues or swindlers. But they were lamentably ignorant of the true state of their own affairs. They either overestimated their own assets, or were afraid to probe their own losses to the bottom. Surely we ought to "take heed to ourselves," and to know just how we stand toward God. Not only our peace of mind, but our character and our eternal welfare are at stake. We ought to search ourselves honestly.

We might well prove ourselves with such questions as these: Do I hate sin—even the sins I used to love—and do I fight against them, and pray to be delivered from them? Do I submit my will to Christ, and let him rule me and guide me? Do I give to my Master the key to my purse, my time, and my influence? Do I feel a solid satisfaction in doing right, and a great joy in laboring for the welfare of my fellow-men? Am I striving honestly to live every day as I pray? If we can find in our daily experience and conduct a satisfactory answer to such questions, we may believe that we are sincere followers of Christ.

While careful and praverful self-examination is a vital duty, vet it is sometimes so conducted as to be hurtful. Some good people overdo it. They become too self-conscious, and think too much about themselves. They are perpetually feeling their own pulses, and worrying about their spiritual health. until they grow morbid and wretched. Bunyan describes such unhappy Christians in his "Mr. Fearing," who lay out in the cold all night because he was afraid to knock at the wicket gate, and went all the way to the Celestial City with his head bowed down like a bulrush. Weak nerves and dyspepsia often add to the sufferings of despondent Christians.

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The way to be healthy and happy is to take both the In-look and the Up-look. We should look into ourselves to discover our own weaknesses and wants. We should look up to the Source of all strength and peace and joy. Yes, and we may well take a frequent Out-look also to see how our work progresses, and what our fellow-Christians are doing, and how our fellow-creatures are suffering, and what we can do to help and to save them. While we "look to ourselves" let us also be looking after others. Above all let us be looking unto Jesus, the Author and perfecter of our faith, the Model for our lives, and the Guide into all truth. Beholding him, we may be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Young People.

SOME QUESTIONS.

Do you chance to know
A cow that could blow
Her horns if she wanted to?
Have you ever seen
In a meadow green,
A horse take off his shoe?
Do you often note
The sight of a goat
As he stands and strokes his beard?
Are there any small girls
With long, thick curls
Who the cock's red comb have feared?
Did you ever hark
To a big dog's bark
That came from a white birch tree?
Can you often tell
From his scales how well
A fish may sing in the sea?
—Youth's Companion.

PUSSY WILLOW'S HOOD.

All winter long Pussy Willow had been shut up in her house by the brook, but one bright spring

morning she opened the door and peeped out. It was very early—oh, very early! Not a flower was to be seen yet. Here and there were a few shy buds, and a few brave little birds, the only friendly beings she saw. Pussy Willow shivered, either because she was lonesome or because it was cold, but she cuddled her little head back in her warm, fuzzy hood and sat very still.

"Ah, good morning, Pussy Willow," called the brook as it went sparkling by, glad once more to be free from its winter covering of snow and ice, and to be able to look out once more upon the warm sun and blue sky.

"Ah, good morning, Pussy Willow," creaked the stiff old boughs of the trees, as they straightened out their naked branches, through which the winter winds so long had played at will.

"Ah, good morning, Pussy Willow," cried jolly old Jack Frost, who knew well enough that his fun was very near at an end. "Ah, good morning, Pussy Willow," chirped the little sparrows, as they flew busily back and forth, from tree to tree, looking very likely for a place for a home by and by, and a nest in which to raise their family of baby sparrows. But by this time old Robin Redbreast, who had been about all winter long—so warm was he in his warm coat of feathers—began to grow jealous of all this attention poured out to Pussy Willow. "Good morning, Pussy Willow," said he, flitting up to a branch near by, and gazing critically at her. "What a funny little hood you have. Why do you wear it?"

"Oh, Mother Nature told me to, and she always knows what is best," answered Pussy Willow.

"I would not wear a hood," sneered Mr. Robin, and down he flew to the ground, leaving Pussy Willow a little unhappy, for, like all little girls, she liked to wear nothing that was queer or unbecoming. Then Mr. Robin—he was a cruel robin—whispered to all the other birds and to the boughs and to the brook, "Pussy Willow has to wear a hood. Pussy Willow has no hair."

And the next morning, as soon as the sun was up, they called out at Pussy Willow and laughed at her. Poor Pussy could have cried for grief. "Never mind," soothed Mother Nature, "wait a few days, and it is Mr. Robin who shall weep, and hide his very head for shame."

And Pussy Willow did wait; and one morning, when the sun was very warm, and the water in the brook sparkled and leaped from pebble to pebble, and all the trees were full of birds, behold Pussy Willow gave up her hood to Mother Nature, and sprang forth happy as a little bee, her long yellow curls dancing in the sunlight and shining like gold as the sun's rays fell upon them.

The birds and the boughs and the brook langhed this time at crestfallen Mr. Robin, until for very shame Mr. Robin was driven from field and forest.—Mary A. Howlison.

HIS MOTHER'S FRIEND.

"Why do you take so much pains to make that call?" asked one college fellow of another during the recent holidays. "You know you'd have a lot better time at the concert, and I want you to go with me. You know I do."

"Yes, old fellow, I know it, and I want to go with you; but you see it's this way. I promised my mother I'd call on this old friend of hers, and the friend is expecting me. This is really the only time I can go, and I know they'll both be awfully disappointed if I don't. You see they were chums when they were young like us, and I've heard about this Mrs. Brown all my life, and, of course, she has about me. You see how it is. I can't help going; and then I always enjoy meeting my mother's friends."

It was only a little thing for this college fellow to lose a concert in order to give pleasure to an older person, but it is just little things that many young folks carelessly leave undone without realizing how much happiness the attentions would give.

It was only the other day that a good woman with beaming face called out to a friend who was passing: "Come in and let me show you something;" and with genuine happiness she displayed a photograph of a young man and another of a college room. "Just think," she said, John Graves wrote me a beautiful letter, and sent me these because he said he thought I might like to see how he looked and what kind of a room he was living in. Wasn't it lovely in him? For I haven't seen him since he was a boy, and he just did it because I'm a friend of his mother. Every time I look at these pictures they'll make me happy, for it's so sweet to be remembered!"

Oh, if you could have seen that radiant face, you would constantly be on the lookout for opportunities to give happiness, not to your father's and mother's friends alone, but to older people generally; for the things which mean so little to you often mean a great deal to them.—Wellspring.

The consular courts in China have been done away with and a regular federal court established. This is under the general provision granting America the extraterritorial right of trying her own citizens who happen to reside in China. Judge L. R. Wifley is the occupant. This is evidently a much more enlightened policy than the old consular court system.

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We can do nothing but believe in Christ; we cannot even do that entirely, for Jesus is the author and finisher of our faith. (Heb. 12: 2).

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—Eugene Field.

Blessed is the man who in the midst of trials is contented not to know. Not least among the heroes of the war were the men who were in the ships, listening for and obeying the commands of the officers, hearing the noise of battle and having more than a full share of its risks, but for whom, because they were deep down in the engine-room, there was none of the excitement of vision. Such must often be our Christian obedience, knowing but in part, and yet obeying cheerfully in faith and patience and good assurance that the end is victory through Christ.

If seeing the invisible object of our faith would make it more real to us, ours is only a half-faith.

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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A VIEW ALONG MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 18, 1907—ONE YEAR AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.

A Glimpse of the Progress Made in Rebuilding the City.

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A RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT WATCHED WITH GREAT INTEREST.

No movement in the religious world has been watched with more interest than that which has for its aim the bringing together into organic union of the Congregational, the United Brethren , and the Methodist Protestant churches.

It has been thought by persons of prominence in religious circles, not only in the denominations having part in the movement, but in many others, that this may be the beginning of what will in a few years result in the union of a large number of the denominations. Dr. Washington Gladden, the moderator of the Congregational National Council, has said: "There is no reason why other denominations than these three should not enter the door thus opened to them. The number of the United Churches may be greatly increased." And he adds: "If with no violent changes in local traditions and usages Christians can thus be brought together, not merely for sentimental purposes, but for cooperation in all their larger interests, and so be helped to grow together into a real unity of faith and life, there will be joy in the presence of the angels of God over this consummation."

It is a well known fact that prominent members of the Presbyterian Church in different parts of the country have stated that the consummation of this proposed union would be a call to the Presbyterian Church to consider whether it and the United Churches could not come together on this or on some similar basis—for the good of man and the glory of God. Other denominations also have been wondering whether there has not been in it the voice and call of God to them to so adjust themselves as to get together on the same foundation.

That leaders in denominations generally thought to be very different in polity and doctrine could unite on such articles of agreement as have been recommended to the churches for consideration and adoption has been one of the astonishments of recent years. People have remarked widely that it means something; as from time to time the difficulties in the way have disappeared as the representatives of the three denominations have met together in prayer and deliberation, there has come an increasing impression that God wills it and that he is leading along through the intricacies of the way so that in and through a United Church that day may be speedily ushered in when his will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

We have read with great interest and satisfaction the comments in the religious press on the articles of agreement framed at Chicago and handed down to the churches for consideration. One of the comments in The Congregationalist is: "If the Act is so heartily and intelligently approved by all the three denominations as to make manifest that the desire and purpose for union is general, such approval is almost certain to give impulse and direction to a wide-spread movement for the union of a disintegrated Christendom."

Zion's Herald, a leading Methodist paper, says: "Whether the proposed union fulfills or disappoints expectations so far as practical results are concerned, it has certainly proved so far a lesson in concession to all the churches of America. Men are so apt to take for granted, or to seek to prove, that their way is the 'divine right' sort of thing—a complacency of conviction which is as evident in the ecclesiastical as in the political sphere—that the idea of conceding anything to the view of others, or of waiving ecclesiastical privileges, seems to many inconceivable or at any rate unacceptable. What one believes is regarded as principles, while the beliefs of others are prejudices. But the Dayton idea, which is as old as the New Testament, although for obvious reasons it has lain dormant for many centuries, is that prejudice must not stand in the way of closer union with kindred spirits and that principles must be interpreted and reillumined in the light of the law of brotherly sympathy and of 20th century opportunity. So three large bodies of Christians are getting together, on a platform none of whose planks are satisfactory to all, but which is strong enough to bear up everybody, provided they do not rattle around too much or employ it for a sparring stage."

The Cumberland Presbyterian says: "It is a pleasant surprise to discover that the Council made such remarkable progress toward the union of the three churches. It is safe to say that the success which has crowned the efforts of the representatives of these churches will at once intensify the sentiment favorable to still further unions of Protestant churches. Indeed, The Advance (Congregationalist) already goes so far as to suggest that it is quite possible for the United Churches and the Presbyterians to get together and points out that such a union would give to Protestantism a denomination or union of such commanding position and influence as it has never before had. The indications now are that it will not be many years before many denominations, thoroughly ashamed of the wasteful and often disgraceful competition which exists today, will be brought together in some such way as to avoid waste and duplication of effort and promote with more vigor and more success the work of establishing the kingdom of God upon the earth."

The Interior, a paper of large influence in Presbyterian circles, rejoices in that it can discredit its own prophecy of a few weeks ago and announce progress in a movement which it believes promises much for the Christian world. The Interior remarks that after the Chicago council had completed its work it "sang the doxology and adjourned with a rightful sense of having seen the doing of a mighty thing in the history of the Kingdom."

A MATTER OF TEMPERAMENT.

The movement for the union of the Congregational, the United Brethren, and the Methodist Protestant churches has progressed to such an extent now, greatly to the surprise of not a few of the church people, that the voice of opposition may be expected in a very short time with considerable vehemence. One strong protest has already been registered by the Rev. Dr. N. McGee Waters, pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Waters hurls his protest from four directions—from the financial side, the legal side, the historical side, and the temperamental side.

On the temperamental side he says: "This is the deepest of all. The fundamental difference between denominations is temperamental rather than theological." He declares that temperamentally the Congregationalists have no point of contact either with the United Brethren or the Methodist Protestant people, that they belong to the Methodist family; and he emphasizes his declaration by adding "you cannot mix oil and water."

Dr. Waters makes a bogy of temperaments. His words have brought to our mind the following stanzas of poetry:

I am a bard of high degree,
  As these inspiring lines will show.
And there are others—inedits—
  (Which means, quite out of print, you know).
I crave whatever's sweet and nice
  To feed my fancy's royal bent.
And debit each alluring vice
  To my artistic temperament.

My wife—a rondeau won her heart—
  Believing in her laureate yet,
My fickleness confounds with Art,
  When I with other dames coquette.
Unprofitable friends I slight,
All social rulings I resent,
And hear: "It does seem impolite,
  But—his artistic temperament!"

My bills I often fail to pay.
  For computations vex my mood;
But friends respect my air distrait,
  And somehow keep my credit good.
When in Bohemia's fair domain
  A night ambrosial I have spent,
My deviations I explain
  With—"my artistic temperament!"

We once heard a man remark that some things which were ascribed to temperament ought to be ascribed to the devil.

Webster tells us that temperament is the "internal constitution"—"the peculiar physical and mental character of an individual." A student of physiological conditions says that perfection of constitution consists in a proper balance of temperaments, and that whatever tends to destroy this balance or to increase existing excesses should be carefully avoided. One whose business it had been for long to make a study of character said to one whose activity was very small: "Try to cultivate activity. You should have some one 'after you with a sharp stick.'". Temperament, evidently, is something that can be changed. Moreover, much that is ascribed to temperament is due to environment or to habit. The present writer knew in his boyhood a woman, a member of one of the emotional churches of that day, who was accustomed, in revival meetings, to make the church ring with her "glory hallelujahs" as she jumped up and down and went shouting from one end of the church to the other—sometimes over the benches and all other obstacles. But she doesn't do so any more. She has learned that it isn't seemly; and expresses her joy in ways less demonstrative

In a certain community there was once a church of the Methodist type into the membership of which went some persons who had had Presbyterian and Congregational inheritance and training. There was in that church an excessive emotionalism. But in a few years through the tact of the pastor and that of the persons to whom it was objectionable, this was corrected in the main.

Everywhere people are learning that it is not through ejaculations and sounding phrases that piety is manifested, and that exhuberance in manner is in general indication of a lack of taste and development instead of an evidence thereof.

It has been said by another: "It is not difficult to say 'precious' and 'sweetly saved' and 'infilling of the Spirit;' but they may mean much or nothing. No one doubts that from some lips they stand for reality, neither does any one doubt that from other lips they are mechanical as if uttered by a phonograph. Nothing is less trustworthy in the whole realm of religion than its terminology. People catch up phrases that they hear, and repeat them regardless of personal experience of the meaning; or, the words that were used yesterday, growing out of a real feeling are used today, although the feeling that begat them has departed."

Christ's marching orders to the first disciples were not only to make disciples of all peoples and nations, but to teach them to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded. It is a question whether the minister and the church that do not have the teaching qualities which make it possible to mold together in Christ and to make effective in cooperation people of different temperaments read aright the principles and teachings of Jesus, whose words were: "For their sakes I sanctify myself." And again: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world."

Dr. Waters came to the Congregational Church a few years ago from the Methodist Episcopal, which he says, in common with the United Brethren and Methodist Protestant churches, lays emphasis on emotionalism. Not for that reason alone, but for that in part, he preferred the Congregational order. He has had royal welcome among Congregationalists and is doing an excellent work; but we wonder whether he did not run away from duty when he came. Methoism is capable of reform; it has been reformed and will be reformed. Dr. Waters by remaining might have leavened it considerably with his ideas, to its benefit; indeed might have been one instrument in effecting such changes as would have hastened the day of the Lord by bringing that and other great denominations to a more common platform. This world never will be Christ's world so long as any denomination clings to the notion that it has doctrines or methods which it cannot modify for the common good. The distinguishing features are not essential; never-

theless in the maintenance of them, (after saving all that can be said about the larger spirit of unity today) denominations go on putting the knife to the throat of churches that are outside their order, in the desire and effort to establish those of their own.

DESTRUCTIVE COMPETITION IN RELIGIOUS WORK.

It has been said often of late that business is carried on nowadays too largely on the principle of "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost." Is it not true also of the churches to considerable extent that it is every denomination for itself, and the devil take the hindermost? In many parts of the country there is on the part of some of the denominations as much of a disposition and effort to butt in where they are not needed as there was several decades ago.

It is said that there has been during recent years a remarkable increase in the spirit of unity; and so there has been, but it has not eventuated in anything very practical. Members of different denominations get together now and then for a goodly fellowship; they cooperate in a small way in some things that concern the general welfare of the community, but the competition and awful waste of energy and funds go on. As of old it is every denomination for itself. And the leaders in it say that they have to do it or go under. Some seek to justify themselves in their wicked competition by saying that every community must have a church of their order else it will not have the gospel in its simplicity and purity. Nevertheless they, in various ways, acknowledge as Christians the very ministers and churches they seek to uproot.

In a recent number of one of the papers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, there appeared an article by Bishop Atkins urging that church to pour money into this Pacific coast region for the establishing of churches of that order, giving as one of the reasons for this the conservation of their own membership with all that it signifies of personal and financial resources. He says that the great West, especially this Pacific coast region, will, unless they immediately pour a big lot of money into it, continue through all the future to be a kind of bay into which their strength will be drained.

Bishop Atkins states that the Methodist Church, South, now has about 20,000 members on the coast and slopes of the Rockies, but that a proper provision from the start would have given them from three to five times that number. Then comes the following significant paragraph:

"If it were true that this loss to us were to the same extent an enrichment of our sister Methodism there, the case would be somewhat relieved; but, for reasons which it is not needful to mention here, this is far from being true. There is in one town on the coast the record of a church—not Methodist—in which there are one hundred and fifty members who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, before they went West; and this in a place where the Methodist Episcopal Church was well established and well equipped. This contribution to other churches has gone on, and is going on, only where, for lack of men and means, we have not adequately provided for our own."

We would not do Bishop Atkins the injustice of stating that it is merely for the conservation of their membership that he urges concentration of funds on the Pacific coast. For some reason he believes that Methodism, even Southern Methodism, has a special mission and work here in the evangelization of the people. He would unite the denomination with the Methodist Episcopal Church North if that were possible; but seeing no outlook, at least now, for that, he would pour large sums of money into their own work; and if possible establish hundreds of churches along the coast. This, beyond intelligent question, would weaken or check the growth of churches of other denominations already established.

Last week we read in an Eastern paper of the troubles denominations are having in Oklahoma. The article had the caption "Comity in Oklahoma." Comity? According to the account there isn't any, and several churches are having the life crushed out of them and others put where they will have to struggle greatly and remain in a half dying condition for years —and of course without much effectiveness for the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

We believe that it was a great day for the kingdom of God upon the earth when The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church voted to unite—and this, notwithstanding the fact that it seems now as if there will be a remnant of the Cumberland people that will not enter the union. However, all small bodies will in the process of the years either die out or decline to a position of but little influence. Every year it is becoming more difficult for small religious bodies to enter new fields or to establish and maintain churches anywhere. The Radical wing of the United Brethren Church which separated from the main body about 20 years ago on account of the striking out of the constitution of the clause against secret societies is gradually dying out.

Grateful ought the churches of our land be for the larger spirit of unity which has characterized the religious bodies during the last decade; but God is calling us to something more practical; and the demand for all is to lay emphasis hereafter only on essentials and to make the spirit of unity eventuate into such a practical cooperation as will give mighty uplift to the kingdom of God upon the earth.

They who look for a time when all denominations will come together, perhaps look for something that never will be. But no one can look out on religious work as it is carried on today and be justified in the conclusion that combination after combination is not necessary if the church is to do in the world the work which God has called it to do. May God give to Christians everywhere more of the spirit of concession!

One of the most perfect examples of the miracles of modern missions is the Christian conquest of India. The power of God unto salvation is evidenced by the progress made against the tremendous forces of Satan, embodied in 207,000,000 Hindus, 62,000,000 Mohammedans, 9,000,000 Buddhists, 8,000,000 Animists, 2,000,000 Sikhs, 1,000,000 Jains, 100,000 Parsees, and 150,000 other fellowers of some satanic superstitions. William Carey arrived at Calcutta in 1793, and now, at the close of 114 years, the followers of our Lord number 3,000,000. Statistics do not tell the story. Bigotry, prejudice, ignorance, caste, all unsurmountable to any except Divine Power, had to be overcome, and is being overcome.

A SKETCH OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Professor J. D. Sweeney.

Our church is commonly regarded as the offspring of the Kirk of Scotland. However this is not entirely true, as we are descended from three sources: the Dutch in New York; the Scotch-Irish in Virginia and New Jersey, and the Huguenots in the Carolinas. In 1610 the first church after the lines of the Presbyterian form was established in New Amsterdam. In 1684 the first church by the Scotch-Irish was organized at Snow Hill, Maryland, and within a short time the French Huguenots had also begun the establishment of houses of worship.

By 1700, these Presbyterians had become so numerous that steps were taken to organize. The Presbytery of Philadelphia was formed in 1705 with a membership of seven ministers from Scotland, Ireland, and England. Eleven years later the synod of Philadelphia was organized out of four Presbyteries. The first meeting was held in September, 1717, with a total attendance of thirteen ministers and six ruling elders. During the next decade there arose dissension over the strict adherence to the Presbyterian form of government and the amount of education of the ministers.

Those who advocated following the presbyteriau order and an educated ministry were known as the "Old Side," the others "The New Side." With the advent of Whitfield in America the Synod was rent in two as the New Siders desired Whitfield to occupy their pulpits to which the Old Side strenuously objected on the ground that he was not orthodox in his teaching. So in 1741, the New Side organized the Synod of New York, the Old Side retaining the name Philadelphia. After a separation of seventeen years a reunion was effected and the two united under the joint name of New York and Philadelphia.

From this time onward there was a steady growth of the Presbyterians until at the close of the Revolution there were about 170 ministers and more than that number of churches.

In 1785, the Synod of New York and Philadelphia took steps looking toward the rveision of the church standards. This was done by 1788, four synods being formed: New York and New Jersey, Philadelphia, Virginia, and Carolinas. Over these was the General Assembly.

The next year the first General Assembly met in Philadelphia, and Rev. Dr. Witherspoon presided until the election of the first Moderator, Dr. Rogers. There were at this time 17 presbyteries, 188 ministers, and 419 congregations.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the emigration to the West, the Presbyterians came into close relations with the Congregationalists from New England. This led to a mixture of the two forms, especially in New York. A division again arose concerning this phase. Those favoring a closer relation with the Congregational body and especially cooperation with the American Board of Commissioners (the Congregational Board of Foreign Missions) became known as "The New School." Those who were opposed to this association of the two churches and favored the establishment of a Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, "The Old School." The Old School endeavored to discipline certain ministers on the ground that they held doctrines not consistent with the teachings of the church. The New School opposed this and an open rupture resulted in 1837, when the General Assembly disowned four synods as being more Congregational than Presbyterian.

To test their title to the funds and property of the Presbyterian Church, the New School began suit in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and won. The Old School obtained another trial and won. During this controversy the New School displayed a most admirable spirit of forbearance. By 1843, separation was complete. In 1846, both assemblies met in Philadelphia and the New proposed that both commune together, but the Old saw fit not to do so. At the time of the division there were in the Old School, 1,434 ministers and 2,092 congregations, in the New, 1,263 ministers and 1,496 congregations.

With the great slavery agitation the Southern synods in 1858, separated from the Northern, taking out about 200 churches of the New School with a membership of 10,000. At the outbreak of the Civil War the synods of the Old School withdrew and organized a separate church. At this there were lost 1,134 churches with over 76,000 members. At the close of the Rebellion offense was taken at the action of the General Assembly regarding the condition of the country, and over 10,000 members in Kentucky and Missouri withdrew. In spite of these tremendous losses there were in the New School church in 1869, 172,000 members. While the Old had but 21,000 less than ten years prior.

By this time the actors in the division of 1837 had mostly passed away, and the causes of the rupture had also passed, so the report of a joint committee that re-union be effected was adopted by both Assemblies in 1869, and the first united Assembly was held in Philadelphia; the following year, Dr. Backus, an Old School man, was elected Moderator, and Dr. Hatfield, a New, chosen stated clerk. To celebrate the happy event it was voted to make a special offering of $5,000. Over $7,600 was raised.

The withdrawals of 1861 and 1866 organized into the Southern Presbyterian Church, and although many attempts have been made to effect a union it is still a separate organization.

Just prior to 1800 a great revival took place among the Presbyterians of Kentucky and extended into the region of the Cumberland. Great open air meetings were held, multitudes flocking for fifty and more miles and camping out; converts by the hundreds were the result and there was a great need of ministers. Rev. David Rice, the patriarch of the Kentucky Presbyterians, offered as a solution that a number of worthy men from the churches be encouraged to prepare for the ministry, even though they be not able to attain to the degree of knowledge called for by the Church. Three men were selected and presented themselves before the presbytery for examination. The idea was strenuously opposed by that body and only one was accepted, though the following year the others were accepted as licentiates.

In 1840, the synod of Kentucky demanded that these men appear before that body for examination. To this the presbytery objected. For five years efforts were made to have these three men recognized by the synod which refused unless they appear for examination. In 1810, the three declared themselves outside the pale of the synod and organized the Presbytery of Cumberland, the beginning of the recent

Cumberland Church. This new branch grew rapidly and held the first Assembly in 1829.

After many years several attempts were made to re-unite this body, but all were futile until 1906, when the great Cumberland Church became a part of The Presbyterian Church, U. S. A.

Besides these there are two other important bodies having the same form of government as has our church. These are the Reformed Presbyterian and the United Presbyterian, the latter formed by the union of two earlier bodies known as The Associate Presbyterian Church and The Associate Reformed Church. These claim their origin in the Church of Scotland and have never been identified with our Church.

During recent years many causes for division have been removed, notably at the General Assembly at Los Angeles, when a clearer statement of the creed was made. It is to be hoped that with the passing of a few years all the organizations having the presbyterian form may unite into one great Presbyterian church and do valiant service in America. In this hope we pray, "Even so, Lord Jesus."

Red Bluff, Calif.

"FADED FASHIONS OF MY BOYHOOD."

By W. W. Davis.

[Under the foregoing caption W. W. Davis of Sterling, Illinois, writes in an interesting manner in the Lutheran Observer. We give here a part of his article.—Editor.]

"There's no time like the old time,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed,
And the birds of springtime sung."

In looking back fifty years one sees great changes in dress, light, food, farming, travel, schools and churches, books and papers. As Paul says in Corinthians, "The fashion of this world passeth away." Let us consider some of these faded fashions.

Dress. Nearly all men shaved. Thrice a week the face must be scraped. Every fellow was his own barber in the little villages, and razors were often dull. Beards were deemed undignified. Our early statesmen, from Washington to Webster, all had smooth faces. Lincoln was beardless when nominated in 1860. The mustache was not tolerated in good society, as it was associated with the gamester, the villain in the play.

Women brushed their hair so low down as to conceal their ears, and dressed in hoop skirts that resembled the half section of a balloon. Boys as well as girls wore aprons to school to protect their other garments. Boots with high legs or tops were the common footgear. In summer boys went barefoot, both for comfort and economy, in winter, long woolen stockings to the knee, and woolen mittens, carefully knit beforehand by provident mothers or grandmothers, were worn. On Sunday the stove-pipe hat, the soft felt hat yet unknown.

Light. Tallow candles were used in the country. They could be bought at the stores, or made by frugal families by pouring tallow into moulds strung with wicks. Many a lesson I studied by the pale flame, snuffing it with my fingers. Parlor lamps gradually came in, using lard oil or camphine, but they were not thought safe, and the reliable candle was the favorite for kitchen or bed-room. Late as 1860 on dark nights here in Sterling every man carried his lantern.

"Fond memory brings to light
Of other days around me."

Food. Pantries and cellars were better stocked than they are now. No living from hand to mouth. No running to groceries for the daily meal. Families had their own chickens and eggs, their hogs which were butchered before the holidays and made into enough sausage, ham, shoulder and bacon to last through the year.. Cans of lard too. Sauerkraut was made every fall. Shad were bought in the spring and salted down for summer use. Dried beef was of their own curing.

Nearly every family had an orchard, and in good season fruit of all kinds was so plenty that you could hardly sell it. As canning was unknown, cherries, peaches in halves, apples in quarters, were dried on boards or dishes in the sun. These were for sauce or pies in the winter. For company, currant jelly, peach and quince preserves. For daily use, blackberry jam in its season and apple-butter boiled in huge copper kettles every autumn.

This regularly appeared on the table during the year to put on buttered bread.

Farming. Corn was always put in shock and hauled to the barn for feeding horses and cows for winter. As the fields were small grass was cut with scythe and grain with the cradle. Emerson enjoyed the sight and has embalmed it in verse:

"I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even strokes their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring."

Snuffing was a common diversion, and when two old fellows met, it was good form for one to take out his box, both to take a pinch and then have a sociable sneeze. Instead of our present formal calls in full dress, mothers would pick up baby and knitting, and spend a long afternoon with some neighbor who had similar knitting and similar baby. Boys played corner ball with a soft ball, and in twenty years I cannot recall a broken leg, head or rib.

Sunday-schools were for children and the time was chiefly occupied in repeating verses from the Bible, a blue ticket given for every five verses. One of the old hymns is no longer sung:

"Oh that will be joyful, joyful,
To meet to part no more."

Five blue tickets bought a red ticket, and sixty red tickets secured a Bible. Bibles were dearer then. I have a Bible yet with the inscription by my father, "Purchased with sixty red tickets at New Holland S. School."

Above the pulpit of the Reformed church built in in 1801, hung a sounding-board which our present generation know nothing about. A sweet-toned bell hung in the steeple, and as soon as a funeral from the country came in sight, the sexton tolled the bell, and kept tolling till the procession reached the church. A common hymn was:

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

As is the custom in England, the old Lutheran church stood in the middle of the graveyard, a neglected spot. Grass and weeds grow over the sunken graves, and the weather-beaten stones were tumbling to the ground. Wild strawberries grew there, and thoughtless children ran recklessly over the dust of their grandfathers to gather the fruit.

Every Friday afternoon in the school was sacred to oratory. As we all took our pieces from the same Comstock's Elocution, there was much monotony. Regularly we had Mrs. Hemans'

"The boy stood on the burning deck;"

or Campbell's spirited lyric,

On Linden when the sun was low;"

or supposed speech of John Adams,

"Sink or swim, live or die;"

or Ossian's address to the sun,

"O thou that rollest above!"

or

"Ye crags and peaks,
I'm with you once again."

Yes, it is delightful to recall those olden, golden days as Riley calls them, but to our young people they have no more interest than the siege of Troy, or the fall of Babylon.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Day of Days.

When one is privileged to take the "Seventeen Mile Drive" at Pacific Grove, in the sunshine after the winter which the oldest inhabitant says he has never known to be equalled for rain and fog, it is just to be elated by it. When team and carriage are satifactory, the lunch appetizing, the fragrant Mocha boiled to perfection over an extemporized camp-fire, and the company reverent, storyful and songful, the combination is inspiring. I never saw a foamier sea upon these ragged rocks. The "restless sea" was like the troubled hearts the Holy Book describes. Golden poppies in uncounted numbers starred the green fields. There are no more buffalo on the route, but meek-eyed barnyard saints craunch eagerly the tender grass. It is worth while to see what capital and care can do to make a perfect roadway over which it is indeed a luxury to ride. If two weeks' sojourn among the leafy shades of Saratoga foot-hills and groves, and baths by our foamy trout-brook can make fourteen times as much impression as an ideal day in Monterey county has made on me, it will indeed repay the humane and high hearted citizens of San Francisco to push their contemplated "Boys' Outing Farm Association," on some well chosen ranch.

An evening in Mayflower Chapel, at a preparatory service, was good inspiration for a devout day out of doors. What a contrast is the bright and well appointed chapel there now to the humble barrack in which fourteen saints began to build for God! Fortunate they who are called to live at Pacific Grove! What a rich reward have these brave Methodist pioneers who knelt among the pines and with humble tents and improvised shacks for homes set about preparing for the multitudes a clean refreshment ground where the curse of alcohol could not come! Pacific Grove is one of America's best examples of town building.

Eighteen Rainy Saturdays.

Folk who have counted say that the tremendous rain storm which washed Saratoga's Eighth Annual Blossom Festival to shreds was the culmination of eighteen stormy Saturdays. But if the saying of my glorious old teacher, President Fairchild, that "Fidelity is Success," be true, my neighbors have not been met with failure, for they have been faithful. There was never so much preparation to make guests from the city, and our county and country neighbors welcome and happy as this time. We were never so thoroughly wet down. I saw a noble ranchman, with wife and daughter and sons, in a loaded truck, taking home unused chicken pies, a cook stove, and provisions, in the rain, but they were cheerful because of a duty attempted. More than a score came despite the rain and met choice in-door hospitality. Kind words and almost countless letters tell of wide disappointment. Our people are paying the preparation bills cheerfully. Friends are likely to have a May Day invitation on like terms with the Blossom Festival. It is not voted but it is in the air. California seems to come to her birthright of sunlight again. The birds sing with unwonted vigor, seeming to appreciate the passing of the rain. How closely they clung to the house in the storm, picking up crumbs gratefully and pressing their little breasts against the windows as if they wanted to come in.

Coming West With a Purpose.

I learned a bit of history at a cottage prayer meeting recently which greatly interested me. I knew that Grandison Fairchild moved from Stockbridge, Mass. to Brownhelm, Ohio, about ninety years ago. I knew the old patriarch in his home on the shores of Lake Erie, and preached some of my school boy sermons under his just tutelage. His noble sons were all my friends. Two, whom he brought with him on the first steamer which ever crossed Lake Erie from Buffalo to Cleveland, became presidents—James H. Fairchild of Oberlin, and Henry Fairchild of Berea. A fourth son, born at Brownhelm, became George T. Fairchild, long the honored head of the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan. His son now has honorable place in the agricultural department at Washington. When this old patriarch's journey to Brownhelm, where he both ran a frontier farm and built a school house that the boys might be sure of an education, was compared to Abraham's journeys, a lady present—none other than Mrs. Lucy Fairchild Kanaston, the oldest daughter of President James H. Fairchild—was able to add to our information. Her grandfather was named Grandison from the hero of a novel by Richardson—Sir Charles Grandison. He taught a district school in Stockbridge, Mass. Among his pupils were Mark Hopkins, afterwards President of the A. B. C. F. M., and his brothers, Professors Albert Hopkins and Harry Hopkins. I had sometimes wondered where President Finney got his name Charles Grandison. This information threw light on that. Sir Charles Grandison was an ideal courtier and lover, the hero of a love romance published in 1753.

How interesting are the facts about the good and great! How much one picks up who makes diligent use of a good neighborhood prayer meeting!

Among the Churches.

Pomona.—"All in all it is the best year in the history of the church." So read the clerk of the church in his report on the 29th of March. The membership is 388, the additions during the year being 125. Contributions to the amount of $13,136 were received for current expenses and toward the new building. The pastor's salary has been increased $300.

Alhambra.—The annual meeting held recently was one of encouragement, showing progress in general for the church. The membership has increased to 170. The church parts regretfully with Mr. Gail Borden who has transferred his membership to Immanuel Church, Los Angeles. Mr. Borden has helped the Alhambra church greatly in ways various.

Los Angeles, Highland Park.—During the last year 119 persons were received into the membership of this church. The church was started in 1889 with 39 members. The enrollment now is about 475. Reports at the recent annual meeting showed that about $2,500 had been given for home and foreign missions, and about $5,000 to miscellaneous benevolences. The church debt was reduced in the sum of $1,000 and lots in York Valley purchased and a chapel built there at a total cost of $1.500.

Eureka.—The Eureka Herald of April 4th contained the following concerning the Presbyterian Church in that city. The annual meeting was held the previous evening and the Herald said: "The reports for the year were most satisfactory, tending to prove the assertions of the Rev. E. P. Shier made last year that placing the church on a strictly cash basis would be greatly to the benefit of the church. As a result of the new plan, in operation for one year, the Presbyterian Church has come out with all bills paid and a balance of $5.05 in the treasury. The amount of money received during the year was greater than the total sum of all benevolences and contributions received for the running expenses of the church in any preceding year and was $1,904. The benevolence fund was entirely used in fulfilling the wants of the different purposes of the church. Out of the general fund all the running expenses of the church were paid and a balance of $5,05 left in the treasury. The receipts of the general fund were $1,529.61; in the back debt fund was $235.41 and benevolences, $139.55. The debt was all paid, and a note for $200 with interest at $33 and a balance of $2.01 was placed in the general fund. The reports showed all the church societies in good condition. Particular attention was drawn to the Boys' Club. Workmen are now remodeling the two rooms that have been occupied by the boys and are making one apartment of them more than 200 feet square. It will be given a pine floor and the finishings will be in Flemish oak. The Ladies' Aid Society has undertaken to furnish the room."

SANTA BARBARA PRESBYTERY.

The Presbytery of Santa Barbara met in the First Presbyterian Church at Lompoc—recently received from the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Rev. Joseph Overton was elected moderator and Rev. W. H. Chapman temporary clerk. Rev. John Steele was received from the Presbytery of Schuyler and accepted a call to the church at Santa Paula. Rev. W. H. Macpherson, after a year of service, accepted a call to the church at Nordhoff (Ojai). Rev. J. T. Tubbs, D.D., relinquished his work at Carpenteria and accepted the office of Sunday-school missionary for this Presbytery. Rev. Ira E. Leonard and Mr. T. A. Brown were elected principal delegates to the General Assembly and Rev. Joseph Overton and Hon. T. R. Bard alternates. W. C. Scott, S. C.

A NOTED PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

The Rev. Dr. George L. Spining and wife of South Orange, N. J., are visiting their son, Mr. J. M. Spining in Riverside. We quote the following from the Riverside Enterprise:

"Dr. Spining is a clergyman of national repute and is known not only in the Presbyterian Church, in which denomination he has preached for forty years, but in all creeds as a man of exceptional abilities and one of the most eloquent divines in the Presbyterian Church. Several months ago failing health obliged him to resign as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of South Orange, N. J., and he was elected pastor emeritus of the church over which he had presided for thirteen years.

While a boy his parents moved west and in Kansas he had learned to know the Indian and later became the red man's friend, speaking in his behalf in Washington and lecturing throughout the country on the Indian's rights when these were violated. For a quarter of a century the doctor has had much to do with Indian legislation and was offered the Indian commissionership by former President Cleveland, but declined. He speaks several Indian dialects. In order to know how close Dr. Spining stands to the Indian, one has but to hear the story of how he saved the lives of one tribe, the Nez Perces. These people, the doctor found in a dying condition, living in a swamp.

To Chief Joseph's plea, 'Tell the Great White Father at Washington we are dying, and have our lands restored to us," Dr. Spining replied 'I will,' and never faltered until these people were back in their hunting grounds. To show their gratitude, the Nez Perce made the doctor an honorary Indian chief, known as Chief Blackbeard. To carry out the idea, all the insignia of this office was sent him, the blanket, the peace pipe, bows, beaded arrow case, the horn, spoon, etc. Since then every year this tribe has sent typical gifts to their Chief Blackbeard.

While on the frontier he learned to ride the wildest horses, and his love for a good horse still remains with him, riding being one of his chief pleasures. At 17 he made a record ride, with a dispatch in the army service, covering 120 miles in 24 hours. He was a boy bugler in the first regiment of rough riders, raised west of the Missouri river in 1861, and in 1865 was in the Indian wars on the plains. Later he went to college and then entered business until he was called to preach the gospel, for which life work he prepared himself. Since then he has had pastorates in San Francisco, Cleveland, Cincinnati, New York and South Orange, N. J. Considerable time has also been given to mission work on the frontier. He has been abroad frequently, once as a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council in London and has made many

addresses at general assemblies, one of those being at Winona Lake in 1897, when he nominated Sheldon Jackson for moderator."

SAN FRANCISCO.

We are indebted to the Sunset Magazine for the fine picture on our cover page this week. The April number of that magazine contained many pictures showing the great progress that has been made in the rebuilding of the city, along with excellent articles setting forth the same. One on "The True San Francisco," by the Rev. George G. Eldridge, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, is worthy of special note. Mr. Eldridge says among other things: "San Francisco churches and all the various phases of religious and philanthropic life which draw their support from the church are too few, and neither so well supported or attended as they should be. If judgment were passed upon the city solely upon the basis of these outward marks of religion she would certainly be pronounced deficent. Other cities of like size have far more of the outward criterion of the religious life to show. It is for this reason that men sometime smile when the religious life of San Francisco is mentioned. They fancy that this city is almost wholly irreligious. I am persuaded however that in this, as in other particulars, San Francisco has not put her best foot forward. Her people are not the heathen they are supposed to be. In this phase of the city's life again there is the obtrusive blatant 'Frisco' and there is the true and serious San Francisco. And just as people have awakened to the hurtfulness of the 'Frisco' reputation and spirit in other things, so they will waken to the hurtfulness of this irreligious pose. The best city is bad enough, and there is no call for our city to appear worse than it is." Mr. Eldridge concludes by expressing the belief that below the surface there is a fine flow of pure and wholesome religious life, and that some day it will be developed.

It is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Just how much discipline, and of what kind, will be needed to bring it and its manifestation, only God knows. In many ways now the city is as gay and careless as it ever was. The mass of the people haven't thought about God as much during the last eleven months as they did for a few weeks after the 18th of last April.

PACIFIC SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The Lectures by Professor Peabody.

The Commencement exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary began on Monday April the 1st with the lectures in the Earl Lectureship by Professor Francis G. Peabody, D.D., of Harvard University. There were six lectures, the concluding one being given on Wednesday evening, April the 10th, on Religion and the Social Question. Other topics were: Philosophy and the Social Question; Social Science; Sociology and the Social Question; Religion and the Social Question; Ethics and the Social Question; Ethical Idealism and the Social Question.

Nothing that we could give in the way of a report of these lectures would do them justice. They were listened to by a large and appreciative audience each evening. No one could listen to such a course of lectures and go away without more of a desire for a life of service for humanity. Professor Peabody made it evident that the great need of the age is the spiritualization of the social question and the socialization of the religious life. The social question he regards as God's way of invitation to the mind of the present; and no harder task, he says, was ever offered to religion than that of adaptation to a new environment of industrial democracy.

The Graduation Exercises.

The graduation exercises of the Seminary were held on Thursday April the 11th. An address was given by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Evans, presiding elder of the Oakland district of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The address by Dr. Evans was one which will linger long in the minds not only of the graduating class but of all who were privileged to hear it. It was lofty in its idealism, but practicable. Dr. Evans showed how it was possible to learn much from the great preachers of the last and the present generation; but that the model preacher yet walks the earth. It was he who said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." And the thought was in part that it is essential to follow him even into Gethsemane and to the hill of sacrifice. Everywhere there is the need and wail of a world looking after God—and yet finding him not. The work of the preacher is to bring men to God, and it was shown that no man has any call to enter the pulpit who is not willing and ready to pay the price of the requirements of that high service.

The graduating class consisted of five persons: John Milton Barnhart, Hugh Kenneth Hamilton, Alfred J. Kennedy, Yasoo Takesaki and Oliver J. Van Wagnen. Three of the class are members of the Methodist Church.

The diplomas were presented, in well-chosen words, by Professor C. S. Nash, D.D., the dean of the faculty, who voiced the regret of all at the absence abroad of the beloved president of the Seminary, the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean.

Dr. Nash linked with the words of the Master, "For their sakes I sanctify myself," and with the class motto, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," the inspiring lessons toward service given by Professor Peabody during the week, and then sent the class forth with the final thought: Your business now is to make your knowledge and your power tell. Use them. Your hour of action has come. A life of action awaits you!"

Announcement was made of the fact that the Rev. George D. Castor had been secured for the department of New Testament Literature and Exegesis. Mr. Castor is a graduate of Drury College and of Yale Divinity School; he won the Foreign Fellowship of his class at Yale and spent a year of study in Germany. He is at present assistant pastor of the Center Church, New Haven, director of the associated Sunday-school work of the city and an instructor in the Biblical Literature Department of Yale University. Mr. Castor is a man of fine scholarship and personality. A strong effort was made to retain him in New Haven. He comes with the highest recommendations, and will take up his work in the Seminary with the beginning of the next term in August.

Announcement was made also of the fact that President Mackenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary had been secured for the Interdenominationl Summer School of Theology.

From the lips of the veteran and dearly beloved Dr. Willey came the benediction.

"WRONGING THE SOUL."

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

In that remarkably vigorous book, "The Problem of Personality," by Joseph Newton, is a chapter on "Wronging the Soul." The Bible reveals the extraordinary truth that God is sensitive to our sins. As a father, he not only pities us, but as a father he is wounded with our trangressions and by our sins. The child, by wrong doing, inflicts the cruelest wrongs upon the soul of a father. He can bear the wrongs and injustices of enemies much easier than he can bear the wrongs inflicted by his own child. God suffers for our sins. He especially suffers for the sins and backslidings of his professed follower. The impact of sin on God deeply grieves Him. The recoil of sin on the soul of the sinner is sin as we know it in human experience. There are three fundamental sorts of sins which specially wrong the soul. The sins of the sensualist, the sins of the secularist, and the sins of saints. It is an awful fact that literature teems with sensualism. Even such a literary prince as Carlyle apologizes for the bestiality of the genius in literature. The author calls attention to the tragic fact that Goethe, Mill, George Eliot, and George Lewis, not to speak of the long list of German and French authors, defied public censure and persisted in gross immoralities. Ruskin tells us that the moral deformity of artists reflects itself on the canvas. The literary atmosphere of the world is tainted with sensualism.

The soul, instead of steeping itself in these salacious and lecherous songs and dramas, relaxing conscience, clouding the sense of decency, glossing over immorality, should rigidly and systematically exclude all literature which debases the soul. The library should be purged of all this tainted and sensual stuff. Society is suffering from a false, liberalized moral judgment. The moral judgment is wronged, the will is weakened, the emotions are corrupted by the monstrous growth of literary sensualism. When we add the vast seething sin of the novel, the newspaper, the drama, the vaudeville, the wrongs of sensualism pass beyond the bounds of all ordinary calculation. These wrongs affect and afflict the home. Divorce has its deepest cause in the sensualism of literature and of the theater. This sin brings on the soul moral and spiritual blindness. It brings to society a long Sabbathless night of whisky orgies, and the reign of the saloon and the dominancy of the baser instincts of humanity. The "broad" views of church members will end disastrously on the rising generation. Parents and church members must put forth some definite, personal effort to stem the rising tide of sensualism. William Godwin and James Mill advocated loose marital relations and their children put in practice their theories.

Secularism is another sin which assails the soul. The first step of secularism is to substitute the idol of science for God, humanitarianism for Christ. Secularism tells us to pay no attention to the future, but study alone the present. Heed the "now" and the dim, shadowy "hereafter" will take care of itself. Present realities must engross and absorb all the energies of our mental faculties. Science, not the Savior, is the benefactor of mankind. Chemistry has a greater influence on modern life than the Christ of the New Testament. Electricity exerts more influence than Providence. The political and social world must be cleared of all theological prejudices. The secularist has worked himself up to believe that religion is an obstruction and should be banished. This powerful enemy of the soul is at work. It has demanded the negation of all spiritual ideals, the repudiation of all religion. The history of mankind flatly contradicts the philosophy of this negative secularism. Saxony has been the seat of intellectualism and has gradually degenerated into depravity and moral decay. France has the cleverest palliation in literature for a cultured secularism. There is only one cure for the sin of secularism and that is the Christianity of Christ. The substitution of the temporal for the eternal, the human for the divine, has always, and in the nature of the case always will, result in moral and spiritual death.

The sin of saints also recoils with fearful effect upon the soul. The saint is full of reactionary principles. There is no state of Christian perfection in which the believing soul does not have to watch itself. The reaction against intellectualism is a danger and a sin which grievously wrongs the soul of the saint. A minister, on account of German rationalism, once publicly thanked God that he never learned German. The reaction against the biblical critic may easily degenerate into blind unreasoning bigotry. The arbitrary and ignorant exclusion of learning neutralizes the influence of religion. The reaction against materialism results in an ethereal idealization of all religion. The saint becomes a victim of morbid fancy, spending his whole time grinding his theories to an ever-vanishing edge. This straining after the impractical is a deadly wrong to the soul. The saint should rest on Christ. Jesuitical casuistry goes on to say, "Make yourselves clear that you are justified in deception and then lie like a trooper." Even Augustine, Calvin and Fenelon twisted themselves to believe that stealing was not as sinful as heterodoxy. These "religious" casuistries craftily deceive, dwarf and impoverish the soul of the believer. The ecclesiastical sophisms, exclusions, refined, sublimated, hair-splitting doctrinal ideations, gradually but finally through sheer impracticability, deeply wrong the soul, impoverish the mind, and wound to death the conscience. The remedy for all this is the simplicity, the sublime simplicity of the gospel of the Son of God. Christ, and Christ alone, is the cure for sensualism, secularism and the reactions, excesses and eccentricities of believers.

WILD FIRE IN REVIVALS.

It is a nice point to be able to choose the right course between cold, intellectual ethics and a bubbling, effervescent emotionalism. The church should be warm-hearted but keep a cool, clear head. There are some people in Los Angeles who claim the "gift of tongues" identical with that received on the day of the original pentecost. One of these claimed that he could speak Hindustani and appeared in India under that hallucination. One of the missionaries who understands the Hindustani writes us that the "tongue" is as unknown to the Hindustani as it is to an American. The victim is wholly self-deceived. People who submit themselves to these forms of religious hysteria are in a defective or pathological condition. We do not deny the possibility of the "gift of tongues." God does not, so far as we are able to judge from the history of the Christian church, use supernatural agencies, with an adequate, final cause. To imagine that for the mere sake of showing God's presence with His people the "gift of tongues" is bestowed, is to shift the working basis of the Gospel from a personal power within to a mechanical power acting upon us from without. The end of a miracle must be adequate. If we had a definite need of the "gift of tongues" and could employ effectually that "gift," no question of the validity to the claim of "the gift of tongues" could be raised. Modern miracles must have a modern reason.

It is maintained in a general way that if the early church had need of miracles, the "gift of healing," the "gift of

tongues," the modern church has the same humanity, the same problems, social, political, educational, civil and religious, hence the modern church must be similarly equipped with miraculous gifts. This is a plausible argument and appeals strongly to many deeply spiritual and truly consecrated people. The fervent, the devout, the spiritually quickened soul, stirred with that divine impulse is not easily liberated from the logic of that conception of the Christian system which promises such attainments of spiritual power.

The first thing to take into the account is the undisputed fact that Christians do not have apostolic power. The modern Christian cannot raise the dead, cannot shake a deadly viper from his hand and suffer no harm. If there is a limit on Christian belief as to its miraculous power, the only remaining question is, where is the boundary of possible faith? We are just now concerned as to the possible reason for limiting the physical results of faith. Broadly speaking, the limit must be confined to the necessary. Any continued disturbance of the regular laws of nature would not only tend to utter confusion but lose its religious meaning. If speaking in an unknown tongue became at all regular that regularity would be a new law and have no supernatural effect. It the "gift of healing" were universal it would have no supernatural or supersensuous effect. It would be in the category of law. The fact that the miracles of the early church ceased made them miracles in qualities and in fact. So long as the "gift of healing" served as an evidence of the active, personal presence of God it had a justifying cause. It is well to test modern miracles by asking for some adequate, fundamental and universal reason for them.

We cannot deny the personal experiences of each individual. There is no apriori reason why one may not receive the "gift of tongues," but the real test is not in the theory but in the fact. God could enable a consecrated soul to speak Hindustani without acquiring that language in the usual way, but the test is in speaking the language. We may not say that the "gifts of tongues" has ceased, but we can say that no broad, general cause has been assigned for the conferring of such a gift. In the absence of such a general, final cause the burden of proof remains with those individuals who claim to have received such a gift.

Of late there has been a good deal of religious wild-fire going over the country. It indicates the presence of psychological conditions favorable to a great spiritual wave. The community conscience is sensitive to spiritual truth. The church can best advance the kingdom of God by a hospitable and generous feeling toward the extravagant and hysterical moods of religious people and at the same time hold sacredly, tenaciously, to the middle of the road. One should not encourage religious extravagance. One should not antagonize or offend, but in "sweet reasonableness" we should seek to correct these dangerous abuses of the Christian faith.

CIVILIZATION IN CHINA.

We are indebted to the London Methodist Times for the following: "The Times last week published a most important telegram from its Peking correspondent giving an account of his recent journey through the heart of China. He bears the most impressive testimony to the remarkable advance of order and civilization which is everywhere apparent. The railway is working wonders, and is tending to break down the bias against foreigners and against the introduction of modern appliances. The spread of Western education is still more significant and is rapidly attaining popular dimensions. The influence of education is being invoked against the opium habit. The policing of the provinces is growing rapidly more effective. All these are most welcome signs of advance. They are also sure indications that such advance must end in breaking down, and not in strengthening, the exclusiveness of the Chinese temper. The present state of things, by presenting a new opportunity, gives a fresh challenge to the Christian Churches. Western civilization is in all its best elements the effect of Christianity. The adoption by China of its outward appliances and institutions should be accompanied by the appropriation of its inspiring principles. Efforts must be made in the largest spirit and on the most extensive scale to supply the religious inspiration by which alone can the regeneration of China be successfully wrought out."

Mr. Carnegie's Palace of Peace to be erected at the Hague is an assured fact. A French architect by the name of Cardonnier has been awarded the contract of superintending architect. Two hundred and seventeen architects from almost every country in the world competed for the prize of $5,200 offered by the trustees of the Carnegie fund for the best design for the Palace of Peace to be erected at The Hague, within the walls of which future international tribunals will attempt to settle disputes and make war impossible. No fewer than 3,030 designs were sent in, and the first prize was awarded to M. Cordonnier, for a splendidly executed conception of the style of the chateaux of Northern France. His drawing shows the main building, flanked by high towers, two of which are at each end of the facade. The chief feature of the interior will be a magnificent Hall of Arbitration.

Professor Henry Van Dyke of Princeton has recalled his resignation. This will please the Princeton people greatly. The New York Evening Post cannot understand why a distinguished Professor should resign and then recall his resignation. On the contrary the thing is as philosophical as to resign it all. From the apriori standpoint, the question is why should a distinguished Professor accept a position in an institution and then resign from it. Is there any theoretical difference between changing one's mind at one time or at another?

The Hague Peace Conference is growing apace. The United States reserves the right to bring forward two important questions. The first is the reduction of the armament of the nations and the second is the use of force in collecting debts of private citizens in foreign countries. The British Government is with the United States in at least the first question. Russia and Germany are reticent and non-committal in their attitude. Most of the small nations are of course in favor of reducing the military phase of civilization.

Governor Buchtel has signed a local option law for Colorado. The people can vote the saloon out or vote it in as they please. Colorado has a government of the people, by the people and for the people. California will come to that high ground of citizenship some day.

Official reports show that nineteen saloons in New York paid in the month of November last over $22,866 in fines for breaking the law.

The Home.

THE HANDY MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE.

To the careless observer, all men are divisible into two distinct classes; the first to contain the comfortable variety of man—all blessings on him—that is truly handy about the house, the second to include the men that are wise enough to know that nature never intended them for domestic animals.

The careless observer, however, is incorrect in his premises. There is still another class of men, and it is stronger, numerically, than either of the other two. It contains all those mistaken male persons that think that they are handy about the house, while, as a matter of fact, they are blunderers and bunglers of the first water.

The admirable man that is naturally proficient with the hatchet, the handsaw and the soldering-iron, and can put on screen doors, drive nails, doctor the clocks, dig out tacks or mend a leaking pipe, is a household treasure—would there were more of him. Next to him in virtue, comes the man that knows that he can't do any of these things and wisely turns them over to some one that can. But the man that only thinks that he can do them scorns all professional aid, although, alas, in every undertaking of this sort he always finds it necessary to call upon his relatives for strenuous assistance. Worst of all, he has so much confidence in himself that the members of his household are misled for a time into thinking that his previous blunders were mere accidents of the moment and not likely to occur again. But gradually his trusting kindred begin to suspect the truth— that the blunderer does not know a screw-driver from a cold chisel—and they come, in time, to regard with trepidation all his threatened attempts at being useful. Nothing, however, shakes his beautiful faith in himself as a handy man to have about the house.

Suppose this type of man has a box to open. He sends his wife for the hammer, his sister-in-law for the screw-driver and the maid for one of those patent arrangements for drawing out nails and blood-curdling screeches at the same time. Of course, under his unskillful guidance, none of these things work properly, so he hurls them into a corner, demands the hatchet, reduces the box to kindling wood, damages the cut-glass contents and scatters excelsior over the rugs and furniture. When it is all over, he straightens up and observes, complacently: "There's nothing like knowing just how to do things is there? A carpenter would have charged half a dollar for that job."

If he has a nail to drive, he makes twenty-seven holes in the plaster before he succeeds in his attempts to find the stud, whacks his thumb several times during the process and has to have it bathed in liniment and tied up; but the nail is in, and that triumph overshadows all damage to the wall-paper—or even to thumbs.

Of course, any attempt on his part to regulate the clock spells ruin to the timepiece. One such man once received eleven clocks as wedding presents. Enough to last an ordinary family a lifetime with some left over for posterity. As a matter of fact, they lasted just six months, for that misguided bridegroom took them all apart during that time and got their internal arrangements so thoroughly mixed that his bride of half a year was obliged to buy a dozenth clock—which she was wise enough to keep under lock and key.

Naturally, this variety of man is a joy to the maker of lawn mowers, and is the principal source of revenue to the manufacturers of sewing machines; for more sewing machines are ruined annually by men's attempts at repairing them than are worn out by women sewing on them. The professional plumbers and expert carpenters, called in surreptitiously by the bungler's wife, when the bungler is out of town, also grow rich repairing the damage he has wrought by being handy about the house. In the course of time his wife discovers that even she can beat him all hollow at driving nails and putting in screws, but she is too devoted to brag of it.

It is like this man to invite people in at eleven o'clock at night, after an evening at the theater, to see him make a Welsh rarebit, for this type of man invariably imagines that his skill in cooking equals his dexterity in carpentering. It does, too, and it is a sight worth seeing, as well. His wife, holding up her trailing skirts, goes to the cellar for cobwebby bottles of ——, rummages the pantry for scraps of cheese which she afterward has to grate, slips out of the back door to borrow French mustard from a neighbor who has to be roused from deep slumber, makes a fire in the range to toast the crackers, places all the ingredients and all necessary dishes on the dining-room table, fills and lights the alcohol lamp—and the handy man does the rest. That is, he stirs the melting cheese for a few moments while his weary wife is getting out forks and napkins, and finally ladles it out in stringy portions to the guests.

"That's a pretty good rarebit, isn't it?" he asks beamingly. "No trick at all to do it. Come around some night and see me make a lobster a la Newberg."
—C. W. Rankin.

The Quiet Hour.

THERE IS ALWAYS TIME FOR PRAYER.

By Edith H. Kinney.

Should the new dawn, breaking, a burden bring,
  That your soul seems hard to bear,
Seek a boon of grace for a little space;
  There is always time for prayer.

With a lift of heart let the day begin,
  And a moment's respite spare,
Ere you press along with the toiling throng;
  There is always time for prayer.

When your tired feet falter upon the path,
  Though to pause you do not dare,
Would you find the stress of the noon grow less
  There is always time for prayer.

When the late light dies with the setting sun,
  Would you taste a balm for care?
With a lift of heart let the day depart;
  There is always time for prayer.

There is always time 'neath the even-chime,
  And the golden noontide fair.
There s always time 'neath the even-chime,
  There is always time for prayer.

WE ARE BEST WHERE WE ARE.

Sometimes we look at the circumstances by which we are surrounded and think how impossible it is for us ever to be, in the midst of such daily experiences, what we ought to be. We grumble over our lot instead of cheerfully accepting it at God's hands, believing that he knows what is best for us. We think regretfully that if the people we are called upon to meet from day to day were different, if they had the same earnest aims and hopes as ourselves, if the worries arising from our work were less frequent and irritating, if we had not this sickly body or inherited weakness, we should be different from what we are. But it is not so. The psalmist was accurately right when he said: "Thy judgments are true and righteous." The judgment of God never errs. It cannot fail. He does not plant teh orchid on the Alpine fail. He does not plant the orchid on the Alpine the nature of each plant in his universe, and places it under the conditions best suited for its development. So likewise the personal requirements of each one of us is known unto him. We can, therefore, be certain that he has placed us just where our personal character can fully unfold itself.

Instead of bemoaning our difficulties, we ought to be thankful for them, for out of these trials is forged what we call character. We know men in whose faces we can read it, and we know how it has been won. Whenever we see a face marked by an expression of strength and self-reliance, we conclude that it represents a history in which there has been something to fight against, something to overcome. The influences which have left their impress upon it have not been of the armchair and slipper kind. We know that many a victory has been gained in the midst of rough experiences, for we can read the scars of battle in the lines upon the face. Yes; hardship, trial, difficulty, make character; or, to change the figure, they are the stepping-stones upon which the soul rises.

THE INCOMPETENT LIFE.

Where is the man who is satisfied with himself? Possibly those over-weighted with self-conceit, who "spin themselves into their own views like a cocoon," may imagine they have reached perfection; but persons who do any thinking on life as it really is, and the right relation of things, are by no means satisfied with themselves. In fact, discontent with what we ear and an eager aspiration toward a better and fuller life is the only rational mode of living. Phillips Brooks puts the thought in concise and glowing phrase: "The ideal life is in our blood, and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are." This is doubtless the interior motive that inspires the growing Christian; the higher his attainments the more intensely conscious he becomes of the incompleteness of his spiritual life. At the same time he holds his gaze steady and persistent upon the perfect man , Christ Jesus, in whom are unfolded and interpreted to his mind the possibilities that lie in human nature of arriving ultimately at the fulness of complete manhood. And to spur us on the higher endeavor, and to make us know that the way to be what God wants us to be in through trial and struggle, may explain somewhat the reason why a loving Providence withholds the completions of life in our passage through time. Whatever the reason, it is the truth, and there is nothing before us but endurance and working and fighting;"an earnest use of what we have now, and, all the time, an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be."—Church News.

Young People.

WHY THE BEAR SLEEPS ALL WINTER.

A long time ago little Brother Rabbit lived, quite sober and industrious, in the woods. In those days he never troubled his neighbors, nor meddled with their housekeeping, nor played any tricks.

In the fall he gathered his acorns and his pig unts and his rabbit tobacco. On a frosty night he would set out with Brother Fox for the fields; and, while Brother Fox looked over the farmer's chicken yard, little Brother Rabbit picked cabbage, and pulled carrots and turnips and parsnips for his cellar. When the cold and snow came, he never failed to share his store with a traveling chipmunk or a wandering field mouse. Oh, little Brother Rabbit was a very good neighbor indeed; but quite close by in the woods lived old Bear.

Now old Bear was not content to mind his own housekeeping, and doze in the sun, and look for wild honey, and fish through the ice in the winter. He was full of mischief and was always playing tricks. Of all the beasts in the wood the one he loved best to trouble was sober little Brother Rabbit.

Just as soon as Brother Rabbit moved to a new tree root and filled his bins with vegetables and his pantry with salad, creepy, creepy, crawl-- along would come old Bear and carry off the vegetables and tip over the things on the pantry shelves. Just as soon as Brother Rabbit filled his house with nice dry leaves for a bed and hung his walls with moss for curtains, creepy, creepy, crawly, along would come old Bear and try to squeeze himself into the bed, too, and of course he mussed it all up.

At last Brother Rabbit could endure it no longer, and he went to the other beasts of the forest to ask their advice.

The first he met was Brother Frog, sitting on the edge of a pool and sticking his feet in the nice cool mud.

"What shall I do, Brother Frog?" asked Brother Rabbit. "Old Bear will not leave me alone."

"Come alone to Brother Squirrel," said Brother Frog.

So they went to the place where Brother Squirrel was cracking nuts in a hickory-tree.

"What shall we do, Brother Squirrel?" asked Brother Frog. "Old Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Come along to Brother Squirrel," said Brother Squirrel, dropping his nuts.

So they all went along to the place where Brother Mole was digging foundations for a new house, and they said:—

"What shall we do, Brother Mole? Old Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Come along to Brother Fox," said Brother Mole.

So they all went to the place where Brother Fox sat combing his brush behind a clump of bushes, and they said:—

"What shall we do, Brother Fox? Old Bear will not leave Brother Rabbit alone."

"Let us find old Bear," said Brother Fox.

So Brother Frog and Brother Squirrel and Brother Mole and Brother Fox all went along with Brother Rabbit; and they hunted and hunted and hunted for old Bear, but they could not find him. Then they hunted and hunted again, and at last they peeped in a hollow tree. There, inside, lay old Bear, fast asleep.

"Hush," said Brother Fox. Then he said to Brother Frog. "You fetch some mud." And he said to Brother Squirrel, "You fetch some leaves." And to Brother Mole he said, "You dig, Brother Mole." To little Brother Rabbit, he said, "You stand ready to do what I tell you."

So Brother Frog brought mud, Brother Squirrel brought leaves, Brother Mole dug, and little Brother Rabbit stood ready.

Then Brother Fox said to little Brother Rabbit. "Stop up the ends of old Bear's log."

Brother Rabbit took the leaves and the dirt and the mud, and he filled up the ends of the log. He hammered them hard with his two back feet, which are very good for hammers. And they all went home, for they were quite, quite sure that old Bear would never be able to get out of that log.

Well, old Bear slept and slept; but after a while he awoke; and he opened one eye. He saw no sunshine, so he thought it must still be night, and he went to sleep once more.

After a few days he awoke again; but he heard the wind blowing outside, and he thought it must still be night, so he went to sleep.

After a few weeks old Bear awoke again, but he heard the snow and the sleet beating outside, and it was warm and dark inside.

"What a very long night this is," said old Bear, as he curled up his paws and turned over and went to sleep once more.

This time he just slept and slept until it began to be very warm inside the log, and he heard in his dreams the birds' footsteps outside.

He stretched himself and shook himself. He rubbed his eyes with his paws, and he poked away the leaves and mud, and he went outside.

But was he not surprised? It had been a frosty night in the fall when he went to sleep, and now the woods were green with spring. Old Bear had slept all winter!

"That was a fine long sleep," said old Bear, as he set out for little Brother Rabbit's house to see if he had anything good for breakfast. "I shall have another long nap next fall."

So every summer old Bear plays tricks on little Brother Rabbit; but every fall he goes and creeps away into a warm, dark place to sleep until spring.

And so have his wild grandchildren and his great-grandchildren ever since.—Southern Folk Tale, in Kindergarten Review.

WEIGHTY WORDS.

"A drummer" is credited by the "Chicago Times-Herald" with the appended story. He quites the words of the old negro who drove him to the railroad station:

"Boss, if yo' kin dun say ober a few big words on de way down, de ole man will be 'xtremely disobleeged to yo'."

"How big words do you want?"

"Can't git 'em too big, boss. I'ze a powerful hand to 'member big words, an' git 'em off when a calamitous occasion predominates."

"Do you expect to find use for them this morning."

"Reckon I does, sah. My son Abraham works down to de depot, an' whenever I cums around he tries to show off ober me an' make me feel small. He'll try it on dis mawnin', for suh, an' I jest want to be dun fixed to paralyze his desirability. Spit 'em right out, boss, an' de ole man won't forgit yo' when de watermillun sezum cums ag'in."

We had about half a mile to go, and before we reached the depot I gave him a large and choice assortment of Webster's longest vocabularic curiosities. When we drew up at the platform Abraham was there, and also a dozen white people who were to go out on the train. It was a good opportunity for the son to show off, and he realized it, and came forward and waved his arm and shouted: "Yo' dat, old man; ha'nt I dun toled yo' 'bout fo' hundred times not to sagaciate dat stupendous old vehicle in de way of de omnibus. Sum ole niggers doan seem to have no mo' idea of de consanguinity of rectitude dan a squash."

"Was yo' spokin to me, sah?" stiffly demanded the father, as he stood up and glared at Abraham.

"Of co'se I was."

"Den, sah, I want yo' to distinctly understand dat, when de co-operashun of de imperalism seems to assimilate a disreputable infringement of hereditary avaraciousness, I shall retract my individuality, but not befo'—not befo', sah!"

Abraham's eyes hung out, his complexion became ash color, and his knees bent under him as if the springs were about to give way. It was a long minute before he could utter a sound, and then he reached for my trunk with the muttered observation, "Things am gittin' so mixed up I can't dun tell whedder I'm his son or his fadder!"

Bishop Hendrix, in "The Religion of the Incarnation," says: "God has never forgotten that He created man in His own image." Man may forget it; man may ignore it; stultify himself, and by indifference, neglect the attainment of his unsurpassible destiny, but still the heart of our Father in heaven will yearn for the erring and the wayward.

The Royal Baking Powder costs only a fair price per pound, and is cheaper and better at its price than any similar article in the world. It makes more, better and more healthful food.

There is danger of alum in the lower-priced powders.

FOURTEEN-DOUBLE-EIGHT.

Aw, shucks! I don't think Uncle Jim
  An' Pa say what they mean
In talkin' 'bout them motor cars
  'At's run by gasoline.

Pa says "they'll revolutionize
  The transportation world,
An' that'n ten or 'leven years
  All engines will be "hurled

Into oblivion." I ast Pa
  What all them long words meant.
(I seen he winked at Uncle Jim
  An' said, "You tell 'im, Kent.")

My Uncle Jim Kent's engineer
  Of fourteen-double-eight,
Which pulls eleven outer here—
  You bet she's never late.

I'd hate ter see a motor car
  Pull 'leven up the track,
'Cause most of all I know I'd miss
  The puffin' of the stack.

So, when I see the big headlight
  Of fourteen-double-eight
Away up there above my head
  And shinin' out so straight,

I tell yer, 't makes a feller feel
  Afraid and kinder slim,
An' wish 'at he was just as big
  And strong as Uncle Jim.

An' so I hope 'at Uncle Jim
  An' Pa aint got it straight.
Shucks! Motor cars ain't in it with
  Old fourteen-double-eight.
—Lauren S. Fish, in Sunset Magazine for August.

PHILOSOPHICAL LITTLE TOMMY.

Did you ever hear about him? Grandma once knew just such a little philosopher, and he was the biggest little philosopher I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried; I never saw him cry. If his little sister found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried and cried—as little girls will—Tommy was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say: "What makes you cry? Can you cry a tulip? Do you think that every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here! let's try to right them."

So he picks up the poor flowers, puts their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, and makes the bed look smooth and fresh, and takes her off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tommy stood still a moment and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tommy," said I, "are you not sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tommy!" cried his sister, "you can't play any mo-ore!"

"I'm not poor either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides when I get well I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table, for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches."

If many people were more like Tommy they would have fewer troubles and would throw more sunshine into this world. We must cry, sometimes, but try and be as brave as possible.—Christian Work.

CHARACTER.

It is a very curious and interesting fact that the word "character," which comes over into our English speech directly and without change of sound from the Greek, signifies first the sharp tool with which a seal or a die is engraved, and then the inscription or the object which is cut in the seal or in the die. Our character, then, is the image and the superscription which we cut upon our life; I say which we cut, for, however much happens to us and bears upon us from outside causes beyond our control, it is true, in the last analysis, that we determine our own character. We hold the tools which cut the legends on our life, we grave the die, we incise the seal. What are the tools with which we cut character upon ourselves? The tools are thoughts. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. The style and the subject of the engraved character depend on the choice of tools and on the manner of their use. The legend on the seal shows what was in the mind of the engraver as he cut in it with his tools. Here is a seal with a cross cut in it. That cross was the leading idea in the engraver's mind for that seal; and his busy tool translated that invisible thought of his mind into this fixed and visible sign. Character is invisible thought translated into visibility, and, fixed before the eye, cut on the life.—Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.

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12 cans standard new 2½-lb. Tomatoes 1.00
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A JOYOUS MAID.

Oh, did you see a maid trip down
Along a greening way?
The sun lay golden on her hair,
She sang a roundelay;
The wind blew softly from the south,
And laid sweet kisses on her mouth.

Oh, did you see a bonny maid
Go tripping through the land,
The scent of violets on her breath,
And cowslips in each hand?
And all before her hurrying feet
Young grass spread out a carpet meet.

The glad birds sang, and sang about
The beauty of her face,
And little lambs and children tried
To keep her merry pace;
And sad hearts ceased their murmuring,
And blessed the joyous maiden Spring!
—Emma A. Lente.

FREEDOM'S REAL MEANING.

"If the Son make you free, then are ye free indeed." All round human welfare involves three things—God, immortality, freedom. For this trinity of need Christ provides and unveils a trinity of supply. He unveils God, He brings immortality to light, He gives freedom.

The primary significance of freedom is to do as one pleases. The reality and satisfying quality of the freedom depends on what one pleases to do. There is a freedom under self. This freedom has its realm of activity among things.

In its exercise God is left out, unknown and unappreciated. The higher self also, which given a chance, always links itself to God, is an unexplored world covered with darkness. In the exercise of such freedom, there follows a fearful belittling of life. It is utterly unsatisfying and disappointing. It is in this realm that all becomes vanity and vexation of spirit. There is here no good under the sun. Such a life is a sad failure. Its experience is the veriest slavery. Except the Son find admission and break the bonds this slavery will know no ending.

True freedom is under God. Independence of God does not belong to creature life. The Son brings, promotes, perfects this freedom. He enables men to meet the conditions of entrance into such blessed freedom Christ-given grace and help condition, repentance and faith. He is the fountain of the new, the divine life that finds its freedom in God. He harmonizes consecrated wills with the activities involved in the maintaining, developing and perfecting of the wonderful life He imparts. He makes men glad and joyous learners in the school of God. He has Prophet and Teacher of humanity in the highest realm of truth, wins deepest earnestness and highest enthusiasm in response to His tuitional work. He makes prayer and resulting communion with God the highest delight of human spirits. As the Priest of our race He enters the holiest of all, and leads His followers into the secret place of the Most High and under the shadow of the Almighty. He leads redeemed humanity into an intimacy of fellowship with the Father and Himself that produces a joy unspeakable and full of glory. The divine Son of God creates men anew and makes them genuine though human sons of the eternal Father. In this relationship the children find their way into a joyous obedience. In Christ human wills become so united to that of God that no power can disturb the union. In this blessed life human nature takes on divine qualities. God's revealed will becomes the very life of human wills, and controls all their activities. There is perfect submission and yet perfect freedom. To know this experience and to live this life it to be free indeed.—Rev. P. M. Buck in the Indian Witness.

RESURRECTION THOUGHTS.

Very beautiful, is it not?—the picture of the opening springtime which we gather from our Bible, catching here a glimpse and there a glimpse as it lies reflected in the song of psalmist and prophet, and of Jesus, who had so often watched it as a boy on hills of Galilee. Doubtless He used to go out to gather early lilies, and note the green garments of the fresh young grass. Ten million tiny strugglers on our hills and in our fields today are trying to show us that ours, too, is holy land. The flowers have begun to greet us in our walks—dumb angels, with faces all ashine with the glad tidings that the Savior-season hath arisen. Thank God for the resurrection thoughts which the spring months bring to us! We die to live again. We die that we may live again. Nothing is quickened save it die. Mortality is the condition of immortality. What echoes we have wakened of this truth! The opening spring prints it off on every hillside in illuminated text of leaf and flower. We find, as always with these central facts of nature, that the best and highest meaning of the truth belongs to ourselves—so completely is man a part of all, so completely is all represented in man. Our word "resurrection" seems to concentrate the history of the universe, to whisper the secret of the life of God.

THE BURDEN BEARER.

The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell Him all about the heartache
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong
Forget that we bear the burden
And carry away the song.
—Phillips Brooks.

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PACIFIC PRESYTERIAN

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RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race,
Not to the strong the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal,
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Svrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of love.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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JOY AND WOE.

"Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with a silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

An eastern paper gives the following from a correspondent in California, which it calls "a splendid item": "Seven years ago, Long Beach, a popular ocean resort near Los Angeles, Cal., voted out all saloons. It was then a village of 3,000. Today it is a city of 18,000. When a recent tourists' palace hotel was erected, bar privileges were asked for. The people have just decided the point by voting **no**, two to one, stating that under license their bank deposits were $140,000, whereas today they are $5,000,000, that the city's class of citizens and its prosperity are due to **no saloons**, and tourists who must have liquor are not needed."

A prety good advertisement! It is not surprising that Southern California is securing year after year a large number of the most desirable people in the East; for there are many cities down there that take the same stanch position against the saloon that Long Beach takes. The secretary of a Long Beach investment company writes: "Looking at this question from a commercial standpoint purely we are strongly of the opinion that the prosperity of this city will always be brighter if we can keep the saloon from lodging within our borders." The same man adds: "As we compare ideas with modern business men we find a growing sentiment that a 'closed' town and business prosperity may go hand in hand."

It is to be regretted that sufficient people in Woodland, the Northern California city voting recently on the saloon question, did not realize this and act accordingly. We are confident that the banishment of the saloon from Woodland would have increased instead of retarded the prosperity of the place.

Los Gatos, the beautiful little city in the foothils of the Santa Cruz mountains, voted the saloon out last year, and it is said that such have been the results that many who opposed the movement are rejoicing now over the success of it. People will do well to keep their eyes on Los Gatos as a place for a home. Let it get known somewhat widely that Los Gatos has banished the saloon and intends to keep it banished, and its steady growth will be assured. Eastern people and people from all parts of the country can be guided there who will prefer it to any place in Southern California, inasmuch as it has some advantages as to climate which the Southern part of the state does not have.

Let Los Gatos stand firm in its attitude against the saloon, and it will in a few years be the "Gem City" of Northern California. God and Nature have done their part. The place with its 3,000 people sits on an ideal site for a city of several times that population. Los Gatos and many of our Southern California towns and cities are wise. Woodland and many others are otherwise.

ONE YEAR AFTER.

During the last twelve months San Francisco has courageously challenged disaster and a magnificent city has been gradually climbing up out of the ashes of the old one. The city has been rebuilding for many months at the rate of $100,000,000 a year, and more than two million dollars are being spent every week now in the work of reconstruction. Here and there great sky-scrapers dot the burned district, and hundreds of less pretentious fireproof buildings are being pushed rapidly along toward completion. Another anniversary will register remarkable progress. More will be accomplished during the next twelve months than during the last twelve.

There was no time for the work of reconstruction to pause last week when the anniversary of the great disaster had come around. Under the pressure of necessity—the demand for facilities for carrying on the business of the great city, all through its dark days still the metropolis of the Pacific coast—the building went on unceasingly. A few business and religious organizations, however, met in different parts of the city on several evenings, reviewed the past, considered present conditions, and looked forward into the future, forecasting it as they could. Without exception there was a spirit of optimism and courage. The general belief was that there will not only be a greater San Francisco, but also a better San Francisco.

As the present writer has looked on the city from time to time during the last few months there has come to mind the following poem by Aldrich:

"A certain Pasha, dead these thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven, 'Only God is great.'

So those four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,

And evermore from each high barbican,
Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust,

And all is ruin—save one wrinkled gate
Whereon is written, 'Only God is great.'"

"Only God is great!" That is the lesson, or at least one of the lessons, San Franciscans should learn.

That thought seems to have been written everywhere throughout the ruined district. Men and women by the thousands have read it, although not in those words. They had built up a great city. In a few hours it was shaken and burned almost out of existence. Now they are at it again—building up a great city. They know, if only they will pause to think, that only God is great. On what foundations are they building? Long ago was it said: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

God must be taken into account. Last year on the day of the earthquake a man said: "I had never believed in a God, but I do now." Thousands of people in those days of shaking and burning thought of God as they had not thought of him before. Today many of those people are as gay and as careless in life as they ever were. They took God into account for only a brief time. He may never again speak to them as he spoke in the earthquake and the fire; but he will speak, and they will know at last, so as not to forget, that only God is great.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The London Christian remarks: "For many people it is a mystery still unsolved that the odd and extravagant 'religions' which from time to time afflict and disturb the world have their origin in America. Spiritutlism, Mormonism, Dowieism, Christian Science, and a multitude of other heresies hail from the United States. The fact is too remarkable to be accidental. The explanation that America represents a higher culture than the old world, can hardly be made or taken seriously." The London paper says that a writer in the **Nation** accounts for it by an eagerness for quick emotional satisfaction which goes by the name of sentimentalism. "So it comes about that any novel notion in religion, politics, social experiments, laws, scientific theories, which carries some emotional appeal, and is launched by some 'magnetic' personality —a Joseph Smith, a Henry George, a Mrs. Eddy, or a Dr. Dowie—is likely to sweep like a prairie fire over large plains of the multitudinous mass-mine, carrying its inflamed recipients to any fanaticism of worship."

One of the features of the last decade or two, distinguishing them from others more remote, has been the fellowship and cooperation in many ways of religious bodies that did not theretofore come together thus, except with now and then an exception. The spirit which brought this about is growing. From Ann Arbor, Michigan, comes the following: "The most significant feature of the winter has been the breaking down of denominatioinal barriers. In former days there has been but little intercourse on the part of the Unitarians with the other churches, which have tended to hold aloof. Last November for the first time the Unitarian congregation was invited to take part in the union Thanksgiving service, held in the Baptist Church, and the Unitarian pastor had a part in the service with four other ministers. On February 21 another significant event took place; namely, a Fellowship Meeting in the Congregational church, under the auspices of the Congress of Religion. On the programme were representatives of the Jewish, Unitarian, Universalist, Congregational, and Baptist churches, while the presiding officers at the three sessions were respectively a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and an Episcopal clergyman. The attendance at the meeting far surpassed all expectations, the church being well filled morning, afternoon and evening. At the closing session a committee of seven ministers from different parts of the state, representing as many denominations, was appointed to arrange for a State Federation of Churches. The Unitarian pastor was made a member of the committee. Michigan has never before witnessed such a letting down of sectarian barriers. A third interesting feature of the winter has been the request made to the ministers of the city by the Board of Education to prepare an undenominational religious service for use in the public schools."

The Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong expresses the opinion that what the religious world needs today is not more evangelists, but more evangelistic churches—churches possessed of the spirit of service. He regards the terms, "the socialized church" as better than the term, "the institutional church." Such a church he believes to be equal to the down town problem if it is adequately equippel. But he calls attention to the fact that they cost more than the old family church. In way of enforcement of his position that something other than the old evangelism is demanded Dr. Strong says: "If Mr. Moody could again clothe himself with flesh and undertake our problem of city evangelization, and if he should speak to 1000 different souls every night of the year, never taking a vacation, it would be eighty years before he could get around once, and then the city population would have increased 200 or 300 per cent, and there would be two or three times as many who had not heard his message as when he began. If we could have twenty Moodys and they spoke to 20,000 different souls every night in the year, and if the cities could and would arrest their growth, then our city population might hear the gospel message once in four years."

Latest Roman Catholic statistics give the Catholic population of the United States as 13,089,353, an increase of 437,309 over the previous year. The total number of Catholic clergymen is 15,093. During the year 1906, 334 new Catholic churches were established, making the total of Catholic churches 12,148. There are eighty-six ecclesiastical seminaries with 5,697 students, and 4,364 parochial schools with an aggregate attendance of 1,096,842. There are 255 orphan asylums, in which 40,588 orphans are taken care of. Including orphans, children in homes as well as those attending the 998 institutions of higher education, there are 1,266,175 American children being educated in Catholic institutions. The Catholic hierarchy of the United States consists of one papal delegate, one cardinal, fourteen archbishops, ninety bishops, and eighteen abbots. The majority of Catholic clergymen are secular priests, there being 11,135 of this class. The religious order priests number 3,958, and among these are represented forty-five different religious orders. The Catholic population of the Philippine Islands is given as 6,862,413; Porto Rico, 990,000; Hawaii, 32,000; Alaska, 12,500; making the total of Catholic subjects under the American flag 20,986,266. The Catholic population of Canada is given as 2,448,639; that of Cuba is 1,573,862. The archdioceses of New York and Chicago are each rated at 1,200,000. In Greater New York, there are 266 Catholic churches. In Chicago there are 175 Catholic churches; in Philadelphia, ninety-one; in St. Louis, seventy-six, and in Boston, fifty-two.

AN EASTER IN TOKIO.

Unique Services in the Greek Cathedral.

[The following is a condensation of an article by Alfred Henry Sweet in the Boston Transcript.—Editor.]

Tokio is the see city of all three apostolic branches of the Catholic Church—Eastern, Roman and Anglican. Situated on the summit of a high hill, the white buildings which are the headquarters of the "Russian Ecclesiastical Mission in Japan" are conspicuous from many parts of Tokio. Especially is this true of the great Cathedral, whose white stuccoed walls and black dome form a very substantial base for the gilded cross which is uplifted over the sea of gray-tiled roofs. At about half-past ten in the evening of April 28, 1905, I was in Tokio on my way by trolley to the Easter mass at the cathedral. Arriving at the cathedral gates, I was much surprised to find them open, a thing which had not happened since the outbreak of war, and was allowed to enter unchallenged by the sworded policeman. Mounting the stone steps I entered the church. The vast edifice was in darkness, except for a few candles before the icons, giving just enough light for one to get a vague idea of the size of the building, which was entirely bare of seats. Before me, dimly perceptible in the darkness, rose the gilded iconostasis, its top lost in the heights above. All was silent save for the subdued whispers of a few of the faithful; and the low, monotonous voice of a reader, reciting a litany before the effigy of the dead Christ, which lay coffined and corpse-like, with dim funeral tapers, in front of the holy gates.

There was still almost an hour before the liturgy would begin, so, leaving the cathedral, I entered the episcopal residence opposite, which was thronged with people. I was asked whether I would like to have an interview with the bishop. This opportunity I gladly accepted, and after a few minutes was shown into a small reception room.

Soon the bishop entered. Over six feet in height, with a gray beard and flowing locks, clad in a loose purple cassock, Nicolai, "head of the Russian ecclesiastical mission in Japan," looks every inch a successor of the Apostles. Forty-four years ago when he was twenty-four years old, he came to Japan as chaplain to the Russian Consulate at Hakodate, and "being converted to the missionary idea," gave up his official position to found a branch of the Orthodox Eastern Church farther east than it had ever gone before. Entirely unaided he has converted a body of over twenty thousand communicants, with a native priesthood, and has translated the Bible and Russian Prayer-Book into Japanese.

At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war Bishop Nicolai asked his clergy whether or no he should remain in Japan. Upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, he issued a manifesto to his people, exhorting them as Christians to fight bravely for their country and to subscribe willingly to the war funds, and above all pray for the victory of Japan. As for himself, he declared, "I am the subject of the czar."

Throughout the entire war the Bishop was most carefully guarded by the Japanese Government. No one could enter the church witout giving his name and address to the sentry at the gate, and when in Parliament a member asked what should be done about the cathedral buildings, which had been part of the Russian Legation but had now no legal status—the Legation having ceased to exist—he was instantly silenced by the president.

After about fifteen minutes of pleasant conversation, the bishop withdrew, first, asking me to come to breakfast after mass.

Having wandered around for some time, I returned to the cathedral, where I was joined by three other Americans—two of them Anglican clergymen, the third a Methodist. By this time the church was lighted by three huge candelabra, the effigy of the entombed Christ had been removed, and the building was being rapidly filled with men and women, who parted at the door, the women turning to the left and the men to the right. Following the general custom we invested in long wax tapers, stamped with a Russian inscription, at a table near the entrance, and, thus equipped, went under the great dome.

Soon the bishop appeared, vested in cloth of silver, and attended by a train of priests, deacons and subdeacons, in cloth of gold. After giving his blessing, he proceeded down the centre of the church to the door, his silver vestment and jewelled, crown-shaped mitre sparkling in the candle-light. The clergy, headed by two deacons with smoking censers, and the crozier-bearer, went before; the chanting choirs and the mass of people, all holding lighted tapers, followed after.

On we moved, through the cathedral door, out into the cool starlit night, and in solemn procession around the great white pile, which rose majestically heavenward, its gilded cross piercing the dark sky. Below us lay the vast expense of gray-tiled roofs, on which fell the pale light of the stars. We could see but few lights in the streets below, which seemed like threads of darkness. The circuit of the building completed, the clergy reentered the church, while we clustered about the steps, on which stood the bishop. After a few minutes taken up by responses of the clergy to the pontiff, we again went into the cathedral, and the liturgy began with a litany an hour long, sung by a deacon before the holy gates.

During the litany the bishop, attended by his clergy, remained at a dias in the midst of the choir, but at the conclusion he ascended the steps to the holy gates, prostrated himself before the altar, and then began the liturgy proper.

Higher and higher rose the white clouds of incense, until the perfumed air became heavy as with the presence of many flowers. Loud swelled the anthems of the choir, unaccompanied by any musical instruments (for the Orthodox Church allows nothing but vocal music in her services) as if to storm the gates of Heaven with their songs of praise.

It was a scene of unsurpassed magnificence, of barbaric splendor. The silver-vested prelate towering above his assistants of another race, the hundreds of tapers making the vast cathedral a sea of light, the candles gleaming on the altars, and the calm impassionate saints gazing upon us from the iconostasis, made a picture never to be forgotten.

One thing I particularly noticed was the fact that the people seemed so entirely at home. It was indeed their "Father's house," and as such they treated it, without the least irreverence. There were women there who, as they could not leave their children alone at home, had brought them to church, and the little ones lay peacefully asleep on the floor—there are no seats in church of the Eastern Rite—while their mothers joined in the service. Nor were the children the only ones who availed themselves of the privilege of resting, for by the wall lay sleeping men, during the less important parts of the service, too tired after the day's hard work to stay awake all night.

Contrary to the usual practice, the entire liturgy was sung with the altar exposed to the view of the people, the holy gates remaining open even during the canon of the mass. Fifty-one Sundays in the year the actions of the priest during the most solemn parts of the office are concealed from the people by closing the holy gates—an Eastern custom, dating from the time of persecution, that unbelievers might not gaze upon the holy mysteries—but at the Easter mass the gates of the iconostasis remain open, symbolic, I suppose, of the "open tomb" and the "veil of the temple" which "was rent in twain."

After the consecration came another procession, the thurifers with censers adding yet more fragrance to the already incense-laden air, while the priests, each carrying a crucifix, ranged themselves along the front of the holy gates, leaving the centre clear for a deacon, carrying upon his head the Host, and a priest with the chalice. In the Eastern Church the Host is of leavened bread, made and baked bythe clergy.

When all were placed the bishop came forward from the altar, and taking a censer from one of the thurifers, "offered incense before the Host" which he then took from the head of the kneeling deacon and made with it the sign of the cross over the people, prostrate in adoration. After repeating this ceremony with the chalice, he returned with all his ministers to the sanctuary.

During this entire mass, which lasted more than three hours, the choir had been singing steadily save in the parts of the service where they simply chanted the responses, as in the litany. There was, however, one moment when the music ceased entirely—when Bishop Nicolai from his place before the altar, proclaimed, in his clear voice, "Christ is risen!" "He is risen indeed!" came the instant response, and then every one in the church turned to his or her neighbor with the joyous Easter greeting: "He is risen!"

With a suddenness that was truly startling, this three-hours long service came to an end, and without the usual sermon, and we, the invited guests, made our way across to the episcopal residence for a most welcome breakfast.

The bishop had provided a royal feast, great roasts of beef, game without stint, gigantic loaves of sponge caks, and huge platters of red Easter eggs, everything copiously sprinkled with holy water. The Japanese clergy had every excuse for their appetites, for the Eastern Catholics are most strict in their observance of the lenten fast and they had probably eaten but one meal since the previous Thursday.

Never can I lose the memory of that Easter mass —but more impressive than priests or processions, than lights or incense, was the figure of that Russian bishop, surrounded by his Japanese priests, all bending together before one altar, while at that very moment, the subjects of mikado and czar were facing each other in deadly combat!

THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

Seattle, July 10-15.

Vice-President Fairbanks will give an address at the International Christian Endeavor Convention in Seattle in July on "Our Country: Its Problems and Possibilities."

The following speakers of national and international reputation have accepted a place on the programme: John Willis Baer, LL.D., president of Occidental College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. Smith Baker, D.D., Portland, Me.; Rev. R. C. Bannen, D.D., Williamsport, Pa.; President Francis E. Clark, Boston; Miss Ida C. Clothier, Manitou, Col.; Rev. Edwin Heyl Delk, D.D., Philadelphia; Rev. E. R. Dille, D.D., Oakland, Cal.; Rev. James A. Francis, New York; Rev. H. D. Fraser, D.D., Vancouver, B. C.; Rev. Howard B. Grose, D.D., New York; Mrs. Howard B. Grose, New York; Mr. William Phillips Hall, New York; Rev. Claude E. Hill, Mobile, Ala.; Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., Salem, Mass.; Rev. C. H. Hubbell, Columbus, O.; Rev. W. T. Johnson, D.D., Richmond, Va.; Mr. H. A. Kinport, New York; Rev. Ira Landreth, D.D., president of Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. J. M. Lowden, D.D., Providence, R. I.; Rev. W. T. McElveen, Ph.D, Boston; Rev. W. H. McMillan, D. D., Allegheny City, Pa.; Rev. S. B. L. Penrose, president of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash.; Mr. William Shaw, general secretary, Boston; Rev. Frank G. Smith, D.D., Chicago; Rev. Charles Stelzle, New York; Rev. James H. Straughn, president of West Lafayette College, West Lafayette, O.; Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, S. T. D., Denver, Col.; Mr. Von Ogden Vogt, New York; Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., Los Angeles, Cal.; Bishop Alexander Walters, D.D., Jersey City; Mr. Amos R. Wells, Boston, and Dean Herbert L. Willett, D.D., Chicago.

There will be a large representation among the speakers from other countries in Europe and the Orient, among whom will be Rev. John Pollock of Belfast, Ireland, president of the European Christian Endeavor Union; Hon George Nicholls, member of the British Parliament; Rev. Alexander Francis, D.D., of St. Petersburg, Russia; Rev. W. C. March of South Australia; Rev. W. I. Chamberlain, D.D., of Canton, China; Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer of Arabia; Rev. J. M. Ibenez of Mexico, and Mr. T. Sawaya of Japan.

In the Seattle convention special prominence will be given to the subject of training in citizenship along such lines as "Training the Civic Conscience," "Graft and Grafters," "Our Million of New Neighbors," "The Christian Endeavor Patriots' League," "Some Contributions of Christian Endeavor to our Country's Welfare: Prison Societies, Floating Societies, Fresh Air and Philanthropies," "Enforcement of Law," "The Laboring Man and the Church of the Carpenter."

Mr. James Hamilton Howe, choral conductor, formerly of San Francisco, will conduct the great chorus of fifteen hundred voices. One of the musical features of the convention will be the rendering of the oratorio, "Messiah."

A large attendance is expected from the East. And all in all the outlook is for a most inspiring and profittable convention.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Pilgrim's Hospice.". By the Rev. David Smith.. The author says in the preface: "This little book is not a theological treatise. It propounds no theory; it advocates no dogma; it meddles with no controversy. It is an attempt to tell something of the comfort and sweetness which I have found in the ineffable mystery of the Holy Communion. " The articles are on these subjects: The House of Refreshment, Preparing the Guest Chamber, The Lord's De-

sire of the Feast, Purging out the Old Leaven, Washing the Feet, The Covenant of Blood, The Covenant of Hospitality, The Heavenly Feast, Room in the Father's House, The Paths of Righteousness. [A. C. Armstrong & Sons, New York.]

"Tennyson." By William Emory Snyder. This is one of the volumes in the series "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching," several of which have already been reveiwed in our columns. The author says of Tennyson: "In common with many of the noblest spirits of his generation, he breathed in the doubt and discontent that were everywhere in the air during his young manhood; and like many of his contemporaries he broke through the mists that stifled him, won for himself the faith that lives in honest doubt, and became for them and for his generation the single voice to express in undying song the story of a common struggle and the elementary truths of a hard-won faith, the inspired priest and prophet to receive the truth as it was revealed to him, and to declare it to the eager hearing of a doubting and tempest-driven age." The study relates of course to those poems in which Tennyson has given expression to the fundamental principles of his faith. One cannot read such a book as this without a deepening sense of the worth of Tennyson, in and through his poems, to the religious world. [Eaton & Mains, New York; $1.00 net.]

"The Marks of a Man." By Robert Elliott Speer. The five articles in this book, on the Essentials of Christian Character were given on the Merrick foundation at Ohio Wesleyan University in December 1906. It was a fine series for students to hear, and for others also; and it is not surprising that at their close leading citizens of the city in which the university is situate spoke of them in resolutions as embodying "a working-plan of life with convincing passion and powers." The subjects of the lectures were:—Truth: No Lie in Character ever Justifiable; Purity: A Plea for Ignorance; Service: The Living Use of Life; Freedom: The Necessity of a Margin; Progress and Patience: The Value of a Sense of Failure. We quote one of many fine passages: "The great men are the men who insist on putting a margin between themselves and their age with its limitations, who will not contract themselves into the pettiness of their time * * Constantly you hear people asking, 'What does common opinion think or approve?' Regarding thisor that practice they inquire, 'Is this practice sanctioned by Christian people?' What under the sun does it matter what people think or sanction? Well, it matters something. We ought to scorn to demand less of ourselves than the crowd expects of us. But we ought to scorn to demand as little. We were meant to transcend the crowds, to live by our own high laws, at a loftier altitude than the conventions of the small. A little before a recent visit to one of our great universities, an influential student of the university was in my office, and I asked him what needed to be said. 'Well,' he replied, 'I Think the great need at ——— is for men to quit straddling, to get down off the fence, to come out into the clear.' And the universal need is for men of robust personal independence, of fearless moral conviction, of contempt for the sheep slavery of the crowd, for men of integrity, purity and strength—with a margin." [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, Ohio; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Calif., $1.00 net.]

"The Scientific Creed of a Theologian." Rudolf Schmid, D.D. This book is a plea for an understanding between Science and Christianity. For many years the boundaries of natural science and theology and philosophy have been a favorite subject of reflection on the part of Dr. Schmid. The author says: "Book after book has been published on these questions, but the standpoint I take up is still characteristic, inasmuch as I demand perfect freedom for science on the one hand, and on the other adhere to the truths of Christianity in their full extent. I have also endeavored not to shun any problems, however knotty and difficult. May this study not only aid readers on either side to get the true bearings of the question at issue, but also help many who may be troubled about the local conflict between science and Christianity, or religion and culture, to find rest for their minds!" The five chapters consider: Creation as a Whole, from the Scientific and Religious Point of View; The Conception of Creation as Recorded in the Bible; Religion and the Scientific Record of Creation; Providence, Prayer and Miracles; The Person of Jesus Christ. Dr. Schmid is of Stuttgart, Germany, and the volume has been translated from the second edition by J. W. Stoughton. In the chapter on Providence, Prayer, and Miracles, the author expresses the belief that God's providence rules over the world down to its very smallest details, that in both the small and the great requirements of life God leads men like a Father, especially those who know themselves to be the children of God through Christ, and that he gives them the conscious experience of this Fatherly guidance in their earthly lot." This is a self evident fact, he says, in the Christian view of the world; and that Jesus Christ, on whom this view is founded, lived in this faith and proclaimed it. The author accepts many of the conclusions of the scientists, believing that they "actually enrich our sense of religion and offer to the religious outlook upon nature only new and elevating points of view." A firm stand is taken as to the uniqueness of the Person of Jesus, and as to his work also. In considering the days of creation it is said: "Another proof that in the mind of the narrator the days of creation were regarded as divine days different from and higher than the days of man lies in the circumstance that in the description of the seventh day as the Divine day of rest the closing words, 'And the evening and the morning were the seventh day,' are wanting. Nothing is more natural than to suppose that no end was recorded for the seventh day of this divine week of creation because according to the idea of the author it had none; it is still going on." [A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York; $1.50 net.]

Luther's "Little Gospel." An embodiment of the whole of the mission of our Saviour. Spurgeon once exclaimed: "Pliny declares that Cicero once saw the Iliad of Homer written in so small a character that it could be contained in a nutshell. Peter Bales, a celebrated caligrapher, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, wrote the whole Bible so that it was shut up in a common walnut as its casket. In these days of advanced mechanism even greater marvels in miniature have been achieved, but never has so much meaning been compressed into so small a space as in that little word SO in this text."

Among the Churches.

California.

Redding.—The Rev. V. B. De Maree has tendered his resignation.

Kelseyville.—The Rev. W. C. Spann has resigned and expects to close his work the 21st of May.

San Rafael.—The Rev. David James has tendered his resignation as pastor on account of ill health.

Berkeley.—The new Presbyterian Church in South Berkeley will be known as Grace Presbyterian Church. The Rev. W. H. Layson is pastor.

Ontario.—The amount of money contributed by Westminster Church for home expenses and benevolences during the last twelve months was nearly 75 per cent greater than it was the previous year.

Menlo Park.—Rev. Moses D. A. Steen, D.D., has resigned the charge of this church to return to the East. Dr. Steen has spent twenty-five years of active service on the Pacific coast. After May 1st his address will be Worthington, Ohio.

Berkeley, First.—The Rev. Dr. McAfee will be installed as pastor next Sunday. The sermon will be given by the Rev. C. G. Paterson, the charge to the people by the Rev. O. E. Hart, and the charge to the pastor by the Rev. R. S. Eastman.

Melrose.—Next Sunday at 3 P. M. the Rev. C. C. Herriott will be installed as pastor of the church at Melrose. The sermon will be by the Rev. Dr. McAfee of Berkeley. The charge to the pastor will be given by the Rev. H. K. Sanborn of Oakland and the charge to the people by the Rev. Mr. Gerrior. Services are held at present in a tent on High street.

San Diego.—The membership of the First Presbyherian Church of San Diego has reached 588, 77 having been added during the last year. There is a Sunday-school with 438 members. The contributions of the church for home expenses and benevolences for the year amounted to $12,611. A vault will be built in the basement of the chrch edifice for the safe keeping of the records.

Laton, Corcoran and Angiola.—The Presbyterian work at Laton, Corcoran, and Angiola is growing. Sunday, April 7th was communion day at Laton, at which time four adults were baptized, seven received into the church by confession of faith and four by letter. A lively interest is manifest in the Sunday services, the young people's meeting and the Sunday-school. At Corcoran two were received by confession of faith and three by letter. We are expecting to build a church at this place in the near future. This is a young and vigorous work.

Dimond.—The Rev. Franklin Rhoda believes that the surest way to reach the masses is through the young people. He is, therefore, devoting himself to the stablishment of clubs for the boys and girls of the district and has already started two for boys and one for girls, membership in these being dependent upon their connection with the Bible classes or the Sunday-school. Thus far the attractions for the young people consist of social and athletic features. Later on literary features will be added. Mr. Rhoda, in working out his plans has interested President Wheeler, of the University of California, who promises assistance in supplying lecturers who from time to time will address the meetings on a variety of popular subjects.

Petaluma.—The anual meeting was recently held, with a large attendance and much enthusiasm. Reports for the year showed advance along all lines and a bright outlook. Accessions to church membership numbered 35, 19 being on confession of faith. The total membership is now 148. Contributions were made to all the boards. $162 was given to foreign missions; $80 to home missions; $74 to the college board; $50 to the San Francisco Relief Fund. The total to benevolent objects was $413. For congregational purposes the people gave $1,617. On Easter Sunday a subscription was raised in a few minutes to pay off a floating indebtedness of $550. There were 66 separate subscribers to this fund, and some of the gifts represented a truly heroic spirit. The pastor made nearly 600 calls during the year.

Laton.—The church at Laton loses a beloved member in the death of W. H. Churchill who passed into the life beyond on the 17th of March at the age of 79 years and 11 months. Mr. Churchill lived an exemplary Christian life through all the years of his earthly pilgrimage. He was always in attendance at the church meetings and always faithful as a member on the official board in which relation he served many years. His fidelity to God and the church has shown him to be a husband, a father, a church member and a citizen of prominent worth and merit. It was our privilege to know him but a few months, but in this short time we found his acquaintanceship to be a benediction, his faith firm and victorious. In his last days he was as a shock of ripe wheat waiting for his Master's call.—W. E. M.

Fowler.—The largest congregational meeting ever held in the First Presbyterian Church of this place convened on the 15th inst. to hear the annual reports from the various boards and organizations of the church. Increase and marked progress was reported from all departments. 43 members had been received, bringing the present enrollment up to 273—a gain of 145 in the four years of the present pastor's service. $1,328 was raised the past year for benevolences; $239 of that amount coming from the Sunday-school; 20 members from the Sunday-school were received into full membership of the church; 116 babies were reported from the Baby Band. The church expressed its appreciation of its pastor's work by raising his salary $300. After the meeting adjourned the ladies of the church served a bounteous luncheon in the social parlors.

San Jose.—Work will begin soon on the new house of worship of the First Presbyterian Church which will cost $45,000 exclusive of a $5,000 organ, one-half of the purchase price of which is to be paid by Andrew Carnegie. The location will be on South Third street, between St. John and Santa Clara streets, 90 by 110 feet, which has cost $19,250. The frame of the building will be covered with metal lath, and the outside will be plastered. There will be a veneering of brick near the ground. The auditorium

with gallery will seat 750. Sunday-school rooms with a seating capacity of 400 will be so arranged that they can be opened into the auditorium, giving a total seating capacity of 1150. There is now in bank a fund of $13,000 for the new building. Outstanding pledges and aid from the General Assembly fund being raised for the aid of the stricken churches in California will add considerable to this, and it is expected that the old site will bring $20,000. The First Presbyterian Church of San Jose was organized in 1850. It stands next in age to the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. It is hoped to have the new house of worship completed by Christmas. At a recent communion service 28 persons were welcomed into membership, 18 on confession of faith.

Oregon.

Sellwood.—This church, under the pastorate of Rev. D. A. Thompson, which reached self-support April 1st, received 27 members at its communion service April 21st.

Portland, Calvary.—Calvary Church, Portland, celebrated its Silver Anniversary in connection with the meeting of the Presbytery of Portland, April 15th and 16th. Of the original 50 members at organization, only 7 are now members of this church; so rapid are the changes in this western land.

Portland.—A church, to be known as the Hope Presbyterian Church of Portland, was organized April 21st, with 27 charter members. This church is in the thriving suburb called Montavilla, which has just been annexed to the city. This makes 19 Presbyterian churches in the city; eleven of them self-supporting.

Brownsville.—Thursday, April 10th, was a day long to be remembered in this church. The Presbytery of Willamette met with this church, and joined with the people in celebrating the 50th anniversary of the organization, which was effected by the Rev. E. R. Geary, D.D., April 20th, 1857. There were five members at the first and all bore the name of Templeton. This family has always been prominent in the work of the church. There being at one time thirty-six names on the roll, descendants of the original membership. This was the eighth church organized in Oregon, but four of those which preceded it have been discontinued, one, however, was afterwards recognized. Father Robe, as the people delight to call the Rev. Robert Robe, now in his 85th year, who served the church for thirty years, and it is said never missed an apopintment, or was tardy, or preached a poor sermon, was present at every service, and spoke vigorously as he welcomed the Presbytery. During the anniversary he lined out, and the precentors who led the singing some forty years ago sang to the tune of Dundee, the familiar hymn: "There is a land of pure delight." Mrs. Iva Templeton Porter, the first child baptized by Mr. Robe in this church has prepared and published an historical souvenir of the occasion.

A rich brewer of Illinois died. Having lifted up his eyes, being in torment, he gave $100,000 endowment to the Salvation Army. With the permission of all the anti-tainted money friends, we would like to say amen! The whole thing seems to us exceedingly fitting.

THE CUBAN PERIL.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

The problem of human government under the most favorable conditions is not a simple one. The United States government has decided to withdraw the troops from Cuba early in July. It is to be hoped that a better situation is in sight. The evidence has been growing to the effect that these Cubans are wholly incapable of self-government. They have been miseducated. They have been under the dominancy of a priesthood which believes in abject ignorance. These Cubans have a corrupt conscience or, perhaps better say, a defective conscience. Ex-Embassador Adrew D. White, who has just returned from a visit to Cuba says: "I regard the Cuban question as more serious than our Philippine problem. Cuba is a great negro state, incapable of self-government, and everything that I saw there strengthens my conviction that Cuba as a state would be a curse to us—simply a vast rotten borough, with a few wealthy men in the midst of a negro population incompetent to govern themselves, to say nothing of aiding in the Government of the United States. If Cuba were a state of the Union, it would, in my opinion, rapidly become a curse to itself and the Nation."

It is very easy to discover a situation but it is not so easy to know how to cure it. The government has sent teachers into Cuba for the last half-dozen years and has sought to change the ideals of the Cuban people. No doubt much good has been accomplished. It is more than probable that ex-embassador White has expected too much of the Cubans. We distinctly do not favor the annexation of Cuba. Our record as a nation commits us to another policy.

We cannot believe that the annexation would be worse for Cuba as is stated by Mr. White, but the honor of the nation is at stake. The sum of the whole matter is this: Cuba needs and must have new ideals, Christian ideals. She has been under the Spanish priesthood for centuries and her patriotism is a blind, groping instinct, her religious life is a stagnant pool, her conscience the moral residuum of her cruel abuses. Cuba needs law and order. The work of General Wood in cleaning up Cuba at the close of the Spanish war is one of the achievements of the century. Fifty years of Protestant Missionary work will make a change in the life of Cuba. The question of annexation is not the primary question. Cuba must have a new heart as well as a new political coat. She must have a new head as well as a new military cap.

The growth of race-prejudice is alarming. It is no longer confined to the South. The West has shown a bitter spirit against the Chinese and Japanese and where the negroes are found in considerable number the West has been hostile. The colored man in New England has found a bitter, resentful spirit. That the world belongs to the "white-faced" man is the doctrine of many who look at the surface of things. A colored clergyman, Rev. William N. De Berry, has shown that the colored laborer in New England has a more trying time to find employment than he has south of Mason and Dixon's line. The Christian church is a traitor to its commission if it does not show the people that kindness, tolerance, manliness, and Christian character constitute the passport to all parts of the world and to all the privileges of society. We do not deny the seriousness nor the extreme difficulties of the situation, but we can see far enough to know that only the gospel, the code, the spirit of Jesus Christ can amalgamate the races of the world into one truly great brotherhood.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.
The First Permanent Church in the Burned District.

DEDICATION OF THE FIRST CHURCH REBUILT IN THE BURNED DISTRICT.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco On Its Old Corner.

Many of our readers know that the First Congregational Church of San Francisco has been worshipping for several weeks in its new building on the corner of Post and Mason. On Thursday of last week, the anniversary of the earthquake and of the beginning of the three days' fire which ensued, it was dedicated to the purposes for which it had been erected.

Such is the spirit of unity today among Christian churches that people of each denomination are interested in the important movements that are going on outside their own ranks. Acordingly we give the readers of the Pacific Presbyterian an account of some of the things going on last week in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. People without regard to denomination rejoice that the church is back in its down-town location and entering well again on a career of usefulness.

The picture which we give in connection with this article represents the church building and its surroundings as they were a few weeks ago. The walls of the buildings near by are those of the St. Francis hotel, the old and the new parts of the hotel building, and the new hotel Alexandria. The tall building in the rear, some distance down Mason street, we take to be the Holland hotel on Ellis near the corner of Mason, immediately across from the Y. M. C. A. corner. For this cut we are indebted to the Sunset Magazine, which in a highly commendable way showed in its April number the progress made in the rebuilding of the city.

At the request of the church, the dedicatory sermon was given by the pastor who spoke briefly on the verses in the first chapter of the First Epistle of Peter: "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, ye have been put to grief in manifold trials, that the proof of your faith being more precious than gold that perisheth, though it is proved by fire, may be found unto praise and honor and glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

With reference to the experiences through which the people of San Francisco had been going during the past twelve months the pastor said that the important question was, "In what spirit did they go through those experiences? They could not help going through them. But, in what spirit was it?" Confining himself then for a time to the text, it was shown that in the putting of the disciples to grief for a while there was an assay of their faith. Gold is assayed by fire; there are many ways of assaying faith; and the temple of righteousness which is being built by each Christian believer is to pass through an assay, a trial, of faith. For a time the believer may be put to grief; but the things that are trying may be just what is needed for improvement. And again and again faith

must be assayed—put to the test. The assay of the faith of the fathers is not sufficient for the children. Reference was made to a generous giver who remarked before the fire that he thought he had given his share; but the day of destruction came and more was demanded. In a certain sense perhaps he had given his share; in another sense he had not. God's work, through the fiery ordeal, got more of his wealth, but some of it went down in ashes. Whatever the method of the assay, it may be a bitter experience while one is passing through it, but when through it there is the fine and beautiful gold. Put to grief for a while, but rejoicing? It is well with them if that represents the spirit in which San Franciscans have met the experiences of 1906.

In the dedicatory prayer Dr. Meserve gave thanks for the guidance that had made it possible for the old truths to sound again in a house of worship on the corner where they had been voiced for so many years; and thanks was expressed also for the gift long ago to the world of the One who showed that sacrifice is the high road to the most glorious things. And then the petition was that the edifice might be accepted as a place for the manifestation of the mighty power of God—that power which alone can make a life God-like.

The Rev. C. R. Brown brought the greetings and congratulations of the circle of denominational churches, near and remote. He said that as he crossed the bay that day his mind went back to the day a year before, and he remembered with what suspense hearts had turned then toward the burning city. Hearts near and far had been with them since as they well knew and now in extending congratulations he voiced the feeling of churches not only in California, not only on the Pacific coast, but all over our land. Wide had been the sympathy, and wide the helping hand.

It was especially significant, said Mr. Brown, that the church had again housed itself in the heart of the city. "The devil might have led you away, but courageously you have staid a down-town church." Then with the thought that a building isn't a church, that it is simply a place where a church meets, the people were congratulated in that they had such a pastor and the pastor in that he had such official boards and such a membership. On the part of the pastor, it was said, there had been manifested the courage to go ahead in the midst of the greatest difficulty and that tenacity of moral purpose which does not know defeat. It was the possession of such qualities, combined with the sense to do the right thing and a large measure of human kindness and love and sympathy, that had given to the church its influence and had enabled it to rise so grandly and so speedily out of the ashes of the ruined city. As an example of the fidelity of officers and members the work of Deacon Hays in the rebuilding of the church was cited. Those in attendance realized more fully what this had been when Dr. Adams stated later that many an offer had been made to Mr. Hays to superintend at a high salary the construction of large buildings in the city. Once when he refused a man said to him, Why not? You are in charge of the work of rebuilding the Congregational church. And the reply was, "I'll do for my church what I'll not do for any one or anything else."

The total cost of the new house of worship, including the $10,000 pipe organ, was $74,445. The building, exclusive of the furnishing, cost $56,710. It was dedicated without indebtedness except a balance of something like $3,000 needed for final payment on the organ. A gift of $5,000 toward the organ was made by Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander of New York. Mrs. Alexander had given the organ that was burned.

"O Thou whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee,"

was a stanza in one of the hymns sung toward the close of the service.

The Larger Fellowship.

A unique service was held in the auditorium of the church on Friday evening. It emphasized the larger fellowship. In the pulpit that night with the pastor were a Jewish rabbi, a Unitarian, an Episcopal and a Baptist pastor, and a Salvation Army colonel. Other pastors had been invited to participate, among them the Rev. W. K. Guthrie of the First Presbyterian Church, but duties elsewhere kept them from being in attendance.

In the invocation by Dr. Adams there was the expression "Differing in our thought and apprehension of Thee, but one in heart." The invocation ended with the Lord's Prayer in which all united. Before introducing those who were to have part in the exercises, Dr. Adams stated that it was to be an occasion of the largest liberty, that all were children of the same Heavenly Father, and that the brethren on the platform with him he had found to be brethren indeed. He spoke of the fellowship before the great calamity and of that thereafter, saying that it was in and through suffering that the tenderest side of the human heart was brought to light. A letter was read from Father O'Ryan, of the Roman Catholic Church, who had been invited, but who finding it impossible to be present sent expression of best wishes for the church.

"Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares,"

rang through the auditorium from the lips of nearly 500 people and the strains floated out and died away in the air of the star-studded heavens.

The Unitarian pastor, the Rev. Bradford Leavitt, led in the responsive reading: "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, my fortress and my deliverer." Colonel French of the Salvation Army gave thanks for the divine leading. "During the year Thou hast spoken to us in one way and another, and always thy voice has been a call to a noble and a higher life. Speak through thy servants to our hearts tonight. Grant that Greater San Francisco may be a better San Francisco."

The Rev. Cecil Marrack, rector of St. Stephen's Church, rejoiced in that a larger and a better fellowship had sprung up since the day of the great calamity. It was his wish that there might be about this time every year a fellowship meeting somewhat similar. He wished to have conserved the spirit of unity and cooperation which was operating for the good of man and the glory of God.

In introducing Rabbi Levy, Dr. Adams spoke of

the friendship which had sprung up between them, and said that in the years of his ministry he had found some of his best friends among the rabbis.

Rabbi Levy prefaced his address by expressing his pleasure and gratification in that he was permitted to attend and extend personal congratulations. Officers from his synagogue were also in attendance, he stated, and that he voiced their feelings when he brought heartiest and best wishes. Reference was made to the occasion when in the parlors of the burned church, under a canopy from the synagogue, he had had the pleasure, on the 30th anniversary of the marriage of the pastor and his wife, of pronouncing words of reconsecration of life to life. Manifest tonight is another spirit of marriage to the end that all may be brought together under God's banner of love.

Proceeding then to a consideration of the religion of Israel, Rabbi Levy said that in it the insistence is on life. Nowhere in the Old Testament was it said: Thus shalt thou believe; but go and do. Go out and live like a child of God. Righteousness shalt thou pursue and by it thou shalt live. As Isaiah says: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." Or as Micah: "He hath shewed thee, O man, What is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" Even the Nazarene said, Consecrate your lives to duty. "Nine-tenths of the religion I represent refers to conduct."

At no time said the Rabbi had God failed to mark the path of his ways with evidences of love and justice. The rabbis of old taught that God was all gracious, just and merciful.

True religion, in his opinion, is based mainly on a recognition of the eternal God as father, in obedience unto him, and in the treatment of fellowmen as brethren. And salvation is by character.

The Rev. George E. Burlingame of the First Baptist Church spoke of the grand history of Congregationalism and rejoiced that there was here in San Francisco a Puritan and a Pilgrim element. There was need, he said, to be on guard lest the precious heritage left by them be dimmed. That it may not be, such centers of influence as that on the corner of Post and Mason must be maintained. As he looked the other night on the streams of light flowing from the dome of the old city hall, it seemed prophetic of the lights to shine in every place of darkness—lights fed not by dynamos but by currents from heaven. Such a light is the First Congregational Church. May it never grow dim!

Just a year before these utterances in the new edifice on the corner of Post and Mason, the church that had stood there for thirty-five years went down in ashes. A year hence the new building will stand surrounded by great hotels and apartment houses, hard by the heart of the commerce and trade of the metropolis of the Pacific coast, and will be wielding its old-time influence in pointing out to men and women widely the way of life.

While from time to time during recent weeks we have in different services rejoiced with the people of this historical church, and have watched the city growing up apace out of its ruins, there have come to mind the words of Longfellow:

"'Tis always morning somewhere. And above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing for evermore;"

and also the words of Browning:

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast, its splendor soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day."

It has been given to the beloved pastor of this church to lead it for the second time up out of a tremendous sea of cloud. God's lamp was pressed close to the breast, and its splendor pierced the gloom.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

"Speak to Him thou, for he heareth
And Spirit with spirit can meet
Closer is He than breathing
And nearer than hands and feet."

THE PACIFIC COAST THE FUTURE BATTLE-FIELD OF THE WORLD.

An Extract From an Address by Bishop Atkins.

I conclude with venturing a prophecy—namely, this: that the Pacific Coast is to be the future battlefield of the world in a sense which cannot be true of any other similar section on the globe. Thither the forces are already marshaling from both the West and the East. Whatever governmental processes may go on with reference to the limitation of Oriental participation in the life of the Coast, there will come a day when the genuine civilization of the Orient, especially of Japan and China, will force the entrance of its representatives not only into our domains, but into the very structure of our commonwealth. World relations must be viewed in the spirit of a genuine cosmopolitanism, and under that order the ablest and best-equipped will find their inevitable places in the coming kingdom of man. Trade conditions, over which at least there is no more of local or even national control than there is of the trade winds—will bring it about that the Coast shall be the world's chief battle ground in a commercial sense. It will be the financial apex of the American continent and the great objective of the largest movements that originate in the Orient. When the hundreds of millions of China and Japan are awake to their real wants, and are aware of America's preparedness to meet them, and when America discovers that the Orient also has unspeakable resources worthy to be unlocked and capable of supplying vast demands on our part, then shall the world enter upon its last chapter of wonders in the domain of finance. It is not far to see that, coupled with movements so vast and important on the material side, there will be a largeness of sociological problems which has never existed before, and which will call for the highest and best-trained social agencies and ministries known to man. But above all these stand the religious problems which shall inevitably call for their solution on that ground instead of some other. The final answer to the question as to whether Christianity is a divine religion must be wrought out for the Pacific Coast on the Pacific. The answer must embrace its power to direct and to dominate so complex and so magnificent a civilization as these mammoth elements which we have mentioned

make possible. I am sure that I shall not be going too far when I say that Christianity is destined to receive Oriental reinterpretation in the midst of Occidental atmospheres. What Christianity is seen to be on the Coast, what it will be realized to be in the lives of the Orientals as well as of the Americans having their place and relations there, will determine in no small measure its acceptance in the Orient and its domination of the vast populations there that are now without Christ and without hope. When this great fight shall come on, the raw, undisciplined recruit may not rush in to take a part in the victory for Americanism and for Christianity. It will be a battle which must be gained by the thoroughly disciplined, the seasoned soldiery of Jesus Christ which has been born of that soil and bred of those institutions. It is on this account that it behooves every Protestant communion, in common with our own, to make haste to lay broad and deep the foundations of such institutions as are to be a winning and saving force in that great day of the future. To be found laggard in such a movement is to enter the battle belated and to gain at best but a partial victory. The far-flung battle line of that sublime encounter will reach from Alaska to Mexico, and the battlefield will cover that length with an average breadth of hundreds of miles inland. The concentration within that area of all the most powerful commercial, civic, sociological, and religious forces of America, confronting and engaging similar forces from the Orient, will make the struggle the tensest, most intimate, and most gigantic possible to the race; and the only outcome of such a contest is one of mutual capitulations, in which the West shall not be alone the winner.

In the broadened thought of this day, every cry of need is a call of God; and "he that hath ears to hear" is the only limitation upon the agencies that are to minister in this holy service to men. He that sitteth in the heavens is speaking through the cries of this great civilization to the Church of America to awake out of its sleep of commercialism and earth-worldliness, and to turn its ear so as to hear the "West a-calling."

ETHICAL CONTENTS.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

Professor Nathaniel Schmidt, head of the Oriental History Department of Cornell, makes an important statement in regard to the present outlook upon the religious condition of the old world. "The remnant of primitive ideas and practices," he contends, "is fast disappearing. Polydemonism and Polytheism are giving way to conceptions implying unity of creative power. Less importance is attached to sacred days, sacred places and such things. Emphasis is being placed on the ethical contents of religion. The new faith will seek for that which is universal in man's belief, not rooting up or tearing down one form of creed or cult in order to impose another. It will honor and trust in reason, while careful to keep its light trimmed by cultivation of heart and will. It will recognize the sovereignty of ethics. It will be vital, touching life on every side."

Professor Schmidt has stated the exact relation of the Christian religions to the primitive faiths of the world. Christ came to fulfil all religious concepts and ideas. Christ came to destroy the works of the devil but to fufil the hopes of humanity everywhere. That is precisely the ethical ground taken by all Christian missionaries. Christianity is not a system of belief imposed upon the mind and heart of heathenism. Christianity as a positive force seeks to liberate and set into action all that is good in the heart. Now as to the emphasis on ethics, we may also claim that Christ stamped that into the constitution of His gospel. The man who hears the word and does according to the word builds an immovable foundation for his faith. If any man will do His will he shall know the higher doctrines of ultimate things. The cup of cold water in the name of Christ represents Christ. No greater emphasis can be laid on the ethical contents of the gospel than Christ put upon his system of human redemption. It is a wrong alike to Christianity and to humanity to imagine that religion is correlated and systematized ethics. The heart has a deeper question. It wants to know God in personal fellowship. Whoever teaches humanity religion will find that the soul is hungry for direct and sympathetic contact with Jesus Christ. All philosophy must also deal with the problem of pardon, of grace, of heart purity, of faith, of regeneration, of dedication, of sanctification and of concentration and inward coherency of the mental state, the passions and appetencies of the soul. These are the deeper questions illustrated by miracle and parable in the gospel. Ethics is the fruit of the gospel.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

According to Mark Twain, woman's sphere is somewhat expanded in the case of Mrs. Eddy. He says: "She is the Massachusetts Metaphysical College; Pastor Emeritus; President; Board of Directors; Board of Education; Board of Lectureships; Future Board of Trustees; Proprietor of the Publishing House and Periodicals; Treasurer; Clerk; Proprietor of the Teachers; Proprietor of the Lecturers; Proprietor of the Missionaries; Proprietor of the Readers; Dictator of the Services; Sole Voice of the Pulpit; Proprietor of the Sanhedrin; Sole Proprietor of the Creed (copyrighted); Indisputable Autocrat of the Branch Churches, with their life and death in her hands; Sole Thinker for the First Church (and the others); Sole and Infallible Expounder of Doctrine, in life and in death; Sole Permissible Discoverer, Denouncer, Judge, and Excutioner of Ostensible Hypnotists; Fifty-Handed God of Excommunication, with a thunderbolt in every hand; Appointer and Installer of the Pastor of all the Churches—the Perpetual Pastor-Universal, 'Science and Health,' 'the Comforter.'" It might be said that Mrs. Eddy has something to live for. Alexander the Great was foolish to weep over the lack of a few worlds to conquer. Mrs. Eddy has shown Alexander how small he really was.

W. T. Stead of London, the all-around reformer, and world roustabout, is traveling widely among the nations of the earth to promote the interests of the coming peace conference. He recently addressed the New York Conference and brought out some hearty "amens" from the brethren. These "amens" did not seem to Mr. Stead to amount to much. The report is that he thought they ought to be seasoned with some profanity and he proceeded to sprinkle it in himself. The Conference passed some resolutions and it should have reminded the distinguished visitor that the "peace" of the Conference would be conserved if he would leave his profanity across the sea. There is enough of the low slang in the world promoted by the evil contigency. If the newspaper report of what he said is true, then Mr. Stead ought to have apologized or been asked to withdraw. He is a great man, no doubt, but no man has the right to spatter a conference with profanity. It should have been resented.

The Home.

THE MORNING'S HOPE.

Start bravely in the morning for somewhere on ahead:
The way may not be open, but when the sky is red
Where western hills reach upward, be sure that you may say:
"Though the goal is far beyond me, I've pourneyed on, today."
The aimless, hopeless thousands who where they started die
Begin the day by sighing, and still at evening sigh;
The tasks are viewed with sorrow and sullen murmurings
That should be hailed with gladness as steps to higher things.

A COMMON CRUELTY.

If accused of cruelty in daily life we should probably resent it indignantly, yet every time a person inflicts an evil mood upon his household or upon his fellow-workers he is treating them cruelly. Most of us are guilty, at times, and we never stop to think that our innocent victims are utterly defenseless. Consider how quickly all members of the family suffer when one brings his depression to the breakfast table; how easily good spirits are quenched by one person's moroseness; how readily an atmosphere of nervousness, of ill-nature, of physical pain makes itself felt when there is no effort at self-control! Even a sulky maid in the kitchen can bring discomfort to a whole household. No one has a right to inflict his bad feelings upon others, and we realize this when we are the victims. But if we have not slept well, or if we have a headache after a wearisome day, or if some business matter has gone wrong, where is our own cheerfulness? Our shortcomings should help us to make excuses for other people's tempers, but our sufferings should teach us the cruelty of self-indulgence.

THE STRAIN ON YOUTHFUL NERVES.

"It is the servant problem that is killing me," said the Mother of Big Boys. "My cook was ill last week. My waitress had left me the week before. I had to get up at six for several days, remove all the cinders and ashes with my own hands from the kitchen range, kindle the fire and get breakfast."

"What! With a husband and two big boys upstairs!" exclaimed the Mother of Small Children.

"My husband is delicate and over-worked," explained her friend. "I would not allow him to get up and do all that work. Both of the boys were out at a cotillion night before last, and a debating club last night, and they are working hard in school. They are taking violin lessons, too. They are just as good as they can be, and they would gladly help me—but I cannot depend much on them. They cannot rest during the day, but, after a while, a strong woman comes and then I can rest. She cannot get here in time to cook the breakfast. I try to use common sense in these matters."

"Well—I certainly would not do all that hard work if I had a husband and two big boys to do it for me," reiterated the superior Mother of Small Children.

Ten years later the city Mother of Big Boys visited the other mother, who lived in a flourishing country town, and whose two children, Bessie and Paul, had by this time grown to be, respectively, sixteen and fourteen years of age. The evening after her arrival she observed that her friend was darning stockings.

"Let me help you," she said.

The offer was gratefully accepted.

"Are these stockings yours?" she asked.

"No," replied the erstwhile disdainful Mother of Small Children. "These are Bessie's. The poor girl is so driven with engagements and work that I must not lay the slightest home burden upon her. Half the time I even make her own bed for her. I used to think that the young people of the family should do a good share of the housework, especially when only one servant is kept, as in our small establishment. Of course, it is good discipline and all that, but Bessie has to study very hard in school, she has to practice her music for an hour each day, and she must have outdoor exercise, and belongs to the Golf Club. The girls of her age have a Literary Club, and she is doing a good deal of church work, and there are social gatherings now and then that I haven't the heart to keep her from—why, the strain put upon our young people nowadays is appalling."

"But you require a little help about the house from Bessie, don't you? You work far too hard yourself, and you have a seamstress only a few days in a year. And then Paul is large enough to assist the gardner, and help about the care of the horse."

"He is large enough, and willing enough," There was a touch of asperity in the little woman's tone. She felt as though her friend were "rubbing it in" rather hard. "But they would break down in health if I should require much of them at home."

"Ought anything, really, to absolve children like them from the duty of helping their parents at home?" inquired the older mother, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Don't say anything!" pleaded her friend. "I used to think that it could and must be done—but complexities of modern life have closed around me, as it were—and I must either give up my prejudices, or else see my children collapse before my eyes. What can be done to simplify the lives of our growing boys and girls?"

A million of distracted mothers echo the question.
—Kate Upson Clark.

The Quiet Hour.

CHRIST THY LIGHT.

Slacken no sail, brother,
At inlet or island;
Straight by the compass steer,
Straight for the highland.

Set thy sail carefully,
Darkness is round thee;
Steer thy course steadily,
Quicksands may ground thee.

Fear not the darkness,
Dread not the night;
God's word is thy compass,
Christ is thy light.

A PRAYER.

Almighty God, thine eye is upon all men: there is nothing hidden from thy judgment: all things are

naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do: this is our supreme joy, and this is our supreme dread. When our hearts are rising towards thee our delight is to know that thou art looking on, and drawing us toward thyself with new love and new power; but when our hearts are going astray from righteousness and truth and light, the onlooking God is the plague of our life. Work in us so mightily by thy Holy Spirit that we shall be thy children, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, always desiring the ascend to things heavenly and to enjoy communion with our Father. Then shall thine onlooking eye make our day, thy presence shall be our defence, and thy comfort shall enlarge and delight our souls. Thou hast stretched out thine hand towards us in offers and welcomes; the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost: we are lost, we need to be sought; Son of God' Shepherd of the Universe, come after us, recover us from our wandering, and bring us home again!

NOTHING LASTS ALWAY.

There is a world of comfort in the thought that sooner or later all the unpleasant things, the hard things, the clouds that hang so heavy over our poor little bit of sky—all, all will pass away, for "nothing lasts alway." There are pleasant surprises in store for us if we are honestly doing the best we can, bearing with a fair measure even of patience the trials and burdens of each succeeding day, and living on the strength of a hope that the sky will clear, and the sun will shine after a time and we can wait.

There are some who try to believe, and to make others believe that the joys of life are greater than its sorrows, that its bright days number more than the dark ones and that the rule is for more happiness than unhappiness in an ordinary life. If this be true why did the Master dwell so much upon the fact that we must learn to meet and grapple with both physical and mental pain? Why urge the duty of being "strong" to overcome, to endure? Why tell his followers of the "tribulation" they must meet that could only be borne through an implicit faith in him who had "overcome" for their sakes? Think of your own, or of any other life whose secret sorrows have been only partially known to you. Have not the times when the heart was pierced through and through with some great trial or cruel sorrow produced effects that it took months and years, yes, perhaps a lifetime to recover from—enough that life seemed, not joyous, or even happy, but just more quiet and peaceful? How many days have been filled with exuberant joy, cloudless, bright, free from even a haunting premonition of coming ills? How many have brought toe deep thrills of joy that the knowledge of a coming trouble could not, nor did not dim, joy which filled the heart so that it had no room for sadness? Yet there came a time when the arrow of a great affliction found its way to your heart and you forgot to ge glad for so long that it seemed ages since the burden was laid upon you and joy fled before it.

Why it is that the effects of pain are so much more lasting than the effects of pleasure we may not know, but life proves the fact that this is true. We forget so many of the ordinary pleasant things that have come to us, but we hold to the memory of that which has hurt, and will not, or cannot let it die. It is true that there are beautiful days and sweet experiences which are never forgotten, but that they equal the unpleasant ones or outnumber the bitter is questionable. The comfort we find is that "nothing lasts" always. When the winter of life seems particularly long and severe, with patience we wait the first bird note that heralds our release from suffering, if only for a season. We may always have faith that joy will find its way back some day to the saddest heart if the door is not kept closed against it. And, too, we may be sure that the Father understands, that he knows just how sorely we were hurt and how courageously we have striven to overcome, and while we may have been largely the cause of our own sorrows, still he pities and has promised to lift us "out of the depths" if we but ask him.

"So patiently I strive to stand and wait
Through all the glories of the changing years;
Wait till his hand shall lead me through the gate,
And change my sighs to songs, to smiles my tears."

Young People.

THE ONE WHO FAILED.

"Mr. Wright, may I speak to you a minute?"

The busy lawyer gave his revolving chair a sudden whirl, and faced a tall, resolute looking boy, with a strap of schol books across his shoulder.

"Certainly, Philip; sit down, my boy."

"Thank you, sir, I haven't time; it's almost school hour. I just want to say, Mr. Wright, that I'd like you to get somebody else to lead the Society."

"You want to give up your job, Phil?"

"I don't want to, exactly, but I ought. The truth is, Mr. Wright, I've failed, and I know somebody else could do better."

The gentleman was thinking what a young face this was to wear that bitter sense of failure so plainly written out; but he spoke encouragingly.

"Why do you think you have failed, Philip? How about that 'try, try again' plan?"

"We did try again, Mr. Wright. You know we set ourselves to prevent Dobbs from opening a saloon on the corner of Bolton and Pelham streets; we worked like everything getting petitions signed. But we failed; the saloon is open, and the very boys that we are trying to help, by keeping the saloon away, are jeering at us all the time now, and calling us church lambs, and pretty pigeons, and things like that."

Mr. Wright could not help smiling at the very unlamblike expression; but there was no time to discuss the matter now.

"Suppose you don't take any steps about giving up until after the next meeting," he said. "I would like to be with you at that meeting. I have just been reading a true story about one who failed. It is a thrilling tale; I would like to tell it to your boys. What do you say?"

"Thank you, sir; that will bring the boys together, I'm sure. Some of them are pretty low down—worse than I am! Thank you, Mr. Wright; good-morning," and the door swung to on boy and books.

The next week the members rallied in great force. Mr. Wright had organized them a year before, and given them a start; but he had a Sabbath afternoon mission school in a distant part of the city, and this was the first time the boys had heard from him for some time.

The meeting was called to order by Philip Sears, who read a few verses from the Bible; a short prayer was made by another of the boys, and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" was given in fine style. Then Mr. Wright got up and faced the boys.

"Your leader has been telling me," Mr. Wright said, in his easy, you-and-me style, "that your chapter has failed in a first class fight it has been waging against the whisky business, and that you boys are a good deal cut up over the failure. I think this is a good time for me to repeat to you a true story of a fellow who failed on a big scale, about three hundred years ago, whose failure any one of us would now be proud to claim.

"When I tell you that this young Englishman made four stubborn, painful, dangerous attempts to find a western waterway to the Indies; that he got nearer to the North Pole than any other sailor of his day; that he failed every time to find his northwest passage, and that he was finally turned adrift in an open boat, with his young son, on a wild waste of water, never to be seen or heard from again—perhaps you can name my man who failed."

Mr. Wright paused. "Henry Hudson," said one of the older boys, recognizing the tragedy.

"It was Henry Hudson," continued the story-teller, "who thus made four big, extensive and humiliating failures, and finally lost his life in a shameful and pitiful way, as far as ever from the goal of his purpose.

"But look here, boys. Henry Hudson's first voyage opened up the great Spitzbergen whale fisheries, by which thousands of families have been supported, commerce advanced, and the interests of the race served for these hundreds of years. Henry Hudson's second voyage opened up the fur trade, which has been almost as great an enterprise as the other. Henry Hudson's third voyage—setting sail from the Zuyder Zee this time—established the Dutch on Manhattan Island, and laid the foundation of the city of New York; and his fourth voyage gave his name to one of the most beautiful rives of America, and an example of noble heroism and skill to all future races of men. How is that for a failure, boys?"

The young people sat very still in their places, but there was a glow on their faces, and their eyes were shining. Unless I am much mistaken, the corner saloon began to be in danger while the noble tale was being told. Mr. Wright did not have much more to say.

"Take care," he concluded, "how you dare to write 'failure' on a work into which a man or a bov has really put the strength of his life. If the thing pleases God, though it may seem to go down like Henry Hudson's body, fathoms deep, he is keeping for it—somewhere, somewhere—a glorious success, like the great sailor's. And I give you my word, my young friends, I believe the baffling of a single saloon is of more importance in eternity than sailing across the Arctic Sea."

Philip Sears did not give up his place. Those young Christians took a brace, and gave themselves another year's lease on their job (the saloon's license ran for a year), and the last I heard of the matter was a message sent them by a business man who had refused to sign their first petition, and jeered at them for "a meddlesome pack of gids." Now he sent them word to come and see him about the matter again—he "liked a fellow that never knew when he was whipped!"—The Classmate.

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THE BEST I CAN.

One night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" aswed the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and some one might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" aswed the bird. You do not give as much light as the electric light."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here, some one might fail to see it and fall."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes espied a lamp in a window.

"Of what use are you? asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the gaslight."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes espied a light—a tiny candle in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle, "and I can easily be carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great: "All are helpers."—Kindergarten Review.

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2 $1 pkgs. Carob Nerve Tonic (see adv.) 1.00
1 gal. jug Tomato Catsup or Worcester Sauce 1.00
15 lbs. Alaska Boneless Codfish, new 1.00
20 pkgs. Perfect Corn Starch.1-lb. 1.00
1 5-lb. tin any Spice, except mace and nutmeg 1.00
1 doz. cans good Corn, Peas, String Beans 1.00
35 lbs. new California Rolled Oats or Wheat 1.00
12 cans standard new 2½-lb. Tomatoes 1.00
1 32-oz. bottle any flavor Extract. XXX 1.00
1 4-gal. keg plain or mixed Pickles, sour 1.00
30 lbs. medium-sized best Sweet Prunes 1.00
1 3-lb. can Royally Pure Fidelity Baking Powder 1.00
5 lbs. best mixed Nuts (no peanuts) 1.00
5 lbs. Chocolate in cake, Miner's, good 1.00
5 lbs. XX Hotel Coffee, in tin ground 1.00
1 50-lb. sack good Northern Flour 1.00
4 lbs. Black, Green, Uncolored or Mixed Tea 1.00
7 lbs. Dessicated Cocoanut, fresh, bulk 1.00
10 cans asst. Pie Fruit, our selection 1.00
7 lbs. choice bright Dr'd Peaches 1.00
20 lbs. Black Mission Figs, nice ones 1.00
8 pkgs. Seeded Raisins, 16-oz... 1.00
9 lbs. Recleaned Currents, bulk. 1.00
28 cans American Sardines, ¼s 1.00
28bars Clairette Silk or Santa Claus Soap 1.00
60 lbs. Sal Soda(washing soda) 1.00
18 pkgs. Choice Corn Starch.... 1.00
60 good House Candles, 10-oz... 1.00
1 keg Holland Herring, new... 1.00
12 cans asst. Soups, Colonial.... 1.00
25 lbs. Nails. any size or assm't. 1.00
1 bottle medicinally purest Olive Oil, Sublime. 1.00
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33 bars asst. fine Toilet Soap.... 1.00
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HARD TO UNKNOW 'EM.

Teddy had learned to spell a word in a way which was not the right way, and every time he came to it in his writing lesson he wanted to spell it as he had learned it first.

"It's pretty hard to know all these things, isn't it, Teddy?" said his aunt.

"But it is a good deal harder to unknow 'em after you once get 'em crooked," said Teddy.

He was right. It is very hard to "unknow" the wrong things that we have learned. So let us try to do things in the right way at first.—Exchange.

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Within Thee, O Christ, I would arise indeed, to newness of life. I beseech Thee, make all things new to me. Let the old duties, the old work, the old burdens, the old friendships be transfigured as Thou dost touch them. Let Easter joy lift me from loneliness and weakness and despair to strength and beauty and happiness. I would fain live the risen life, my Jesus. Help me by Thy call, by Thy message, by Thy beauty, by Thy goodness, to be Thy true child, looking to Thee and serving face.—Floyd W. Tomkins.

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PACIFIC PRESYTERIAN

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THE CRADLE CROSS.

"What shall I ask for Thee, my child?"
  Said Mary Mother, stooping down
Above the babe all undefiled.
  "O let Him wear a kingly crown."

From wise men's gifts she wrought the crown,
  The robe inwove with many a gem;
Beside the babe she laid them down.
  He wept, and would have none of them.

"What shall I get for Thee, my child?'
  Unto the door she slowly went,
  And wove a crown of thorn-boughs wild;
  He took it up, and was content.

Upon the floor she gathered wood,
  And made a little cross for Him;
The child smiled, for He understood,
  And Mary watched with eyes grown dim.

"Since these He doth prefer to gold,"
  She sadly said, "Let it be so;
  He sees what I cannot behold,
  He knows what I can never know."

That night the eyes of Mary saw
  A cross of stars set in the sky,
Which after it the heavens did draw,
  And this to her was God's reply.

—W. J. Dawson.

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"UP IN THE HIGH CHURCH STEEPLE."

A paper by the Rev. William Rader, which was read at a recent meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, on Tolstoi and his religious ideas and practices, brought out some very suggestive and significant remarks. Mr. Rader spoke of Tolstoi as a prophet to our civilization, showing its inconsistencies and vices. He stated that he is the only man of special note who is living according to the golden rule, and it was shown that Tolstoi holds that the present day church and modern civilization are incompatible with the teachings of Christ.

The remark which most impressed the present writer, in the discussion which followed, was that of the Rev. C. R. Brown of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. It was in effect that he had for some time been wondering whether he could conscientiously go on preaching in the conventional way —to a church that paid a high salary while there was all about a great unshepherded class of people that the churches under the existing system of religious work were not reaching and seemingly cannot reach. It was even a question in his mind whether he could not better advance the kingdom of Christ upon the earth by working as a workingman, among workingmen, for a living, and then without remuneration preach to the masses the message of the abundant eternal life.

Mr. Brown's remark brought to mind at once some things which we had been reading a few days before in the new book by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Dawson, "The Empire of Love," which is reviewed in our columns this week.

Dr. Dawson tells of the struggle through which he went before he broke away from his church of well-to-do and fashionable people in the great city of London. He says that as he turned to the lives of some of the saints of the past and the present something thrilled within him, some living responsive fiber, so that he knew that he was not wholly alien to them; and as he longed for their experiences, there came the still small voice: "Live the life; there is no other way."

For a long time he looked out on people of his own time who moved everywhere in the incessant processions of a tireless love, but was only a spectator and sympathizer, never a comrade. He questioned whether such work was required of him. "It needed special gifts for such a work, and I had not these gifts. Besides, had I not my own work? Was it not as important to educate persons of some culture and social position in a knowledge of Christian truth as to redeem lost people from the hell of their misdoing? Certainly it was easier and pleasanter. I found in it that most subtle of all gratifications, the sense of ability efficiently applied, and winning praise by its exertion. There was no one who wished me to live in any other way than that in which I lived. Those to whom I ministered were satisfied with me, and had I told them that I wished to do the sort of things that Salvation Army people did among the slums, they would have been shocked, and would certainly have dissuaded me. Why should I do what no one expected me to do. Why could I not be content to fulfill the common standard approved by the average conception of Christianity?"

And so questioning and reasoning Dr. Dawson went on for a time in the conventional ways—preaching to a people week by week who lived no differently after he had preached to them than they lived before. He writes as follows concerning the people to whom he preached: "Those to whom I preached lived after all very much as other people lived. I did not find them more magnanimous than the ordinary men and women of the world, nor less liable to take offense, to utter harsh words, to indulge in resentments, and to retaliate on those who injured them. I did not find that they loved humanity any better than their fellows; like all mankind they loved those who loved them, and had domestic virtues and affections. It was impossible to say that Christianity had produced in them any type of character wholly and radically different from that which might be found in multitudes of men and women who made no pretense of Christian sentiment. Christianity had no doubt, imposed upon them many valuable restraints, so that without it they might have been worse men and women, but that was a merely negative result. Where was the spectacle of a character composed of new qualities, a life wholly governed by novel impulses and principles? I could not find such a life; nor ought I to have been surprised! for I could not find it in myself. I also lived much as other people lived, except that I had a higher theory of conduct."

A remarkable confession, this! But who will presume to say that it does not apply pretty well to many a church and to many a preacher? We are not surprised accordingly that men's consciences are troubling them, and that here and there some are asking whether they can much longer go on in the conventional ways. In the days when the feet of the human and divine One were treading the hills and valleys of Palestine, viewing the multitudes as he went here and there over the land, we read that he had compassion on them. He saw them as sheep having no shepherd. Such are the great masses of the people today; they are as sheep having no shepherd. The church is not reaching and winning them as it ought. We are profoundly of the conviction that great changes are demanded in the methods of religious work.

Suppose that such a preacher as the one who occupies the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland should break away from conventional ways, go out into the world as a workingman for a livelihood, and in connection carry the gospel Sunday after Sunday to the great unshepherded multitude,

what then? Would it avail much? We are not prepared to speak for or against. Each man must for himself work his struggle through to the end. Of this we are convinced: If Jesus of Nazareth were to come to earth again on a mission among men he would not take his stand in the pulpits in which many preachers are standing today and work along the line of their methods.

"The Parish Priest, of austerity,
Climbed up in the high church steeple
To be nearer God,
So that he might hand His word down to the people.

And in sermon script he daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven;
And he dropped it down
On the people's heads two times one day in seven.

In his age God said, 'Come down and die.'
And he cried out from the steeple:
'Where art thou, Lord?'
And the Lord replied: 'Down here among My people.'"

Churches and preachers, with now and then an exception, are not down among the people as they must needs be if they are to do the work which God calls them to do. How they are to get down so long as the present system of religious work goes on, making it a constant struggle for so large a number of churches merely to keep up the breath of life, we are unable to see. When religious work is carried on somewhat as educational work is carried on (we have in mind our public school system, without its compulsory features) better things may be expected. But so long as it is every denomination for itself, and so many denominations, no great improvement can be expected. No city or town on our continent could educate its young people if it carried on its educational work as religious work is carried on. We need churches planted as school houses are planted: and with these as common centers religious work conducted on such a system as would bring the word of life to every individual in such a manner as to enable it to lay hold of him and mold his character. This, in our opinion, is the voice of the age, and the voice and call of God. We believe that if the church could and would get away from its wasteful methods and in a thoroughly systematic manner move out under the banner of Christ, it would in a short time find this old sin-cursed world climbing with mighty acceleration up toward God. Christianity would take such possession of the hearts and lives of the people that the serious problems which now threaten our civilization would be pushed far along toward solution. The Kingdom would be seen coming down swiftly out of heaven upon the earth, and men everywhere would be exclaiming, This is indeed God's world!

It is not claimed herein that religious work on such a systematic cooperant plan would Christianize every individual; that would be absurd. But it would win and save hundreds and perhaps thousands where now only a half dozen or a dozen are won, and would advance grandly the Kingdom upon the earth.

The present writer read several months ago under the caption of "A Call" the following fragment of a poem which was published first in an eastern college paper; and the words have been sounding in his ears from time to time ever since:

"Come, Tom! Come, Reuben! higher see
Than this or next world's pelf:
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
To banish dreams of self?

Come, Frank! Come, Will! the jubilee
Of ages sounds its call!
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
To give himself for all?

The mother sings sweet lullaby;
Her love would banish moan.
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
To bring to man his own?

Man's triumph-era calls, and we
Should hasten it with song.
Oh, who will walk a mile with me
To clear the earth of wrong?
Of war and woe and wrong!"

We believe that the church is on trial today as it never before has been on trial. Just what particular thing any professing Christian ought to do to make the church more influential for good, it is not for us or any one else to say. But the great and pressing need is for heroic unselfishness. Both the church and the world need men who

"In spite of the stare of the wise and the world's derision,
Dare travel the star-blazed road, dare follow the vision."

And the great lesson that the church should seek constantly to teach, both by precept and example, is that

"No house can stand, no kingdom can endure,
Built on the crumbling rock of self-desire;
Nothing is living stone, nothing is sure,
That is not whitened in the social fire."

And this is the witness of the centuries.

"Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Baalbec and the stones of Babylon—
'We raised our pillars upon self-desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun.'"

It is beyond intelligent question that life goes on largely today on the plane of self-desire—self-interest, selfishness. This is true in the industrial world, and just as much with the workingman as with the capitalist. This is true, in industrial affairs, both within the church and without. And when we turn from industrial matters, and view the church not in the relation which its constituent members sustain to the business of the world, but in its distinctive internal affairs, it is a serious question with an increasing number of people whether it is to any great extent living and working in accordance with the principles and teachings of Jesus. It is to be hoped that there will be more troubled consciences—among both ministers and laymen, and that in deep earnestness and prayerfulness widely it will be asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

"And oh for a man to arise in me
That the man I am may cease to be!"

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Empire of Love." By W. J. Dawson. This volume by Dr. Dawson shows that there is really but one great empire in the universe—and that is the empire of Love. No one can read the pages of this book without receiving a great impulse toward loving men after the fashion in which Jesus of Nazareth loved them. "Thus to love our fellow men is a difficult business, there is none harder," says Dr. Dawson. "It is so difficult that only a few in any age succeed on so conspicuous a scale as to attract prolonged attention. Yet the secret of success is not obscure; it lies in that temper of compassion which is the most beautiful of all features in the character of Jesus." This book sets forth the fact that there came a time in Dr. Dawson's life—in his ministerial life—when he realized that he did not love men as men, humanity as humanity, as Jesus did." He says that he loved individuals and classes of men who could understand his thoughts, recognize his qualities, and repay affection with affection; but he failed when it came to love for people who had no beauty that men should desire them, nor any grace of mind or person, nor any quality that kindled interest. Dr. Dawson shows in his book how he came to have love for such a person. He says: "The method by which we may love him is quite simple: it is to approach him not with judgment but compassion, to put ourselves in his place, to see his life from his point of view instead of our own. What is his ignorance after all but lack of opportunitiy? What are his bad manners but the penalty of a narrow life? What are these habits of his which so offend me but things inevitable in that condition of servitude which he occupies—a servitude, let me recollect, which ministers to my ease and comfort. * * * For every comfort that I have, some one has sweated. My fire is lit not only with coal from the mine, but with miner's flesh and blood; my food has come through roaring seas in which men perished by hurricane and shipwreck; the very books from which I draw my culture are the products not alone of the scholar and the thinker, but of rude unlettered men in forest and at forge who helped to make them by their toil." This volume touches in so admirable a manner that kind of living to which the thought of the present age seems to be impelling that we contemplate giving from it soon some lengthier quotations than the limits of this article will allow. [F. H. Revell Co., New York, $1.00 net.]

"Persecution in the Early Church." By Herbert B. Workman.. The subject is treated in its legal, historical, ecclesiastical and experiential aspects, and a book of high value to all students of history is the result. Special attention has been given to those aspects of the inner life of the church which led to persecution. The table of contents will show the scope of the book: The Master and his Disciples, Caesar or Christ, The Causes of Hatred, The Great Persecutions, The Experiences of the Persecuted. We quote from the chapter on Caesar or Christ: "The Christians were not persecuted because of their creed, but because of their universal claims. For monotheism viewed merely as a philosophy, the Romans had some sympathy. But a monotheism which refused to allow place for others must be brushed aside as a political nuisance or 'atheistic' monster. This universality of claims, this aggressiveness of temper, this consciousness from the first of world-wide dominion—in a word, all that in later days was summed up in the title of Catholic—was the inevitable cause of Roman persecution." In its origin persecution is ascribed to the Jews. "It was really an attempt of the hierarchy to crush out the new sect. But within a few years persecution ceased to be Jewish, and became imperial." Persecution is shown to have been no mere incident in the life of the church which might possibly have been avoided. It was "the necessary antagonism of certain fundamental principles and policies in the Empire of Caesar and the Kingdom of Christ." The author closes his work with the following timely words: "We need once more to catch the marytr-spirit, a belief in the absoluteness of the Christian faith translated into facts which shall make the church a 'peculiar people' whose strength does not lie in any blending of light and darkness, but in her renunciation of and aloofness from 'the world.' The resolute renunciation of the world, of which the martyrs were the crown and symbol did more than anything else to make the church strong to conquer the world. The martyrs were witnesses to the truth that only by renouncing the world can we really do anything for it. Critics of different schools have found fault with primitive Christianity for being too unworldly and ascetic, and have pointed to the more excellent means of modern times. But twentieth century ideals of renunciation would never have effected the gigantic revolution which sapped and dissolved gigantic polytheisms and overthrew the Roman empire itself." The book is one that can be commended. Notwithstanding all that had been written previously on the general subject, this volume found a place that needed filling and filled it. It is not surprising that the first edition was soon exhausted and a second issued in a short time. [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal., $1.50 net.]

"The Practice of Prayer." By G. Campbell Morgan. Dr. Morgan has done good service in putting forth this volume on "The Practice of Prayer." It is pointed out that the first disciples did not say to Jesus, "Teach us how to pray," but "Teach us to pray." "A great many people know how to pray, but they do not pray," says Dr. Morgan. The book is accordingly sent forth with the hope that it may lead more to the practice of prayer. As Dr. Morgan surveys the Christian church he finds side by side with a great enrichment in many respects a widespread impoverishment. He believes that the church's appreciation of Christ is keener and more specious today than it ever before was. In practical equipment for service, in men, in money, in methods, he believes the church to be far in advance of preceding ages. Nevertheless he says: "Yet in all these things there is a sense of lack and poverty. While the sense of the greatness of Christ is larger, the ability to bring men into loving, saving touch with him sometimes seems less. The men at his disposal are many, but the church lacks energy to send them forth. Money is more freely given than ever, and yet the greater part of the possession of the saints is still retained for their own use. The methods are multiplied, and yet one cannot help the conviction that many of our organizations are fungus growth, sapping the church's life and contributing nothing to her fruitfulness. We are profoundly conscious of lack. Everywhere there

is a double sense, that of power and of paralysis. We have heard the sound of the gong in the mulberry trees, but the wind of God seems to tarry. We saw the flaming of the bush among the Welsh mountains a little while ago, but we have not seen it in England. All about us are indifferent masses. We still mourn the dearth of conversions, and are painfully conscious of the languishing missionary spirit." When Dr. Morgan asks where lies the fault, where is the lack? he answers that that is a larger question than it is the purpose of his book to discuss. Nevertheless he remarks that it may be broadly stated that the supreme need of the church is the realization experimentally of her relationship to God by the Holy Spirit. "In the interaction of life and prayer will be found the secret of power, and the realization of fellowship with God will never be more than a theory save as prayer becomes a practice." He expresses himself as being very anxious to write nothing censorious or that fails in recognition of all the best things. He believes that there is a great deal of prayer on the highest plane, that God has his intercessors everywhere: "They are to be found often in unexpected places, in men and women who have learned the secret, and who by familiar intercourse with God are channels of blessing to men; but the majority of us are not praying. While I thank God for the prayers that are being offered I feel that it is of the utmost importance that the whole church should know the secret of prevailing prayer, not only as a theory, but in practice." Accordingly Dr. Morgan writes on: The Possibility of Prayer, The Platform of Prayer, The Plane of Prayer and The Practice of Prayer. Under "The Plane of Prayer" are considered "The Purpose of God" and "The Pilgrimage of Man,"—having to do with the needs of man in the days of his sojourn in this world. In this connection Dr. Morgan says: "In the economy of Jesus Christ prayer never loses sight of the infinite relationships and the infinite values. Herein is the test for our prayers. The moment prayer becomes request for something purely for self which may be spent upon personal lusts—or if you will have a milder word, upon personal desires—then prayer is outside the will of God." Dr. Morgan says that he cannot pray, as he once did, about the weather. "Who am I that I should ask that any given day in the calendar should be fine? A Christian woman once told him, he says, why she had ceased praying concerning the weather, or at least for fine days for herself or friends. "For many years at family worship she had been in the habit of asking for a fine day for the Sunday-school outing. When her boy was about ten years of age he came to her one one such morning and said, 'Mother, I don't think you ought to ask God for a fine day. Perhaps it would be a great deal better for the farmers to have it wet, and why should it be fine just for our outing?' She replied that of course her petition was that if it should be God's will it might be fine. The boy then said, 'Why don't you ask God to help you to choose one of his fine days?' And, remarks, Campbell Morgan, "To me that is the whole philosophy of praying. It is not an arrangement by which we obtain things which we personally desire. It is rather the provision through which we seek to be brought into conformity with the will of God, and to obtain only the light which enables us to walk therein. Not that it is wrong to ask definitely, but it is always well to carefully weigh our petitions as to whether or not they really recognize his sovereignty and wisdom. Charles Kingsley refused on one occasion to use the archbishop's prayer for the cessation of rain. He recognized that the downpour was sorely needed for sanitary conditions." [F. H. Revell Co., New York, 75 cents net.]

A HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND THEOLOGY.*

We know of no one better qualified to write a history of New England theology than the Rev. Dr. Frank Hugh Foster, formerly professor of Church History in Oberlin Theological Seminary; later, professor of Systematic Theology in Pacific Seminary; now in the pastorate at Olivet Michigan, the seat of Olivet College.

Dr. Foster has done the work in a highly commendable manner, the book showing throughout the research and study of the scholar.

In the preface of the book we find the following signficant statement:

"Descendant of Puritan and Pilgrim as I am, born and baptized in one of our most ancient Massachusetts churches, trained at our oldest university, and taught my profession at the center of intensest interest in the New England theology, it would be strange if I had not begun this history with a feeling of the warmest appreciation of our New England Fathers and a conviction that they had originated a school destined, under whatever changes to the exercise of a long-extended influence. These sentiments are reflectd upon the earlier pages of the book in many a phrase which I have left standing. With the progress of the work my point of view and my feeling have changed together. The final historical review of the whole period has made me a critic of its work, and led me to the perception of a fact that was long hidden from me—that it was not without reason that a strong reaction set in against this theology about the year 1880. I find myself no longer reckonable to its adherents. But all the more does it seem to me important to learn from this great movement the lessons it has to teach the present time and all the future, to appropriate its good and to avoid its evil. And, certainly, no American theological scholar can claim to understand the course of religious thought among us, who has not made himself familiar with this greatest indigenous school of American theology."

After thus declaring his changed attitude Dr. Foster proceeds to set forth on more than 500 pages the features of the New England Theology. We shall not mar his work by any attempt to outline it. In order to appreciate and to be benefitted by his labors the historical student must turn for himself the pages of the book.

There should be histories of theology as well as other histories, and Dr. Foster has done a work in preparing and presenting this history which merits the praise and thanks of Christian people widely.

As we turn the pages of his book the theological systems of those great thinkers—Edwards, Bellamy, Hopkins, Emmons, Taylor, Bushnell, Woods, Pond, Smith, Finney, Dwight, Harris, Fairchild, Park, and others—stand out vividly.

Among the chapters which we have read with special interest are those on: The Unitarian Contro-

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*"A Genetic History of New England Theology." By Frank Hugh Foster, D.D.. The University of Chicago Press; $2.00 net; $2.19 postpaid.

versy, the Universalist controversy, and The New School in Presbyterianism.

We quote now from the concluding chapter:

"We have now traced the rise, course, and culmination of New England theology as a distinct school of thought. But nothing is more remarkable about it than its collapse. At the beginning of the year 1880 it was in control of all of the theological seminaries of the Congregational denomination, with possibly a single exception, and of some of the Presbyterian. At Andover the chair of theology was occupied by Park, at Yale by Harris, at Oberlin by Fairchild, at Chicago by Boardman. Fifteen years later these teachers had all been replaced, and in no case by a man who could be considered as belonging to the New England school. It had endured more than 150 years; it had become dominant in a great ecclesiastical denomination; it had founded every Congregational seminary; and, as it were, in a night, it perished from off the face of the earth. For this remarkable and almost unprecedented phenomenon there must be some instructive explanation."

Dr. Foster proceeds in this connection to say: "There were three things in particular which it was a pressing necessity that New England theology should do:

"1. Abandon the Calvinistic conception and use of the sovereignty of God in favor of a new recognition of the facts of human nature.

"2. Readjust itself to an evolutionary view of revelation and of human history.

"3. Introduce the new idea of a living, and not an abstract, God into its Christology.

"As a practical fact, the leaders of this theology were unable to do these things. When their successors came into our theological chairs, they found they could not do their manifest professional duty and make use of their predecessors' labors. It was necessary to begin again. Just as the old exegesis was antiquated by a new point of view of all theological themes, the old theology was also antiquated. So far as the theology built upon the old at all, it was involved in vagueness and confusion. Even such leaders as Samuel Harris, who were themselves substantially upon the New England basis, felt compelled to build their identical theology upon other foundations and with other instruments. The pupils of Harris took the new foundations, and newer still, and built something which was also new. And thus New England theology perished from the earth. Perished, at any rate, for a time. The questions of the present hour are still more fundamental than those with which New England theology or its immediate successors have had to concern themselves. A ringing call is sounding through the air (For evample, in George B. Foster's 'Finality of the Christian Religion') to face the true issue, the reality of God's supernatural interference in the history of man versus the universal reign of unmodified law. The question is not whether the old evangelical scheme needs some adjustments to adapt it to our present knowledge, but whether its most fundamental conception, the very idea of the gospel, is **true.** A religion founded upon God's self-revelation of himself, or a pure rationalism by which truth in religion is attained as it is in physics, or any other realm of knowledge—these are the antitheses. Before this all the half-way compromises of the present day must be given up. Men must take sides. They must be for the gospel or against it. Evasions as to the reality of the evangelical miracles must be abandoned. Criticism which renders every individual lineament of the portrait of Christ uncertain must put an end to its indefiniteness and either give us a Christ, or, confessing that it knows nothing reliable about him, must attempt the formulation of a theology which has no Christ except as it has a Socrates and a Confucius, if it can.

"What the future may hold, no eye of man can discern. But if this great contest be decided in favor of the evangelical theology, then the fundamental distinctions by which the New England Fathers sought to define the holiness of God and bring the virtue of man into harmony and likeness with it, their emphasis upon the work of Christ, their better conception of the freedom and activity of man, will no doubt receive renewed attention. If the interval shall have sufficed to break certain illusions which they cherished, it will not have occurred in vain. The future evangelical theology even of New England will not be "the New England theology," but to it that theology will then be found to have contributed some of its most important principles.

"'Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit.'"

THE PERENNIAL LIFE OF CHRISTIANITY.

An Address by the Rev. J. Herbert Bainton.

George Romanes was, perhaps, Charles Darwin's most illustrious disciple. For a period of 15 years he not only held anti-Christian, but also anti-theistic views. Then came a change. He felt after God and found him, and before his death, was received into full communion by the Church of England. In those intensely interesting notes, which he left behind, he tells us that he took it for granted during his anti-theistic days, that Christianity was played out.

I have no doubt but that that is taken for granted by thousands in our day. They regard Christianity as having expended the superabundant energy of its youth, in its course of the long centuries of its history, and as being now at the point of death, if not already actually dead. Should it chance that they are right then it seems to me that we preachers are of all men the most to be pitied. And there are those who pity us. Even that venerable saint and prince of preachers, Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, England, does. "I am ready" he lately said, "to thank God, when I see the deadness of the churches and the awful problems to be faced, that I am nearer the end than the beginning of my course." But are things as bad as that? I do not think so. The problems are not so formidable, the churches so hopeless, and Christianity so played out, as many would have us believe. My personal conviction, which grows with growing years, is that the life of the holy religion we profess is perennial, that its energy was never so abundant as at present, and that it will ever continue to be, in spite of every new fangled nostrum, the only panacea for our individual and social ills.

1. With a view to proving the correctness of this position let us look at Christianity under some of its varied aspects. For one thing it presents itself as a system of saving truths. In the face of modern thought can we say that the life of those truths is perennial and capable of resisting every sword thrust whether dealt by the hand of friend or foe? I believe

so. Right lately such a thrust has been given, in my judgment, by a friend. A few weeks ago Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of the City Temple, London, gave to one of the daily papers an exposition of the New Theology. The animating motive of that Theology seems to be one of instinctive repugnance to the supernatural. In it even God Himself apparently ceases to be supernatural. Mr. Campbell says, "The starting point of the New Theology is belief in the immanence of God and the essential oneness of God and man. There is no real distinction between humanity and Deity. Our being is the same as God's." What does this mean? I take it to mean the identification of God with nature and man. God only comes to a realization of Himself in us and that which is without us. It is doubtful whether He is conceived as above the worlds of men and matter. His transcendence, and, consequently, His supernaturalness, is, consequently, lost. But as precious as is the truth of His immanence, the truth of His transcendence is no less precious. It is true that we need an immanent God, one "nearer than our breathing, closer than hands and feet," if we are to have fellowship with Him. But it is also true that we need a transcendant God, one high and lifted up in righteousness if we are to worship Him; and in neither Nature nor Humanity can such a God as that be found.

In the New Theology sin apparently ceases to be supernatural. Mr. Campbell seems to define sin in terms of self and brother; but the Scriptures define it in terms of self and God. David cried, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight." He had not sinned against Bathsheba and Uriah, but against his and Bathsheba's and Uriah's God. And so Jesus in his greatest story makes the prodigal say "I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight." The sin was not against, but only in the sight of his father. The sin was against his God. And that is what sin always is and consequently, it is always something supernatural. But it appears as though the New Theology thinks of it as merely something between us and our brother. Sin is selfishness. It is that of course, but surely it is something more. Is it not truer to say that it is a wilful defiance of the Holy Father?

In the New Theology Christ and His Atonement also lose their supernatural character. We have Mr. Campbell's statement on these points; but will not refer to them, because we have a New Theology on this side of the water to which I wish to refer. Less than a year ago two books issued from the press, written by Professors Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell, and George Burman Foster of Chicago, both leading members of the Baptist denomination. These books, like Mr. Campbell's exposition of the New Theology are marked by an instinctive repugnance to the supernatural. Acording to Professor Schmidt, Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary, born of ordinary wedlock. Most of his miracles are to be rejected; all in fact which cannot be accounted for on natural grounds. His death was that of a martyr, and from that martyr death there was no resurrection. The other writer declares that all that purports to be "miraculously supernatural must be repudiated."

Now, if we drew from all this a hasty conclusion, we might be led to decide that Christianity as a system of saving truths, is not so perennial as I have claimed. But let us not be hasty. Throughout all the centuries there have been New Theologies, and the shores of the ages are strewn with their wreckage. They had their day and ceased to be. And I believe that this one will, because of its attenuation, if not repudiation, of the supernatural. We shall never consent to attenuate or repudiate the supernatural. There is no good reason why we should. It is not irrational. In one of those "Notes" to which I referred to a moment ago, George Romanes wrote, "The doctrines of the Incarnation and the Trinity seemed to me most absurd in my agnostic days. But now, as a pure agnostic I see in them no rational difficulty at all." "At one time it seemed to me impossible that any proposition, verbally intelligible as such, could be more violently absurd than that of the doctrine of the Incarnation. Now I see that this standpoint is wholly irrational, due only to the blindness of reason itself promoted by purely scientific habits of thought." I agree with George Romanes. These truths are not unreasonable. Without them, however, this world is and our faith in all that is happy and hopeful. They are truths which our human hearts crave, and in that very fact there is a strong presumption of their reality. We have, and shall always cling to them with the tenacity of a snapping turtle to a stick. The truth of the Trinity will be clung to; for the thought of God as a God of love is precious, and without the doctrine of the Trinity we have no sure ground on which to rest it. The truth of the Incarnation will be clung to; for the thought of God stooping in Mary's Son to conquer our sin and lift us up to Himself, will always be precious. The truth of the Resurrection will be clung to; for we all long to shoot the rapids of death, and nothing gives us such assurance of its possiblity as the sight of the Saviour's empty tomb. Fear not, then, for Christianity, as a system of saving truths. It is not played out; but is endued with perennial life.

2. Then Christianity presents itself as a humanizing and regenerating power. What it has accomplished along these lines in the past, we all know. Among other things it has elevated the status of woman; raised the standard of personal purity; erected every philanthropic institution the world has ever seen; abolished private war and mitigated the horrors of international war; dealt a death blow at slavery; furthered education; "given new life and range to art and general culture by enlisting them in the service of a great ideal."

This it has done. Is it doing anything similar today? Or is it played out, and its life proved to be not perennial, but existent only for a period? A hundred years ago it looked decrepit enough to Voltaire, and he prophesied its decease within a century. No doubt much that he knew for Christianity has deceased, and we are glad of it; but Christianity itself certainly has not. The very house in which the brilliant Frenchman penned his prediction is said to be used as an emporium of the Bible Society, and to be stocked with the sacred volumes from cellar to ceiling. Voltaire was unhappy in the time of his prophecy. It was not the psychologic moment. The century which was to witness the destruction of Christianity witnessed its resurrection. It was the eve of modern missions. The giant he thought to be dying was only sleeping, and at that very moment was rousing himself and shaking off the lethargy of a thousand years.

And since he has aroused himself what vigorous life he has manifested! Think of some of the hercu-

lean tasks the giant has performed. The first Congregational missioinaries were sent to the South Seas. Landing on Tahiti it soon became evident to them that Christianity would have need of all her humanizing and regenerating power if the savages they found were to become saints. "Theft, licentiousness and cruelty abounded. If a temple was built its pillars had to rest on the bodies of men and women who had been offered in sacrifice to the deities. If a house was erected the same butchery was perpetrated, that prosperity might attend its occupants. The altars were drenched with human blood. The houses of the people were wretched in the extreme. Neither men nor women had much sense of shame." That was the material those early missionaries found to their hand. Was it not most unlikely? One would imagine that Christianity itself could do nothing with it. But it did. Today Tahiti is Christian, and hundreds of other islands of the Pacific. The savages are becoming saints. Churches and schools are to be seen everywhere; large sums of money are raised for foreign missions, and the sons and grandsons of these former cannibal idolaters enlist under the banner of the cross to carry this humanizing and regenerating power to others.

But history repeats itself. What Christianity has achieved on the South Seas and elsewhere it is achieving today in India, China and Japan. In China, what is described as one of the most wonderful revolutions in the world's history, is at this very time taking place. Here is a summary of some of the most significant events which lately have transpired:

1. The introduction of Western Science in Chinese schools in place of the Chinese classics.

2. Eleven hundred Chinese students sent to study in Japan, and a similar though smaller body sent to America.

3. An Imperial decree issued exhorting parents to refrain from binding their daughters' feet, and declaring that men who wish to hold office must not have wives or daughters with bound feet.

4. An Imperial decree forbidding the use of opium.

5. The Christian Sabbath made an official rest day on business and humanitarian grounds.

6. A "Text-Book on Patriotism," by Yuan Shih Kai, Viceroy of the capital province, the most powerful official, showing the necessity of radical political, intellectual and moral change in China; and a second book by the same author on "Christianity in China." commending the missionaries and quoting with approval the words of Jesus.

7. The establishment in Peking of a paper for Chinese women, edited by a Chinese woman.

8. The decree of Ching-Chi-tung, Viceroy of two provinces, ordering the New Testament to be introduced into all the schools of his province, which have a population of 58,000,000.

9. The return of the Imperial Chinese Commissioners from their tour of investigation in America and Europe, and the immediate promulgation by the government of a decree promising ultimately to establish a constitution for China.

Does this look as if Christianity were played out? That revolution is its work. For a century the missionaries have been leavening the nation with Christian thinking and living, and now they are beginning to see the fruit of their labors. The bread cast upon the waters is returning after many days.

3. Then again Christianity presents itself to us as a Unifying Influence. Our Master Himself so presented it. It was for that He prayed, "May they all be one as we are one." For a time that prayer was granted; that ideal realized. But it was only for a time. Even an apostle had to write, "I hear that there are divisions among you." Those divisions were in the church. Ours are more serious; they are between the churches. For centuries the Master's prayer and ideal have been forgotten. Christianity has been changed into a disintegrating power. We have emphasized our few points of difference, instead of our many points of oneness; have overlooked the fact that the members of all the churches worship the same God, rejoice in the same Savior, sing praises in the same hymns, and cast an anchor of hope within the same veil.

Has Christianity in the course of the revolving years lost this unifying influence? In this respect is it played out? By no means. This feature of it is being revived in our day. There are amongst us those who are bringing back to our minds the former things, and pointing our eyes to the sun-kissed summit of a united Christendom.

The union of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was a step in the right direction. And now the Congregationalists, the United Brethren, and Methodist Protestants are moving rapidly toward union When it is achieved I venture to predict that it will only prove to be the beginning of something infinitely greater If churches apparently so wide apart as these can come together, surely there should be no great difficulty in bringing together others with which we have always considered ourselves to be in closest alliance. Depend upon it Christianity as a unifying influence is not played out. It will do great things yet. It will change the face of Christendom. Today Christendom looks like our country side in winter. Go where you will nothing is to be seen but the bare fields and barbed wire fences of credal differences, ecclesiastical prejudices, and churchly exclusiveness. But the time is coming when the face of Christendom will resemble the face of the country side in the golden autumn days. The barbed wire fences will all have disappeared, hidden beneath the maturing grain of a common faith, a common hope and a common love. May God hasten the day right speedily.

COMMUNISM.

By Charles L. Story.

What will it matter, do you think,
When the blank abyss wherefrom you shrink,
Gapes, as you stand on its very brink·

That you have triumphed o'er life's lures,
Through hard-wrought labors or sinecures—
When you gasp your last in the Dark that endures?

That you have enjoyed your pleasantry
In princely halls, with no "herd" to spy
When Death with his stealthy step draws nigh?

That you hold the whole wide world in fee,
Thanks to your shrewd dexterity!
When you front Life's final mystery?

Hoard ye your goods and chattels rare
Spurn ye your neighbor everywhere,
But the common dust ye, too, shall share!

PRESBYTERY OF SPOKANE.

The Presbytery of Spokane met April 16th, 1907, for a two days' session, at Quincy, Washington, a town on the Great Northern Railway, about nine miles from the Columbia river, with the youngest church of the presbytery,—as the roll appears in Minutes of General Assembly of 1906. This church, about eighteen months old, has just passed through its first Special Meeting, under the direction of the Harveys, and has increased its membership over 200 per cent over that of a year ago. This with the comomdious new building just erected speaks commendably of Pastor Course's work as missionary there. The large attendance, twenty-two ministers and fourteen ruling elders, tried the first attempt of the new town at this kind of hospitality, but they were equal to the occasion and were not lacking in this Christian grace.

Rev. Robert Asa Smith, pastor of the Bethel Church of Spokane was chosen Moderator and Rev. Albert M. McClain of Kettle Falls, was chosen temporary clerk.

The following brethren were received:— George Hageman, D.D., from the Presbytery of Highland, who was chosen Pastor-at-large for this presbytery; William A. Hunter, D.D., from the Presbytery of Vincennes; Rev. William T. Russell from the Presbytery of Walla Walla, and Rev. Albert M. McClain from the Presbytery of Olympia. Also Rev. Jesse Marhoff of the Presbytery of Dubuque was received provisionally.

Rev. Morris W. Morse was dismissed to the Presbytery of Olympia; Rev. Charles A. Phipps to the Presbytery of Portland, and Rev. William Eadie to the Presbytery of Walla Walla. Rev. John A. McArthur was allowed to demit the ministry.

The following Calls were presented and accepted, the pastors elect to be installed in the near future, viz: from the Centenary Church of Spokane to William A. Hunter, D.D.; from the Okanogan Church to Rev. Charles J. Boppell; from the Kettle Falls Church to Rev. Albert M. McClain.

The Alma Church changes its name to Okanogan. The organization of a new church in Spokane County, with nineteen members, at Mica, was reported and the church enrolled. This, with the churches of Rockford and Fairfield are under the care of Rev. William T. Russell. Rev. R. A. Finlayson resigns the care of the Odessa Church and assumes the labor of the Postfalls field. The resignation of Rev. M. W. Morse leaves the large grouping of the Wilbut field vacant; the flocks on the fields of Bonners Ferry, and Harrington, and the Coulee City—Saint Andrews churches are also shepherdless.

The loud calls for help coming from the northwestern and southeastern portions of the presbytery were passed by without response because the Board's treasury would not allow funds for this new and pressing work more than to put a missionary on the outskirts of the city of Spokane.

The Presbytery adjourned to meet in Centenary Church of Spokane, May 20th, 1907, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Eugene A. Walker, and William U. Neely (of Odessa, Wash.), were chosen Commissioners to the General Assembly. Eugene A. Walker, S. C.

Professor Matteucci has prophesied that there is to be a collision between the earth and a comet, in which the earth is to get the worst of it. There is no harm in prophesying. This is not the first time "things to come" have not happened. He who rules the movements of the spheres has plenty of room in space to guide them without any danger of a collision. It is very nice to be able to scare a lot of good people. It is just as well to wait and see what will happen, specially what will not happen

Among the Churches.

Berkeley.—It has been decided to change the name of the South Berkeley Presbyterian Church to Knox Presbyterian Church. A new house of worship to cost about $8,000 will be built on the corner of Lorena and Russell streets. Work will be commenced at once.

Berkeley.—Grace Presbyterian Church was organized with 67 charter members. A lot has been purchased on 62nd street near Grove and a chapel to cost $2,500 is in process of construction. Services are now held at 1914 Harmon street.

San Francisco, St. John's.—The new building situate on the corner of First avenue and Lake street was dedicated last Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. Baker of Oakland gave the sermon. This handsome edifice was made possible by the $35,000 donation of Mr. A. W. Foster. The Rev. George Eldridge is pastor. ,

Arcata.—The Rev. C. P. Hessel, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Arcata, has brought a bride to the parsonage, having been united in marriage to Miss Edna Protzman of Portland, Oregon, on the 24th of April. Miss Protzman has been a prominent church worker in Portland and was until recently connected with one of the daily papers as book reviewer and musical critic.

Placerville.—This church mourns the death of the senior elder, William B. House, who passed to his eternal reward April 20, 1907. Brother House came from Connecticut by way of Cape Horn to California in 1849. In the fall of that year he arrived at Placerville, and has resided here ever since. He was a member of the Presbytrian church over forty years, and a ruling elder for more than thirty-five years. For many years he was an invalid and prevented from attending the church he loved. His Christian character has left a deep impression on the community. Rev. James Curry, D.D., a former pastor of the church assisted the pastor, Rev. E. E. Clark, in the funreal services, which were attended by a large gathering of many friends and neighbors.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The church at Santa Cruz has had the gift of an individual communion set.

The Rev. J. E. Anderson, pastor at San Leandro, has been ill for some time, but is improving now.

There is talk of a new church building at Madera. A committee has been appointed to take the first steps in the matter.

The Rev. R. F. Hart, pastor at Santa Clara, was pleasantly surprised on his recent birthday by a gift from the young people of the church of several valuable books.

The First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco reports good congregations in its temporary edifice on Washington street between Polk and Van Ness. Persons come to the services from different points about the bay.

The San Bernardino Sun says: "Mexicans by the hundreds are coming into Southern California, and are thus placing in the hand of the church a great oppor-

tunity for real missionary work. The Presbytery of Riverside is planning to put three men in the Riverside, Colton and San Bernardino field."

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, occupied the pulpit of the First Church of Oakland Sunday morning. Dr. Talmage came to San Francisco as a representative of the Christian Herald, interested in sending a transport of supplies for the starving people in China. Services were held at the wharf last Tuesday just before the departure of the vessel.

It is with sorrow that the Pacific Presbyterian records the death of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Avery who passed into the life beyond from his home in Pleasanton Thursday, April the 11th at the age of 69 years and 11 months. Dr. Avery's life was one of great usefulness and influence, and he did a work that will abode. He will be missed greatly from religious circles hereabouts.

The following was adopted at a recent meeting of the Los Angeles Ministerial Union: "Resolved, That the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles urges all those who desire to have the liquor traffic in this city restricted, to begin at once to use every means and so exert all their influence with members of the city council to secure the immediate passage of an ordinance confining the wholesale liquor business and giving those in the wholesale business outside of said saloon district not more than six months in which to transfer or close their business."

A Los Angeles paper reports the Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker as expressing the opinion that the next General Assembly, to convene in Columbus, Ohio, May the 16th, will be one of the most important in the annals of Presbyterianism: "A year ago the consolidation of the two branches of Presbyterianism was effected in name. This year there will be a general rearrangement of synodical lines and the readjustment of financial affairs. The latter will bring about many lively discussions. It is not likely that the business of amalgamating the properties of the two churches will be completed without a number of lawsuits as a result. But it is generally understood that it will not be the policy of the main body to push its claims. The Presbyterian church proper does not want properties unless it can get the people with it. The lawsuits will all be filed from the other side. The reason for them is this: Out of the 250,000 or so Cumberlanders there are about 75,000 who are holding out against the union and will not come in. This dessenting section of the Cumberland church has a minority representation in many of the churches. And it is this minority that intends to fight the merging of properties."

The Rev. Dwight E. Potter will preach his farewell sermon as pastor of Union Street Presbyterian Church, Oakland, next Sunday, and will leave in a few days for Columbus, Ohio, to attend the General Assembly. On his return to the coast he will enter on his work as secretary of the Home Department of the Foreign Missionary Board. His field will comprise ten states on the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain regions. Mr. Potter will have headquarters in Oakland. He is well adapted for the work devolving upon him, that of developing an interest in foreign missions. The church in Oakland parts regretfully with Mr. Potter and with his wife who by their devotion to the work have made a large place for themselves in the hearts of the people. Nevertheless it congratulates the missionary board in that it has secured for its operations one of so broad and practical a missionary spirit and anticipates through him a new era on the coast for the foreign missionary cause. Mr. Potter has endeared himself greatly as a Christian worker not only in Presbyterian circles but far more widely, and his continued residence in Oakland will be gratifying to very many.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Commencement week began Sunday, April 21st. As no missionary was available to deliver the annual missionary address, Dr. Landon spoke on "The Mission of Encouragement." Oral examinations began Monday noon and continued until Wednesday noon. Rev. H. K. Sanborne and Elder F. S. Page of Synod's committee and Rev. Geo. G. Eldridge and Rev. E. L. Rich of the Board of Directors attended these examinations. The Alumni Conference was in session at the same time. The attendance was not large but the exercises were so profitable that those who were present regretted that so many had to miss these good things. On Tuesday evening there were two stirring addresses, one by Rev. L. A. McAfee, D.D., of Berkeley, on "The Bible and Modern Life," and the other by Prof. E. A. Wicher on "The Minister and Modern Life." On Wednesday evening Rev. W. K. Guthrie of San Francisco preached and administered communion. He took as his text Acts 11, 19-26, and drew some practical and helpful lessons from the life of Barnabas. Mr. Alexander Bonich and Prof. Chas G. Buck served as elders. On Thursday forenoon the Alumni Association celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary. Rev. James Curry, D.D., of Vacaville, gave an interesting historical address which will probably be expanded into a history of the alumni. In the absence of Rev. Arthur Hicks, who was unable to be present, Prof. Chas. G. Paterson gave a fine address on "The Outlook." At noon the ladies of San Anselmo and San Rafael provided a generous lunch for a company that filled the dining-room. Bright and spicy "after-dinner" speeches were made by Rev. William Martin of Santa Rosa, Mr. R. J. Trumbell of San Rafael, Dr. E. A. Sturge of San Francisco and Dr. Moore. The commencement exercises occurred at two o'clock, Thursday afternoon. Rev. Theo. F. Burnham of Vallejo read the Scripture and Rev. J. H. Laughlin of Oakland offered prayer. The Commencement address was delivered by Rev. Arthur H. Barnhisel, '97, the vigorous pastor of the First Church, Tacoma, Wash. It was a powerful setting forth of the minister's relation to the truth, and to the world to which he is to give the truth. It was both in thought and delivery a very impressive address. In the absence of the president of the Board of Directors, Mr. George L. Underhill, who was serving on jury, the vice-president, Rev. George G. Eldridge, in a short but graceful speech presented certificates to two graduate students who had satisfactorily completed graduate courses. They are Rev. E. J. Hanks of Salt Lake City, who graduated at this Seminary in 1906,

and Rev. Z. Yatsu of Sendai, Japan, who graduated in the North Japan Seminary in 1902. There was no graduating class this year to receive diplomas. This was owing largely to the many distressing events of the past year. Announcement was made however of bright prospects for a considerable increase in students next year. At the close of the exercises an afternoon tea was served in the parlors of Montgomery Hall, where many enjoyed a social hour. It was a fitting close of another beautiful, delightful commencement day.

Rev. George G. Eldredge, '96, dedicated his new church, St. John's, Sunday afternoon last. This church has been closely identified with the Seminary throughout the most of its history. Dr. W. A. Scott, who was one of the founders of the Seminary, was also the fonuder and first pastor of this church. Mr. A. W. Foster, one of the most generous benefactors of the Seminary, built and presented this new edifice, costing some $35,000 to the St. John's congregation. It is a beautiful edifice, located at the corner of First Avenue and Lake Street, in a rapidly growing region. Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., of Oakland, preached the sermon. A number of ministers participated in the services, including Professors Day, Landon and Paterson.

THE PASSING OF REV. DR. AVERY.

In the recent death of Rev. Eugene H. Avery, D.D., at Pleasanton, there has been lost to the work on this coast one of the most scholarly and most Christlike preachers of the gospel we have ever met. He was educated at Beloit College, Wisconsin, and at Union Theological Seminary, New York. He began his ministry in Illinois where he held a pastorate for eight years. Thirty years were spent in Iowa, twelve years in Sioux City and eighteen in Vinton. After a three years' pastorate in San Francisco Dr. Avery undertook to retire from the ministry, remaining for some time in Oakland. He could not remain idle, and when the Pleasanton Church called him in November, 1903, he entered again the active work of the ministry.

His last sermon was preached December 2nd, 1906. He held on bravely and cheerfully until April 11th, 1907, when he entered into rest. His wife and daughter have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.

Dr. Avery's faith was strong and simple. To one who tried to speak words of comfort to him, a much younger man, he said, speaking of the end of the battle, "It's all right, my boy, it's all right."

Forty-four of Dr. Avery's seventy years were occupied almost entirely in the gospel ministry. A splendid inspiration for us if we are inclined to waver in face of the difficulties! H.

IF THEY WERE HONEST.

From the California Christian Advocate.

The Church Forum hits the nail and at the same time the Mormon heirarchy on the head when it says that "If Mormon missionaries were honest enough to begin their efforts with those whom they would 'convert' by telling the real truth about Mormon doctrines and practices, they would not make a single convert among decent and intelligent people; but having been trained in the school of deception from their earliest infancy, they come into the homes of unsuspecting people to lead them into the same false ways in which they have been reared. It is perfectly consistent for them to practice all sorts of cunning and deception, as their god and their prophets and their teachers have set them abundant examples in these lines from the beginning."

Hypocrisy is one of the devil's finest of his fine arts. It is that state of mind wherein all distinction between truth and deception has been obliterated. The finished product of hypocrisy is a personality in which all truth coalesces with lies, all piety and devotion with subtle, cunning imitation. There never has been in the history of the Christain church such an effective organization of deceit and hypocrisy as the Mormon hierarchy. It has not yet deceived all the people, but in a Titanic struggle it has wound its long, slimy coils about the Senate of the United States and subdued and humiliated the nation. Every Senator who voted for the Mormon "apostle" should be retired to private life. There is no greater menace to the liberties of the people than the Mormon hierarchy. This hierarchy as a religious institution is based upon a degenerate animalism. A Mormon polygamist is a human brute. This Mormon hierarchy is in league with every hierarchy. Nearly everybody knows that another hierarchy in this country dictated the policy of the United States Senate. Hierarchies are at one with each other and essentially political enemies of a republic. They are despotisms and seek to strangle the people. Not in the history of the American republic has it faced such a peril. That Mormonism alone could accomplish the ruin of this country may be doubted. In coalition with other hierarchies, with other enemies of the republic, it can threaten and cajole and control the political party in power. One of the greatest dangers is its alliance with discontent. That there are enemies lurking, scarcely lurking, in many parts of this republic cannot be denied. If it shall turn out that these hierarchies are enemies of the republic it is not unreasonable to suppose that they will seek to promote and unite all forms of social discontent and lead it into open rebellion against the life of the republic. It might be well to ask what was the attitude of hierarchy in the late San Francisco-Japanese trouble, which, insignificant as it was in itself, strained the relation of two friendly powers? What is the attitude of the hierarchy toward every strike?

The recent earthquakes in Mexico, while near the Pacific Ocean, were neither nearer Chicago than San Francisco. It must also be remembered that the earthquake in Jamaica was much nearer New York than San Francisco. Just how all the prophets figure out that San Francisco is to have the benefit of another earthquake soon we do not understand. Until 1868 San Francisco never in the history of man had an earthquake. It evidently stood ten thousand years without serious seismic disturbance. It is probable that it will stand ten thousand years more without an earthquake. If the people will be good and love God and keep his commandments the earthquake danger will be reduced to the minimum. Under the general law of guessing, we may confidently say what has happened may happen, but in saying so we must bear in mind also that what has happened may never happen, and what has never happened may happen. From this we may safely conclude that an earthquake may never occur again in San Francisco, a thing to be devoutly wished.

Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, the noted Jewish reformer of Chicago, has notified the Jewish quarters in that city that he is not a Zionist. He is not trekking that way.

The Home.

BE KIND TO ALL.

Be kind to everybody
You meet today.
It costs but very little
To live this way.
And what is life, if coldly
We meet to part,
And fail to give our fellows
A touch of heart?

The Christ touch is upon you,
Then live to bless;
Like Him bring help and healing
To all distress.
This day is meant for service—
Each life's a call,
Just do your part. Be faithful,
And good to all.

—I. M. Chambers.

WHY THE DIFFERENCE.

The natural history of the honey bee is as interesting as a romance. Do you know why one egg hatches out a worker bee, while another just like it hatches out a queen bee? The difference is all in the kind of cell and the kind of food. A small cell with one kind of food, and there's a worker. A large cell with another kind of food, and there's a queen. When there is an egg or young larva in a worker cell, the little cell is cut away and a larger one is built and filled with "royal jelly." Result, a queen, instead of a worker.

Take people in the same community. One boy grows to model manhood; another sinks to stupid brutehood. One becomes God's man; another the devil's man. One girl becomes sister to Jesus; another, an associate of vipers. One rises to heaven; another falls to hell.

Why the difference? It is largely a matter of house and food. A question of home surroundings and food for mind and heart.

No wonder Jim is not much above the chimpanzee. No wonder Tom is dwarfed shockingly, and George is rotten. No wonder Jane is simply a female, and Martha a she-devil. Crawling in the black dirt, no moral spine to stand erect. Sitting in the cow yard, no nostrils for the rose garden.

Such housing, such feeding! It's enough to abort the sprouting wings of an angel. What are you going to make of your boys and girls? Enlarge the cell; pack in the royal jelly.—Exchange.

TO AN OVER SENSITIVE PERSON.

You are our friend. You are warm-hearted and generous and have many other good qualities for which we love and praise you. Yet you have a fault and a growing one, which, if you do not regard, will embitter your future life. You are over-sensitive to the opinions of every person in the little world in which you live and move. You place your happiness entirely too much in other people's keeping. A word of praise unduly lifts you up; and a word of censure unduly casts you down. The slightest dart of criticism leaves a wound which is very slow to heal. It will be very hard for you to forgive an honest friend who dares to tell you this plain, unpalatable truth. You deny with warmth the charge—of course. But your very warmth of manner betrays you. It is hard for any man to know himself, and it is doubly hard for you. Glance backward on the past and mark how often your over-sensitive spirit has been wounded. Only see how quickly and how often you have taken a slight when really no slight was ever intended. You complain with warmth of manner that a certain neighbor passed you on the street yesterday, and gave you no nod of recognition. Perhaps he did not see you? "He could not help but see me," is your reply. Perhaps he waited for you to speak? "O! O!" you say, "I never speak first but always wait to be spoken to." Exactly so. Doubtless your neighbor is like you in this respect, and therefore why should you be so much offended? Last week you were one of a small party of intimate friends. Jokes with a slight flavor of wit were thrown back and forth and at random. There was no malice whatever in any of them. You hit your friend with a joke, and he hit you with another. Mirth and repartee raged fast and furious. When you struck your friend he laughed in chorus with the rest; but when he struck you, you failed to echo the laugh which then arose. You raised yourself erect, and frowned, and showed a gigantic amount of wounded dignity. Remember that he who gives a joke at the expense of another, must learn to take one. But you made yourself and all around you exquisitely uncomfortable. A question of policy you have often raised into a personal question, and this is always a foolish thing to do. Another man was put in nomination for the office which you hold in the church or Sunday-school. This other man was elected. There is nothing to be offended at in that. It is a pity that you construe your defeat into a personal affront. Do not exclaim, "If they are going to slight me thus, I shall leave the church." Keep cool and do nothing of the kind, for no one wants to hurt your feelings. In the opinion of the majority of the voters a better person than you is chosen for the office, and with that opinion you should at once concur.

Pray for these two things: First—for the grace of humility. Take care how you rate yourself higher than any one else in the whole world will rate you. If others fail to see your good qualities, so much the worse for them. They are blind; so pity their misfortune. Praise God for all your gifts, and use them wisely and constantly. Then pray that you may do your work in life as in the sight of God. Seek to please and honor him, and put away all selfish motives. Whether men smile or frown, go straight ahead, and you will have an approving conscience and at last a great reward.—Ex.

The Quiet Hour.

MY RETREATS.

I bless Thee, Lord, that, when my life
Is as a troubled sea,
I have, remote from its rough strife,
Harbours to shelter me.

I bless Thee for my home, where Love
Her sweet song ever sings,
And Peace spreads, like a nesting dove,
Her gentle, brooding wings.

And for this chamber of desire
Where my dear books abide,
My constant friends that never tire,
Teachers that never chide.

But chiefly for the Mercy-seat,
Where every weary load
I lay down at Thy gracious feet,
Jesus, my King, my God.

—David Smith.

THE DIVINE IMAGE RESTORED.

Do you remember the story of the portrait of Dante which is painted upon the walls of the Bargello, at Florence? For many years it was supposed that the picture had utterly perished. Men had heard of it, but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again. He went into the palace where tradition said it had been painted. The room was used as a store-house for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with dirty whitewash. He had the heaps of rubbish carried away. Patiently and carefully he removed the whitewash from the wall. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear; and at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light.

"That was wonderful," you say, "that was beautiful!" Not half so wonderful as the work which Christ came to do in the heart of man—to restore the forgotten image of God and bring the divine image to the light. He comes to us with the knowledge that God's image is there, though concealed; he touches us with the faith that the likeness can be restored.—Henry van Dyke.

LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE.

No plant can grow without light. The rays of the sun give the flower its bright colors and the fruit its rich juices. There is an alchemy in light that the chemist cannot imitate. It takes the crude substances furnished by soil and air and builds them into the rich and varied products of vegetable life. Through the night the plant grows, but only by the energy it has stored during the day. It has stored away sunshine to serve it through the hours of darkness.

The soul is like the flower: it was not made to dwell always in darkness. The Christian that prefers to shut out the light and to think that there is no light in the world because neither sun nor stars can penetrate the walls within which he prefers to dwell sins against his own soul. We need sorrow as well as joy, we need defeat as well as victory, we need darkness as well as light; but the darkness comes without seeking. The world shuts out the sun half the time, and the sky is clouded much of the other half. The seasons of unclouded day are not too many. We have no sunshine to lose, yet we have enough.

Does God ever send a winter without sending first a summer? Does he ever send a night without giving us first a day? If we are not ready for the winter, it may be because we have misspent the summer; if we are not prepared for the night, it is because we have not properly used the day. He sees the shadow that is soon to fall upon us; and so he kindly sends a season of blessedness and peace, during which we may store up light for the coming darkness.

Our Lord was not sent into the wilderness to endure the long fast and the temptation before he was prepared for it by the opening heavens and the descending Spirit. Before he began his last journey to Jerusalem he was allowed to spend one night on the mountain talking with the prophets and with God. From that burst of glory he turned his face resolutely to the gloom of Gethsemane and the darkness of the sepulcher.

If God has no such visions of glory for us, neither has he any sorrows so overwhelming; yet there is darkness enough in the brightest life, and it is well to open the windows and let in the light, or even to pray him to drive away the clouds and send us his sunshine. What help have we in our infirmity unless we may recall the years of the right hand of the Most High?

Young People.

MILKWEED'S FRIENDS.

There was once a milkweed plant that grew tall and straight by the roadside. The leaves of the plant were thick and green and the flowers were a beautiful red violet.

You might think that Milkweed was lonely, as there were no other milkweed plants near by, but she was a cheerful, friendly plant. When the winds came down that road, they always had a pleasant word for her. The children of the Great Sun were her friends and gently caressed her. The Rain was kind to her even in its roughest frolic. Then, too, it gave her all the water she had to drink, and she was very unhappy if it stayed away long.

Milkweed had friends of another kind also; the Birds and Bees and the Caterpillar who was as green as her leaves.

All summer Milkweed worked faithfully, and soon, instead of her bunches of flowers, there were large green pods shaped like boats and each pod was filled with little seeds with dainty white sails attached.

One day Grasshopper jumped upon a pod and began to talk to Milkweed. "Your seeds will soon be ripe," said he. "Who is going to take care of them for you all winter?"

"I shall," said Milkweed.

"You? Oh, no! I was over in the garden today, and watched the gardener there gather seeds for next year. They must be packed very carefully and put away. Perhaps he will come for yours."

Then he hopped away chirping, leaving Milkweed to wonder over what he had said. Surely some one would take care of her seeds, after she had worked so faithfully, and arranged them so beautifully.

A few days passed and no one came to gather her seeds. Poor Milkweed felt very badly. A gentle breeze was blowing and the air was becoming chilly, so she decided to ask advice of a friendly tree.

"That is a very easy matter," said the Tree. "Have you not noticed my family's new leaf dresses of red and gold? Soon we shall not need these dresses, and shall drop them on the ground. You must open your pods on a windy day, and let the seeds sail away on the winds. Then we will throw down our leaf dresses and cover the seeds to keep them snug and warm through the winter."

"What a good, kind friend you are," said Milkweek. "I shall not worry about my seeds any more, but shall just follow your advice."

Meanwhile the pods were becoming very dry, and

began to crack open, down on one side. So one day, when a good breeze was blowing, Milkweed opened her pods to their fullest extent, and all the little white sails were unfurled. Soon the pods were empty, but the air was filled with whirling, dancing brown seeds, with dainty white sails.

"Now I am happy," said Milkweed, "for even if I do freeze, I know that my little ones will be protected by my good friends the Trees."—Exchange.

EDGAR HUNT'S TRIAL.

The store of Freeman & Abbott was full of rush and bustle. The eager customers jostled and elbowed each other in their efforts to be waited on, and the tired clerks rushed hither and thither and tried to be patient while the goods were tossed about and criticized.

"This dress goods is extremely dear at a dollar a yard," said a common-looking woman, with a sharp look at the courteous salesman. "I can get just as good at Tyndall's for fifty cents."

"I am sure you are laboring under a mistake, madam," said young Hunt. "This goods is a novelty and has already been reduced from a dollar and a quarter to a dollar."

"Oh, of course, you will say anything to sell your goods," said the woman, with sharp emphasis. "That is among the tricks of the trade. But it don't take long for us to catch on, if we are from the country. I wasn't 'born in the woods to be scared by an owl,' and I don't intend to be cheated. I know I can get that same dress goods at Tyndall's for half a dollar a yard."

"Very well," said Hunt, folding the goods and returning it to the shelf, and, for the moment forgetting himself in his irritation, "You are at perfect liberty, madam, to go to Tyndall's."

The woman glared at him for an instant, but as he immediately turned his attention to another customer, she was forced to retire. Fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed, and young Hunt had forgotten all about the matter when the woman again appeared with an officer in uniform.

"There he is!" she exclaimed excitedly, pointing to Edgar Hunt with her ungloved finger; "that's him! He's the one who stole my purse; I know it!"

Of course everybody turned and looked, and young Hunt glanced up with an indignant flush on his face, while the officer said cooly: "This woman has lost her pocketbook, Hunt, and thinks she left it here somewhere. Will you institute a search for it?"

"I didn't leave it here!" said the woman angrily. "He stole it; I know he did."

"What amount of money did you have in it?" asked Mr. Freeman, coming forward.

"Ten whole dollars, and I know he stole it, for he was sassy about the dress goods; got mad 'cause I wouldn't take it. I tell you, I want him arrested."

"Not so fast," said the officer. "We must wait until we have better proof. Ah! Have you found it?"

The missing purse was, indeed, found. During the altercation both Mr. Hunt and a fellow clerk had been searching, and, strangely enough it was found rolled up with the dress goods the woman had been looking at. It was evident to all that she had laid it down herself, and that, in his hasty irritation, Hunt had gathered it up in the roll unperceived; but the woman was not satisfied. The salesman had been "impudent," so she argued, and she wanted him arrested. But this was not done, of course. However, after it was over, Mr. Freeman investigated the case, and finding that Hunt had been what his fellow clerks called "quick" with the customer, and that the story of the purse was being circulated greatly to the disadvantage of the store, quietly sent him to the desk for the money due him and gave him his discharge.

This was a great blow to Edgar Hunt. For a very young man he had been singularly successful, and was considered one of the finest salesmen in Freeman & Abbott's store. Now, to be disgracefully thrust out just at the holiday season was almost unbearable. To make it worse, he had saved little money, for living was expensive, and he had indulged himself by purchasing lavish gifts for his friends. He tried to obtain another position, but the story of the purse followed him in an exaggerated form, and he found himself looked upon with suspicion.

None can tell what suffering this proud young man endured for two months; then God sent a friend to him in the person of a prominent member of the Young Men's Christian Association. Through his influence he was introduced to a class thoroughly interested in young men, and helpful hands were held out to him on every side, so that he was soon upon his feet again. Best of all, a love for the sanctuary and Christian companionship took possession of him. Though irreproachable in life and conduct, upright and morally brave, Edgar Hunt was not a Christian, but was "of the world." Now, in his severe trial the "world" had failed him, and only the followers of Jesus were his friends. It was the church people that had led him out of his difficulty and thrown the mantle of charity over the slanderous insinuations that had followed him like a "haunting ghost" and laid upon all his hopes the hand of death. And to the church he went, a happy and steadfast believer in the glorious truths it teaches.

There is a psalm in the Bible very precious to Edgar Hunt, and that is the one hundred and nineteenth. He reads it every day, and often repeats portions of it in the watches of the night; and upon the wall of his bedroom is the text in silver letters on a dark ground, beautifully framed: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes."—Susan M. Griffith, in The Cumberland Presbyterian.

ROYAL

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A SONG OF THE BURDEN-BEARER.

W. N. Burr.

I have just been reading our coast paper,—the number for April 18. I have gone clean through it, from first page to last; and the last page has brought me once more the uplift that has often come before from the following bit of verse:

The Burden Bearer.

The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell Him all about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong
Forget that we bore the burden
And carry away the song.
—Phillips Brooks.

These tender lines come to many people, no doubt, like cold water to thirsty souls. I have often turned to them in one of my scrap-books where they have had a place for more than twenty years.

But they were not written by Phillips Brooks. Years ago they were first printed in The Sunday School Times, contributed to that paper by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. Perhaps your readers will enjoy the entire poem. As originally printed in the Times it is headed "A Song of the Burden-Bearer," and the familiar lines of the old hymn,

I'll drop my burden at His feet
And bear a song away,"

follow the heading, as having suggested the verses:

"Over the narrow foot-path
That led from my lowly door,
I went with a thought of the Master,
As oft I had walked before.
My heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim;
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of Him.

"It was more than I could carry
If I carried it all alone;
And none in my house might share it—
Only One upon the throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me;
But our Lord could understand it,
And His touch could set me free.

"Over the trodden pathway
To the fields all shorn and bare,
I went with a step that faltered,
And a face that told of care.
I had lost the light of the morning
With its shimmer of sun and dew;
But a gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of the morn renew.

"While yet my courage wavered,
And the sky before me blurred
I heard a voice behind me
Saying a tender word.
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road,
And sudden I lost the pressure
Of the weary crushing load.

"Nothing that hour was altered,
I had still the weight of care;
But I bore it now with the gladness
Which comes of answered prayer.
Not a grief the soul can fetter
Nor cloud its vision, when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to His will, Amen.

"O friends! if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret,
Shall we not take them to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

"Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do.
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song!"

I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU.

There is only one who can say this. Every human tie is likely to be severed, nor can we assure ourselves of the permanence of any earthly friendships. Those nearest and dearest to us may turn to be our bitterest foes; and those whose friendship remains unbroken may be swept away from our presence and fellowship, and leave us desolate and alone. But He hath said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you." The seal of truth is upon the covenant which He hath made with us. Long as His blood avails; long as His grace abides; long as His mercy endures; long as His omnipresence rules and His omniscience discerns; long as creation is subject to its Maker's sway; long as the stormy wind fulfills His word; long as the thunderbolts sleep within His hand; long as the angels wait to do His will, hearkening to the voice of His command; so long we need not fear; so long we will not be abandoned, for He hath said, "I will never leave your nor forsake you."

The sun may grow dim in the heavens; the stars may burn out in the distant skies; heaven and earth may pass away; the sea may vanish from our view; men may fall from their steadfastness, and angels may fail to keep their high estate; but the Lord's promise will not fail; He abides with us, and He will fulfill all His word. With this assurance we may bid adieu to anxiety and fear for the future, and heed that word which says, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said, I will never leave you or forsake you. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man shall do unto me."—The Safeguard.

Rev. Bonomali Mozundar, a native pastor in India, is one in whom the new life in its fullness supplanted the old. He was reared in a family very fond of worshiping idols and became an ardent worshiper himself. Becoming impressed with the wickedness of the Hindu gods, he lost all faith in them. An exposure of the Hindu religion by a Christian writer led him after a time to investigate the nature of Christianity. He visited a converted relative, from whom he received much light, but it was not till about twenty-two years of age that he was able to completely renounce his old faith and accept Christian baptism. It meant the loss of friends and relatives, and much persecution, but he was so filled with the new life that he said, "The religion that cost me so much but took away hunger and thirst I must preach to my countrymen.' For more than twenty years he has served the Lord, and now says: 'True friend like him I have none. In illness and sorrow, trouble and danger, trial and persecution, he has been with me and has saved, supported, and comforted me. In whatever direction I turn my eye I see nothing but his mercy and love. It is the only desire of my heart that to the end of my life I may serve Him and preach His gospel to my benighted countrymen.'

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Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE DEMON OF WORRY.

Worry is one of the most fatal of all transgressions. It is a sin against not one organ of the body, but against the body as a whole. It is a demon whose pressure is felt upon the heart, and there is not a capillary in any gland or tissue which does not shrink under the glance of its gloomy eyes. A man who worries is slowly draining the springs of life. He not only stunts himself, but he makes it harder for others to grow and blossom. Depression is a vice, and like all vices it must be dealt with firmly and with vigor.

What is the effect of your presence in your home? Does your look fall like a sunbeam or a shadow across the breakfast-table? Does your conversation lie like a strip of summer sky or a patch of midnight across the family life? Upon what subjects do you speak with largest freedom and keenest relish—your aches and failures, or the things which are beautiful and fine and high? For your own sake and for the sake of others you ought to bring your soul into a jubilant mood. All Christian virtues grow best under a sky filled with sun, and the man or woman who persists in being gloomy and sour and moody will have his home filled at last with weeds and brambles and briers.—Dr. C. E. Jefferson, in The World's Christmas Tree.

"What pity they are scentless,
These gorgeous blossoms red!"
"We'll take them as God gives them,"
A child most sweetly said.
Thus let us ever answer,
Whatever may befall;
We'll take it as God gives it,
And thank Him for it all.

If you are a father testify to your children of salvation, and teach them the way of life.

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TALITHA KOUM.

Edward A. Wicher.

In the chamber there was loud, confused din,
Noise of wailing, women's voices high and thin,
Hollow howling, filling all the space within.

Jarius' little daughter lay upon the bed,
Lately summoned to the kingdom of the dead,
Cause of mourning, object of a nameless dread.

Lo, the Saviour enters graciously the room,
Calmly moves amid the surging wail of doom,
Glowing with holy might that overcomes the gloom.

Hark: he speaks, "She is not dead, she is asleep."
With bitter laughter do they mock him, while they weep,
And there is sobbing, jeering, hooting, moaning deep.

With lofty mien and calm, untroubled face,
He drives the hireling mourners from the place,
Out of the door, into the court-yard's space.

Close to the sacred presence of the dead
He comes with firm, unhesitating tread—
Only his chosen ones are thither led—

The father and mother of the child, the three,
Peter and James and John, who were to be
Witnesses to his sovereign majesty.

O mystery of strong and tender hand,
That makest anew humanity unmann'd,
That thrillest death and causest it to stand.

Again the Saviour speaks, "Talitha Koum,"
With unspent strength he breaks the fearful doom
And spoils the powers of darkness and the tomb.

Happy the eyes that looked upon that sight!
Happy the hearts that knew that holy might!
Happy the souls that loved that new-born light!

Among the ages moves our Saviour-King,
And wearied men their burdens on him fling,
And broken men unto his strong hands cling.

Where he appears confusion becomes peace,
The shrill-voiced cries of the distraught world cease,
And life leaps forth from death and powers increase.

San Anselmo, California, April 2nd, 1907.

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THE INEQUALITIES.

At a meeting in San Francisco last week of the members of the carmen's union one man said: "For over a year we have been trying to get enough money to pay our bills and keep our families from starvation. Now the way opens up for us to get this money. For myself I want $3 and eight hours." Another said: "We stand for an eight hour day so that we can give some of our time to our wives and children. As it is we come home at all hours of the day and night. Our home life is completely broken up."

We have no desire to enter into the contention between the carmen's union and the San Francisco street railway. This editorial is written merely to show that in their effort to get such a wage and such hours as will make it possible for them to support their families properly the car men should not be condemned so long as they resort to no unlawful measures. This article is being written before the carmen have decided whether to strike or to accept the offer of the company, and the writer of it too far distant from the scene of action at the decisive moment to consider in these columns the justifiability of a strike if ordered under present conditions in San Francisco.

That which makes it impossible for us to sympathize with the street railway company in its contention with the car-men is what seems to be the fact that the company is able to give the men better terms. We do not see how a man with a family can support himself and family properly in San Francisco on $3 a day. Why should he be asked to try to do so by a wealthy corporation? Of course the great loss by the street railway company in and through the disaster of last year should be considered. But the prevailing opinion is that the company will ere long be making a handsome profit on its investments. It is said that the company prefers to admit its ability to pay even a higher wage rather than open up its books for inspection. If it be asked, Why should the company present its books for inspection? Is not its business its own? No, its business is not its own! All our business is our brother man's business and God's business. And books that are not opened here will be opened hereafter. Then will it be seen whether there has been justice betwen man and man.

We do not believe that the great inequalities in the world are right in God's sight. A leveling down and a leveling up process is urgently demanded. (And this applies both to the industrial and the religious spheres.) No doubt workingmen often err in their estimate of the desirability and pleasantness of such a life as men at the head of great industries lead. There are men of wealth working more hours every day than the workingman who labors nine or ten hours at his stated task. There are few really soft places in life. Nevertheless the workingman sees the man in business in the enjoyment of certain advantages; he sees not a few people rolling in wealth to which his hard toil has contributed, and he wonders whether God has intended that it should always be so. He comes to the conclusion, and, we believe, rightly too, that it was not ordained to continue, and sets about for a change in conditions. This is where we are in this present age; to this stage we have arrived. Men are not to be allowed much longer to pile up great fortunes as Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller piled up theirs, and then give out here and there as may seem best to them. It is better that the money should go little by little, week by week, into the homes of the workingmen than that they should live without a margin and the money be accumulated by a few even though used beneficently at last.

When is considered the fact that men in many of the great business enterprises of the present age make great fortunes in a few years and then revel in luxury, while the men who toiled for them toil on without perhaps even a home or anything in store for sickness or old age, it is not to be wondered at that workingmen are calling loudly and increasingly for a readjustment. The business world must consider these things; the church must consider them; every man enrolled under the banner of Jesus of Nazareth must consider them. The church is on trial. Even Christianity is on trial.

Christian men in increasing numbers are getting a vision. Will they have the courage to follow the vision?

We have said herein that both in the industrial and in the religious sphere are inequalities that are not right in God's sight. Is it right that hard by any large and flourishing church there should be a struggling church? Is it right that in any one city one minister should have his thousands in way of salary while another in a work comparatively as important worries along on a few hundred? We believe that these are questions which the church must consider. And the man, whether minister or layman, who is once impressed with the idea that such conditions ought not to be, will have no peace of conscience until he does all that he can do to change them. It will be necessary to do more than write about them, talk about them, preach about them; it will be necessary to act about them, perhaps even unto great sacrifice.

"Dark our night and the dawn seems far,
  Dark our world and despair is strong.
How shall we find the guiding star,
  How shall we triumph o'er sin and wrong?

Follow, follow, till truth prevail,
  Share the suffering, bear the pain,
Man must struggle, and strive, and fail,
  Ere Christ is born in the world again."

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES WITH HEAVY DEBTS.

We quote as follows from the New York Post:

"With but few exceptions, the missionary boards and societies, the fiscal years of which close this spring, are reporting a falling off in receipts from churches and individuals. Officials of organizations say they cannot account for the fact that contributions do not meet expenditures, because there has hardly been a year, at least in recent times, when there has been more agitation for the missionary cause, and agitation that has originated not in the missionary organizations, but out among the churches.

"The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, which closes its year April 30, is likely to report to the General Assembly an increase in debt. Last year it reported $110,000 debt, caused in large measure by a falling off in legacies. This year has seen several missionary conventions, each calling upon the Presbyterian Church to make large advances in missionary work, and one, a laymen's convention in Omaha, seriously proposing that the Board should quadruple its work. Notwithstanding this, the contributions are unlikely to reach the average of $1 per Presbyterian member, or a total of $1,250,000 to carry on the usual work of the Board.

"The American Baptist Missionary Union closed its fiscal year on March 31, and reports a deficit for the year of $85,000. The American Board, which has completed seven months of its year, reports a falling off of $23,000 in receipts, although legacies are almost a like amount ahead of last year's figures at this date. This means a falling off in gifts from churches, individuals, women's boards, Sunday-schools and young people's organizations of over $45,000, a condition of affairs that is causing apprehension among the friends of the great Congregational Mission organization that it may again find itself in debt when its year ends on August 31.

"Among home mission organizations financial conditions are as bad, if not worse, than with the organizations devoted to foreign missions. The Congregational Home Misisonary Society has just closed its year with receipts about $30,000 under those of last year, and with an accumulated debt of $179,926. This is a few thousand dollars less than the debt reported last year, and there has been an increase of $75,000 in the invested funds of the society, and its new secretary, the Rev. Dr. H. C. Herring, and other officials express some encouragement, while realizing the need for hard and active work to build up receipts and wipe out the debt.

"The American Baptist Home Mission Society this year celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary, and has just closed its books for the year with a debt of $74,000. The executive board has issued a statement to the effect that it has resolved to cut down its work because of lack of support. It is stated that the debt has been accumulating from year to year and the board is resolved that if support for its work is not to be forthcoming the work must be cut down to bring it within the limits of available resources, cost what it may in the crippling of missionary enterprises. Therefore a ten per cent reduction has been decided upon thereby lessening the annual liability from $30,000 to $35,000."

Skillful physicians differ sometimes in diagnosis. But there must be diagnosis if treatment is to be intelligently administered in case of disease. There have been conditions in the church for some time which demand diagnosis. Skillful diagnosticians differ in their opinions thereon. It is to be hoped that some common ground may be reached ere long and curative remedies be administered.

CONTEMPLATED CHANGES IN METHODISM.

As we have stated heretofore the trend everywhere is toward more democracy in the church. The Boston Transcript sets forth as follows a movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"Ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are already planning to secure action by the General Conference, which is to meet in Baltimore in the spring of 1908, which will change the mode of selecting presiding elders in all the Methodist conferences. Under the present rules the presiding elders, who are superintendents of districts within the conferences, are appointed by the bishops who preside at the annual conferences. It is stated by Methodist leaders that there would be no objection to this method of appointment, were it not for the fact that the presiding elders are very powerful in the matter of the appointment of Methodist pastors to churches, and the present agitation has arisen from a desire on the part of the rank and file of the Methodist ministry that it have a ruling voice in the choosing of these men in whom is delegated so much responsibility.

"In theory, the bishop who presides at an annual conference in the Methodist Church makes all appointments of preachers to charges. As a matter of fact, it is alleged, the bishop presiding at an annual conference is assigned to that duty, and frequently he has no knowledge of the conditions of churches within the conference bounds, other than that which he may gain during the sessions of the conference or by advice of the presiding elders. At these annual conferences the presiding bishop and the presiding elders constitute what is known as the "cabinet," and by this small body, seldom consisting of more than four or five men, the appointments of pastors to charges is decided.

"Methodist preachers are not objecting to this method of appointing them to churches, but they do say that they should have a controlling voice in the selection of the presiding elders, the men who have so much power in the matter. Therefore, the general conference is to be asked to change the rules and permit every annual conference to elect its presiding elders, taking from the presiding bishops the power of appointment.

"The New York Conference has adopted a memorial to that effect, and other conferences to meet this spring are expected to do the same, and when the fall conferences meet it is believed that the agitation will have grown still more.

"There are some Methodist leaders who assert that their Church has grown beyond the need for any presiding elders at all. These contend that the Church will be greatly helped and its influence extended, if provision is made for a sufficient number of bishops to visit all the churches annually or oftener, letting these higher ecclesiastical officers do the work now committed to the presiding elders. There are about five hundred presiding elders in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it is stated that they cost the Church about $1,000,000 annually, besides the expense of maintaining residences for them. The same amount of

money, these leaders state, would make it possible to add to the number of active bishops, so that the congregations might be stimulated, as are those of the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the periodical visit of the man who, locally, stands at the forefront of the Methodist system.

"Some leaders are not sanguine that the General Conference of 1908 will make the desired change, either in the method of the selection of presiding elders or in their abolition from the system, but they believe that the agitation of the subject will bring about a change, even if it does not come until the conference of 1912."

We doubt not that the method of appointing the presiding elders will be changed ere long, and the Methodist Church will after a while do as the United Brethren Church has already done— greatly reduce the number of such elders; and, perhaps, finally as herein intimated do away with the office entirely.

The presiding elder is of no great value, and his maintenance is a matter of considerable expense. The United Brethren are getting along with a greatly diminished number just as well as when they had the old time quota. And they haven't any more bishops than they had before the number of the presiding elders was lessened.

"THE NEW THEOLOGY."

A Review of Rev. R. J. Campbell's Recent Book.

The very human angel who has been troubling the pool of religious thought in England is a stimulating, if not a constructive, thinker. Hasty, ill-balanced and often irritating as is this piece of holiday theology, it is full of vitality, earnestness and insight,—a book neither to be frowned down, nor yet foisted into a place of permanent prestige.

The first thing that attracts the attention of the reader is the vividness, clarity and force of the style, and the next thing is its impulsiveness and extravagance. Mr. Campbell either does not know how, or does not care, to write a qualified sentence. All his assertions are unqualified and absolutely affirmations. Sometimes he follows these affirmations with modifying statements in the direction of sobriety and balance, and sometimes he does not. The result is unconvincing. Such a writer always over-states himself and cannot be correctly quoted without quoting all that he has ever written or said. This habit is quite pardonable in a preacher, who may rightly aim at vividness of impression and depend upon the sermon as a whole to leave the right **ensemble**, but when one chooses the printed page for his medium he subjects himself to more stringent laws of expression, in which accuracy, qualification, revision are demanded. Thus Mr. Campbell subjects himself to misunderstanding and criticism.

The frank avowal of the foundation of the author's theology in Hegelian monistic idealism is not, to many readers, a predisposing introduction to what follows. A universe that is "one means to the self-realization of the Infinite" is quite another cosmic motive from a universe that is the Divine self-expression, and can hardly be reconciled with that conception of God as the Perfect Person which is the very heart of Christianity. Nor will the explanation of evil as only the "perceived privation of good" meet the full consent of the moral consciousness. Yet one can heartily say Amen to most of what Mr. Campbell has to say about the doctrine of the Fall. The chapters on "The Divine Man," "The Eternal Christ," and "The Incarnation of the Son of God" are quite the ablest, most constructive and thoughtful part of the volume. Mr. Campbell emphatically adopts and illuminates the Christo-centric and Trinitarian view point and clearly differentiates his theology from Unitarianism. The treatment of the Atonement is far more negative, and exhibits more of protest than of construction. The relation of the church to the Kingdom of God is convincingly stated, and furnishes the author an opportunity for a well-founded and passionate appeal to a united consecration on the part of the churches to the tasks of the Kingdom.

The book proves Mr. Campbell to be a frank, free, whole-souled truth-lover—somewhat too sure that in finding a part he has found the whole—but a man of courage, vision and power to stimulate other minds, whose word is to be welcomed and weighed. That he is a strong, original, well-poised leader, the book gives little evidence. But so clear and vivid and earnest an interpreter of much of the best religious thought of our time—while not to be followed blindly —cannot be set aside or condemned without serious loss to the cause which he so ardently strives to serve.

John Wright Buckham.

DISCIPLES' EXPERIENCE AS RELATED TO CHRIST.

Rev. C. C. Cragin.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing, where we cannot prove."

Does that represent a genuine experience, or is it a poet's dream? And if it is genuine, what is it. what is it worth, what will it cost? Let us go back nineteen centuries, and study Christ's dealings with the Twelve.

I. What did he do for them?

1. He instructed them. He was the teacher; they were the disciples, **the learners.** That was the meaning of the word "disciple"; that is the fact in the case. They learned that God was their father, men were their brothers, sin was their enemy, heaven was their home. Their teacher taught with marvelous wisdom and patience and pathos and power; but they were very slow to learn. But he lived the truth he taught, and the perfect life won a hearing that the matchless lips had failed to gain.

2. The Master trained the disciples. He disciplined them. Though a disciple means a learner, discipline is much more than learning. Learning has to do with the head; discipline, with the will. Discipline is learning transferred to conduct and character. When Lyman Abbott says that religion is not something done for a man, it is something done in him, he emphasizes discipline. When Froude says, "In schools and colleges, in fleet and army, discipline means success," he honors discipline. The Twelve learned discipline from the Master of men. All except the traitor became drilled soldiers of the cross. For three years they underwent discipline under the eye of the great Captain of our salvation. Christ instructed them, and he trained and disciplined them.

3. And he made companions of them. He called

them friends; he fellowshiped with them; he took them to his heart. Military discipline is of necessity stern. It puts the guard house before the eye of the disobedient and the careless. The officer must punish, if he would command. But Christ punished the denial of Peter with so loving a look that the disciple burst into a flood of tears. Christ's reproof of the sleepers on guard was the loving inquiry: "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" He taught the disciples how contemptible was their strife for the highest place, when he himself took upon him the service of the lowest servant, and washed their feet.

Prof. Phelps tells us that when Dannecker, the German sculptor, had labored two years upon his statue of Christ, he called into his studio a little girl, and asked her, "Who is that?" She replied, "A great man." The artist turned away disheartened. But he began anew, and after another year or two, he again invited the child into his studio and repeated the inquiry, "Who is that?" This time he was not disappointed. After looking in silence for a while, she burst into tears, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." It was enough; he knew that his work was a success.

So the disciples looked upon Christ at first as a great teacher, and a worker of stupendous miracles; but later they knew him best as their personal friend, calming their fears, dispelling their doubts, wiping away their tears, patient with their faults, helping to a better manhood.

4. I do not think the disciples knew that Christ saved them, or that they needed salvation, till they saw him after the resurrection. But when they wrote to the churches, they said, "He hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling;" "Ye knew that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." And long before they had written these marvelous words, they had replied to the question of the penitent jailor, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—"they had replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

This I understand is the disciples' experience as related to Christ. He instructed them, trained and disciplined them, made them his companions and friends, and saved them.

II. **What was the result on their conduct and character?** The fishermen and publican became missionaries. The disciples became apostles. Selfish, indolent, cowardly men were transformed into noble, zealous, fearless champions of the truth, lovers of mankind, life-savers. Like the plant in Central America, whose roots and stems and leaves are an infallible antidote against the bites of all poisonous insects and reptiles, so Christ was the safeguard of the Twelve against the poison of sin, not in any magical, mysterious way, but by the power of his personality on their lives, by the changes in their character brought about by contact with his character. They realized the dream of the poet:

> "And oh for a man to arise in me,
> That the man I am may cease to be!"

What did they say of their experience? Not what the self-conscious, trustful hymn declares,

> "O how I love Jesus;"

but something more akin to this,

> "I am so glad that our Father in heaven
> Tells of his love in the book he has given
> Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
> This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me."

For the disciples said, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." They did not live in a condition of morbid self-examination, like the monks of the Middle Ages; they had confidence and assurance, and their testimony was triumphant: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Doubters, mariners without chart or compass, undecided, vacillating? Not so! "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

What was their experience? The word means tried out, put to the test; and their experience was something real, genuine, substantial, resting on the Rock of Ages. Hear them on the witness stand: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life—For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us—That which we have seen and heard, declared we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

Here is evidence visual, audible, tangible; to the disciples, convincing, transforming, inspiring, electrifying. Here is an experience which has no parallel in previous history or literature.

III. **Is there anything like it now?** A friend once said to Tennyson: "Tell me what Jesus Christ is to you personally;" and the great poet pointed to a rose-bush laden with magnificent blossoms, which the sun had wooed out from the bare, thorny bush, and he said: "What the sun is to this rose-bush, Jesus Christ is to me." That is what Tennyson meant, then, in his invocation in the **In Memoriam**:

> "Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing, where we cannot prove."

But Tennyson was a poet, and poets are dreamers, visionaries, dwelling in a world of imagination. Their experiences do not always rest on a basis of hard fact, like that of men who live practical lives in the world of workers, where dreams count for little. But put Gladstone on the witness-stand. He was a statesman and a man of affairs, stout-limbed, massive, the veteran of a century. To a doubter this man declared with the impressiveness of the orator, and the assurance of the thinker who penetrates to the heart of things—Gladstone said: "All I think, all I write, all I am, is based on the divinity of Jesus Christ, the central hope of our poor, wayward race."

Disciples' experience as related to Christ! Here is Tennyson's, here is Gladstone's. What is yours and mine? We can find Christ; we can know him; we can reveal him; we can make the world see that he is the one who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" who said also, "Come unto me, all ye that labor

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" who said further, "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

Isn't that an experience worth having? An interview with God and Christ, nay, a permanent fellowship, a constant intercourse, an abiding continually in their presence!

IV. **How is this experience to be gained?** By loving obedience. "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

Edward Markham tells of another way of finding Christ, of another experience which is based on scripture:

"I cried aloud, 'There is no Christ
In all this world unparadised.
No Christ, to go to in my need,
No Christ, to comfort me and feed!
He passed in glory out of sight;
The angels drew him into light.
Now in the lonesome earth and air,
I cannot find him anywhere.
Would God that heaven was not so far,
And I were where the white ones are!'
Then from the gray stones of a street,
Where goes an ocean drift of feet,
I heard a child's cry tremble up,
And turned to share my scanty cup;
When, lo, the Christ I thought was dead,
Was in the little one I fed.
At this I drew my aching eyes
From the far-watching of the skies.
And now, which ever way I turn,
I see my Lord's white halo burn.
Where ever now a sorrow stands,
'Tis mine to heal his nail-torn hands.
In every lonely lane and street,
'Tis mine to wash his wounded feet.
'Tis mine to roll away the stone,
And warm his heart against my own.
Here, here, on earth, I find it all—
The young archangels, white and tall,
The golden city and the doors,
And all the shining of the floors."

This is a genuine Christian experience—finding Christ in work for the poor and lonely. It costs something, like everything else that is worth the having. But it is worth all that it costs. In thinking of the most blessed hours of our life, we do not turn to the splendid things we have seen—the stately palaces, the magnificent cathedrals, the gorgeous paintings, the golden sunsets. Nor do we recall the melodies we have heard—Handel's Messiah, with the harmonies of the pure solo, the swelling chorus and the tuneful orchestra. But our thoughts turn with the greatest satisfaction to the times when we have been enabled to do service to some of the needy on earth, and have realized the Saviour's presence, when we toiled for one of his little ones.

I wish to emphasize two thoughts in closing my presentation; two experiences which I hold before myself as an ideal—the ability to say with the apostle: "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." And I covet, also, that other experience, which enabled the apostle to say, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably, we behaved ourselves among you that believe." How worldly and selfish and imperfect are our lives in contrast with a life so spiritual and unchallengeable as that! Let us strive and pray to do better.

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things."

MYSTERY.

I do not know the ocean's song,
Or what the brooklets say;
At eve I sit and listen long,
I cannot learn their lay.
But as I linger by the sea,
And that sweet song comes unto me,
It seems, my love, it sings of thee.

I do not know why poppies grow
Amid the wheat and rye;
The lilies bloom as white as snow,
I cannot tell you why.
But all the flowers of the spring,
The bees that hum, the birds that sing,
A thought of you they seem to bring.

I cannot tell why silvery Mars
Moves through the heav'ns at night;
I cannot tell you why the stars
Adorn the vault with light.
But what sublimity I see,
Upon the mount, the hill, the lea,
It brings, my love, a thought of thee.

I do not know what in your eyes
That caused my heart to glow,
And why my spirit longs and cries,
I vow, I do not know.
But when you first came in my sight
My slumbering soul awoke in light,
And since the day I've known no night.

—James Ephraim McGirt.

Dunbar's Successor.

The foregoing poem was written by a negro. He has been called "Dunbar's Successor." Mr. McGirt was born in North Carolina 29 years ago. He is the publisher of a magazine which has wide circulation among his people. The poem is one which bespeaks for its author a career of literary distinction.

"All life is for service—not for selfish enjoyment." Paul, how much obligation are you under to preach the Gospel to cold, indifferent, philosophic Greeks; and to carnal, superstitious, stupid, arrogant barbarians? "How much? As much as in me is." The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. If Edison had selfishly kept the knowledge of his wonderful discoveries to himself for his own personal use and enjoyment, he would have gained little, and the world would have lost much. The parallel is the same with those of us who, like Paul, know of the mighty power of the Gospel and do not impart it to others.

GETTING AT THE BOYS.

By Lilburn Merrill, M. D.

[Recently Chief Probation Officer of the Juvenile Court, Denver, Colo.]

Most of our religious organizations are failures in their work with boys. They possess nothing of notable interest to the average adolescent. And of more importance than the absence of any magnetic features in the organization, is the presence of many plans of procedure which are positively repulsive to the ordinary boy. If we are not justified in thus placing a low estimate upon our success, we shall, most of us, be compelled to admit that we fail to reach a representative number of boys. And if by accident or ice cream a crowd of husky lads are persuaded to meet with us, their huskiness is chiefly manifested at the expense of the devotional sentiments, and by the time the effervescence of their enthusiasm has been expended, they are off in search of new adventures, much to the relief of the gentler natures who are pleased to enjoy the soothing devotions of the organization.

Whether we fully appreciate the fact or not, we are confronted with the necessity of making our plans conform to the requirements of the boy we seek to win, rather than try to coerce him to adapt his nature to our ideal, which has been conceived and doted upon in the stuffy, devitalized atmosphere of our chambers of theory and imagination.

We have frequently failed with a boy because he was presented to conditions which do not harmonize with the masculinity of his nature. We devote much time in trying to effeminize boy nature, and in so doing at once strike a decisive blow at the object of our effort. Church work with boys has suffered an irreparable loss during the past through the lethargy of the men. There is a known weakness in much of our effort to get at the boys. It is the selfish indifference of the man who has an opportunity to reach down his hand to the boy at his side and say, "My little man, let's be friends." What will the boy do? Junior worker, you know what the result will be. The man will lift the lad to his own level. Our only concern shall be whether the man walks with Jesus Christ. If he does, then both the boy and the man will be supremely honest, pure and of a strong heart.

Therefore, let the first consideration be given the individuality of the worker. Follow this with a liberal adoption of new methods. And remember that the man is more important than the methods.

It is not a mistake to live and work in realization of the gregarious nature of the boy. The gang is, unquestionably, an opportunity of which we should avail ourselves. If won to Christ we shall, of course, have a potential of vast importance. And if the gang be well in hand it will be easier for a boy to maintain his standard of righteousness, for he will be encouraged by the unity of sentiment. But I do not believe that boys are redeemed in the aggregate. If the gang is won for Jesus Christ, it shall have to be reached one by one through the magnetic personality of the individual who has been privileged to win the love and confidence of the individual boy.

Devotional meetings are of comparatively small value in getting at the boys. A crowd of youngster can pray easier and more effectually on the run than on their knees. It is easier for a boy to be a Christian in a gymnasium than when back of a hymn-book. A hike across fields is frequently a speedway to God! for in His good land of clean air, fragrant fields, mountains and water, the soul of a normal, vigorous boy will not fail to vibrate in tune with the heart of God whom he has met face to face and learned to love as his Father. Let us not hesitate to sacrifice devotional solitude, so long as taking the boys to the mountains, the forest, the race track or circus, will exert a formative influence which shall be conducive to Christian character and good citizenship.

Boys are naturally religious. But sometimes a Bible, a hymn-book or a season of prayer are the poorest means on earth of awakening their spiritual life. And in saying this I do not in any degree deviate from my fixed conviction that the Bible is of indispensable value in every phase of work with boys. Indeed the religious worker with boys may dispense with all accessories except the Bible, a consecrated heart, a resourceful mind and vigorous body. With this equipment, the successful director will be able to go to work, and so long as he works he will have the boys. But mark you, my friends, the moment there is nothing doing his grip on the lads will weaken. The boys' department must, therefore, be Christianity in action. I might suggest a plan of procedure, but I shall not, for outlines too often lead to ruts; and you know that a gang demands more room than a rut. You must get plans and carry them out. Stick to your job and do the best you can. Above all, keep something doing.

Make your church the center of boy life in your community. If you cannot give them a club room, lie off from your work some afternoon and help the boys dig a cave on the rear end of the church lot. Did you ever crawl on your hands and knees through a passage-way leading from an unsuspected fence corner down into the bowels of the earth, and be compelled to do three right-angled-twists in the tunnel, and as many four-foot "steps-offs" before you could emerge into the appalling solitude of the underground cavern? The knee exercise required in the passage is beneficial, and I have an idea that Old Testament stories never read so well as when you and the boys are in a cave around a boiling ketle of beans, or presumably, lost in a forest and gathered about a crackling camp-fire.

With this, some of you would think I would transplant you and the boys back into a primitive state of savagery. I do not care to stand for that. It is enough for me to say that boys do not thrive well on too much civilization. A judicious use of unconventional methods and out door life will I assure you, render remarkable service in tuning boy energy to a harmonious cooperation with you and the service you desire to do for his spiritual development. Let us bear these things in mind, good junior worker, and not forget that we are leading the boy toward Jesus Christ.

Getting at the boy need not be the almost impossible task we have thought it to be. He is loving, responsive and easily won. If you would win him, love him. See to it that your affection does not become obnoxious by the development of too much sentiment and you will, in due time, touch hearts with him, and mutual love will establish a kinship.

Do not be afraid of modern methods. They are designed to reach the very boy you are after. The splendid work being done by the many well qualified workers in the church speaks with profound emphasis of their importance. It is not surprising that this

educational advance has invaded our children's room and sent the faithful worker home with a mind hungry for new methods. For truly, it seems that the atmosphere of this children's century has even vitalized the child's mind and he comes to us and demands the best we have; and if that isn't good enough, we are left alone. Unfortunately, this spirit doesn't always contribute to the soundest religious life; but if the influence is detrimental, the cause will be found in the administration and not in the methods. But herein lies the greatest difficulty in church work with children Not all adults are able to combine the good, wholesome, spiritual element with the newer ways of handling the children's work. And it is well that it is so. Some can only conduct a class meeting, but past proficiency in that sphere of service has made possible the present development of many of our children's societies, and those whose ability is limited to this method of conducting a children's meeting may not be the least successful in work with the junior folk. I believe, however, that that rare individual who is doubly blessed with the spiritual life and the ability to lead the restless, energetic youngsters through the play hour to Christ, will be several times more successful with the average child.

There are many discouragements for every worker. Sometimes I wonder if, with all our striving for ways and means of reaching the boys, we are really winning out, and then I hear of a discouraged worker who fails to meet the boys at the regular hour and I learn that the ungovernable boy did not forget to ask why he was away.

I am glad the boy did not forget to ask, for his question destroys my doubt.

India is one of the world's greatest empires. Its area is 1,766,597 square miles, and the population exceeds 300,000,000. The area of the United States is 3,602,999 square miles, and the population is 83,143,000, or about 26 to the square mile. The most densly populated State is Pennsylvania, with an average of 140 to the square mile, while Bengal averages 552 to the square mile. Here laborers are paid five or six cents a day, and there are millions who would be glad to accept permanent employment at from twenty-five to fifty dollars a year. Nine-tenths of the people subsist on rice and curry or cakes of wheat, or some variety of nutlet, baked on the coals of a small fire outside the house. Most persons try to provide two meals a day, but millions fail to do it. It is estimated that over sixty million never know what it is to eat until they are satisfied. Scanty garments obtain. The clothing of children averages the annual cost of from ten to fifteen cents. Contrast this with the average condition in our own land, and we can see the difficulties of the missionary.

One does not have to buy a funny paper in order to laugh. It is just necessary to read the news. The New Jersey legislature discussed a bill taxing human whiskers. The Missouri legislature had a bill introduced taxing bachelors between twenty-one and sixty one-tenth of their income. Iowa considered a bill providing for stamping the date on the egg when it was laid. Another state wanted a "beer inspector", another a "bee inspector", and still another considered an "anti-pistol-toting" bill. The New York Evening Post gives a most interesting account of "Freak Legislatures."

Among the Churches.

Elmhurst.—At the communion service the last Sunday in April 24 persons united with the church at this place, the largest number at any one time in its history.

Los Angeles, Church of the Redeemer.—The Rev. J. D. Habbick was installed in this promising field recently. The crowded condition at many of the services show the urgency for a new building.

Alameda.—The First Presbyterian Church of Alameda received 65 persons to membership during the year which ended April 1st, and now has an enrollment of 350. After the current expenses had been met the church treasury showed a balance of $200.

Los Angeles.—The new house of worship of the West Lake Presbyterian Church will have a fine memorial window. It will cost about $2,000 and will probably be the finest window of that kind in the city. The Rev. W. D. Landis has been installed as pastor. At the last communion service 20 persons were received to membership.

Los Angeles.—The new Presbyterian Church in Highland Park starts with about 125 members. The Rev. Dr. F. P. Berry is the pastor. The Presbytery voted for the organization of the new church with the understanding that a building should not be erected within six blocks of the house of worship of the old church.

San Luis Obispo.—The work at San Louis Obispo under the leadership of the Rev. Harry Hillard shows good progress. Thirty-six persons were received into membership during the year recently closed, and the enrollment is now 173. The benevolences reached the $400 mark, of which amount $210 went to foreign missions.

Menlo Park.—The Rev. R. C. Moodie has been called to the work in Menlo Park and has entered on it. Mr. Moodie was the first pastor of the church at Los Gatos, entering on the work there immediately after the organization of the church in 1881 and continuing for eight years. Mr. Modie has been at Los Gatos, resting for a year, and now takes up the work in Menlo Park.

Pasadena.—It is thought that the new building of the First Presbyterian Church will be ready for dedication in September. The total investment in this church property,—ground, building and furnishings, will be about $300,000. The membership of the church was reported at the annual meeting in April as 942. Total contributions for all purposes during the year were $141,804. The foreign missionary contributions were $3,222. The various departments of the church contributed to different lines of home missionary work $4,428, and for church building work outside of Pasadena $4,523 were contributed. The total amount received on the building fund was $121,500.

OREGON.

The Presbytery of Pendleton met with the Tutuilla Indian church April 25-28. It was an occasion of great pleasure to all the brethren. One member of the Presbytery having walked 80 miles to attend the meeting, said: "If I should get nothing but this ser-

vice, I consider myself well repaid for coming." About 40 of the Nez Perces people visited the mission and camped there, beginning evangelistic meetings April 18th and closing April 28th. Three of the Nez Perces ministers were present, Rev. James Hayes, Rev. Moses Monteith, and Rev. Wm. Wheeler, preaching in turn during these ten days. On the closing day, the church was dedicated, all debts having been previously paid, and no collection was taken. Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., preached the sermon, Eddie Connor interpeting. In the afternoon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated, the Presbytery sitting with the Indian brethren in the service. Twenty-six new members were received, ten restored. Seventeen adults and six children were baptized, all Indians. In the evening a temperance meeting was held, at which 25 members were added to the organization recently formed, giving them an organization of 83 members pledged to total abstinence. More than 200 Indians were present on this last day. The services aggregated ten hours, and many of them were present the entire time of these meetings. Monday morning there was a closing meeting lasting two hours, and the final service ended with singing "God be with you till we meet again," and most cordial handshaking and tender farewells.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. William Hiram Foulkes will be installed pastor of the First Church, Portland, May 9th.

Rev. B. F. Harper will be installed pastor of the Milton and Valley churches, Oregon, May 12th

Rev. G. W. Arms, Jr., was installed pastor of the Anabel Church of Portland, Sabbath, April 28th, and Rev. G. A. Blair was installed pastor of the Vernon Church, Portland, May 1st. These are both new churches, having been organized within the year.

We shall print in the Pacific Presbyterian next week the fine address given by the Rev. A. H. Barnhisel, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Tacoma, at the recent Commencement exercises of the San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo.

Men of the Presbyterian Brotherhood will be delighted to know of the separate publication of the Indianapolis address of Charles S. Holt, Esq., of Chicago, on "The Church and the Man." It is modern and wise. It is interesting. A man cannot help reading it through. It will set him thinking. Mr. Holt has generously offered to furnish a few copies to any who will address him at 131 La Salle Street, Chicago.

Many interesting summer assemblies are planned for Mt. Hermon, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, this year. There will be a missionary assembly from June 26th to 30th. The Bible Institute will begin July 21st. The Zayante Indian conference will be on July 18th to the 20th. What the managers call "the Great Week at Mt. Hermon," will be from July 23rd to the 28th. In August there will be a temperance convention, a conference of Christian leaders and a Sunday-school institute. Among the June meetings will be one at which for several days the general subject for consideration will be "The Oriental in America." The discussion will be along the line of the following topics: "The New Political Map of the World"; "The Probable Future of Awakened China"; "The New Birth of Korea"; "The Reciprocal Relation of the Anglo-Saxon and the Mongol"; "Migration: A Present Phenomenon of the Human Race"; "The American in the Orient"; "The Oriental in America"; "Shall We Exclude the Japanese?" "Trans-Pacific Commerce"; "American Labor and the Man From the Orient"; "The Oriental in the American Schools"; "The Missionary Task at Home"; "The Missionary Task in the Orient"; "The Masterful Elements in American Life"; "The Opportunity and Triumph of Sober Sense"; "Jesus and the New Humanity."

The San Jose Mercury for April the 21st gave brief sketches of the churches in that city. Of the First Presbyterian Church it said: "The First Presbyterian Church of San Jose is the second oldest Protestant church on the Pacific Coast, surpassing in age all but the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. The congregation was organized in 1849, and from the old body have sprung forth six of the churches of this city, the other Presbyterian institutions, and the Episcopal and Congregational churches. The building, which was destroyed so completely by the earthquake, was situated on Second street, near St. John, and next to the Y. M. C. A. It was built in 1863, and was not able to stand the shock. At present the Sunday morning services are conducted in the Jose Theater, and the other meetings conjointly with the Cumberland Presbyterians in the latter's building. Under the pastorship of Rev. H. H. McQuicken, assisted in his work by Arthur Washburn as clerk and Cyrus Jones as treasurer, the plans for a new edifice are maturing. Soon after the earthquake a free-will offering of $12,500 was taken up in pledges and money from the congregation of 476 which comprises the church. The new structure will be built on North Third street, between Santa Clara and St. John, and will be erected at a cost of $45,000." Concerning the Second Church the Mercury said: "The Second Presbyterian Church is located on Second street, near William. It was first established in 1891, when 10 members from the First Presbyterian Church branched out in a separate congregation. The membership is now 445. The quake damaged the edifice to the extent of $800, but repairs have been completed, leaving the structure in a better condition than it was in previous to the shock. Rev. Thornton A. Mills is pastor." San Jose has also a United Presbyterian Church. Of this it was said: "The United Presbyterian Church, which is located on the northwest corner of Fifth and Santa Clara streets, was first established in San Jose in 1875. Under the pastorship of Rev. R. C. Gibson, the membership has reached a total of 132. The shock of April 18th last caused extensive damage to the building, but the expenditure of $1,000 has put the edifice in a condition superior to that of the structure previous to the earthquake. Until the present year the Board of Home Missions aided in the support of the church, but the organization has recently become self-supporting." In early years both Congregationalists and Presbyterians united in the organization of the First Presbyterian Church, and more than 25 years passed before a Congregational church was started. Concerning the one now there The Mercury says: "The First Congregational Church stands on the southeast corner of Third and San Antonio, a splendid reproduction of the old low-lying English style of architecture. The building was dedicated in 1887, although the congregation organized twelve

years before. The edifice was somewhat damaged by the earthquake, but all repairs have been made and the building is as sound as ever. The congregation now numbers 290. Rev. William T. Patchell has been pastor for the last four years."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Prof. E. A. Wicher has concluded his course of three lectures in Tacoma, Wash., and has gone to Vancouver, British Columbia, to lecture at the Summer School connected with the Synod of British Columbia. His lectures in Tacoma were on "The Preparation of the World for the Incarnation," "The Temptation of Jesus," and "The Social Teaching of Jesus." They were all given in the First Presbyterian Church and were attended by large audiences. They also received generous and extended notices in the Tacoma press. On Thursday evening the Presbyterian churches of the city gave up their prayer meetings that they might attend the closing lecture. Prof. Wicher also addressed the students of Whitworth College and met several prospective candidates for the ministry.

The students have all enterd upon their summer's work. W. S. Bingham is at present supplying the church at Sausalito, but will go later to his home in Slippery Rock, Pa., to visit his parents. Geo. M. Day has charge of the work at Brigham, Utah. T. Suzki is laboring in the Japanese mission at Salinas. Guy A. White continues his work in Olivet Church, San Francisco. Chas. L. Campbell is preaching at Bolinas and Walter K. Chess at Belvedere. Arthur S. Fruhling is supplying a small church near Los Gatos, and Sidney McKee is at Novato. C. Taku is with the Japanese Y. M. C. A., in San Francisco, and Mr. Yatsu is associated with Dr. Sturge in that mission. E. J. Hanks, who has completed his post-graduate course, has had several fields offered him, but will probably return to Utah, where the work greatly needs him.

Rev. A. D. Soper, '99, has just completed another prosperous year as superintendent of the "Men's Resort and People's Institute" of Portland, Oregon. This is practically an institutional church, located in a densely populated part of the city, well designated the red-light district. It is probably the best equipped and most successful institution of the kind on this coast. Its reading room is visited by over eleven hundred men daily. It is a mission of the First Presbyterian Church.

Among the names of commissioners to the General Assembly are noticed those of Rev. Jas. G. Anderson, '97. of Danville, Rev. Edward P. Shier, '98, of Eureka, and Rev. A. D. Soper, '99, of Portland.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Ray Thompson of Nooksack, Washington, have a son, born April 9th. Mr. Thompson has had two years in the Seminary and expects to return soon to complete his course.

Prof. Paterson preached the sermon at the installation of Rev. L. A. McAfee, D.D., as pastor of the First Church of Berkeley, on April 28th.

Mr. William S. Alexander, eldest son of the late Prof. William Alexander, D.D., was marired on May 1st to Mrs. Nellie Martell Taylor, at the Hotel Jefferson, San Francisco. Dr. Landon officiated.

Rev. William J. Clifford, '05, has accepted an invitation to supply the church at Monterey for six months.

ATTACKING THE FUNDAMENTALS.

From the California Christian Advocate.

One of the largest results of the present struggle to clean out the grafters in San Francisco is the vigor and moral stimulus infused into public conscience. Mr. Francis J. Heney, the assistant district attorney, in a recent address to the student body of Stanford University revealed the subliminal causes of the moral corruption of society in San Francisco. Mr. Heney says that the greater part of the cases of graft comes from two sources: "The first is the vicious and criminal class, and those who pander to them, keepers of low dives and saloons, where bad liquor is sold. Our evidence shows that most of the saloons are owned and controlled by the wealthiest wholesale liquor dealers of the state. This accounts, in a large measure, for the failure of the merchants to secure reforms. The other element is entirely different from the gamblers, race-horse men and owners of houses of prostitution. You meet them in the best clubs; the Pacific Union is not free of them, and the Bohemian has a few. They wear good clothes, and many of them are college graduates. Many are directors and officials in corporations, and others are merely dummy directors." He argues in a terse and convincing way that "Corruption breeds the idea that honesty is not the best policy when men who acquire wealth by such means are received in society and honored with positions of trust. But if you can send a man of wealth and position to prison for treason to his country's institutions, you have set up a terrible warning to evil doers. Then the common people commence to believe that every one is equal in the eye of the law, that honesty is the best policy, and that the poor man has as much chance as the rich, under this Government. If you cannot do this, the time has come to bid good-by to republican institutions."

In this argument he goes down to the fundamentals of society. These bribers argue that it is justifiable to give bribes when there is no other way to get on in a business proposition except to give bribes and in that cold, mechanical way clear away the obstruction. They yield to conditions imposed upon the business by those in authority. The briber speciously argues that under a corrupt city government he can do no other way. He must either pay the toll or get off the road. He pays the supervisor or any other grafter as a necessary initial expense. Mr. Heney very strongly says of the validity of this argument: "If this argument is true, it is the beginning of the end of republican government. The bribe giver is far more dangerous to society than the bribe taker. Men who are tempted to take bribes cannot be suppressed by prosecution, so long as the temptation continues." In the main this argument of Mr. Heney's is correct. The bribe giver must be held in equal guilt with the bribe taker. It must also be specially noted that those in a position of trust, officers, are doubly guilty. They are traitors to the community.

On the whole, it appears that the liquor dealers are at the bottom of the trouble. They own and control most of the saloons. They promote and sustain the dives and beer-drinking dens. They are the financial strength of the whole system of evil. They promote and sustain a vast system of gambling and reap the fruit of social vice in all its forms These human monsters are college graduates, dress in the latest and neatest fitting clothes, belong to the social and to the merchants' clubs, to the fraternities, and in a quiet, watchful way are on guard at every station in the broad way that leads the public to destruction. It is not a surprise, though the matter has been cleverly concealed, that whiskey is the prime cause of the reign of evil in San Fran-

cisco. Mr. Heney more than hints that these liquor dealers, having a membership in the merchant organizations of the city, suppress and strangle every effort of that body to assist in purifying the city. It is worth while to consider the hold the liquor dealers have upon all branches of the municipal machinery, from the police to the judiciary. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: Until the liquor power is broken no permanent success in reform can be expected. Public sentiment must be set right on this matter. Mr. Heney's probe will not reach the core of this corruption until the members of the liquor dealers' association shall flinch and squirm from a sense of their danger, their conscience being utterly dead. What then is the fundamental danger to this republic? The answer it at hand: the liquor dealers' associations. They do not hesitate to corrupt and exploit the whole world.

HELP FOR CHINESE FAMINE SUFFERERS.

The intensity and vast extent of the Chinese famine has attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. April 30th, convoyed into the stream by the army tug Slocum, with the Twenty-second Infantry Band playing martial airs and crowds on the quay cheering and waving a farewell salute, the government transport Buford sailed from the Folsom Street dock, this city, for Chinkiang, with 4,000,000 pounds of American flour on board for the famine sufferers in Northeastern China, contributed and collected through the efforts of the Christian Herald of New York. The transport Logan will sail May 6th for Chinkiang with 2,000,000 pounds additional. This will do a great deal not only in the way of relieving the famine sufferers of China, but in the way of establishing kindly relations between the two countries. Bishop Thoburn recently stated that China had taken special notice of the liberality of America. The open door in China is specially open to America. The fact that America has never sought to violate her privileges in China has specially opened the way to the American missionaries. Money sent to the Advocate will be immediately forwarded. This is a work in which we all ought to take a hand. Remember that a cup of cold water given in the name of Christ is not in vain. "Inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these brethren ye have done it unto me." This great, rich country of America should see to it that one ship quickly follows another until the power of the famine is broken. It is these acts of brotherly kindness that lay the foundations for the world's peace. Peace conferences are all right and needful but concrete kindness will make the realization of permanent peace more likely to come to pass.

POLITICS AND FRATERNITIES.

Politics and fraternal societies should not mix, is the idea tersely and vigorously expressed in the San Francisco Chronicle. That is exactly correct. The principle applies with equal force to the churches. Ecclesiastical bodies should not figure in politics. That the Roman Catholic Church is in politics, national, State and municipal, is more than a strong supposition. If that shall be found to be a fact, then Protestantism will be compelled to go into politics to correct the evil. The cunning politician in these days has found that the Protestant people are divided and that he can predetermine his election by securing the solid vote of the Roman Catholic Church. The voting of any considerable number of citizens in a block will, under our principle of popular government, decide almost any election. The vicious element is not only the unfairness of it but the sneaking collusion necessary to bring it to pass. The promise of the republican leaders to clear the Mormon hierarchy in the Smoot contest is an example in point. The case we fear was never really before the senate. This country cannot endure many such betrayals. Any party which goes into collusion with a hierarchy, openly, covertly, by any sort of implication, should be rebuked and defeated. What is said here applies in principle to Protestant churches as well as Roman Catholic and Mormon hierarchies. It applies also to fraternities. We do not think any self-respecting Protestant church or respectable fraternity will go into a collusion with the tricky politicians. We think also that the number of loyal Roman Catholic citizens is increasing, despite the manipulations of a cunning and unscrupulous contingency of the hierarchy. We should be loyal citizens primarily. No oath, no tie, no allegiance to any organization should take prestige over our allegiance to our country. That the Chronicle has pointed out a real danger there can be no sort of doubt. The fraternities owe it to the country which gives them such boundless freedom to keep their patriotism pure and free from the taint of collusion.

GROWTH.

Have you watched the new buds grow
In these early days of Spring?
Brown-green stems of roses show
Pink points pricking from below—
What delight to see them change!
Growing is a lovely thing!

Pleasant 'tis in any form
Baby's hand or bird-ling's wing,
Fur-clad kittens soft and warm,
Lambs safe-folded from the storm,
Reddening fruit or goldening grain,
Growth is sweet in anything.

High as Heaven above the Earth
Growth within o'ertops the whole,
'Tis man's grandest right of birth
And when we can know its worth
We can share the Master's joy—
Best of all is growth of soul.

Belle W. Cooke.

Berkeley, March 1st, 1907.

It is impossible to appreciate the advance of our Lord's kingdom in India without taking into consideration the matter of caste. Dr. Goucher says: "It is the most subtle, ubiquitous, and irresistible of all organized conditions. The most thoroughly organized form of selfishness ever devised by subtility and malevolence." There are four general divisions: Brahmins (Sacred); soldiers and rulers; farmers and merchants; laborers and mechanics. These are divided and subdivided into circles and cliques, until a maze of more than three thousand sub-divisions of society present themselves. No marriage, personal contact, or interchange of social amenities is permitted between castes or subdivision of castes. The son follows the father's occupation, business or calling. So exacting are its demands that caste paralyzes all personality, destroys individualism, and proves a barrier to conversion. A Hindu will die of thirst before they will receive even a cup of cold water from the hand of one in another caste.

The Home.

THE SPENDING SEX.

"It is such a rest, now that Henry is succeeding so splendidly, that I no longer have to put my mind on the pennies and nickels," remarked a well-dressed young matron. "I hope the day will soon come when the dimes and quarters will cease to have a vital interest to me, too. When I do not have to think twice before I spend a quarter, I really shall feel rich."

"You may feel so, but you will never be so," said her listener with a smile. "When our husbands, who make the money, figure out business matters they are as keen as wolves over an eighth of a cent per yard or per dozen. When we, who are the spenders of their money, grow careless over the pennies—to say nothing of the quarters—there is bound to be trouble. I used to think as you do, but I'm come to see that responsibility goes with every cent of money passing through my hands. I want to know exactly how much I am spending week by week, and for what. Money given, and money saved, and money used for definite expenses, I feel contented about; but money just plain wasted without knowing how it goes, makes me ashamed of myself. John never asks for an account. But he said the other day, 'Lucy, if we had but ten dollars a week, I'm certain you would manage well on it; and if we had a million a year to spend, I'd trust you to do exactly what ought to be done with every cent.' That was praise worth working for. It may not be altogether deserved; John is prejudiced where I am concerned. But he recognized that I have always tried to be a responsible spender."

"I suppose that's the ideal," said the first woman. "But when I think that I've got to consider every quarter till I die, life stretches ahead like a nightmare. I like to have a lot of small change, like a man, and spend it without looking at it. Talk about men—whey, they never look at a nickel, most of them."

"Their responsibility is to make the income," insisted the other, "and ours is to spend it. Their branch of the work has its own uncomfortable side, just as ours has. The fact remains that in spending, which is our business, we ought to be as exact and thorough as they are in their business. What the market quotations are to John, in his morning paper, sets me the example of what the market prices at the grocer's and the butcher's should be to me in absorbing interest."

"Well, little things do count, of course, that way," conceded the younger woman. "If we had only the income we had three years ago, the butcher's bill would be a very serious business nowadays. Luckily, we have more to spend. Henry sometimes talks about saving, but as I tell him, we can't save as long as everything from beef to buttons keeps moving up in price."

"We've always saved," said the other gently. "Not much at a time, but always something, so that we could feel that we were holding our ground. It seemed to make John comfortable in his mind, when we were first married, just to see the savings bank book in my drawer. It was an experiment, you see, our getting married at all on his salary." She smiled. "We were just fifteen dollars ahead, and in the savings bank, I remember, on the first anniversary of our wedding, and John said that every dollar represented a ton of worry lifted from his mind as to whether marriage was a failure. And I knew what he meant, for I felt the same way myself. That balance meant that we could do it—we were safe. Because, you see, we'd had sickness, and there had been the installments to pay on the house, and still we wern't in debt, and had saved. Vital interest! why that year every nickel was a possibility of happiness or misery. And I believe it's meant to be, for money really means opportunity grasped or missed, down to the last penny."

Pity that more women do not realize it! The spender of the household—how utterly the power of the purse resides with her in the ulatimate issue; and how the community and the nation take color from her qualities in this regard. Why is the department store, with its myriads of tawrdy, cunnigly-displayed wares, an American outgrowth? Why is the American woman abroad a name for extravagance? Why is adulteration rampant in food and material? The spenders who do not educate themselves to their work, make the trouble. They buy the bargain because it is cheap; they buy food without knowledge of food values; they spend as they go, carelessly with a horror of being "stingy." Americans are the greatest and worst spenders in the world; their deficiencies are known from China to Peru. And the American woman rather prides herself, in many cases, on her deficiences. If the American man is increasingly late to marry, it is because he knows the American girl to be a poor economist, requiring an income with margin enough for waste. Even on a side issue, the American girl, in what has been known as the "international bargain-counter for dukes," displays a conspicuous lack of ability to spend her fortune wisely, as an European heiress could tell her.

Power misused and opportunity thrown away—that is a record not in the least confined to the rich waster of money. It can and does apply to the wife of a ten-dollar-a-week man as well as to the wife or daughter of a millionaire. The study of what can be gotten out of an income of fifteen hundred a year is really far more important to the nation than how to curb great fortunes; for the great fortune is forever the exception, and the small income the rule.

The spending sex has a dignified and important problem to solve, day by day. It may not seem dignified to a tired woman when she is endeavoring to arrange tomorrow's expenses so as to save ten cents; but in reality she is doing a vital work. Family character largely depends upon it; for many a wife's wise administration of small means saves her husband from pressure which might make him anxious to get money at any price, and teaches her children thrift and independence. The woman who spends money, in large or small measure, without consciousness of either power or responsibility in spending, fails in a foundation duty to the home, to society, and to the state. It sounds like an impressive indictment—but is it not true?—Priscilla Leonard.

The Quiet Hour.

HABITUAL KINDNESS.

There is no gift of grace that goes further toward making one beloved than the art of simple kindness. Just to be kind, in smile, and word and deed, is the shortest, surest road to power over other lives. It is

better to be kind than brilliant; one brings affection and loyalty; the other usually brings in its train only envy and bitterness. This adornment of simple kindness is within the reach of everybody. The grace is one that grows in any soil, and beneath clouds or sunshine, snow or rain. It has taken centuries for men to grow into anything like an adequate appreciation of the wondrous excellence of Jesus; but the humble peasant by the lake of Gallilee or upon the hills of Judea could constantly discern and understand his simple kindness, for kindness is the universal lankuage.—Exchange.

HIS HERITAGE.

His was a strong, bronzed face, seared with the lines that told of years of toil. His frame was slightly bent as of one who had borne heavy burdens, and his hands were huge and boney. Her small hand lay in his big one, as it had in the long ago, when they had strolled over the fields together and talked of the future. It was thus they had walked from the little chapel when the wedding bells rang, and so they had walked through all the years of their comradeship.

Their home was among the hills where, amid the snows of winter, the rains of spring, and the suns of summer they had been faithful in the things that had been committed to them. They were used to the silence of the snow and of the hills, and the throb of the iron horse which carried them to their boy was an unaccustomed sound to them.

Now, their destination reached, they stood puzzled amid the crowd, pushed hither and thither by those whose business demanded haste. It was then that he came to them—this tall stranger with the piercing eyes. People had said of him, as he stood in his pulpit, that he saw visions there and dreamed dreams. He beheld a vision now and the years that were past rolled before him.

He saw a little cottage at the end of the lane, a cheery fire burning within, a sweet-faced woman by the fireside holding a wee laddie in her arms. He hears once again the gentle woman's stories of knight errantry and service, and feels again the strong clasp of his father's hand as he walks with him through the meadow in the cool of the day.

Then there is a vision of the home-leaving, the strenuous college life, the weary seeking for a parish, the repeated failure and final success, the call to the great church, the summons to a large service, and through it all the dear face of the little woman, who stands beside him now, holding her arms open for him as so often she had done in the days that have gone.

* * * * * *

It was Sunday, and they sat side by side in the pastor's pew in the great church.

Simple in their lives, their simplicity showed itself by contrast with the well-groomed crowds about them. The text that day was a short one, "As a father pitieth his children," and the minister preached from a full heart. Words flowed from his lips like a song, and strong men bowed themselves, swayed by his eloquence. For the aged couple in the pastor's pew this world had passed away, even the lowly cottage among the hills was forgotten, and they had come into a godlier heritage. The visions of the preacher—their boy—they behold now with their own eyes. All things had become new, and the glory that was to be shone about them.

The sermon was ended and the prayer of a great soul went up to God: "For the young we pray thee as they look with eager face into the future and, with light heart, live the present. Give them the grace of service, spare them the touch of evil, and lead them into the still places where Thou hast walked.

"For the men and women who are bearing the day's burdens, we pray thee. Give faith and courage and a clear vision; make them fit for service, and may they overcome in the spirit of their Master. And now for the old and infirm, whose achievements are in the past, and who are weary with travel and eager for rest" (and here the preacher's voice broke a little and a wave of emotion rolled over his soul), "give abiding faith in their Father's promises for them, a sweet consciousness of his leading, and an ever-continuing sense of his nearness till the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

* * * * * *

The day has long since dawned on the two who sat in the preacher's pew, and the preacher himself is now a gray-haired man. To his church there flock an ever-increasing number of those whom the city calls great, but he is still a man of visions, and he sees them not.

For him it is enough that he still sees in the pew before him the two dear faces whose shining speaks to him of the eternal.—Christian World.

Young People.

FLEET WING AND SWEET VOICE.

Mother and Father Pigeon lived with their two young pigeons in their home, built high on a post in the king's barnyard. Every bright morning they would fly away through the beautiful sunshine wherever they pleased, but when evening came, they were sure to come to the pigeon-house again.

One evening when they were talking together in their sweet, cooing way, Mother Pigeon said:

"We each have a story to tell, I know; so let each one take his turn, and Father Pigeon begin."

Then Father Pigeon said:

"Today I have been down to the shining little stream that runs through the wood. The green ferns grow on either side of it, and the water is cool, cool, cool! for I dipped my feet into it, and wished that you were all there."

"I know the stream," cooed Mother Pigeon. "It turns the wheels of the mills as it hurries along, and is busy all day on its way to the river."

"Today I have talked with the birds in the garden," said Sweet Voice, one of the young pigeons, "the thrush, the blackbird and bluebird, and all. They sang to me and I cooed to them, and together we made the world gay. The bluebird sang of the sunshine, and the blackbird of the harvest; but the thrush sang the sweetest song. It was about her nest in the tree."

"I heard you all," said Fleet Wing, the other young pigeon, "for I sat and listened on the high church tower. I was so high up there that I thought I was higher than anything else; but I saw the great sun shining in the sky, and the little white clouds, like sky-pigeons, sailing above me. Then looking down, I saw, far away, this white pigeon-house, and it made me very glad, for nothing I saw was so lovely as home."

"I never fly away from home," said Mother Pigeon, "and today I visited in the chicken-yard. The hens were all talking and they greeted me with "Good morning! Good morning!' and the rooster said 'How do you do?' While I chattered with them a little girl came out with a basket of yellow corn, and threw some for us all. When I was eating my share, I longed for my dear ones. And now, good night," cooed Mother Pigeon, "it is sleepy-time for us all."

"Coo, coo! good night!" answered the others, and all was still in the pigeon-house.

Now, over in the palace, where the king and queen and their little daughter lived, there was a sound of music and laughter; but the king's little daughter was sad, for early next morning her father was to start on a journey, and she loved him so dearly that she could not bear to have him leave her.

The king's little daughter could not go out in the sunshine like Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing, but lay all day within the palace on her silken cushions; for her little feet in their satin slippers were always too weak to carry her about, and her thin little face was as white as a jasmine flower.

The king loved her as dearly as she loved him, and when he saw that she was sad, he tried to think of something to make her glad after he had gone away. At last he called a prince and whispered something to him. The prince told it to a count, and the count to a gentleman-in-waiting.

The gentleman-in-waiting called a footman, and the footman told somebody else, and at last the boy who waited on the cook heard it.

Early next morning he went to the pigeon-house, where Mother and Father Pigeon and their two young pigeons lived; and putting his hand through a door, he took Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing out, and dropped them into a basket.

Poor Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing! They were so frightened that they could not coo. They sat very close to each other in the covered basket and wondered when they would see their mother and father and home again.

All the time, as they sat close together in the basket and wondered, they were being taken away from home; for the king had started on his journey, and one of his gentlemen was carrying the basket very carefully with him on his horse.

At last the horse stood still and the basket was taken to the king; and when he opened it, the two little pigeons looked up and saw that the sun was high in the sky and that they were far from home.

When they saw that they were far from home, they were more frightened than before, but the king spoke so kindly and smoothed their feathers so gently, that they knew he would take care of them.

Then the king took two tiny letters with lovely blue ribbons out of his pocket, and while his gentlemen stood by to see, he fastened one under a wing of each little pigeon.

"Fly away, little pigeons!" he cried, and he tossed them up toward the sky. "Fly away, and carry my love to my little daughter."

Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice spread their wings joyfully, for they knew that they were free! and they wanted to go home.

Everywhere they saw green woods instead of the red roofs and shining windows of the town, and Sweet Voice was afraid, but Fleet Wing said:

"I saw these woods from the tall church steeple. Home is not so far away as we thought."

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Then they lost no time in talking, but turned their heads homeward, and as they flew, the little gray squirrels that ran about in the woods called out to ask them to play, but the pigeons could not stay.

The wood-dove heard them, and called from her tree, "Little cousins, come in!" But the pigeons thanked her and hurried on.

"Home is not so far away," said Fleet Wing, but he began to fear that he had missed the way, and Sweet Voice was so tired that she begged him to fly on alone.

Fleet Wing would not listen to this, and as they talked they came to a little stream of water with green ferns growing all about, and they knew it must be the very stream that Father Pigeon loved. Then they cooled their tired feet in the fresh water and cooed for joy, for they knew that they were getting nearer, nearer home all the time.

Sweet Voice was not afraid then, and as they flew from the shelter of the woods, they saw the tall church steeple with its golden weather-vane.

The sun was in the west, and the windows were all shining in its light, when Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice reached the town. The little children saw them and called, "Stay with us, pretty pigeons." But Sweet Voice and Fleet Wing did not rest until they reached the white pigeon-house, where Mother and Father Pigeon were waiting.

The cook's boy was waiting too, and the little pigeons were taken in to see the king's little daughter. When she found the letters which they carried under their wings, she laughed with delight, and Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice were very proud to think that they had brought glad news to their princess.

They told it over and over again out in the pigeon-house, and Mother and Father Pigeon were glad too.

In the morning, the birds in the garden were told of the wonderful things that had happened to Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice, and even the hens and chickens had something to say when they heard the news.

The thrush said that it all made her think of her own sweet song, and she sang it again to them:

"Wherever I fly from my own dear nest,
I always come back, for home is the best."

—Mother Stories.

THE EVOLUTION OF LIGHT.

When grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow-dip,"
Held high above her head.

When mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said "Good-night,"
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.

As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.

Now, when the sandman comes for me
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe, my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see through the darkness
With the magical X-rays!

—St. Nicholas.

INVITATIONS.

Trudie Brooke was going home from Sabbath-school. She was not pleased.

"Nobody told me that I was welcome. They ought to tell that to strangers. I don't feel like going there again."

She thought of the girls who had been in the class with her.

"They looked as if they were very nice indeed," said Trudie, regretfully; "but not one of them said she hoped I'd come next time. I think they might have. And the teacher didn't say it. Well, if they don't want me, I suppose I can just stay away."

As Trudie walked along she sighed deeply, and felt homesick to be back in the dear class where she had "belonged" for so many happy Sabbaths.

"I was in my own right place then," she told herself, "but now I haven't any place; nobody cares about me in this school."

A big lump was coming in Trudie's throat. She was afraid that she might cry "in the middle of the street." She looked hastily around to see who would see her if she did.

Not far before her was a girl of about her own size. Trudie remembered that they had sat beside each other on the back seat in the Sabbath-school room at first, and that the superintendent had come to speak to them both.

"She was a stranger, too," thought Trudie. "I just wonder if anybody invited her to join regularly! It's a shame if they didn't; because she looks —poor."

The girl's dress was faded and old-fashioned; her coat was too small, and her hat—

"Well, it's a hat, and that's all!" said Trudie. "There isn't one bit of ornament on it. She is the very kind that ought to be asked to come again, and I don't believe she was. Oh, dear! I wish I was a real member; I would tell her to be sure not to forget next time."

The girl ahead had reached the corner, and was turning down. Trudie could stand it no longer. She waved her hand to her as she looked back for a minute, and the girl stopped.

"You're coming next Sabbath, aren't you?" said Trudie.

"Oh, yes," said the girl cheerfully; "I'm coming every Sabbath. I like Sabbath-school."

Trudie hesitated a little. "Did the teacher or somebody," she ventured to ask, "invite you back again?"

"Not particularly." The girl spoke slowly, as though she had not thought of it before. "But they meant me to come, you know; only there were so many others they had to talk to. Of course, they meant it. Mother says that it's silly not to feel invited to all churches everywhere. Nobody could make us uninvited if they tried. How could they?"

If Trudie had an answer to this question, she had no time to give it, for a breathless voice was speaking in their ears.

"I have been racing after you for squares!" panted Louise Dale, who had "looked the nicest" of all that were in Trudie's class. "If you hadn't stopped here before you began to go two different ways, I never would have caught you both."

She was so friendly that all Trudie's doubts fled without waiting for another word.

"Everybody was glad to have you at our Sabbath-school today," said Louise; "and we hope that you will come every Sabbath."

Trudie smiled over at the other girl.

"We have a big invitation now," she said, rather shamefacedly. "Another big invitation," persisted the girl in the short-sleeved coat and the hat which had no shape. "It is just another."

"Both of our regular teachers had to be away today," said Louise. "They are lovely. You'll see next Sabbath."

—S. Campbell, in S. S. Visitor.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

—Henry Alford.

When there is so much imperfect vision, we can hardly be sure that our own eyes are absolutely reliable. So we must learn to express our opinions humbly, and with due respect for those of others; above all, having charity. A voice that habitually "sharps" or "flats" will spoil a choir; so an intolerant spirit will ruin the harmony of a household.
—J. F. Willing.

If you are a miner talk of the hidden riches of the kingdom.

Prayer is the trolley that reaches up and puts us in contact with the power that moves heaven and earth.—Rev. W. R. Chase.

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Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

A SPELLING LESSON.

"Poor, very poor!" sighed mamma. "Queer, isn't it, that that child cannot learn to spell? Can't you help her, Katherine?"

Katherine was Lotta's oldest sister. She was in the high school, and was going to be graduated in June. You may think she had very little time to give to a little sister in the third grade who could not spell, yet she answered mama's question cheerfully; "I'll try, mamma dear. Where is Lotta?"

Soon two heads were bending over a book. "Spell 'pieces,'" said Katherine.

"P-e-i"— began Lotta.

"How do you spell 'pie'?" interrupted Katherine.

"Why, 'p-i-e,' of course," said Lotta promptly.

"Now, would you like a piece of pie?" asked Katherine. "Think of the pie."

"P-i-e-c-e-s!" spelled Lotta.

"Can you spell 'wasp'?"

"W-a-p-s." "Try 'was' first," suggested Katherine.

"That's easy. 'W-a-s.'"

"Now 'wasp.'"

"O! 'W-a-s-p.' Katherine, you are so good to help me spell!"

One day Miss Lane heard Lotta and some of her friends talking together very earnestly.

"You used to miss every day, Lotta," said one. "How is it you never do now?"

"Why, you just want to think of some word you know already that is like the one you want to learn. Take these words in to-morrow's lesson. 'Nothing' is 'no thing,' and anyone can spell both of those words, and then put them together. 'Father' is 'fat-her.' 'Many' is 'man-y.' And so on. I just love to spell now!"—Exchange.

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A PRAYER.

We bless Thee, Lord of every land,
  That in all lands Thy kingdoms be,
That all our times are in Thy hands,
  Thou Father of Eternity.

Thy graces are the measurements
  That bound the fulness of our years;
And even Grief her heart contents
  If Thy dear hand but dry her tears.

Then let the soul's thanksgiving rise
  And join the angels' songs of grace,
While Thou, low bending from the skies,
  Shalt turn to earth Thy listening face.

Stretch down from heaven's eternal calms
  Thy kind, forgiving, patient arms,
And help us evermore to move
  Within the circle of their love.

Ernest W. Shurtleff.

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WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
  And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
  When the birds go north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
  And the grass springs green on the plain,
And the alders' veins turn crimson—
  And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
  And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
  When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
  If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
  Then the birds go north again.

—Ella Higginson.

A liberal giver to home missionary work was surprised to learn recently that a church of several hundred members in a city of not less than 8000 inhabitants, and the members generally in good circumstances in life, was receiving home missionary aid. It dampened his interest in the work considerably.

The Rev. Dr. George Wallace who went a few months ago from Spokane, Washington, to a pastorate in Toledo, Ohio, told the business men of Toledo in a recent address that they were entirely too modest. "If Los Angeles, or Seattle or Spokane, or Tacoma, or any of the Western cities had the manufacturies, or the railway or water advantages that Toledo has, the whole world would know of it, and that in less than three months.

When Bishop Vinton of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Western Massachusetts asked to have $1,000 taken from his $5,000 salarv the diocesan delegates, it is reported, voted that "dignity" required that he should not receive less than $5,000 a year. The bishop wished this to be taken from his salary and applied on the salaries of inadequately paid rectors. The word "dignity" should be stricken out, and it should be made to stand that the devil required it.

A man who had been prominently identified with the Presbyterian Church at Salem, Oregon, for many years moved recently to a small town in Washington in which there is but one Protestant church— a Methodist. Soon some zealous persons in his own denomination in the state began to urge the organization of a Presbyterian church in the place. He objected strenuously, saying only one church can be properly supported here, and I shall get my letter and become a member of the Methodist Church. He has done so; and his wife also. May their kind increase! It is wicked to have two churches where only one can be adequately supported.

We are glad to note the fact that the pastor of the Methodist Church at Manchester, New Hampshire, is actively identified with the interdenominational movement to promote cooperation among the churches in that state. The Congregationalist in a recent issue reported him as saying in an address, describing the ecclesiastical conditions in New Hampshire, that of the 510 churches of the four denominations represented in the movement, 190 have less than 50 members each and 92 less than 39 each. Fifteen of the towns having not more than 500 population each have two churches; and in three of these small towns there are three churches. It is stated that 200 of the churches do not raise more than $500 each for their ministers, and that 90 raise less than $300. The four denominations contribute nearly $15,000 a year to support these churches as mission churches, and ninety per cent of this money is used in towns in which there is more than one Protestant church. This Methodist minister estimates that there are at least 150 more Protestant churches in New Hampshire than are needed. It seems good indeed to learn all this from a Methodist brother and know that he is earnestly and actively engaged in an effort to change the conditions. Would that some of his spirit could be imparted to our Methodist brethren widely! On the Pacific coast they have been loath to enter into any arrangement which would prevent them from establishing churches wherever they pleased, and some denominations have suffered grievously at their hands.

There are but few towns in the state of Washington that are not pretty well supplied with churches. What is needed is not more churches but more money for those already in existence to properly carry on their work. Nevertheless, a writer in the Christian Evangelist of St. Louis, a paper published in the interests of the Disciples of Christ, or "Christians," says that not less than 150 churches of that order are needed in the Puget Sound country, leaving out of account the additional work that ought to be instituted in the cities of Seattle, Tacoma, and Bellingham. In a specific manner this writer says: "Ten important towns of 1000 population are untouched, and fifteen others, ranging from 1,200 to 5,000 population are without us in their religious thought. No religious body can reach them so easily as ourselves." When it is stated that 150 churches are needed, villages and towns ranging from 100 to 4,000 in population are in mind. That so large a number of churches is needed is incredible unless a very large majority are thought of in connection with places of a very small population. Even then the probabilities are

that the establishing of these would jostle hard and perhaps greatly weaken some other churches already there. The article from which we quote has the caption "A Call of the West," and says among other things: "If all the men employed, and all the money contributed by the Church of God last year for missionary purposes could be used in this Puget Sound country this year, not a dollar need be wasted and no better use of it could possibly be made." This strikes us as an exaggeration. This declaration is big in its inclusiveness. If written to stand as it does stand it is unwarranted. If reference is merely to the workers and contributions of the Disciples of Christ, it is not so objectionable. But even then we should question its correctness. Appeals for contributions for home missions must be made with more discretion than this writer in the Christian Evangelist has manifested or people will cease giving. If any of the papers published in the interests of the work of the Disciples of Christ give attention to this editorial note we hope that they will quote it in full. We have no desire to antagonize, but do desire to serve the cause of Christ. The writer of the article is R. E. Dunlap of Seattle.

THE VALUE OF THE CHURCH SERVICE.

The value of the church service needs emphasis nowadays. The Universalist Leader says concerning it:

"The value of the regular church service to man as a religious being, and to the soul as a child of God, is eminently worthy of attention. It is for this especially that this service exists; it is for the religious education and salvation of the soul that the church and its ordinances have a being among us.

"If any of these things are true in which we profess to believe; if there is a God, a human soul, an immortal life; if there is any such thing as sin and salvation, retribution and eternal blessedness to be secured through the education, perfection and spiritualization of our souls, there can be no question concerning the immense value to us of the regular church service. For of a truth this is the chief, and to most of us, about the only means of moral and spiritual quickening and culture we enjoy. To the majority of professed Christians even, saying nothing of the others the church service on Sunday is about their only means of spiritual education, and therefore of salvation, meaning by this latter term, their possible deliverance from the temptations and evils of the world. Many think of God or immortality at no other time. They are absorbed in the things of this world; they are all taken up with the world of business and pleasure; they are engrossed in the life of the senses for at least six days in the week. The work and the joys of this world are all that they know or think of every week-day and often a large portion of Sunday also.

"How valuable then is the Sunday service! How ought men to prize it? How can they afford to neglect it? It affords them a direct opportunity in this busy world for hearing of God and spiritual things. It is the time set apart to acquaint themselves with the eternal verities. It is the best means they possess of considering the mysteries of everlasting life. It is the best time for thought on the great things of God, duty and destiny. It is the time they employ in laying up treasures in heaven, to come into communion with the higher things of life.

"Ought not men therefore to prize the regular church service and use it faithfully and well? Is there not an immense moral value in this regular church attendance? Do not great interests depend upon it? When we think of the absorbing interests of secular life, when we think of the time and labor we give to external, sensuous affairs, and when we think of the awful friction of business, of the worry, the cares, the temptations, sin and misery of the world, the sorrows and trials of life, in all of which we are involved, is it not very little we do for our own and the world's salvation in endeavoring to think, or in putting ourselves in a position to think, of the higher things on Sunday?

"Let it be observed also that religion and good order go hand in hand together, and one of the first instructions of the Christian religion is a lesson in citizenship. We need the Sunday service as our opportunity to lay aside the cares of business, and think over what we have done, and what we expect to do in the future, for the benefit of our spiritual being. Viewed from the standpoint of utility the regular church service is a blessing upon the world."

THE SERMONLESS CHURCH SERVICE.

The question, "Why Men Do Not Go to Church?" was one of the principal topics for discussion at the national council of church clubs held recently in Washington, and that a delegate from Pennsylvania suggested the abolition of the sermon as a remedy for the non attendance, and was heartily applauded.

Mr. Butler is reported to have argued that three-fourths of the sermons delivered might better be left unspoken, and that attendance would improve if this were done. "The Church might stagger under the blow," he remarked, "but its recovery would be rapid and lasting."

The Chicago Inter ocean comments as follows:

"Of course, Mr. Butler's proposal is susceptible of the construction that what he criticizes is not the number of sermons, but the kind. If that were his meaning quite a number of laymen would agree with him. Many such do not go to Church with any regularity because they do not get there what they want.

"They wish to hear about religion—about something of which they do not hear six days in the week in their business life and social circles. And too often they are given discourses on science, literature, or art, about which they are probably quite as well informed as the man in the pulpit. Or if they wish information on these topics they know where to get it from a first hand authority.

"However, it is evident that Mr. Butler's idea is that the sermon itself has become superfluous in about seventy-five per cent of its total output. This is a hard judgment for the nonritualistic churches whose services would be curtailed almost to nothingness by its strict application. But, aside from that phase of the question, let us see what the Butler idea would come to.

"It the Church abandons the sermon it abandons direct instruction of adults. Even the churches with the most elaborate liturgies have never yet done that. They have always recognized that the people should not only be called together to worship, but that they should also be given reasons for worshipping and counsel that might sustain them in their faith against the trials and temptations of the world.

"To ask people to attend church services without

instruction and devoted wholly to prayer and praise would be like asking them to attend political meetings at which there would be no speeches, merely to hear the band play and the quartette sing and see the candidates sit on the platform. The absurdity of the Butler idea appears as soon as we apply it to every day life.

"The sufficient answer to all such suggestions is that the preachers who really preach—who realize that it is neither necessary nor desirable nowadays that a Christian minister should be a scientific summarizer, or a literary reviewer, or an art critic, or a 'sociological' investigator, or anything but just a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ to sinful men, never lacks for hearers.

"The preacher who presents that gospel full and round, with its bones of positive doctrine as well as its flesh of aspiring emotion, and who presents it with the authority which belongs to every man who preaches because he cannot do anything else without feeling himself a false man and a traitor to the truth, has no need to ask why men do not come to hear him.

"They are there, hanging upon his words, taking his thoughts into their souls, knowing why they are there and glad to be there, because they find there the food for which they are hungry and by which they are made strong to live in righteousness and to die without fear."

In this connection we quote an editorial note in the Springfield Republican: "Rev. Thaddeus A. Snively, a prominent clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has resigned the rectorship of St. Chrysostom's, one of the richest and most fashionable in Chicago, because his wealthy parishioners do not come to church, but go a golfing or automobiling on Sundays, leaving him 'a beggarly array of empty benches' to preach to, with only a few dozen of the 375 communicants to take part in the service and listen to his sermons,—and Mr. Snively is an able preacher, too. He declares that after 10 years of hoping and waiting for the completion of the house of worship, he cannot in self-respect longer condone their practical testimony that they care more for tonneaus and such other costly conveniences of Sunday outings than they do for the church. There is undoubtedly reason for discouragement,—but why didn't Dr. Snively turn heretic and attract attention?"

In the same issue of the Springfield Republican in which the note just quoted appeared was also the following: "Rev. Dr. Crapsey, who was deposed from the Episcopal Church, is reported to be meeting remarkable success in organizing a brotherhood of men in Rochester, where he was formerly rector of St. Andrew's Church. He spoke Sunday night to a large congregation in the Rochester Unitarian Church, and it is said that his new society will soon be launched with an enrollment of fully 1000, while the necessary funds have been provided for at least one year. Meanwhile in contrast to the crowds that listen to Dr. Crapsey, the congregation of St. Andrew's is reported to have shrunk until it is only a skeleton of what it was before Dr. Crapsey was deposed for heresy."

"A PRESBYTERIAN BISHOP."

This was the caption of an article which appeared a short time ago in the Boston Transcript. And the article in connection was in part as follows:

"Presbyterian leaders are discussing the radical changes which have just been made in the rules of the New York Presbytery, the largest of the presbyteries in the number of ministers attached to it, and surpassed only by Philadelphia and Pittsburg in the number of communicant members it represents. The changes, some Presbyterian leaders say, are of such a character that the Episcopal system is suggested. For the new rules emphasize the office of the moderator and make it possible for the Presbytery, should it desire to do so, to keep one man in that office for a long term of years, perhaps during his lifetime.

"It is true, these leaders say, that the moderator of the Presbytery has not real power, but they also point out that the moderator's council, under the new rules adopted by the New York Presbytery, becomes a very powerful body, easily comparable to the standing committee of an Episcopal diocese, which acts for the Presbytery on practically all matters that affect the wellbeing of the local churches. The moderator and the council, like the Episcopal bishop and standing committee, have to respect the rulings of the Presbytery and the doacesan convention respectively, but with the moderator eligible to indefinite reelection, year after year, and members of his council elected for terms of three years, it is evident that they will come to have a standing in the Presbyterian Church, general as well as local, beyond anything heretofore known in Presbyterian polity.

"That it was the intention of the Presbytery of New York to give added power to its officials was made evident by the fact that the new rules also provide that the Presbytery shall hold but four business sessions annually, instead of nine held under old rules.

"No serious criticism of the new rules of New York Presbytery has developed, but leaders in the Presbyterian Church are saying that the example set by this leading Presbytery is more than likely to be followed by others, and as the changes mark an advance in the direction of centralized power beyond what the Church has hitherto known, it will be well to watch the result of the New York experiment closely. It has even been said that if all presbyteries in the United States were to adopt similar rules to those just put in effect by the influential New York body, the Presbyterian Church would be very likely soon to have what would be in effect a board of bishops, members of which would be the moderators of the various local presbyteries. There is nothing in the innovation that violates Presbyterian law or polity, and if the plan meets success in New York, it is said to be altogether likely to be adopted in other presbyteries."

MODERN MISSIONARY METHODS.

The New Bedford Standard treats of modern missionary methods in an illuminating manner, saying in part:

"If ever missionaries pursued their work mainly through prayer and exhortation, the day of dependence upon this method exclusively of influencing un-Christian people to better living is past. The missionaries of today would secure small results if they only held religious meetings, expounding the Scriptures and urging the people to be Christians. They must show by their own lives in what the best living consists, must strive through all means to bring the individual to his highest possible level in every direction, caring for his physical needs and showing him

how to care for himself, educating him, training him for a business career and giving him a start, improving his morals the while—bringing him to understand the Christian attitude through Christian helpfulness. This is well understood by the missionaries themselves and by the organizations back of them, but perhaps there are many among the general public who do not know that much of the effort of the missionaries and much of the money contributed for the work is devoted to erecting and maintaining schools and hospitals, in bettering the living conditions of the people, showing them how to make better homes, better clothes, and better food; to achieve better results in their industries, and to use their earnings to better advantage. It is a practical age and through these practical things the best appeal can be made to the advantages of Christian living.

"Booker Washington tells of a case in point. It is the story of the group of Tuskegee students who went to Africa to teach the natives the American method of raising cotton. They had no thought of "converting the heathen," as we used to say; their mission was primarily industrial. But in teaching the natives how to grow more cotton and better cotton, they incidentally taught them how to use their time to better advantage by working systematically, and as a result increasing their income and placing them on a better footing, to the end that they are living better. As Dr. Washington puts it, these Tuskegee graduates "improved the entire economic, industrial and physical life of the people in the immediate territory."

"How closely the religious interest follows upon such a train of progress Booker Washington shows in this account. He says: 'There is little difficulty now in getting the children of these people to attend Sunday-school, and the older people to attend church; in fact, in a natural, logical manner they have been converted to the idea that the religion practiced by the Tuskegee men is superior to that of their own. They believe this firmly, because they have seen that better results have been produced when they had no such leadership.'

"If the motive here seems to be selfish it must be remembered that nothing makes a stronger appeal than that which affects the individual personally; and the appeal here is on the highest plane. It is when religion and all that pertains to it comes so close to the individual that he knows he cannot afford not to make all its best essential features a real part of his daily living, that religion may be said to have done its perfect work."

ECONOMIC INTERESTS AND CHANGES DISCUSSED BY A GREAT RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railroad was asked for his views recently on certain economic matters and talked somewhat as herein set forth. There is considerable good sound sense in what he says.

"There is plenty of business. The transportation companies are having all they can swing. It requires no great insight, however, to see that a slowing up has set in. You say the steel trade is not showing any signs of a reaction. Very true. But the steel business is different from other kinds of business and even different from the steel business itself of a few years ago.

"New uses for the finished steel product are coming to the front every day. The town merchant who used to be satisfied with a two or three-story wooden structure now insists upon having at least a five-story building of steel. Some man in nearly every town in the country who has made a little fortune wants to put up a steel building and carve his name on it. They build ships of steel now rather than wood. Railroad men who used to build wooden cars are building steel cars. Hundreds of instances might be given to show the multiplicity of uses to which the steel product is now put; all of which shows it is on a sounder footing than ever before. Once a luxury, steel has now become a necessity.

"But take some of the luxuries which are bought only in flush times—here is where the reaction first sets in. In this department there is now a general slowing up. Go a step further. Six months ago railroad men could not talk with car builders. The latter were too busy to talk and when they could talk they could not promise deliveries. Now I am told the car builders are seeking the railroad men. The latter, however, are shy. The same is true in many of the big manufacturing lines. Excess orders piled up months ago will keep the plants going full swing well into the fall. But now there is a falling off in orders. Unless there is a change, this means the big plants that have been running full blast will have to let men go.

"In that case it would not be surprising if we heard the rattle of a few empty dinner pails. There will be two jobs for three men instead of three jobs for two men. Your skilled laborer who has been intoxicated with the flush of prosperity for so long won't like the new order of things. He will get tired looking for another job and go back to mother earth again and seek the steady living which cultivation of the soil affords. Your day laborer, who has been insisting on getting $2.50 or $3 per day, will be satisfied to take 30 per cent or 40 per cent less. Your banker, who has been sitting back shaking his head and saying money is scarce, will find that money has become a drug on the market. A presidential campaign will be at hand.

"Now I would call this a healthy relaxation. It is far more healthful than the disastrous panic of ten years ago, or even the reaction which preceded the last presidential election. Now, it would probably be more or less a controlled reaction, where previous reactions took the bit in their teeth and ran pell mell into panics. The country is growing and will continue to grow. Relaxation will be healthful."

Mr. Hill was asked what he thought about the various corrective measures which are being proposed and the railroad situation in general. He said: "Railroads have not injured the country. Everything the nation had before the day of the railroad it has today. It is true they had to take some land, but they frequently paid two or three times what it was worth. It is better to ride across the continent on a railroad train than to ride across on a pony as men used to have to do. I can remember when no lumber was cut in Washington or Oregon because the product could not be transported to market. The railroads have poisoned neither the air nor the water.

"Five men can incorporate four different concerns, a railroad, a bank, a manufacturing establishment, a mercantile house. The capital they put in the bank can be made to pay or not. If the profits are 50 per cent, well and good. If the manufacturing plant is

found not to pay, they can close it. The capital here has a pretty free rein. If they want to charge a certain price in the mercantile house, they can do it. They can profit as they will. In the railroad it is different. It is all the same kind of capital, however.

"Unlike the other investments, the return in the railroad field is limited. Rates are fixed. If on the given rate a railroad makes big profits, it is condemned. A premium is put on extravagance. If the railroad does not pay, unlike the mercantile establishment, it cannot stop. It must run on. The risk in a railroad venture is infinitely greater; yet in no enterprise does capital meet such discouragement. But I tell you that the railroads have much to do with the prosperity of the country. Railroad investments should be encouraged not discouraged, because the prosperity of the country is dependent upon that of the railroads no less than the prosperity of the railroads is dependent upon the prosperity of the country. They are partners."

THE MINISTER AND THE MINISTRY.

By the Rev. A. H. Barnhisel.

[The following article was given as the annual address at the Commencement exercises of the San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, April 25, 1907, by the Rev. A. H. Barnhisel, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Tacoma.—Editor.]

In the first place you are to be men. We may talk about preaching the truth—but the only truth that touches the life of men is truth incarnate in the life of man. In the last analysis of your preaching you will preach yourselves. Your mission is to lift up Christ, but the only vision that men will have of the Christ through you is the Christ they see in you. Someone has said that there are three classes of people in the world: men, women, and preachers.

The very atmosphere of clerical life has had a tremendous tendency to unsex the clergy and make them lack or lose much that is imperative in essential manhood.

We have not over pressed the power of the pulpit and the ministry of preaching—but we have yet sufficiently placed the pressure of effective ministry at the point of sterling Christian manhood.

We are confronted and concerned with the fact of the falling off in the number of men willing to become ministers, and we wonder the reason. It is not merely because men are unwilling to make sacrifice nor because the age is moved by things of sense. There has never been so much real service for humanity and never so deep an interest in the things of the spirit of God. Is it not rather because men are unwilling, in the sacrifice of anything else, to run the risk of forfeiting their very self-respecting manhood in the bargain?

Every young man who thinks seriously of the ministry as a life profession, if he be strong in character and personality, will ask this question: Can a man who is a minister throw himself into the world of action and make himself felt as a factor in social and civic affairs? Can he throw himself into the world of progressive thinking and lend the light of his spirit led mind to the cause of truth? Or is the church a watch-dog on the doorstep of the temple of changeless tradition?

There has been a great change in the attitude of the religious world toward the church. We do not look upon the church any more as a supernatural agency to prepare man merely for some future existence. It is increasingly recognized as a factor in the common life of the world, which, if it fulfills its function, serves the heart hungerings and the human needs of men.

But the minister has been more slow to change because the traditions of the cloth have kept him aloof from human affairs and made him an alien from the common life of his fellows.

The minister is no longer held in esteem because of the cloth, but he has not yet been granted liberty to win respect as a man.

It is in part a fault of the laity that they have insisted upon unnatural, arbitrary standards for the clergy which they do not demand for themselves. It is more the fault of the clergy that they have not risen in their own defense and asserted their complete emancipation.

Christ was not and the minister is not called to 1 a visionary sky pilot with dreamy eyes searching for things beyond the clouds. He is not a recluse, separated from the common life of man. He is a man of flesh and blood, who studies the signs of the times and seeks to know man in order that he may help men.

He is a man of faith in God, faith in Jesus Christ, faith in the great spirit of life and of truth and of love, who seeks by the inspiration of his own convictions to increase faith and hope and love in the hearts of his fellow-men. He does not possess any special or peculiar spiritual endowments. He is made of no other stuff than that of which his fellow human kind is made, body and spirit, flesh and blood, with all the instincts and aspirations, their faiths, their hopes, their passions, sorrowing under the same sorrows, rejoicing in the same joys, hungering for the same food and satisfied with the same bread, seeking by the help of Christ to live true to the best he knows, and by living, helping to teach his fellow-men somewhat better how to live.

This is the ideal of what the teacher of the religious life should be. This is what the true minister in his heart desires to be. And we may have reason to believe that as our conceptions of the religious life are naturalized and our ideals of the ministry have been humanized, we will have an increased body of vigorous, influential men attached to our profession, and the forces of our faith will have a more useful, acceptable and effective place in the world of common life.

So much for the personal equations in the Christian ministry. Now comes the question, What are you to do, to think and to teach, in your great life work?

Here is a matter in which no man who lives or who has ever lived has the right to give command to you. One is your master and only one. You are to be slaves to Christ and to the truth, but within those bounds, beyond which you dare not go, you are to stand for the freedom of thought and action, which is the charter of Christian liberty.

As students, you have discussed with critical mind the various theories of authority. You will meet the questions in practical ways when you carry your message of life to men. You will find that the very term religious authority arouses the most vigorous resentment in the sensitive religious consciousness of our day. Men instinctively resent being told what they

must think or believe or do. Yet strangely enough the mind of the age is intent to know, the ear of our generation is keen to hear the voice and the word of absolute religious authority—and never were men more willing to obey the voice that speaks with that authority.

But it is not the authority of an arbitrary ecclesiastical partisanship, it is not the authority of an ex cathedra, dogmatic assertion of human opinion. The authority to which the mind of a reverent age is willing to give obedience is the authority of uncompromising light, the authority of unchangeable law, the authority of the eternal right and the authority of self evidencing, self vindicating truth.

To build high this temple of truth unto which every knee should bow, Jesus came. For the defense of this kingdom of truth, Jesus lay down his life The church is the pillar and the ground of truth, not of tradition, not of human opinion, not of man made systems which have their day, cease to be, but of the ever living, ever enlarging empire of truth.

In the hour of his taking away Jesus said to his disciples, "All authority in heaven and in earth is given unto me. Lo, I am with you always." But he had already said to these same men, "It is expedient that I go away. But when he, the spirit of truth shall come he shall lead you into all truth."

How shall we reconcile the presence of an absent Christ? Are we not to recognize the present authority of the unseen Christ in the ever presence of his spirit—the spirit of truth?

Our gospel is not of letters but of spirit and of life. The letter is of the law and the law has its place but it has fulfilled its place when men have been brought to the spiritual Christ.

The mission of the church and the minister is to bring men into a conscious obedience to that spirit, unto a knowledge of the divine presence in the inner heart of man. The church has no mission to bind the mind or conduct or conscience of any man, its one mission on earth is to make men free. And what is it to be free? Where the spirit of God is there is power and life and liberty.

You remember that passengers who arrive at the foot of Market Street and wish to go out Sutter are drawn by a team of horses until they connect with the Sutter line. But the horses are dispensed with when the motorman grips the cable. From that point there is a new unseen power that lifts the load of human traffic over the heights and away.

The mission of these horses and their driver is to conduct passengers to connect with that same cable. To that service their mission is confined, and there their mission ends. The operation of that cable belongs to higher powers.

The mission of the Bible, of the ministry, of the church is to lead men to that place where they may lay hold on Jesus Christ. From that place a new unseen dynamic of spiritual power lifts and leads the life by the grip of faith out upon the heights where light is and liberty.

Shall men presume to hinder or direct the mind or conduct of that man who is led by that spirit of Christ, that spirit of truth, that spirit of divine authority?

Where the spirit of God is there is liberty. There must be liberty. Let men keep unholy hands from off that life in whom the spirit of God and truth have the right of way. We believe not only in the historic Christ, we also believe in the Christ of Christian history. We believe not only that he was but that he is, and that he is a more potent factor in the life of the world today than when he trod the shores of Galilee.

We believe that our fathers were under the spiritual leadership of Christ, and that from the ever-living spirit of truth they received wisdom for their problems and their day. We have our problems for our day. We need the light and wisdom for which our fathers prayed. Shall we then look for our authority to our fathers who are dead, or the the Christ who lives the spirit of truth, to whom all authority in heaven and earth is given, who is with us alway as he was with our fathers, from whom their wisdom for guidance came, and who, in their wisdom, commended us unto him?

If the evidences of Christianity are hid with our fathers, buried in the centuries of the past; if there are no facts of present life to which we may appeal as living witnesses, then Christianity is as dead as those dead centuries. Any religion that must appeal to the past alone for evidence of its truth has lost all claim to present or future power.

The reason for the vast stride in the sphere of secular civilization and science is because men have been given liberty to search out the universe of life and reality and truth.

Do we believe that the spirit of God presides over the destinies of his church? Do we believe that truth has power to evidence and vindicate itself? Then let us trust ourselves, our teachers, our church to the living spiritual authority of Christ and truth.

But how are we to know that we are led of the Christ? What right have we to assume that we are kept in bounds by the spirit of truth?

Here again our witness is the light within; and the final authority of our Christian faith is the still, small voice that whispers peace, and the personal consciousness of Christ which enabled the great apostle to challenge the answer of the ages to his declaration, "I know whom I have believed."

Young men of the ministry, you cannot live and do your work, but by the culture of your spiritual consciousness—the quickening and strengthening of your power to discern the spiritual leadership of Christ. Your power to touch the minds and consciences of men will be through your gift to reveal the truth as it was in Jesus. This you must learn to gather directly for your selves from the witness of Christ to you.

The Christian church and the Christian world have so long looked to symbols and systems for the word of final authority that men have lost the sense of spiritual discernment and the sensitiveness to the voice and the touch of Christ.

Of what worth is Christ's authority if there be no way of making that authority known? Of what comfort is his presence if there be no way of making his presence felt?

That sensitiveness may only be recovered and cultured by the practice of his presence. Dr. Dawson has written of prayer as the lost secret of the Christian life; and yet in prayer alone may we preserve our spiritual intuitions, develop our insight into the things of Christ, and know that we are led of him.

We live on the borderland of an unseen universe, to many of us undiscovered and unreal until the pres-

sure of life is hard upon us and we awake to our higher selves.

There are limits of human progress beyond which the powers of flesh cannot draw us, and we reach out into the deep to catch a grip on cables of more enduring power. There are times of gloom when all is black, blank darkness; hours perhaps when the mind is overwhelmed with doubtings; when the heart is crushed with sorrow or the body racked in pain, and the heart of man cries out for help that does not come from men. Then it is that the soul grows bold to listen for the voice that is not heard in the days of confusion; then it is that the great unseen world becomes reality and Christ seems to stand in loving tenderness in the very intimate presence of the soul.

These are life's glimpses into immortality; they are the moments of life's transfiguration, from which one descends to the tasks of the common day rebulwarked by these new defenses of our faith.

Therefore quit you like men; be strong. Stand fast for the liberty in which Christ called us to be free—the inalienable rights of the sons of God. Be loyal to the leadership of Christ.

The first centuries of Christianity witnessed the persecutions of Christians unto death, and they endured. Why? Because they were ablaze with passion of love and loyalty for their divine master. They walked through fire, they trod on serpents, they were overwhelmed in floods with songs on their lips—his name was their strength and love for him was the spirit that conquered.

By that sign we too must conquer, and by that sign alone. If we bow to any other Lord our hearts fail. If we trust in any other strength or wisdom our labor is in vain. The glory of the church of God is in the spiritual Lordship and Leadership of Jesus Christ; and it is in our recognition of and obedience to that divine though unseen master that we may hope to avail somewhat in the march of the world toward God.

SUDDEN DEATH OF IAN MACLAREN.

The sudden death of Rev. John Watson, D.D., whose writing name was Ian Maclaren, May 6th, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, is a distinct loss to the church at large. He was born in Essex, November 3, 1850, and was of Scotch descent. He was educated in Edinburgh University and Tubingen, Germany. He was ordained a Presbyterian minister in the Free Church in 1875. He was first made known to the world by the publication of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" in 1895. In 1896 he delivered the Lyman Beecher Yale Lectures. This volume was afterward published under the title of "Cure of Souls." He was pastor for nearly twenty years. He is best known as an author. Among his publications not already mentioned are "The Days of Auld Lang Syne", "Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers", "Rabbi Saunderson", "The Upper Room", "Companions of the Sorrowful Way", and "The Mind of the Master." His stories were vivid, pathetic and true to life. He was an inspiring writer. His theology was of the liberal kind but not destructive. He was a favorite with the religious public. His books are suggestive and exceedingly popular. He taught great truths and great principles in a luminous and refreshing style. He has been conspicuously before the religious world for more than a dozen years, in fact from the date of the publication of the "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." He will be greatly missed by a large circle of readers.

Among the Churches.

Oakdale.—The Rev. Wallace E. Miller has been called to the pastorate at Oakdale, and began his ministry there on May 5.

Coalinga.—The church is again pastorless, owing to the resignation of the pastor, Rev. C. N. Thomas, who returns to the East.

Los Angeles, Welch.—Dr. E. P. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas were given a farewell reception recently, at which time a purse of $100 was presented to them.

Point Richmond.—The Rev. W. C. Spaan has been called to the pastorate of the church, and began work the first Sunday in May. Mr. Spaan was formerly pastor at Lakeport and Kelseyville.

Los Angeles, Westlake.—Plans for the new church building are well in hand, and the chapel, which is to cost when completed, $20,000, is to be begun at once. The whole edifice when complete will cost about $40,000.

Santa Paula.—The new pastor, Rev. John Steele, has recently been installed, and enters upon his work with a united people. A spirit of harmony and enthusiasm exists which is more pronounced than ever before in the history of the church.

Oakland, First.—President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, occupied the pulpit on May 12, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. E. E. Baker. Dr. Baker spent Sunday in Goldfield, where he had a dedicatory service in a new Presbyterian church.

Oakland, Brooklyn.—Twelve members were added at our communion May 12th, making a total of seventy-three on confession of faith and thirty-four by letter. 332 were present at the March communion, the largest in the history of the church. We are greatly encouraged.

San Francisco, Stewart Memorial.—During the year the church has expended $3,000 in improvements in the church edifice and in building a commodious parsonage. The pastor, Rev. W. E. Dugan, will, during the current month complete ten years of service with this church.

Riverside, Calvary.—Calvary Church, Riverside, had a membership on the 1st of April of 485, 48 persons having been received during the year which closed at that time. The new Sunday-school room which was built recently cost with its furnishings $8,100. About $4,000 was expended for the usual current expenses.

Redlands.—The reports at the recent annual meeting showed a net gain of 22 in the church membership. 49 persons have been received. The benevolences amounted to $1,890. The total expenditures for current expenses and benevolences were $5,160. The Sunday-school rooms built recently cost $15,000; making the total cost of the building about $32,000. The Redlands church supports a medical missionary in China.

San Bernardino.—During the past year this church has made much progress under the leadership of the Rev. James H. Speer, who came from Denver, Colorado, a little more than a year ago to take up the work in San Bernardino. During the year which ended early in April there were 53 additions to the membership, and the active membership now is 298. For current expenses and benevolences $4,671 have been raised and expended, $900 being for missions. Plans have been adopted for a new building to cost $25,000. Eighty feet of ground adjoining the present location have been purchased and on this corner lot, 207 by 108 feet in size, a building with the exterior dimensions of 120 by 96 feet will be erected, having a seating capacity of nearly 1000. It is hoped to have the building completed this year. The foundation will be of stone, and the exterior walls up to the windows will be of blue brick stone. The style will be English Gothic.

Mills College.—A quiet but earnest religious spirit has been manifest during the past term throughout the college. Several influences have been contributary to this result. In the first place, the college was founded upon a religious basis, and has always been conducted along these lines. The Bible is thoroughly and systematically studied and taught. A course of fifteen lectures upon the "Early Church," full of instruction, has been given during the winter and spring by Rev. Chas. R. Brown, of Oakland. A large number of the students attended the convention of the Y. W. C. A. college societies at Capitola, and received much inspiration and encouragement. The weekly preaching by the pastor, Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, has been marked by deep spirituality, and should be counted as a most important factor in the religious work of the college. At the mid-term communion service five college students were received into the church on profession of faith, and at the last communion, recently observed, a full score of the students were also received, making twenty-five additions on profession for the term.

Vallejo.—May twelfth was a red letter day in the Presbyterian church. It marked the fifteenth anniversary of the pastoral labors of Rev. Theo. F. Burnham, who first preached here the second Sunday in May, 1892. In a ministry of thirty-three years, this is the third pastorate only, while two of the years were spent as a stated supply. In the morning, the pastor preached from Judges 21: 19, "Behold there is a feast of the Lord in Shiloh." The discourse set forth the reasons for thanking God for many blessings upon the church during these fifteen years. The membership has increased from 95 to 175. $9,000 have been raised for church improvements, and $37,000 in all for congregational expenses. $6,000 have been given to missions and other benevolent work. The Sunday-school has now 223 members. 126 have been received on confession of faith and 118 by letter. While only 26 have died, the pastor has attended 161 funerals. He married 94 couples, ordained 8 elders, installed 12 and baptized 32 adults and 120 infants. The church is marked by harmony and fully organized for effective work with the best of facilities, needing only the continued blessing from above, for successful results. In the evening the Methodist and Christian churches were closed and a union service of fellowship and congratulation was held at the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. Hushaw (Christian) and Rev. William Anguin (Methodist) spoke on "The Work of the Christian Minister, From the Pastor's Standpoint," and Mr. J. J. Squier, secretary of the Naval Branch, Y. M. C. A., spoke on "The Minister and Other Christian Workers." Rev. R. L. Macfarlane, lately rector of the Church of the Ascension (Protestant Episcopal), sent a cordial letter of fraternal appreciation, which was read by Elder W. L. Smith. The large audience present, filling the church and Sunday-school annex, gave personal greetings to the pastor and his efficient helpmeet at the close of the service.

LOS ANGELES PRESBYTERY.

The Presbytery of Los Angeles in its report to the General Assembly shows 127 ministers as against 118 last year and 70 churches, being a gain of five during the year, with a total membership of 11,968, a net gain of 848, 852 members having been received on confession of faith. The Sunday-schools report a membership of 11,060, a gain of 1098. In the city of Los Angeles there are four organized churches, each speaking a different language than the English; they are the Welsh, Spanish, Chinese and Japanese. Besides these there is a Korean mission where services are held in the Korean language, and also a worker among the Russians of the city.

REAPING WHAT THEY SOW.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

A long time ago it was said that they that resort to violence will perish by violence. Some of the wildest agitators who have fostered and secretly promoted violence among the laborers of this great city have recently been amazed to find the angry mob kicking and pounding the doors of their own homes. It is scarcely a secret that under the code set up and sustained by these blind leaders of the labor unions hundreds of honest laborers have been beaten into unconsciousness. What would happen if a laborer in any department of labor should refuse to obey the orders of these labor union officers? That they would be killed or driven from their employment there is not the slightest doubt in the public mind. We think every sound citizen deeply regrets the murderous attack upon the labor agitator and devoutly hopes that those guilty of the attempt upon his life will be swiftly punished. There is a profound lesson, however, in this wild attempt to kidnap and murder a prominent labor agitator. The labor unions should readily see that the safety of human life is paramount. If these labor agitators poison the mind of the laborer by openly teaching violence and systematically winking at murder, then they must be prepared to defend themselves against the poisoned-tipped arrows prepared by themselves for the non-union laborer. The labor unions have a right to all righteous methods under the blue dome of the sky, but all men are free in their pursuit of life, liberty and happiness and all men are equal before the law. Such are the pillars of American society. The politicians may be timid, the press may wink at the appeal to violence, but in these times no man, in any measure responsible for the keeping of public sentiment, can be true to himself and true to his fellows without speaking up clearly and strongly against all forms of violence and at the same time expose the causes which promote and sustain the spirit of violence.

The labor unions need leaders of a different moral vision, of a finer moral fiber, of a more sensitive conscience,

of higher impulse, of broader outlook upon humanity, of deeper penetration into the working and determining forces of the social and industrial order. The new and permanent leadership of labor will rise above class, above caste, above factions, and factional strife. The diplomacy of the new leadership will see through the mist and haze of the temporary and discover those larger movements of humanity which make for righteousness. The final cause of civil society is brotherhood. The new leadership, and the only one which can permanently lead, must lay hold upon and bring into activity those great and eternal principles of righteousness, of justice, of fair play, which underlie society. Labor must be fair, must be just, in a word, it must be square. The injustice, the wrong, the tyranny, the despotism of capital cannot be cured by a like despotism, a more grinding tyranny. The church of Jesus Christ cannot mount guard over principles of cruelty and injustice. The new leadership of labor will have the full and hearty support of all the churches. In a great, free republic the majority by patience, by vigilance, by the adoption of the principles of righteousness will triumph.

It must be never forgotten that the higher the degree of the liberty enjoyed by a people, the greater the danger from abuse. Our final word is this: Labor agitators, who assume to be leaders, should remember that all appeals to sheer brute force will be answered today, tomorrow and forever by like brute force. A situation won by an appeal to reason cannot be permanently reversed. A wrong is never righted by the appeal to another wrong. Organized labor cannot permanently live outside the law and claim the protection of the law. It must incorporate under the law and become responsible to the law or it will rapidly degenerate into antagonism to the law. It cannot consistently require capital to incorporate under and obey a law while organized labor ignores and refuses to incorporate under that law. Labor agitators and civil tormentors cannot use violence and mob force to carry their own points without conjuring up a spirit of hatred which will turn and reek its savage vengeance upon labor leaders indiscriminately.

Righteousness, fellow laborers, tame, plain, slow and unattractive as it sometimes seems to be, is the only principle which will ultimately correct the evils of the present industrial system and permanently rule the world. The labor unions should absolutely purge themselves of violence, incorporate under the civil law and be loyal to that law. In that case all right-minded Christian people would be with them in their struggle for higher, fairer, and more generous treatment.

SAN FRANCISCO'S PROGRESS.

The most enthusiastic hopes of a year ago have been more than ten-fold surpassed in the rebuilding of San Francisco. It is simply inconceivable. That not a bank has yet failed nor shown any signs of weakening, that the large business houses have been able to reorganize and go to work again is beyond all expectation of a year ago. The San Francisco Call of April 18, 1907, has a remarkable editorial. "From the blackest waste," it goes on to say, "that marked the track of the great fire of one year ago has risen a new city, yet unfinished, but far nearer completion than the optimists of the dark days ever dared to dream. Four hundred and ninety-seven blocks of stone and brick and wood, covering four square miles of territory, fell prey to the flaming octopus. Today, if all the new structures already in use stood side by side, with the usual allowance for streets and alleys, a third of the immense burned area would be covered. Include the buildings in course of construction and almost half of San Francisco's herculean task is accomplished."

It is not easy to believe all this without one could actually see the city and note the vast army of 50,000 builders at work. It is estimated that fully $75,000,000 has already been spent in construction. The Call further says: "Of the $75,000,000 paid out for rehabilitation, 40 per cent, which means $30,000,000, has gone to the workers. At present 50,000 men are engaged in the building industry in San Francisco. Before the fire the entire number of workers in the building trades did not exceed 20,000. Now twice and a half that number of men are employed, at an average wage higher than ever before paid in San Francisco—higher than is paid in any other city in the world. Even though the average be estimated as low as $4 a day, these men, in the aggregate, receive $200,000 every working day—surely enough to insure the prosperity of the keepers of shops, for most of these men live well and believe in keeping money in circulation."

One of the most interesting studies is that of the population. At the time of the earthquake not far from 500,000 people resided in San Francisco. That population was reduced by the earthquake and fire to about 175,000. That meant a departure of 325,000 from San Francisco. That in itself is most appalling. It is now estimated that San Francisco has about 435,000 people, about 125,000 of whom are living in the basements not occupied prior to the disaster April 18, 1906. About 51,000 are still living in tents and temporary shacks. Taking into the count Oakland and Alameda and Berkeley fully 675,000 people are collected about San Francisco. About 50,000 new people have come to this part of the state since the fire. The impulse imparted and added to the vital energy of the original population has given rise to a condition not easily overstated. San Francisco never was so commercially vital as at the present moment. It was never so anxious for a revival of civic righteousness as at the present time.

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UNIVERSITY

The Home.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Most Gracious and Glorious God' in whom we live and move and have our being, we again seek thy face, and offer thee our sacrifice of praise. Look upon us in mercy, and accept our offering, unworthy though it be. For the peace and rest of the past night and the light and life of another morning we thank thee. Grant us, we pray thee, the guidance of thy Holy Spirit, so that we may love and serve thee, with mind and soul and strength. Be pleased to keep us this day from evil and mischief. Assist us with thy grace, so that amid the varied and perplexing duties of home and business we may be at peace with all men, and rejoice in a conscience void of offense. May thy Holy Spirit enlighten us that we may not fall into error, nor run into danger. Amen.

"LET US BEGIN ARIGHT."

J. W. Weddell.

"John, let us begin right."

The word was spoken with a winning smile, itself a good beginning for the day, flashed at John across the breakfast table.

Yes, they were just setting up housekeeping—John and Mary, and this was their first meal in the pretty home the young husband had provided for his dainty bride. The interior of the house, the cleanness and neatness of its furnishings, the flowers tastefully arranged, the well-laid repast, gave token that the little wife had done her happy part and that, as ever, the deft weaver and the doughty house-band had united to produce the charming picture of "Love in a Cottage" that men and angels love to look upon—if they may.

Just now John was folding his napkin with a satisfied air, and was evidently preparing to give the hearty but hasty morning salutation and catch his car for down town and the day's work that was calling to him.

"Wait a minute, John. Let us begin right," said Mary.

John looked across at his little wife a bit surprised. "I—I thought we had already begun," he ventured.

"Yes; but you know what I mean, John. We ought to begin the day with God, oughtn't we?"

The man of the house threw up his head slightly and then looked gravely down for a moment. He was a Christian, as was the fair daughter of a pious home he had chosen for his helpmate; but he had never accustomed himself to lifting his voice in public prayer or voicing his personal petition aloud. How many others there are like him! And so he answered quite naturally, "What shall I say?"

He had "asked the blessing" at the opening of the meal, had done it at a glance from the little lady across the table, in the simple fashion he had learned at the old home: "Dear Jesus, we thank thee for our daily bread. May it nourish us and strengthen us for the duties of the day. Amen."

But this was something other and harder, he felt. And yet it was something he knew should be done. And now here he was facing the issue. "What shall I say?" he asked.

"Here is the good Book," said Mary, producing her study Bible from the sewing-stand at the side. "I marked a passage I thought you might like to read." With a little eagerness to know what she had chosen, and yet his hand trembling a bit with the new and sudden burden of his priesthood in the home, he turned to these words and read:

"And the man bowed down his head, and worshiped the Lord. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth: I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren." (Gen. 24:26, 27.)

It was one of those many scriptures in the Old and New Testament that dignify the home and sanctify the wedded life. Its holy atmosphere and accent chastened the thought and refreshed the soul in the very reading.

When he looked up Mary was gazing calmly and expectantly at him. He knew what it meant. A moment he paused, while a silent, arrowy prayer went up for strength from two hearts, and quietly he said, "Let us pray."

And this was what he said: "Our Father in heaven we thank thee for this thy word; we thank thee for our happy home, and for all the mercies that come to us new every morning. Help us to live for thee today and for the blessed Christ that hath redeemed us. Grant us thy Spirit, preserve us from harm, and keep us from sin this day, and at last, when life's work is ended, graciously receive us to thyself and to the dear ones gone before. We ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen."

It was enough. The good-bye kiss was sweeter and more sacred, and all the day long the remembrance of this happy, wholesome opening of its hours lent a sense of peace and of calm praise to the soul that made it like one of the days of heaven upon earth.

Thus well begun, the days went on evenly and rightly. Each morning Mary had her scripture marked for John to read—a brief passage—not more than ten verses usually, for the time was short. (There is a multitude of such scriptures to select from, namely, Matthew 5, Proverbs 1, or the Psalms).

One day they were later than ordinarily in rising, and there was but a moment to spare at the close of the meal. But there was the resolve each had tacitly made, "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."

The up-look of the morning was not forgotten, two heads bowed a moment while it was the wife's gentle voice that glided into the petition that both took up: "Our Father who art in heaven." Then off for the day's tasks with a ready hand, a happy heart and a quiet mind.

Dear friends, starting out on life's pilgrimage, hand-in-hand, start right. Begin each day at the gates of prayer, and keep Christ a constant guest in your home and within your heart.

"But my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever. Amen." (Phil. 4:19,20.)

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world derams of, wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The Quiet Hour.

BETWEEN THE DAYS.

Between the days—the weary days—
He drops the darkness and the dews;
Over tired eyes his hands he lays,
And strength and hope, and life renews.
Thank God for rest between the days!

Else who could bear the battle stress
Or who withstand the tempests' shock,
Who thread the dreary wilderness
Among the pitfalls and the rocks,
Came not the night with folded flocks?

The white light scorches, and the plain
Stretches before us, parched with heat;
But, by and by, the fierce beams wane;
And lo! the nightfall, cool and sweet,
With dews to bathe the aching feet!

For he remembereth our frame!
Even for this I render praise.
O tender Master, slow to blame
The falterer on life's stony ways,
Abide with us—between the days!

—The British Weekly.

THE BENEFIT OF QUIET.

Joy is a welcome guest under any roof, and her song is sweet; but for an influence which enlarges happiness, strengthens mental vitality, and endears a family one to another, there is nothing under God's heaven, its true birthplace, even to be compared with the entrance and abiding of peace.

The silent hour straightens out the petty difficulties which in their cumulative force become a tangle beyond unloosing. When no one is saying, "Why don't you do this; why don't you try that?" and offering incessant suggestions without any real knowledge of the whole condition involved, the one possible solution comes out in clear, sure lines, and doubt is ended. The problem of reading the hidden springs of a child's nature can be thought out only when its brothers and sisters are not absorbing half your powers and one manifestation is not overlapping another.

Justice, that sovereign ruler, without whom neither nursery nor kitchen, much less that sacred inner chamber wherein wives and husbands must separate differences of opinion and judgment from the temporary irritation they arouse, and where the frailty of human nature must be eliminated from the glory of its love and generous faithfulness, makes her stern but noble face plain in the stillness of the restful loneliness. She is never found with her delicate scales poised in her steadfast hand where heated argument and the fret of tired minds, and the bewilderment of contending voices and interests assemble.

We talk much of devotion and self-denial and forgiveness as the very necessities of happy homes; and without them truly there is no hope, but this passionless virtue is less thought of and seldom summoned to the aid of a troubled heart. Often hers is the only help that can make plain the separating lines between wounded self-love and real injury and error.

In the quiet of the rest hour, with a closed door, with a body relaxed and lying in a comfortable release of all the nerves from effort, revelations are vouchsafed by which the quick word of difference which has hurt and stung all ray is found to have arisen as much from regret for an indulgence necessarily denied, as from any root of anger; and lo, to our surprised eyes, we discern our own fault as the real cause of our distress.

Here, too, we find time to think that our boy's rashness and lack of consideration is but the common error of his age and developing manhood, and he ceases to be a source of despairing fear. Our daughter's thoughless vanity and selfish love of amusement becomes not a weed to be exterminated, not the baleful harvest which choked out all the good fruit we had looked for from our long years of patient toil.

And just here let me make a plea for establishing even for our youngest women—children are not beyond its radius of good—the arranging of some pause in the day's business and employment as a safeguard against premature loss of strength and placidity. Even a life of mere amusement needs a surcease of activity to be either healthful or enjoyable.

An artist in doubt of his color scheme turns his canvas to the wall, and waits until his rested vision sees aright; we will with refreshed and calmer introspective gaze discern also where we have in the enthusiasm or irritation of tired emotion, made vivid stains upon our life-picture, where cool maps and the breath of distance and intervening atmosphere would make lovely what we have made vulgar, by too strong admixtures of our pigments, or distorted by forgetfulness of the irrelative value of things.

But let me come away from fanciful illustrations, and keep to the most urgent, practical entreaty to my sister women to try the result of a silent rest-hour for six months, and then weigh for themselves the effect upon their homes and their mental and bodily health. Children can be influenced to care for their tired mother's health and yield to the demand on their patience with good grace. I knew an impatient little boy who bought the privilege of being the first to open to closed door when the hour had elapsed, by being "very good" while he was denied admission. He was delicate, troublesome, and much indulged; his pride was great that he, above his brothers and sisters, could win the prize of giving his mother the kiss which awakened her from her nap.

The homes of the very rich, where trained servants preside over each department, seem exempt from the need of such intervals of repose as this: but, alas! wealth does not banish care, nor keep the heart from pain, and the woman who has twenty pairs of trained hands to wait upon her, needs the time of quiet thought also, and often carries about a very weary set of nerves which cry aloud for the nutriment only to be gained by rest. I have yet to see the woman whose life is not stronger, better, more beneficial to the great world and her own small kingdom because of what she has gained from intervals of isolation and silence.—Home Thoughts.

Young People.

THE RUDDER.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the heaving ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move at the breezes' will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the winds their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.

For each has a rndder, my dear little lad, with a stanch man at the wheel,
And the rndder is never left to itself, but the will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her course and the helmsman's watchful care.

Some day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide, dangerous sea,
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale;
And your hand on the rudder, don't let it flinch, whatever the tumult be,
For the will of man, with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail.

—Celia Thaxter.

WILL AND OLD JERRY.

Everything in Mrs. Lynne's kitchen was in confusion. Plates of cake and dishes of ice cream were crowded together on the big table, and white-clad waiter girls were hustling to and from the dining-room. In the front part of the house a reception was going on, and Will had been banished to the back porch for the afternoon.

"Be a good boy and amuse yourself," the mother had said to him as she put the finishing touches to her pretty gown, "and, Will, dear, be very careful about eating too much rich stuff"

So Will climbed into the swinging chair, where Molly came to him presently with a generous dish of cream and slice of cake. After he had eaten these he sat some time watching the robins in the cherry tree. Then he grew tired and strolled into the kitchen.

The pretty waiter girls were bringing out plates, and it seemed to Will the ladies in the dining-room must be queer folks, for nearly every plate had a little ice cream left on it. One curly-haired girl smiled pleasantly at him, put a spoon in his hand, and said, "Go to work. I know by your looks you like ice cream."

That was the way it all began. Will wondered what the girl had seen in his looks, and he cleared off plate after plate, with an occasional piece of cake and spoonful of almonds. Finally, Molly, whose work brought her into his vicinity, interfered.

"You mustn't touch another thing," she said, "you know what happens sometimes when you eat too much."

But then Molly hurried off, and after a little intermission, Will began over again. "Molly doesn't know anything about it," he said to himself; "that other time I drank lemonade too, and it was the lemonade made me sick."

Molly was too busy to take any further notice, and for the first time in his life Will had all the ice cream he wanted and stopped eating of his own accord. At the family tea table that evening he forced down part of a glass of milk and a few crumbs of bread. Everybody was too much engrossed with the event of the afternoon to notice him particularly. Later he went to walk with his grandfather.

Part way down town they met old Jerry Mason. Perhaps it was not very polite, but every one in town called Jerry "Old Jerry." It may have been because his hands were always dirty, and his hair uncombed. Will, whose eyes were very bright, and who had known Jerry Mason all hhis life, whispered:

"Grandfather, here comes Jerry Mason, and I think he is very drunk."

"Likely, likely," replied Mr. Lynn, and Will noticed the sad look that always came into his grandfather's face when he saw Jerry.

They slipped quietly past the old man, who tonight was too much under the influence of liquor to notice them; and after a while Will said, "Isn't it a shame for Jerry to get drunk the way he does?"

"It is a shame and a pity," replied Grandfather Lynn. "Jerry and I played together when we were boys not older than you. He was one of the best of fellows, but he never had strength enough to do what he knew was right. He was the most intemperate boy in his habits I ever knew, and I have always thought that was the reason he became such a miserable toper when he grew up."

Will was going to ask his grandfather to explain what he meant by "intemperate" but an acquaintance of Mr. Lynn's joined them just then, and there was no opportunity.

The clock on his mother's mantel was striking midnight, when Will woke. Something dreadful was wrong with him, and he made an effort to sit up. But he failed, and a wretched wail brought his mother to his bedside. Very soon his father and Molly were up too, for the pride of the household was desperately ill. Even grandfather in his bathrobe came wandering in and stood around helplessly, trying to think of something to relieve the sufferer. But everything failed, and finally a tedephone message brought Dr. Scott from his bed two doors away.

The kind doctor stayed until relief came and Will lay back white and weak among the pillows. As he said good-night, he remarked laughingly to Mrs. Lynn:

"I'm afraid it was your party that didn't agree very well with Will."

"Indeed, I am sure it was my party," replied Mrs. Lynn. "Will was left to himself all afternoon, and he is so very intemperate."

Intemperate! The very word his grandfather had used to describe the boyhood of old drunken Jerry Mason! Was he like old Jerry had been? He wanted

to ask right there, but he was too weak and sleepy; so he turned his face miserably toward the wall and drifted into a doze.

The next afternoon Will was drawn in a large rocking chair across the hall into grandfather's room. And as they sat together in front of the big window out of hearing of everybody else, the question came:

"Grandfather, isn't an intemperate person a man who gets drunk like old Jerry?"

Mr. Lynn looked very sharply at Will under his white eyebrows.

"No," he answered slowly, "an intemperate person is not always a man and he does not always get drunk. Sometimes he is a boy who, when he is not watched, eats too much and makes himself sick. Intemperance is doing anything to excess and it gets more people into trouble than any other fault."

And Will never forgot that definition.—Margaret Bradley, in Union Signal.

"OLD ABE" THE WAR EAGLE.

As Chief Sky, of a band of Wisconsin Chippewas, was on a hunting tour one day in the spring of 1861, he climbed a ledge of rocks, from the top of which he saw a large nest containing two young eagles. As the mother bird was not in sight he took the eagles home as playthings for his papoose. One died soon after, but the other thrived.

In the fall of 1861 a band of soldiers stopped at the home of Chief Sky, and before they departed purchased the bird for a bushel of corn. Later they presented the lively young eagle to their regiment. The men were very fond of him and named him "Old Abe," after President Lincoln, whom they all loved.

Old Abe was placed in charge of one of the soldiers, and during the long marches this soldier often carried him on a shield fastened to a standard. The big bird would not touch food unless his soldier gave it to him, nor would he ride on the standard unless his soldier carried it. Sometimes when he was tired of riding, or when he felt that his master was tired from carrying his heavy load, or when he needed exercise, he would leave his perch and fly away. The cheers of the men as he soared aloft must have warmed his heart.

Old Abe received his rations as regularly as did the soldiers . He was particular about his food; if fresh meat became scarce, he would fly away and be gone for several days, returning with a lamb in his talons. The men never feared but that he would return. He could distinguish between the blue and the gray, and was never known to alight in a Confederate camp, though he sometimes went to the wrong Union regiment before finding his own.

During the battle at Jackson, Mississippi, Old Abe flew into the air, and there remained from dawn till dusk. What a picture we should have could he have but given us a "bird's-eye view!"

At Missionary Ridge, in which the Eighth Wisconsin, his regiment, participated, Old Abe was struck several times by bullets, but he was so high in the air and his feathers were so thick he suffered little harm.

Sometimes when the din of battle was loudest, Old Abe would dance on his perch and let his screams be heard above the boom of cannon. His savage, eagle nature seemed to delight in scenes of carnage. Once while he was dancing a feather fell from his wing and a soldier in the battle line wished to get and keep it as a souvenir. The feather floated toward the front of battle, but the soldier rushed after it, captured it, and stuck it inside his blouse. This feather, encased in glass, now hangs in the house in Washington where President Lincoln breathed his last.

When the war ended and the Wisconsin Eighth, like other regiments, disbanded, the soldiers once more to become merchants, artisans, and farmers, Old Abe became the property of the State of Wisconsin, being given a home in the capitol at Madison. In the winter he roomed within the building, and in summer he occupied a cage in the grounds.

A live animal was always given him for his breakfast. A white chicken was offered to him one morning, but, whether it was from compassion or from a longing to have a feathered friend share his loneliness, he fed the chicken some of his corn, allowed her to share his perch at night, and sheltered her with his big wing.

In 1876 Old Abe was taken to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. Visitors from all parts of the country came to see him, and he seemed to feel that he was highly honored. He was old and dignified, and appeared to watch the sale of his pictures and the story of his life with interest. Some of his quills sold for five dollars apiece, the money going to charitable objects.

In the spring of 1881 Old Abe took sick. The doctors pronounced it a case of lung trouble. Everything was done for him, but he soon died. His body is preserved in the museum of the State Historical Library at Madison, Wisconsin.

As Old Abe did not speak English, we shall never know whether he was content to give up his life of freedom and dwell with the maddening throng. There must have been times when a kind look from a fierce mother eagle would have meant more to him than General Price's exclamation, "I would rather capture Old Abe than a whole regiment."—Edith M. Shortt, in The American Boy.

Housekeepers must be watchful, for great efforts are made to sell the alum baking powders which every physician will inform you are poisonous to the human system.

The Government Report shows Royal Baking Powder to be an absolutely pure and healthful cream of tartar baking powder, and consumers who are prudent will make sure that no other enters into their food.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

As the date for the Peace Conference to be held at the Hague this year approaches, negotiations more or less informal are taking place on the subject between the Governments of the principal Powers. The suggestion for the second Conference emanated from President Roosevelt, but he has tactfully left the arrangements in the hands of the Tsar, as the Ruler responsible for the original idea of the Parliament of Peace. In order to learn the views taken in competent quarters of the subjects suggested for discussion in the Russian avant-project issued last March, Professor De Martens, the distinguished Russian jurist, has undertaken a mission to the principal capitals of Europe. His object apears to have been to settle the actual date of the meeting and the details of the proceedings and to endeavor to secure the harmonious co-operation of the Powers. According to the Tsar's emissary Russia desires the forthcoming gathering to be "a real peace, and not a war, Conference—in other words that there shall be no dissension among the Powers when the Conference assembles." In view of the fact that no fewer than forty-six Powers have been invited to send representatives to the Hague, it will be interesting to hear what measure of realization these praiseworthy aspirations of universal harmony and concord attain. The determination to throw open the doors of the Conference to practically every independent State in the world is an earnest of the finality desired by the promoters, but it may be doubted whether the attempt to give Ecuador as much authority as Germany in the world's counsel will lead to the peaceful dispatch of business. The gathering of such a diversity of representatives will be virtually unique, and it is a matter for genuine regret that there should be even one absentee—the Republic of Liberia which has not seen its way to accept the invitation.

It is understood that the Russian avant-projet contained no proposal to restrict armaments or to secure recognition for the Drago Doctrine. This latter Doctrine, as is known, provides that no monetary claim due to the subject of a foreign Power shall be collected by means of the employment of force on the part of that Power, and is the pet hobby of the League of South American Republics. The latter are by no means inclined to be passive participators in the Conference, if this proposal is not brought forward with some likelihood of being generally accepted. It would apear also that a certain reluctance has manifested itself on the part of individual Powers to undertake the responsibility of proposing the restriction of armaments. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his Government are favorable to the suggestion and a good deal of academic approval has been given to the theory in Ministerial speeches; but, as far as is known at present, the British Government has no cut and dried scheme to lay before the Conference which is likely to secure universal acceptance. In imitation of Professor Martens' mission Mr. W. T. Stead is touring the Continent, also to sound various high authorities on the subject of the Peace Conference. He poses as a special envoy of the British Prime Minister, but it is more charitable to suppose that most of his visionary suggestions lack formal authority. For among the more serious contributions on the part of Ministers to the subject of universal peace, there has generally been some saving clause to indicate that Great Britain does not intend to commit political suicide, and to prejudice the interests of peace as well, by diminishing the strength of her forces without waiting for some response from other Powers. There is a tendency to overlook the fact that a reduction or restriction of armaments would not necessarily bring about permanent peace in the world. It might, indeed, have entirely the opposite result, for the handling of small forces, relatively as effective as the monster armaments of today, could be carried out with so much less trouble and expense, that there would be a corresponding increase in temptation to employ them. The thought that a modern campaign may entail the expenditure of several hundreds of millions sterling acts as a salutary deterrent upon a declaration of war for any but the most vital reasons In the event of the cost of a war being limited, after the manner of election expenses, by international agreement, there might be far more frequent breaches of the world's peace for the most trivial causes.

Considerations of this nature should carry special weight in Great Britain, which has to rely for its political existence on the maintenance of its present relative superiority of naval armament. Not the least insidious proposal that has been mooted and, rightly or wrongly, is attributed to Mr. W. T. Stead is that an embargo should be placed on Dreadnoughts and vessels of such formidable dimensions. It is hoped, apparently, that by curtailing the annual naval expenditure of the Great Powers the cause of peace will be immediately promoted. Now there can be no doubt that the sums spent on naval and military armaments constitute a serious drain on many exchequers, and, if they could be reduced, a corresponding advantage would be reaped by the various nations, which no country would have cause to welcome more than Great Britain. But to agree to a limit in the size of ships would be to throw away the advantages of our peculiar position and to sacrifice centuries of naval training. Big battleships entail big shipbuilding yards and big docks, and countries that are deficient in these or that may have to alter their waterways to accomodate the large vessels will be less likely on account of the expenditure entailed to pursue indefinitely their attempts to rival the British Navy. By reducing all fleets to a standard attainable by every nation graver penalties would be imposed on our own Navy than on others. At the Peace Conference, therefore, we ought to content ourselves with assurances, which at this stage hardly need reiteration, of permanently pacific intentions, until a scheme is devised and accepted by all nations that will stereotype Great Britain's present position in the world. —North China Herald.

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One rule to guide us in our life
Is always good and true!
'Tis do to others as you would
That they should do to you.

FORCE INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Some scientific truths may illustrate some spiritual truths.

A scientist has described an experiment which shows the power of little things. If a block of iron and a pith ball are hung from the ceiling by cords a short distance apart, and the pith ball be drawn back and let fall on the block of iron over and over again, the iron will soon begin to sway backward and forward, moved by nothing more powerful than a little pith ball, which a child's breath might blow aside.

The child that strikes a blow with a hammer in its sport has exerted a force that will never cease to operate in the universe, unless God shall change the present order of things. We sometimes think we do not amount to anything, when the fact is that we do not lift a foot or finger without in some degree affecting the universe of God.

A man of science declares that not a word could be spoken, or whisper breathed, that did not leave an impress on the solid rocks. And another has ventured the opinion that if one atom of matter were blotted out of existence it would unsettle the balance of things, and the universe would rush to chaos.

The universe is bound into one bundle by common laws. The slightest change in our relation to the sun would destroy the order of the seasons, and make the earth uninhabitable. Disturbances on the surface of the sun are immediately felt on the surface of the earth.

The volcanic eruption of Krakatoa sent oceanic waves to desolate shores for hundreds of miles around; produced a volume of sound that was heard in opposite directions nearly two thirds around the globe; started an atmospheric wave that encircled the earth and returned to the place of starting; and carried volumes of dust twenty miles into the sky, which produced most brilliant sunsets for more than a year all over the globe.

And we surely know that earth is bound together in one bundle. The American Civil War produced distress all over the world. The Franco-German war caused a fall of American securities on the Continent of Europe. The mere rumor of a Turkish war caused a rise in the grain market in Chicago. The failure of one heavy business firm may occasion a financial panic over the land.

This law of interdependence and indestructibility is not less obvious in morals and religion. Our sins are affecting our friends, and neighbors, and the community where we live; and some men have been so powerful for evil as to contaminate whole nations, and even the entire world.

Every sin is like a thistle seed. The first year it springs up as a single stalk, with a beautiful blossom on its top—a picture of the pleasures of sin—but with many a sharp thorn beneath, a picture of sin's penalties. In the autumn time this stalk dies and is buried and we think we have seen the last of it; but the seeds have ripened and been scattered in every direction by the changing winds. When spring comes these seeds grow up for miles around; and a few years suffice to spread such a pestiferous weed all over the land. I remember when a boy the first white daisies that appeared on my father's farm; and in ten years' time the fields were white with them.

Every sin is a spiritual force let loose in the universe, which is as indestructible as a physical force. It may disappear where it was first committed, but it breaks out again in distant ages and countries. The man who lives a life of sin may die and be buried out of sight, but his example and influence have been incorporated into the streams of human life to make the current stronger in the wrong direction.

When a wicked man sees his children and his neighbors' children running into sin, and the whole community following evil ways, he may justly say to himself, "This is in some measure my doings; this crop of evil has sprung in part from my sowing." One day a parent dropped a careless word, the next day his little girl was repeating it. Some one is watching us, repeating our remarks, doing our deeds over again, following our footsteps, determined to live as we live and share our destiny.—Henry Graham, D.D., in Old Truths Newly Illustrated.

Be Faithful.

Fidelity is a habit, and must be cultivated in little things, because great opportunities come too seldom to form a habit.

Even in what is my own, self-respect would compel me to be faithful; how much more when I am using that which is given for another's good!

No man can be faithful unto death. without being faithful all his life; for death may come at any time.

Fidelity is the crown of life; it is the splendid flowering and climax of all energies and talents.

Nothing is more noble, nothing more venerable, than fidelity.
By my task of every day,
By the little words I say,
My allegiance I proclaim—
My allegiance to a name—
Prove my right His crown to wear,
Cross and name of Christ to bear.

"They say that young Richleigh is very proud of his family tree."

"Yes, he can trace his ancestry back for many degenerations."—Princeton Tiger.

Bella—Prof. Muggins tells me that the first principle of Socialism is to divide with your fellowman.

Tom—Not as I understand it. On the contrary, the first principle of Socialism is to induce your fellowman to divide with you.—Ex.

"Are you chief engineer of this concern?" asked an excited individual of the sub-editor.

"No, sir, I'm not the engineer. I'm the boiler." And he proceeded to "boil down six sheets of matter into a note of six lines.—Sel.

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HE LEADS.

Reuben Henry Sink.

Though we see not, but feel the way
In which He leads,
Be it enough our hearts to stay
To know He leads.

Though Land of Promise slips away
From eager feet;
Elusive though the restful day,
"He's true," repeat.

The heart of trust oft feels delay,
And sometimes bleeds;
Yet by His side still closer stay
And know He leads.

The day comes when we'll have our own,
Though long deferred;
The harvest comes from seeds we've sown--
God keeps His word!

When in God's time we know that He
Has truly said,
With joy we'll cry as we shall see
We have been led.

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STRICKEN SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco is suffering more terrible shocks and destructive blows than she received in April of last year from the earthquake and the fire. We have no space this week for extended comment on the situation. It is not to be wondered at that men are almost in despair. But we believe that the dawn will come.

Let this be said to other cities if there are men within them inclined to be unsympathetic: This battle is your battle. It is one that had to be fought out; the conflict of which it is a part is an irrepressible conflict.

The difficulty of settlement lies in the fact that neither labor nor capital has for some time been as thoughtful of the interests of the other fellow as they should be.

More of Christ in the hearts and lives of the people is the only possible solution of the general problem. God has willed it that this world shall be shown that there can be life here only along the line of the principles and teachings of Jesus.

We can look only with condemnation on the men who are guilty of violence in San Francisco today, as well as on all who countenance it in any manner, directly or indirectly. Shame on the men who do not courageously and heroically oppose and denounce it. We do not see how the labor unions can clear their skirts of this iniquity unless they deal summarily with every member having to do with it in any manner. If the element engaged in it, or secretly aiding or glorying in it, is in the majority in any union, then let the decent law-abiding men get out of that union. It is admitted today, and even by labor union men, that there is a labor tyranny which dwarfs that of capital. So unreasonable in their demands, so arrogant have some unions become that many men are thinking of going entirely out of business. There is serious danger of killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

We are not surprised that people all over the country in every rank and work in life are urging the United Railroads to stand firm in its decision. Our civilization is at stake. But if it should win, as it seems likely to do, let the experience be a lesson not only to it but to every corporation and to every individual having men and women in their employ that will lead them to seriously consider whether they are giving them "a square deal."

And let workingmen, especially union workingmen, remember that it is beyond intelligent question that the greatest tyranny the country has had for some time is the labor tyranny.

Let preachers of the gospel also reflect. So much has been said of late concerning the wrongs of the workingman that hands everywhere are clutching after the profits of business to such an extent that thousands upon thousands of men in business enterprises would be better off out of them than in them. Hands are at the throat of industry to strangle it. Sometimes this is ignorantly; at other times it is viciously. But the time has come to sound the warning and to sound it so loudly that it will penetrate every home in the land.

THE KIND OF MEN THAT ARE NEEDED.

A man not much talked of yet for the next Republican nomination for the Presidency, but who is likely to come ere long into the thought of a large number of people as a most excellent person for that exalted position is Governor Hughes of New York. Since his entrance into the gubernatorial office he has not been pleasing the politicians—the place-hunters—and this is one of the things tending to bring him into increasing favor with the common people. During the campaign last year he stated again and again that he would be the governor of all the people irrespective of politics. Republican leaders regarded his speeches as campaign promises and expected the party patronage as aforetime. Not long after his election, however, Governor Hughes told the Albany Republican organization in a speech at a reception tendered him that he believed in party organizations only as methods of expressing and executing the public will, and not as a means of livelihood for their members. This was a bomb thrown in the very midst. Latterly an influential politician who had tried in vain to secure party favors remarked: "That is the strangest man I ever met. You can't make any sort of trade with him; you can't approach him on the side of personal advantage; you can't seem to touch his political ambition. He is beyond me; the fool simply does right the whole time!"

When we first glanced at the printed remarks of the politician just quoted we read the word **strangest** as **strongest.** This substitution ought to be made. At least it ought to be **strong,** not **strange.** Governor Hughes is a strong man. As to character he is strong; in the affections of the people he is strong; and it is not at all improbable that he may go on producing consternation in the ranks of the politicians, and yet be regarded widely next year as the strongest man for the nomination for the Presidency. Not infrequently the world arrives at those stages and crises when strangeness becomes strength. It is said that Governor Hughes' conception of public life is that it is simply public service. This is the kind of men that are needed in public life and if Governor Hughes is what people widely are beginning to believe that he is he would make a splendid successor to that splendid servant of the people who now sits in the executive chair at Washington.

Here in California we seem to have a man who is of the kind needed in another avenue in life. A writer in a current magazine asks "Why does Luther Burbank devote his life to plant breeding? What is his idea?" And he proceeds to answer the question as follows:

"It is not for money. It would have been very easy for him to become a man of large fortune. All that was necessary to do was simply to take a few of his most important commercial creations—even one would have been sufficient—and develop them himself for the market. The plan he has followed has been to sell the new creations as they have come from his hand to some dealer without 'restrictions,' so that at the earliest possible moment the new fruit or flower could become cheap and get into the hands of the general public; and then take the money received from the sale and put it back into the new experiments. It is not difficult to see that this was a costly practice, but its unselfishness has borne splendid fruit." Repeating here the question, Why does he do it? the writer from whom we are quoting continues: "He does it because he cannot help it. He has been forced into his line of life by the same resistless power that makes a great painter, or a great statesman, or a great editor. He cannot choose from one point of view, for he is under what might be called a divine compulsion."

Just why Mr. Burbank does this does not especially concern us just now. The fact that he does it is the thing to be emphasized. And this old sin-cursed world sorely needs more men who will do it. Too generally men are asking concerning the things which their hands or brains find to do, "What is there in it for me?" Not, "What is there in it for mankind?" It is not Christ-like, and our world will never be what it is intended to be until near and far men become in their relation to others what Governor Hughes and Luther Burbank are herein set forth as being.

More than ever before people are realizing this. Not long ago the present writer was talking with a lawyer in an Eastern city who said that his law practice was not satisfying because it seemed to him that it was mainly for self—to get a living. He had a desire to do something that would make for the good and welfare of people in general. A public career of usefulness, without remuneration, if that had been possible, would have satisfied him. He was thinking of the other fellow and how to be most helpful to him. That is what the world must come to if it ever comes to the plane on which Christ stood. That is what men must come to if they are to be satisfied. Long ago Augustine said: "Thou hast created us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee.

"O bearer of the key
That opes and shuts with sound so sweet,
Its turning in the wards is melody,
All things we move among are vain and incomplete
Until we fashion them in Thee!"

SEEING THINGS AS THEY ARE.

Not infrequently during recent years persons who have traveled in missioinary lands have testified that they had by their travels received considerable enlightenment as to missions and missionaries. One of the latest to so testify is Mr. Dillon Wallace who was the companion of Leonidas Hubbard on that ill-fated expedition into the wilds of Labrador a few years ago. Mr. Wallace made last year a more successful trip into those wilds; and one which, though it entailed much hardship, did not result in loss of life. For some time **Outing** has been publishing an interesting series of articles written by him concerning this trip. In one of these he says concerning the Moravian missionaries in the snowy northland:

"I am free to say that previous to meeting them upon their field of labor I looked upon the work of these missionaries with indifference, if not disfavor, for I had been led to believe that they were accomplishing little or nothing. But now I have seen, and I know of what incalculable value the services are that they are rendering to the poor, benighted people of this coast. They practically renounce the world and their home ties to spend their lives, until they are too old for further service or their health breaks down in their Heaven-inspired calling, surrounded by a people of a different race and language in the most barren, God-cursed land in the world. When their children reach the age of seven years they must send them to the church school at home to be educated. Very often parent and child never meet again. This is, as many of them told me, the greatest sacrifice they are called upon to make; but they realize that it is for the best good of the child and their work, and they do not murmur."

Concerning the daily life of these missionaries Mr. Wallace writes: "It is a busy life the missionary leads. From morning until night he is kept constantly at work, and in the night his rest is often broken by calls to minister to the sick. He is the father of his flock, and his people never hesitate to call for his help and advice; to him all their troubles and disagreements are referred for a wise adjustment."

As we read these words concerning the missionaries among the Eskimos in the wilds of Labrador we linked them with the preceding editorial, which had been written only a short time before, and the unselfishness manifested by them with the unselfishness in the other lives described. No matter how men may live it is such characters that they admire in their better moments. There is within all something that aspires in the direction in which such lives are going. All this and more all mankind were intended to be.

In the spring of 1904 the Rev. F. H. Robinson visited Goldfield, Nevada, in the interests of the Sunday-school missionary work of the Presbyterian Church. He decided to organize a Sunday-school, and an old tent which had been used for a saloon was secured. A few empty beer kegs were secured for seats and thus the work was begun which has grown into a flourishing church. In March 1905 application was made to Presbytery for the organization of a church and the Rev. James Byers of Sumpter, Oregon, was called as pastor. Soon a building was essential, and one was finished in 1906. The first services were held in it on Easter Sunday of that year although it was only partly finished at that time. The new building was dedicated recently and the pastor was installed. The Rev. Dr. Baker of Oakland preached the sermon. The membership of the Goldfield Church is 103 now and the congregations are such as to tax the seating capacity of the house of worship and plans for its enlargement are being considered.

The date on the label bearing the subscriber's name indicates the time to which subscription to the Pacific Presbyterian is paid. Friends of the paper are asked to examine their labels and to remit ac-

cordingly. It is difficult to maintain the paper, and all are asked to relieve the office from all unnecessary labor. It ought not to be difficult for any one to tell from the label on which his or her name is printed how much is due on subscription. We glance now at the mailing list and notice a label on which is the date "11 Jan. '06." That shows that that subscriber is owing subscription from the 1th of January 1906. Of course $3 should be sent in at once, and that would pay up to the 11th of Jan. 1908. We notice another which reads "31 Dec. '06." This indicates that the subscription is due from the 31st of December 1906, and that $1.50 ought to be sent in to pay up to Dec. 31st, 1907. Friends, look at your labels, and save the office the trouble of sending out statements. There is no harder job in the world than that of running a religious paper on the Pacific coast.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION.

Appointed by the Directors of the San Francisco Theological Seminary.

In entering upon the investigation committed to us by the Board we realized that the scope of our inquiry was wider than that of merely ascertaining whether or not the allegations made in the petition are founded on fact. From the terms of the petition itself we learned that the interests of our Seminary are, and have been been for years, suffering because of the agitation which has been kept alive in certain parts of the Coast regarding the teachings of Professor Day. We felt that in the interest of the Seminary we ought to endeavor to ascertain what were the grounds upon which those who signed the petition based their anxiety as to the soundness of the faith and teachings of Dr. Day, and asserted their lack of confidence in the Seminary as a safe place for the training of students for the ministry of our church.

With this object in view we sent each of the forty-five signers a letter asking him to supply us with such facts as were personally known to him bearing on the allegations made in the petition, and, in case he had no personal knowledge, to place us in communication with his informant. The result of this part of our inquiry is as follows:

(a) Seven signers made no response to either a first or a second letter, viz: Revs. W. G. Palmer, G. H. Merrill, H. C. Shoemaker, J. A. Stevenson, F. Berry, H. A. Newell and Mr. T. H. Cleland.

(b) One, the Rev. Richard Messenger, replied that his name was attached to the petition without his authority.

(c) Of the remaining thirty-seven, only one had any personal knowledge of the teachings of Dr. Day, and in his case that knowledge was based on a series of lectures heard ten years ago.

(d) Of the entire forty-five not one had ever conferred with Dr. Day upon the matter, or attempted to find out directly whether the statements made to him by others were a fair representation of Dr. Day's teaching.

(e) Of the thirty-seven who replied to our letters, twenty stated specifically that their information was derived from Rev. Dr. Wishard, Rev. Dr. Gordon, Rev. Williel Thomson or Rev. Dr. Gilchrist, who seem to have circulated their doubt of, or allegations against, the teaching of Professor Day among their brother ministers before either conferring with Dr. Day or with this Board.

In most cases the signers declined to give the source of their information, other than those just named. Some of the brethren declare in their letters that they know students who left the Seminary, or left the church, or lost their faith because of the teachings of Dr. Day, but when we tried to follow up these cases, either the names were refused us, or our requests were not replied to, or the person quoted failed to substantiate what we had been informed he could prove.

Practically, after the fullest investigation, we were forced to the conclusion that the ultimate grounds for the statements made in the petition are three:

1 The letters of Mr. McFarland to Dr. Gordon, written in 1902 while the former was attending the Seminary as a junior.

2. Letters and statements made to Rev. Dr. Wishard regarding a course of lectures delivered by Dr. Day in Utah in the summer of 1906.

3. Recollections by Rev. Williel Thomson of a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Day at St. Helena, California, in 1897.

The result of our investigations upon each of these is as follows:

(1) We find that the letters of Mr. McFarland were written when he was in the middle of his first year at the Seminary, and when the critical questions that are involved in Old Testament interpretation were new to him. We find by inquiry from a large number of students who have taken their entire course at the Seminary that it is not uncommon for students brought face to face with such discussions in their first year to recoil with fear that they are being led toward doubt and danger, which fear they find, when they have pursued the entire course, to be without warrant. In view of what we have learned from those students who have taken their entire course, as well as from the frank and clear statement made by Dr. Day to us, to be afterward referred to, we are unanimously of the opinion that no weight should be attached to the letters of Mr. McFarland.

(2) With regard to the Utah lectures we have had some little difficulty owing to the fact that Dr. Wishard gave us no names of his informants, so that we had to rely simply on the quotations in his letter to the Board from a letter written to him by one who was present at the lectures. On the other hand, we have in our possession four letters to the Committee from ministers and teachers who were present at the lectures, and whose reports present the teachings of Dr. Day in an entirely different light from that prosented by Dr. Wishard's correspondent. The pastor on whose invitation Dr. Day delivered the lectures in question, and who was quoted by Dr. Wishard as "not being set for the defense" of Dr. Day's teaching, informs us that what he meant by this expression was that "the teaching required no defense" and in the warmest possible terms testifies to the intellectual and spiritual benefit he had derived from it.

With this unsought testimony before us, we are unanimously of the opinion that the letters quoted from by Dr. Wishard cannot, in view of Dr. Day's statement, be given weight in this inquiry.

(3) With regard to Rev. Williel Thomson's recollection of the lectures delivered by Dr. Day at St. Helena in 1897, your Committee had the advantage

of a personal conference with Mr. Thomson in the presence of Dr. Day. At this conference Professors Nash and Lovejoy, who had also been present at these lectures, attended and gave us their recollections. After full conference we were unanimous in finding that while we have perfect confidence in the good faith of Mr. Thomson, yet his recollections of what was said by Dr. Day were mixed and overlaid by those of another speaker whose positions were radical and extreme. In the most emphatic manner Dr. Day declares that the positions which Mr. Thomson declared him to have maintained in 1897 are such that he does not now hold and never did hold or teach.

We have entered at length into this part of our report because we desire that the Board, as well as the petitioners, should feel that we have made our investigation as complete and thorough as was in our power, and because we feel that it should be widely known upon how slender and unsubstantial a basis the structure of criticism of Dr. Day's teaching has been found by us to rest.

Finally, and most important of all, we submitted the various allegations made in the petitions to Dr. Day and invited from him a statement in regard to them. In addition we had a full and frank conference with Dr. Day in which the several items in his statement were discussed in order that there might be no possible misunderstanding on our part of its meaning.

From a careful study of this statement, as well as from our personal inquiry, we find that the allegations in the petition as to teachings on the part of Dr. Day which are in conflict with the standards of our church are without foundation. We find from Dr. Day's statement that certain allegations in the petition are true, viz: Those referring to the authorship of the Pentateuch and of Isaiah, to the dates of the giving of the Levitical Law, and of the Book of Daniel and to the interpretation of the Book of Jonah, but as all these are, in our judgment, legitimate subjects for difference of opinion, and as Dr. Day's views and teachings regarding them do not in any way impugn the position he holds, in common with our church as to the authority of Scripture, we would regard it as an unnecessary interference with liberty in matters non-essential to recommend any action in regard to them.

On the doctrines of the Deity of Christ, Miracles, Revelation, Inspiration, and Prophecy, Dr. Day is sound to the core. From the testimony of his students we are convinced that Dr. Day's teaching, far from lessening reverence for the Bible as the Word of God, has enhanced that reverence in them. We find that his doctrine and teaching are far removed from any mere rationalism, and that he steadily and earnestly holds up Jesus Christ as the very Son of God and the Savior of men. We have found nothing that calls for any abatement on the part of the Board of their confidence in Dr. Day as a scholar and as an instructor of candidates for the ministry of our church, and we have found much that calls for a fresh assertion of this confidence by the Board.

William Martin,
E. E. Baker,
Wales L. Palmer.

Received and adopted by the Board at its meeting on May 14, 1907.

STATEMENT OF PROFESSOR DAY

To the Investigating Committee of the San Francisco Theological Seminary.

Dear Brethren:

I submit herewith a statement containing my reply to the allegations touching the views and teachings of the incumbent of the Chair of Old Testament Interpretation which were laid before the Board in a memorial and petition and which were referred to you for investigation. In a recent interview with you, which was held at your request, I have fully and frankly stated my position regarding all the points that were raised. In the following statement I confine myself to the specific points contained in the said memorial and petition.

It is asserted that I hold and teach,

1. That God never interrupted the orderly workings of nature.

2. That accounts of miracles in the Bible are to be so explained that the occurrences may be regarded as having taken place according to known laws of nature,—and

3. That if this can not be done, the accounts are to be regarded as false.

4. That the expression "her seed" in the third of Genesis means the human race.

5. That Isaiah ix:6, 7, does not refer to the birth of Christ.

6. That during the ages before Christ no one had any idea of the coming of such a Savior as the Christ of the New Testament.

7. That passages in the Old Testament which are regarded as predictions concerning Jesus Christ were not really such.

8. That passages in the New Testament which are regarded as teaching that Christ's life and work were fulfilment of prophecy are either misinterpreted or spurious.

9. That the Pentateuch was not written by Moses.

10. That the Levitical law came into existence after the Exile.

11. That the book of Daniel was written 165 B. C., about four hundred years after the time of Daniel.

12. That the stories of Jonah, of the three Hebrews in the furnace, of Daniel in the den of lions, are parables.

In order that the views hereinafter stated may be seen in their proper relation to the central object of our faith, I desire to say that I hold and teach

(1) That Jesus Christ is divine—very God of very God— as well as human; that he is the Son of God in a unique sense, as no mere man can be said to be: and

(2) That he holds a central place in all God's revelations to men. When God spoke of old time unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, He was preparing the way for that fuller revelation of himself which he made in the latter days in his Son, who was the very image of his substance.

I. Miracles.

I do not assert that God never interrupted the orderly workings of nature, or that the miracles in the Bible are to be explained according to the known laws of nature, or that the accounts are to be regarded as false.

I believe in miracles. To say that God can not do what he will in his own world is less complimentary than to call him an "absentee God." He works with the freedom of a sovereign. His freedom is not curtailed but is rather expressed by the orderly workings of nature; but it finds expression also in those extraordinary acts of his will and power which we call miraculous.

II. Prediction.

I hold that prediction is one of the main characteristics of Old Testament prophecy.

The Messianic prophecies embody Jehovah's gracious purpose and promise of salvation.

In the early stages of Hebrew history the full meaning of these was not understood; Jehovah had to do with Israel what Jesus did with his disciples—reserve to a future time what they could not then bear.

If, as Calvin and Delitzsch think, the term "her seed" in Gen. iii meant for the men of that time the race as a whole, that need not hinder us from regarding the passage as Messianic, since the race culminates in Christ the Head of redeemed humanity.

I hold that in the Messianic prophecies (which include Isaiah ix:6, 7) the immediate reference may be, and usually is, to some so-called typical person, e. g., the Davidic king (present or future), or the anointed priest, or even to the nation as a whole, or to the spiritual nucleus of the nation; and that this may be all that the words meant for the time being, when interpreted from the view-points of the prophet and his contemporaries. When interpreted from the view-point of the New Testament, these prophecies are only fully satisfied when they find complete fulfilment in the advent and redeeming work of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the goal of prophecy and its final interpreter.

In interpreting Scripture the view-point is all-important. It is true that before Christ came no one had an adequate conception of what the future Messiah should be. But after he came men realized (not at first, for the disciples were slow of heart, but after Pentecost at least) that the life and work of Christ were the fulfilment of prophecy. As the risen sun blots out the stars, so for us Christians the Advent of Christ renders obsolete the original meanings which, meager as they were, the prophecies bore for the men to whom they were first given, and from which they derived comfort and hope, since they were adapted to their needs and were level with their understanding of Jehovah's purposes.

III. Critical Questions.

Regarding the Pentateuch, the levitical law, Isaiah, Jonah, &c., I hold

First, that all such matters are proper subjects of inquiry, and that the Christian scholar may claim liberty of investigation. He has a right to hold the view that commends itself to his best judgment when all available evidence has been examined. An evangelical Christian may hold any of the views mentioned in the memorial, touching these points; they would not affect the essentials of his faith. Furthermore, as we all know, many evangelical scholars do hold such views. Let me cite the significant article in the January number of the Homiletic Review by Professor Zenos of the McCormick Seminary, entitled "The Established Results of Old Testament Study," in proof of this statement.

Secondly, I hold it the duty of a teacher in this present time to help his students to understand the questions that have been raised regarding the books of the Old Testament. My habit is to encourage them to study both sides of the question in every case and to endeavor to reach an independent conclusion. Above all I endeavor to make it clear that candor and Christian charity are in the highest degree essential for any who seek to labor in this field of inquiry.

Allow me to say, in concluding this statement, that I have no sympathy with unbelieving rationalism. But not all modern critics are rationalists nor are their views all destructive of the Bible nor of the Christian faith. There is an increasing amount of reverent and believing criticism which dares to do its work thoroughly because its motives are pure and its methods worthy. Such criticism may lead us to change some of our former views respecting the Bible, but the Bible itself remains the very Word of God to reveal a living Christ, to establish and confirm our faith and to inspire us to holy living.

Very sincerely yours Thos. F. Day.

San Anselmo, Cal., April 20, 1907.

"NO EXCLUSION LEAGUE NEEDED."

The foregoing is the caption of an editorial in the Post-Intelligencer, of Seattle, one of the leading daily papers on the Pacific coast. A Japanese and Korean Exclusion League was organized in Seattle recently, and it is in this manner that the Post-Intelligencer greets it. Another paper remarks that the name of the League is the biggest thing about it. It is not expected that it will make much headway in Seattle. The editorial in the Post-Intelligencer is worth quoting, and we quote it:

"For several very good reasons there is no excuse for the existence in Seattle, or any American city, of a Japanese-Korean Exclusion League. Such organizations are entirely out of harmony with the spirit and genius of American institutions. Besides they are a menace to the peace of this nation. They encourage race prejudice, invite senseless antagonisms, expose the government to possible and wholly useless irritation, and foster dangers this country should seek to escape.

"It is a mistake to assume that there is any genuine Americanism in these movements against the Japanese and the Koreans on purely racial grounds. Genuine Americanism takes no such narrow view; indeed, the average sane and decent American will agree with the saying of one of the earlier patriots that 'the world is my country, and my religion is to do good.' This republic was dedicated to liberty and the rights of man at an awful cost, and it must be maintained, whatever the cost may be, to carry out the high and holy purposes for which it was founded.

"There is little need in this enlightened age for the maudlin sentiment which would make the Pacific littoral a frowning wall to forbid the passage of the stranger from the East. The attitude of the American nation toward the peoples of all countries is, and ought to be, friendly and helpful. Men who assume any other attitude toward the people of foreign countries fail utterly to appreciate the nature and character of American institutions, and, in very many instances, seek to deny to others a blessing which has proved of inestimable value to them.

"The Orient has contributed much to Western ci-

vilization. Some of the sanest and soundest principles of English jurisprudence had been observed and enforced for centuries in China before the wise men of the West welded them into the splendid system of laws from which we have drawn our own rules. Japan's literature, the romance, heroism and idealistic precepts of feudal Japan, if you please, translated into our own language by patient and scholarly students, has enriched our libraries and introduced new and elevating currents of thought into American life.

"But independent of these considerations, and obligations and responsibilities of the central government ought to make these 'exclusion' movements impossible. Race pride is sacred and sensitive. It is brutal needlessly to offend it, and at times it is dangerous to do so. The American government is at peace with the world. But it cannot hope to remain at peace with the world when American citizens conspire to undermine the very basis upon which it has established relations of cordiality and amity with other governments. There ought to be an end to these foolish movements against the races of the Orient.

"Any propaganda which rests upon racial prejudice is not only fundamentally wrong; it is also utterly and inexcusably wicked. If the American people are strong and just enough to shield the lowest of humankind; if they are gentle and noble enough to search out the humblest of human beings, naked nomads of the jungle, that they may lead them toward the centers of light and learning, surely they may be game, and fair enough to themselves, and to their country to deal justly and honorably with peoples that possess the virility and enlightened virtue of civilization.

"There is no need in Seattle or elsewhere in this country for 'exclusion leagues' directed against the Japanese, as a race, or against any other people because of their color or their origin. Such organizations are opposed to the best sentiments and traditions of the republic. They are noxious growths."

There is no doubt that the Post-Intelligencer represents the general sentiment of the people of Seattle, and this attitude will bear fruit. This will soon be the great route for the Japanese trade with the United States if the loud-mouthed agitation continues in San Francisco. It is significant that word has already been received from Baron Kuroki, now in the East, that he will return to Japan by way of Seattle. This was his port of arrival. San Francisco has been ignored, and justly so.

Forty years after Morrison began missionary work in China there were only 500 Protestant converts. Today there are about 150,000. But, think of China's population—400,000,000! A great field, that, for missionary effort. But this is one only of many lands. Evidently the call is for a greater and a wider consecration on the part of the followers of him who said, "Go ye and disciple all nations."

Francis J. Heney, who at this time is attracting national attention, is a graduate of the University of California and of the Hastings Law School. He is forty-four years old. He is a lawyer of the type of Governor Hughes of New York and Governor Folk of Missouri. His management of the graft cases in San Francisco has met with public approval far and near. His successful prosecution of the public land frauds in the Northwest had already given him a national reputation. The value of his services to San Francisco cannot be easily estimated.

IAN MACLAREN—A MEMORY PICTURE.

By W. N. Burr.

"Ian Maclaren died this morning." This announcement in the evening papers the other day came with the shock that always accompanies the news of the sudden death of a friend. Some of us live much with men and women whom we have never seen, perhaps, but who have come into our lives through the work they have done, and made there a large place for themselves.

I have "read" Ian Maclaren since the first days of "The Bonnie Briar Bush." It was my privilege once to see and to hear him on the lecture platform. His theme that afternoon was "The Place of the Kirk in Scottish Life." Eight years ago it was, but I can hear the voice of the man yet as he told us the story of John Knox and Mary Stuart:

"The Catholic Queen and the Protestant reformer met sometimes, and then the sparks flew as from an anvil. But the fearless reformer always came out best; for Mary suffered from a woman's disability. John Knox had nerves like whip-cord, and could hold himself against all odds; while Mary's nerves were like violin strings, and sometimes they snapped. Mary would lose her temper.

"'Who are you?' she would cry in anger.

"'Your majesty: I am not an earl, and I am not a knight. I am a member of the Scottish commonwealth,' John Knox would reply. Then he would go out, and the gentlemen and ladies of the court would jeer and gibe at him. But he would turn on them and give them a John Knox look, and perhaps let fly a John Knox word or two, and soon those birds of paradise would be huddling in a corner like fowls when a hawk's about. Then he would go to the pulpit of St. Giles, and he would preach, and preach, and preach; and he preached his Protestantism into the hearts of the people, and the cathedral went down and the kirk sprang up; and the kirk has been the center of Scottish life from that day to this."

In the course of his lecture that afternoon Dr. Watson narrated a bit of experience he had one day with a railroad employe—the man who "shunts the trucks" of a freight train. And here is the story as I scribbled it into my notebook while he was telling it:

"I was called one day to a funeral some miles away, and I missed my train. I found I could reach the place in time by going on the freight, so I settled myself in the one little car of a freight train that a passenger may ride in. I thought I was in for a slow, lonely bit of travel, but I soon found I was mistaken in that. I seated myself and looked around. Yonder on the side of the car I saw the face of a noted divine looking down upon me with dignity. Further along was the picture of a fine church building. Pictures ecclesiastical of many kinds were pinned to the sides of that car; and right in front of me was the report of a noted heresy case cut from a newspaper and pinned there. I felt quite at home—almost as comfortable as I would have been in my own study. By and by the man that shunts the trucks came in, and the train started. He looked at me, and I looked at him, and we were friends at once. I was in his study, but I was a minister, and I soon found that nothing could have pleased that man more than to catch a minister in his car. He was aching for a talk with a minister, and here was his chance We

talked a little about the famous heresy case, and then he said:

"'Now, Doctor: it's twenty miles we've got before the train stops and I've to go out and shunt the trucks. There's plenty of time now, and no interruptions. Let's take up Deuteronomy, the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy. And we took up Deuteronomy, and we talked Pentateuch, and Hexateuch, and Moses, and the repetition of the law. Ay, how that man did revel in Deuteronomy that day. Like sweet morsels under his tongue were his arguments in favor of the Mosaic authorship of the book of Deuteronomy. We talked Deuteronomy until the train stopped, and he had to go out to shunt the trucks.

"By and by he came back, and the train started.

"'Now, Doctor,' says he, 'we've got fifteen miles more before we reach the place where you stop. The train is slow and there's no interruptions—let's take up the Song of Solomon.'

"So we took up the Song of Solomon, and we talked about the Song of Solomon—the majesty of the Bridegroom, our blessed Lord, and the beauty of the Bride, his Church; and our hearts were warm within us, as we drew near to our Beloved; and it almost seemed as if we were the two disciples at Emmaus with our Lord sitting close beside us, opening to us the Scripture, and showing to us therein the things concerning Himself."

La Jolla, Cal.

A REAL SIN.

In the following the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, speaks of what he regards as "the real sin." We presume that he means a real sin. There are other real sins. But herein is indicated a real sin which demands as much attention as any other. Mr. Campbell says:

"The ethical and spiritual reawakening of Christendom is at hand. 'The law and the prophets were until John: from that time the gospel of the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it.' We want a Christian unity based upon a recognition of this all-important truth. We want a practical assertion of the fact that the church has no meaning and no function if it be not this. We want effective declaration of the truth that God is seeking manifestation in this way, and that the Christ is present in all his saving fulness in every effort put forth for the healing of the wounds of mankind and the realization of a spiritual brotherhood on earth as in heaven. We want this ancient ideal preached as a new evangel. We must show the masses that we are in earnest, and to do so we must let other objects sink into the background: 'Seek first the kingdom of God.' We must be simple and sincere. When we use the word sin, let us show that we mean selfishness; and when we proclaim a gospel for sin, let us begin by being unselfish ourselves. Where is the good of talking to men about sin while we have plenty and they are starving. The real sin consists in doing nothing to alter such a state of things. When the man with a burdened conscience comes to us for relief, let us tell him that we all bear the burden together, and that until he becomes a Christ all the love in the universe will come to his help and share his struggle. His burden is ours—the burden of the Christ incarnate for the redemption of the world. There is no want within the range of human experience which this gospel will not meet. It is the proclamation of our oneness with God. Never since the nascent days of the Christian evangel has that gospel been preached with fervor and clearness by an individual church. If the church will unite to preach it now, the future is glorious. It can be preached under any or all of the existing ecclesiastical forms, but it must be preached; the world is waiting for it. The unprivileged mases of every nation in Christendom are yearning for it and ready to respond to it. They do not know—how could they know?—that the church originally came into being for this end and for no other; so in their hunger for a purer, nobler social order, they have turned away from the church, and many of them are making the mistake of thinking that they can live by bread alone. Let the prophets come forward and tell them the truth, the truth that the hither and yonder are one, and that man is worth the saving here because he has an immortal destiny and must begin somewhere if he is to reach the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ in the 'one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.'"

The Second Advent.

In this connection we quote from a recent article by Sir Oliver Lodge in the Hibbert Journal:

"It is deeds far more than creeds that are wanted now. Ye have to discover, but we have also to realize. We do not want matter without form, any more than we want form without matter. An idea must be incarnated before it is effective. That is how Christianity was founded, when the Logos was made flesh.

'And so the Word had breath and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds
More strong than all poetic thought.'

"Nothing less than a reincarnation of the Logos will invigorate the faith of Christendom and carry forward the salvation of mankind. That is the meaning of the Second Advent. The second incarnation will be in the hearts of all men—a reign of brotherhood and love for which the heralds are already preparing their songs. Already there are signs of his coming and sounds of his feet; and upon our terrestial activity the date of this Advent depends."

It is along such lines as are here marked out that a great deal of the best thought of the twentieth century is moving. But it should be remembered that the true church of Christ has always emphasized the **deed.** The words of the Master were in effect that not they who said, Lord, Lord, but that they who did the will of the Father should enter into his kingdom.

Everywhere today are to be found those who want to do the will of the Father, and widely is being asked the question, Is that will being done to any great extent? Is the Chrstian world, even, to any great extent living in accordance with the principles and teachings of Jesus who came to reveal the Father? What he believed he incarnated. Are we doing that?

The sale of revolvers by the European, the American and Japanese stores in China to the natives is contrary to law, but it is clandestinely carried on. It has become a serious menace to the peace of many communities in China This is the same old story—shortsightedness.

Among the Churches.

Los Gatos.—Seven persons united with the church at the recent communion.

Berkeley.—Steps have been taken by about 150 members of the First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley for the organization of a new church in a suitable location to be selected in one of the best resident parts of the city.

Watsonville.—The reports at the recent annual meeting were gratifying, showing the work of the church in good condition. There is a considerable sum in the parsonage fund. Extensive repairs are contemplated for the church building.

Berkeley, Grace.—The house of worship of Grace Presbyterian Church is near to completion and will be dedicated early in June. It is situate on 62nd street between Grove and Dover. This church is not yet eight months old and has 78 members. The Rev. Dr. W. H. Layson is pastor.

San Francisco.—The members of Westminister Church are glad of the honor which has come to a former pastor, Rev. John Quincy Adams, now pastor at Waterloo, N. Y. He has just accepted a unanimous election as librarian of Auburn Theological Seminary. He will have a number of assistants and will also lecture upon theological literature.

Berkeley, Knox.—The proposed new building of this church will cost about $10,000. The building now in use will be left on the grounds and will be arranged for social and other purposes. The auditorium of the new building will seat 300, and the Sunday-school rooms which will seat 200 will be constructed so as to open into the auditorium, giving thus a combined seating capacity of 500. The exterior walls will be finished with stucco; the interior finish will be in light cherry tones, with yellow pine and ecru tints. Altogether a very inviting and servicable structure will be the result. Such has been the growth of the work under the leadership of the Rev. R. S. Eastman that the present edifice is entirely inadequate.

PROFESSOR WICHER AT THE BRITISH COLUMBIA SYNODICAL CONFERENCE.

The members of the Conference held in connection with the meeting of the Synod of British Columbia, may 7th-10th, at New Westminster, gave a warm welcome to Professor E. A. Wicher of the San Francisco Seminary.

The professor met several old friends and made a host of new ones. He delivered a popular lecture on Japan one evening, and spoke on "The Social Teaching of Jesus," and "The Present Status of New Testament Criticism," at other sessions, besides preaching in different churches on Sunday. The Canadians were quite delighted with their countryman, and listened to his scholarly lectures with great interest. At the conclusion of his last address a resolution couched in very complimentary terms was passed, thanking the able young professor for his presence at the conference, and his valuable contributions to the success of the gathering.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. Edward E. Annaud, '98, has resigned his pastorate in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and is taking post-graduate studies in Edinburgh, Scotland. After concluding his course there he will probably return and take up work in California.

Dr. Moore and Dr. Landon left for the East May 9th to attend the General Assembly in Columbus, Ohio. They will cooperate with other representatives from about the Bay in an effort to secure further assistance for the building up of Presbyterian interests here. They will also attend to other important Seminary matters and visit several colleges by the way. Dr. Landon spent Sabbath, May 12th, in Denver, Col., and preached in the evening for Rev. Robert C. Stone, '96, who is now pastor of the North Presbyterian Church in that city. Mr. Stone left Oakland about two years ago with health so seriously impaired that his friends doubted whether he would ever preach again. He is now a strong, well man, doing a vigorous work. His church is well organized. It has a membership of 330 and is rapidly growing.

While in Denver Dr. Landon visited the University of Denver and addressed the assembled student body at their chapel services Monday forenoon. He called especial attention to the new Student Recruits Movement. There are a number of candidates for the ministry in this institution. Its chancellor is the present vigorous governor of Colorado. Dr. Day will spend the summer with his family in Brigham, Utah.

ANARCHISTIC SPIRIT GROWING.

(From The California Christian Advocate.)

The demonstration of May day in Brooklyn in which the name of President Roosevelt was hissed and jeered at by 10,000 people waving red banners is significant. Up to this time the question of anarchy in the United States has never been a serious one. The affinity between a desperate contingency of the Socialists, the highly inflammable element in the labor unions and the out and out anarchists has created a condition which can no longer be safely ignored. The best way to deal with anarchy or any form of degenerate life has never been discovered. It has its origin in a diseased community conscience. The community conscience has been exploited and corrupted by unscrupulous politicians and conscienceless business methods, until a condition of desperation has been created. From the sweltering saloons, these nests of vice and wrong, comes the Nemesis of society. Loud, angry and significant as are these anarchistic warnings to the government, they speak in stronger emphasis to the church of Jesus Christ. Every church, Protestant and Catholic, should ask itself seriously whether it has not directly and indirectly promoted the conditions which have led to open rebellion against civil and constituted authority. We may well consider whether the agitation in the form of destructive criticism against the present social order without constructing a new order has not sown broadcast bitter discontent. This wild cry has gone through the churches and through the colleges kindling an agitation which now threatens to go beyond control. It may be said by some that this angry wave of contagion has arisen from lack of agitation rather than from premature agitation. We are inclined to think that society is suffering from over-agitation. The tone of the press, the sensationalism of the pulpit, the destructive criti-

cism of the Bible, the disintegration and incoherency of the teaching of the church, the ruthless ripping up of all creeds, the substitution of a superficial utilitarianism for a regenerated heart, have brought on a condition laissez faire which has rapidly degenerated toward anarchy. It seems a bit ungracious to criticize the church and the college for the rise and spread of anarchistic conditions. It has often seemed to us that the world is old enought to adopt even, steady methods of advance. We seriously question all inflammable utterances whether in the pulpit or from the college platform. In a time like this the church must get back to fundamentals. It cannot exploit all the high explosives in the social order without danger. Every effort should be made to allay and assuage and conserve society. When we see that a minister or a college professor is to give a series of sermons or lectures on Socialism, we sometimes tremble for the results. The Gospel is the only true remedy for the wrongs of society. The church is the conservator of society. At the risk of being misunderstood the church should come together into a greater solidarity. It should condense its energies and prepare for a stormy sea. The strain upon the universal church during the next dozen years will try every part of it. The air is easily set on fire. There is no time to lose in consolidating and unifying the essentials of Christianity. The storm of discontent will break. It was thought a dozen years ago that poverty, want, hard times were the cause of the wide-spread murmur of discontent, but the present unparalleled decade of prosperity has increased the murmur until it is scarcely less than a wild shriek of desperation. The whole power of the church should be called into action in the direction of quiet and content and law. The politicians will follow the church or go down in a wreck.

SECRETARY ROOT ON STATE RIGHTS.

Secretary Root, one of the ablest lawyers in the United States, at the Annual meeting of the American Society of International Law, recently discussed the question of State rights as involved in the San Francisco school fiasco. He says: "It is obvious that three distinct questions were raised by the claim originating with Japan and presented by our National Government to the courts in San Francisco. The first and second were merely questions of construction of the treaty. Was the right to attend the primary schools a right, liberty, or privilege of residence? and, if so, was the limitation of Japanese children to the Oriental school and their exclusion from the ordinary schools a deprivation of that right, liberty, or privilege? * * * "The other question was whether, if the treaty had the meaning which the Government of Japan ascribed to it, the Government of the United States had the constitutional power to make such a treaty agreement with a foreign nation which should be superior to and controlling upon the laws of the State of California. A correct understanding of that question is of the utmost importance not merely as regards the State of California, but as regards all States and all citizens of the Union."

It is only necessary to say that Secretary Root absolutely and unequivocally upholds the power of the Federal Government. The people of the United States in 1787 committed the treaty making power to the National Government. There are no absolute limitations upon the treaty making power of the National Government, but there are implied limitations. Those implied limitations do not in any degree touch the right of the National Government to fix the status of aliens within the territory of the United States. That power has never been left to the states. Every treaty since the treaty of 1778 with France has contained such provisions. These features of the treaties, whether treaties of friendship, of commerce or navigation, have been made on a reciprocal basis. It follows that treaties have frequently annulled the acts of State legislatures. He says: "The very words of the Constitution, that the Judges in every State shall be bound by a treaty, 'anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding,' necessarily imply an expectation that some treaties will be made in contravention of laws of the States. Far from the treaty-making power being limited by State laws, its scope is entirely independent of those laws; and whenever it deals with the same subject, if inconsistent with the law, it annuls the law. This is true as to any laws of the States, whether the legislative authority under which they are passed is concurrent with that of Congress, or exclusive of that of Congress." The ranting and filibustering of the California press, the high-handed proceedings of the California Legislature and the pronunciamentos of the various attorneys, are a distinct contribution to California's long column of ridiculous things.

Secretary Root concludes that "since the rights, privileges and immunities both of person and property, to be accorded to foreigners in our country and to our citizens in foreign countries are a proper subject of treaty provision and within the limits of the treaty-making power, and since such rights, privileges, and immunities may be given by treaty in contravention of the laws of any State, it follows of necessity that the treaty-making power alone has authority to determine what those rights, privileges, and immunities shall be." We have not seen any attempt in any part of the Union to answer this masterful argument. He shows beyond all controversy that no State has the right to define the privileges of property or education of any aliens within its borders. The California school question had to do with a policy of friendship between Japan and this country. The deeper problem is one of race prejudice. The road upon which the San Francisco School Board set out meant a quarrel between the people of Japan and the people of the United States. President Roosevelt did well to allay the strife. There is a growing number of people in California who are sick and tired of the small provincial politics of this state. The foxy, cunning, little politician who has played such a large part in the policies of this state should clear out.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"He giveth quietness," O Elder Brother,
Whose homeless feet have pressed our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in our losses we might find our gain.

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings
I ask but this; in every troubled hour
To hear thy voice through all the tumults stealing.
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me, if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in thine along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning
When from all shadows I shall find release;
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning—
Who can make trouble when Thou sendest peace-

—Emily Huntington Miller.

The Home.

THE MATERIAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

Andrew Carnegie.

Things material are abundant. Our mills and factories are numerous, large, and prosperous, but things material, including money itself, should only be the foundation upon which are reared things spiritual. Our mines of coal and iron have not completed their mission when transmuted into dollars. Not till the dollars are transmuted into service for others has wealth completely justified its existence. Dollars are only dross until spiritualized, a means to an end, and miserable is the man, mean and squalid his life, who knows no better than to deaden his soul by mere possession, counting over the hoard which holds him down or using his faculties in old age in augmenting the useless stuff which ministers not to any taste worthy of man.

Little does and little can the speculator on the exchange or the mere dollar grabber in any line of activity know of the higher pleasures of human existence. Only when a man labors for the general good and for other than general aims that end with self can he know and enjoy the high spiritual rewards of life.

ART OF CONVERSATION.

The art of conversation so essential to every one who wishes to mingle in society, can only be perfected by frequent intercourse with the polite; yet great assistance may be derived by an intelligent person from the observations below, and no important blunders can possibly be made if the rules here given be attended to.

Under favorable circumstances, and among persons who know how to train a conversation, there are few if any amusements more grateful to the human mind. Every one knows something which he is willing to tell, and which any other that he is in company with wishes to know, or which if known to him, would be amusing or useful.

To be a skillful conversationist, one's eyes and ears should be busy; nothing should escape his observation. His memory should be a good one, and he should have a good-natured willingness to please and to be pleased.

It follows that all matter of offense in conversation should be avoided. The self-love of others is to be respected. Therefore, no one is tolerated who makes himself the subject of his own commendation, nor who disregards the feelings of those whom he addresses.

There is as much demand for politeness and civility in conversation as in any other department of social intercourse. One who rudely interrupts another, does much the same thing as though he should, when walking with another, impertinently thrust himself before his companion, and stop his progress.

It was one of the maxims of a French philosopher, that "in conversation, confidence has a greater share than wit." The maxim is erroneous, although it is true that a fashionable fool may attain to the small talk of which much of the conversation of society is composed, and his glib confidence may so impose upon the superficial as to make this pass for wit; but it will not be received as such by that portion of society whose esteem is desirable. Good sense, sound and varied information, are as necessary as confidence to enable a man to converse well.

In addition, then, to the ordinary routine of education, make yourself acquainted with the passing circumstances of the day—its politics, its parties, its amusements, its foibles, its customs, its literature, and at the present time I must also say its science. Some of these subjects may be the parent of much gossip and scandal; still, a man moving in society as a gentleman, must be ignorant of nothing which relates thereto, or if he is, he must not appear to be.

Avoid a loud tone, particularly in speaking to ladies. By observing men of the world, you will perceive that their voices, as it were, involuntarily assume a softness as they address the sex; this is one of the most obvious proofs of an intimacy with good society.

Never attempt to occupy the attention of a company for a long time; unless your conversation is very brilliant it must become very tiresome.

The object of conversation is to entertain and amuse. To be agreeable, you must learn to be a good listener. A man who monopolizes a conversation is a bore, no matter how great his knowledge.

Never get into a dispute. State your opinions, but do not argue them. Do not contradict, and above all, never offend by correcting mistakes or inaccuracies of fact or expression.

Never lose temper—never notice a slight—never seem conscious of an affront, unless it is of a gross character, and then punish it at once.

You can never quarrel in presence of ladies, but a personal indignity may be avenged **anywhere.**

Never talk of people by hints, slurs, innuendoes, and such mean devices. If you have anything to say, out with it. Nothing charms more than candor, when united with good breeding.

Do not call people by their names in speaking to them. In speaking of your own children, never "Master" and "Miss" them—in speaking to other people of theirs, never neglect to do so.

It is very vulgar to talk in a loud tone, and indulge in horse-laughs. Be very careful in speaking of subjects upon which you are not acquainted. Much is to be learned by confessing your ignorance—nothing can be by pretending to knowledge which you do not possess.

Never tell long stories. Avoid all common slang phrases and pet words.

Of all things, don't attempt to be too fine. Use good honest English—and common words for common things. If you speak of breeches, shirts, or petticoats, call them by their right names. The vulgarity is in avoiding them.

Be not partial to theorizing, or your conversation will assume the style of speech-making, which is intolerable.—The Chautauquan.

The Quiet Hour.

CREEDS.

The sky said to the sea:
  Behold, from God I came,
And though my clouds change endlessly
  Like Him am I the same.

The sea said to the sky:
Brother, 'tis so with me;
My waves and tides go ever by,
Yet day and night the same am I,
Like God, eternally.

—Louise Morgan Sill.

DO NOT WORRY.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

While we are ready enough to excuse ourselves, we are also apt sometimes to be content with crying out against ourselves: "Well, yes, I know—this is my failing, I am so anxious. I do so fret and worry. I wish it were not so." And thus we spend our energy in fretting because we fret, and worrying because we worry.

All this shall avail us nothing. Homeopathy may have its place, but it will notcure care. You cannot cure worry by worrying about it.

It is well for us carefully to consider with what exquisite graciousness the Lord Jeuus deals with this evil. In all his character there is nothing more beautiful than to see him as Master of the art of reproof. The hardest thing in the world is to reprove wisely. In nothing need we take more care when dealing with others than in the matter of reproof. We may scold people into hell, but we can never scold anybody into heaven. We may scold people from delusion into despair, but we can never scold them from failure into hope.

Linger for a moment on this aspect of the Saviour's character. On one occasion there was a great quarrel among the disciples; so fierce was it that even as they came along the road the noise of their wrangling was borne upon the breeze to the ears of the Lord Jesus.

"What was it," he asked afterward, "that ye disputed among yourselves as ye came alon~ the way?"

They had disputed which of them should be the greatest. How it must have hurt the heart of the meek and lowly Jesus to find this spirit springing up among these fishermen, this lust of superiority! Think what it must have meant to him who made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. We well might expect to see all the indignation of the Lord Jesus stirred to its utmost depths.

But what does he do. **He sits down.** There is a great deal in that. You cannot be very fierce or demonstrative when you sit down. Silently Jesus beckons a little lad to come and stand at his side. The presence of that little one took away all harshness. Everything was filled with a beautiful tenderness as, with his arm about the lad, Jesus said: "Except ye become as a little child ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

So is it when the Lord Jesus comes to deal with our care. He who himself marveled that the disciples should be frightened or anxious even amid the fierceness of the stormy sea, fetches in the birds and bids them sing to us and charm away our worry, even as the musician of old drove forth the evil spirit by the sweet strains of his harp. He brings in the flowers, and by their beauty and their fragrance he heals this sickness of the soul, as the physician finds in the plant the healing balm.

We must be careful to hear throughout all these words this undertone of tenderness. I sat one day by the bedside of a sufferer who was about to undergo an operation. Her face lit up as she said: "I never knew before the meaning of that word—is there no physician there? He is the Good Physician, not the Surgeon." How blessedly true it is! He brings only the balm. It is bad enough when any seek to cure their own worry by worrying about it; but it is a great deal worse when we try to cure the worry of others by worrying them. Here the hand that binds must be careful not to bruise. Here that which is meant to heal may so easily inflame. So is it needful to be rid of any tone and touch that can irritate. They who dress this wound must be careful to disinfect themselves of poisoned germs.

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands."

—From "Christ's Cure for Care."

MY COMPASS.

By M. Adele Thieman.

I am the captain of my bark,
Which is carried by the breeze;
Or which in tempest wild and dark
Is tossed through restless seas.

I do not know the course to steer,
The gathering clouds lie low;
But tho' 'tis rough, I have no fear,
The Port I'll make, I know.

The Sea of Life is very wide,
The harbor I cannot see;
But there's a compass which will guide
My little bark and me.

Without this compass I would be
At the mercy of the gale;
But with its steadfast aid, I see,
Without it I would fail.

My compass is the God of Love,
And His power will guide aright;
For tho' a captain, from above
I draw my help and light.

Young People.

CAPITAL NIL.

A True Tale of Small Beginnings.

A lovely day in June. In the country, balmy, enjoyable, life-giving. In the city, dusty, dry, stifling. The pavements seemed to scorch. The houses are a glaring mass. Even busy city men cease to hurry.

Under the doorway of a corner house, with close-shuttered, dusty, windows, stood a boy, so weary, so forlorn, and hungry-looking, his pitiful aspect might have attracted notice in any less busy throng, but in the big money-making city, at this hour, all were too intent on their own affairs to heed him.

Stay! there are two just passing, young fellows A few doors back they turned out of a "dining-room." They have been having a plentiful meal; they are

chatting gaily, and as they pass the dusty doorway where the forlorn boy has shrunk away from the glare, one says to the other, in reference to something they have been talking about:

"Wonder what his capital amounts to now. Not much, I should say."

"Capital nil," briefly rejoins the other.

Both laugh, and hurry on their way. The boy had heard, had known the remark was applied to himself, though he most likely had no idea what the words meant. He shrank a little farther into the dusty gloom of the doorway, as if he were ashamed of being hungry and friendless; yet, poor boy, it was by no fault of his he was so.

Hungry, penniless, wanting to work, but no work to do. That was his case.

It was considerably more than a day and a night since he had tasted food. All the daylight of those hours he had been afoot, asking at every place where he deemed there might be a chance, for "work." Always with the same result; no one wanted a friendless boy who had no one to "speak for him."

Habit is second nature, and nature will fight a long while before she gives in. Just now, though, nature was calling very imperatively for food. Thirty-two hours is a long while to fast, even though a boy is not a glutton, and the smell from the dining-room close by seemed to tantalize him worse than all.

What to do next? That was the thought occupying him. It seemed to him that he had done everything there was to do.

Some people, when they ponder, look down on the ground, others turn their eyes upwards. This boy, as it happened did neither. His eyes had a way generally of looking straight before him, and doing so, they sighted a very dirty, discolored brass plate on the door against which he had been leaning when he took refuge from the glare, and the big, hurrying crowd which appeared to have no place for him in it.

Involuntarily the boy began to read the name and calling set forth upon the plate, which was a big one.

"How dirty it is; no one can read it!" he said to himself.

Then, in conformity with a habit of his, he began to rub a small piece of the plate.

"Some difference that makes," he said, half aloud; and he rubbed again with the sleeve of his old jacket.

In a few minutes the brass shone radiantly. He had been rubbing only listlessly at first, but suddenly he took off his cap, tore away a piece of the old leather lining, and dipping it in the accumulated dust in a corner of the doorstep, he redoubled his efforts, with such good results that the plate began to glitter and gleam.

A band of young street skirmishers had collected at the foot of the steps, staring at the lad.

"Out of the way, youngsters! out of the way!" exclaimed a bustling city man, issuing from an adjoining warehouse, and half tumbling over them.

"What's to do here, eh?"

"He's a-cleaning that there door-plate."

"He's a making of a looking-glass for to see hisself in."

"Well, but—I say, my lad, who set you to do that, eh? The place is empty! What's it all about?"

The boy had stopped his work. By this time several men had gathered round. The boy came forward.

"If you please, sir, no one told me. I hadn't anything to do; I want to work."

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

"Of course, yes, all right. But who's to pay you? where's the joke? Don't see."

"It was so very dirty; I had nothing to do," said the boy simply.

"But, if you must clean doorplates, don't be rubbing dead-and-gone ones to shame the living," went on the voluble city man. "Here, come and furbish ours; it wants it bad enough. Hope you'll do as well with it as you have by this. Why, it makes one's eyes blink. Ha, Ha!"

"It does so," said his friend; "never saw anything like it."

"Here; in case I'm not back by the time you've done," said the new patron, handing him a sixpence. "That's the plate."

"Please, sir, might I get some bread first?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"Bread! why, haven't you had your dinner?"

But the boy was already across the road.

"He's half starved," said one of the party, who had been watching the hungry eyes of the lad, which gleamed with joy as he grasped the lump of bread the shopwoman handed to him with his two-pence change.

"Bread!" ejaculated the prosperous city man, to whom the idea of an appetite to be gratified by such fare was utterly unknown.

The boy ate and worked together, putting good will into both operations.

"Well, it looks as it never has since the day it was first put up," said the new employer.

But the brightness of that plate was not to be stood by its neighbors. Five more that afternoon the boy bestowed his attentions upon with such good success that the sun seemed setting in half a dozen different places in the chief street of the city that evening.

"You must come oftener, my lad," was the command, when next he made his appearance. "Come every day and give it a rub; and here—these handles. What d'ye use? how d'ye do it? They can't make it out; my fellows can't make it out at all."

"He must have a secret, ye know, to make them things blazon out in the way they do."

"'Tis just grease," put in an old coachman—"elbow grease."

The laugh went against the loafer.

"Anyway, you can come and do ours," said a caretaker of some offices. "There is four of them; I'll give you twopence apiece all round."

So the boy's work grew. Every day brought him fresh customers; earlier and earlier the boy began his rounds. Each day saw his work finished later. The early dawn found him polishing away. His active little figure was familiar to the night policeman long before relief time came.

So he went on year in and year out. The fogs of winter were his most persistent enemies; against those even he waged active warfare, often beaten, but never disheartened.

"You don't make your dinner off dry bread now, eh?" said his first employer to him one day.

"Not much more, sir," replied the boy.

"What?"

"I'm saving, sir."

"Oh! ah! quite a capitalist, I suppose. But you might get into a warehouse. I believe a friend of mine would take you."

"Thank ye, sir; but I would rather keep at this. It's always in the fresh air, and then if I left 'em they's get so dingy again."

"I like work, sir."

One dull October morning the boy had finished polishing the large plate by which he had made his first fee. He bestowed yet again an extra rub, and still lingered.

"It's no use bothering over that this foggy weather," said the voice of his first employer, as he bustled past to enter.

"It's the last time, sir," said the boy, almost sadly, though there was an exultant light in his eyes.

"Last time? What d'ye mean?"

"I—we sail to-morrow, sir."

"Stuff! Can't you do better than that?" cried the testy city man.

"I've saved enough to pay my passage, sir; I always meant it."

"Never! And a boy like you! no capital! no interest!"

The lad smiled. He had often thought of those words the young men had used when they passed him in the dusty porch. He knew the meaning of them now.

"I think I'll do, sir," he said. Then he looked almost affectionately at the doorplate, with a final rub. "They'll soon get dingy," he said, and something like a sigh followed.

"Let us hear from you—how you get on," said the city man, kindly, as he bade the young fellow a cheery farewell. "You'll get on fast enough, no doubt."

As the years passed on they did hear of the young man from time to time.

He was getting on always, steadily and surely. Comfort and plenty have gradually surrounded him. A very rich man he is not. He remembers too keenly his once forlorn state to be insensible to the needs of others. Such men never grow wealthy.

"Ho! ho! sir, that is the same fellow! Read that, sir! read that!" And the old city man points to a paragraph in a paper which has just come to him across the seas.

"In the recent election of our worthy fellow-townsman to the highest office save one obtainable in the township we have a fresh proof of the power of individual effort unassisted by extraneous circumstances. It is within the memory of many, not our oldest subscribers, when he arrived in the colony a friendless youth," etc.

"That, sir, is the young fellow I gave his first job to; cleaned that very doorplate for sixpence-"

"And he went out without interest, without capital!"

"Capital, sir! He loved work for its own sake! I tell you, that's it—he just loved work. That was his capital."—Every Boy's Monthly.

THE BOY'S CLEAN SECURITY.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door.

The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-dressed lad, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other fifteen cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. As respectfully as if it had been a deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it, accepted it and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think I know nothing about him?" smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge, and that he does not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as sucurity."

Shoot at the sun and you will at least hit the moon," isa Persian proverb. It involves the thought that the higher the standard, the nobler the ideal, the greater the attainment. Unless one has a grand conception of life, and has trained toward its attainment, a great opportunity will only make him ridiculous. A member of the President's Cabinet, in an address to the students at the California University at Berkeley, once said: "If you make a failure of life, it is not because of lack of knowledge, but for lack of education." Knowledge is mere information. Education is drawing out de—development. It is not enough to have noble ideals, and high standards, but there must be development—a pressing toward the mark of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Mere good will, wish, hope, or even ardent desire is not attainment.

The newest innovation that has taken place in the method of working a coal mine is the substitution of concrete for the mine timbering.

TIME AFTER TIME.

Two boys stood close beside a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building. "That seems like nice work," said one to the other, observingly, as he watched a mechanic, driving, with well-aimed force, nail after nail into place.

"Yes, I should like to be a carpenter, but I could never have the patience to hit the same nail so many times," answered the other boy.

The workman, paused, his hammer lifted midway, and smiled, "You would never do for a mechanic, then," he said, "since it is only repeated effort that brings good result."

This is true along any line of work you may pursue. The art of accomplishing a task skilfully is not learned in a day, but often represents years of steadfast toil. This ought not to discourage us, however, but rather to increase our desire to succeed. It is true that "no great thing was ever lightly won."

A boy who early in life sets about his work, whatever it may be, in earnest, is likely to accomplish wonderful results. "That son of yours is a born farmer," remarked one man approvingly to another, as he noted the energetic manner in which the lad performed his task. "John always does his level best at everything," was the reply.

That is really the secret of the whole matter—our level best, and stopping at nothing short of it. Lately a man who had distinguished himself in war was being entertained in a home where a bright-eyed lad sat at his feet eagerly listening to the conversation. "Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "of what are you thinking?" "Sir," was the answer, "I mean to be a great soldier like you." "Oh," he said, as he laid bare a hidden scar, "are you willing to pay the cost?" Time after time are we to perform the duties asigned us. Our work may not be marked by human eye and it may seem of minor importance even to us, but if in it is thrown the energy of heart, of will and of mind, some day it will count, and the one talent will have been multiplied as the great Giver intended.—Sarah V. DuBois, in Christian Intelligencer.

IN MEMORIAM.

I wonder if He heard the little pattering feet,
And sent an angel out to meet
My baby in her raiment white?—
I fear me she'd be frightened of the night
With no one there her little hand to hold,
And she so far from Mother-fold.

I wonder if He took her in his arms and blest,
As on that day when Mothers prest
Their babes against His sacred knees?
And He, caressing, said, "except as one of these
Ye cannot of His perfect kingdom be,
Who rules and reigns eternally."

And then, I wonder if He held her there, my sweet,
Until He came to Mary's feet,
And laid within her loving arms
My wee ewe lamb, safe now from life's alarms.

—Margaret N. Goodman.

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A GREAT ISSUE

Eclipses the April "One Year After" Number.

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ON SALE MAY 25th.

MARY ANN FINDS A PET.

It was noisy and dirty where Mary Ann lived. The big trains thundered past every hour of the day and rattled the windows.

But there was the tunnel. Not forty feet from Mary Ann's front gate it opened its great black mouth and Mary Ann was never tired of watching it swallow the great long trains.

And at the other end of the tunnel was the country. Mary Ann had never seen the country but she knew all about it for that was where her mother had lived when she was a little girl.

"O, child! If we get your father into the country!" Mary Ann's mother would often say and then she would sigh and look up from her work at the clouds of smoke pouring from the chimneys of the factory where her father worked.

Mary Ann knew why her mother sighed. The doctor said it was the smoke which made her father's face so white.

One hot day in summer she was swinging on the front gate eating a radish. She took small bites to make it last as long as possible and stopped now and then to lean over the gate. Suddenly Mary Ann heard a pitiful little whine. She looked and listened. She heard it again and this time she saw that it came from a dirty, woolly little bundle of hair that lay quivering on the track. She called excitedly to her mother and they picked up the poor little bundle which they found to be a little dirty white dog with brown eyes.

"Run for some water, Mary Ann," said her mother, putting the dog down on the tiny porch.

"Look, mamma," exclaimed Mary Ann. "He has a shiny collar on and it has some writing on it."

Her mother looked and read it. " 'Wiggles,' that must be his name."

"Dear Wiggles," murmured Mary Ann, patting his head softly.

When Mary Ann's father came home that night he said Wiggle's home was just the other side of the tunnel and he would take him home on the next train; Mary Ann might go, too. Mary Ann caught her breath. To go through the tunnel and see the really truly country! It was all like a wonderful dream.

Mary Ann cannot remember just what happened next but she remembers that she was walking by her father's side, the dog clasped tightly in her arms, when a little girl in a white dress came flying toward them and Wiggles gave a bound from Mary Ann's arms into those of the little girl. And the little girl's father shook hands with Mary Ann's father and then Mary Ann and Wiggles and the little girl sat down on the grass.

And what do you think happened then? The little girl's father found that the factory smoke was making Mary Ann's father ill and he asked him to bring Mary Ann and her mother and live in a little cottage covered with roses and take care of the lawn and big stable.

And so he did. The first night that Mary Ann was tucked into bed in the new home she murmured happily, "An' 'twas all account of Wiggles."—Annie L. Berray in The Congregationalist.

ANCIENT SHOES.

Nobody knows, says the Indianapolis News, who was the first shoemaker. There must have been a time when everybody went barefooted, and the first shoes were probably made of woven reeds or skins. The original shoemaker doubtless sought comfort more than style.

The Celt, who at times wandered over moor and morass, at others over mountains, invented a shoe that suited his purposes exactly. A sole of heavy hides protected his feet from the sharp stones, while uppers or legs of lighter skins protected his ankles and legs from thorns and bushes. The buskin was so constructed that the water exuded from it as soon as the foot ceased to be immersed. In the modern shoe the idea is that water be kept out, not let out.

The Celtic buskin was tough and elastic, and could be replaced whenever there was untanned skins at hand. Every Celt was his own shoemaker.

With the Norman Conquest came the introduction into the British Isles of tanned leather, which had long been in use in Normandy, where it had been introduced by the Romans.

Shoes then began to take on style, cated in later days. From close-fitting shoes fashion went to long, pointed toes, which in time grew so long that they had to be fastened to the wearer's knees.

Shoes were gorgeous affairs in the Middle Ages. King Richard, the Lion-hearted, had his boots stamped with gold. John Lackland, his brother, wore boots spotted with golden circles, while Henry III. wore boots checked with golden lines, every square of which was enriched with a lion. Cardinal Wolsey's shoes were "of gold and stones precious, costing many thousand pounds."

"BOY WANTED."

"Wanted—A Boy." How often we
This quite familiar notice see.
Wanted—a boy of every kind
Of task that a busy world can find.
He is wanted—wanted now and here;
There are towns to build; there are paths to clear;
There are seas to sail; there are gulfs to span,
In the ever onward march of man.

Wanted—the world wants boys today,
And it offers them all it has to pay.
'Twill grant them wealth, position, fame,
A useful life, an honored name.
Boys who will guide the plow and pen;
Boys who will shape the ways for men;
Boys who will forward the tasks begun,
For the world's great work is never done.

The world is eager to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Who, with a purpose staunch and true,
Will greet the work he finds to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind—
To good, awake; to evil, blind—
A heart of gold without alloy—
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.
—Nixon Waterman.

For Things Doing

At Mount Hermon

Watch This Space.

SUNDAY JUNE 23 IS THE INAUGURAL DAY OF THE SUMMER ASSEMBLIES FOR 1907.

THE MISSIONARY ASSEMBLY
JUNE 24-27

SUBJECT: "THE ORIENTAL IN AMERICA."

PRINCIPLES: THE LORDSHIP OF JESUS OVER THE WHOLE EARTH. THE UNQUESTIONED SUPREMACY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON IN AMERICA.

This Assembly deals with the greatest problem now rising before our American life: The reciprocal relation of America and the Orient and its problems, will yet hold in mastery every Congress and Parliament of Earth. Its final settlement will radically change the political map of the nations.

Missions, Education, Commerce, Law, Labor and Politics are to be represented in this Assembly. This is the hour for Christian Statesmanship, and the triumph of sober sense.

Men and Women whose hearts burn on the problems of our Nation are invited to attend and participate in the deliberations. Hotel Accommodatons, $1 and $1.50 per day during this Assembly.

Watch this page next week for announcement of the

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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A SUNDAY MORNING HYMN.

Psalm 27:4.

A peerless blessing, Lord, I seek,
  One boon I crave of Thee;
O Thou whose love all needs dost meet,
  Withold it not from me.

Not for enrichment do I ask,
  Not for an outward gift,
Not for the lightening of my task;
  But that the clouds may rift,

And through them shine on me, my God,
  In all Thy truth and grace;
With rays of heavenly beauty flood
  My waiting, upturned face.

Within Thy temple let me stay,
  Here let my soul enquire;
Till down the Christ-illumined way
  Streams the true Light and Fire.

Then radiant all my way shall be,
  Then vanish doubt and care;
And mine anointed eyes shall see
  Thy glory everywhere.

John Wright Buckham.

Berkeley, Cal.

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BUILT ON A FAULT.

The great earthquake in April 1906 revealed the fact that San Francisco and other California cities and towns were built on what geologists call a fault. The geologists had known it for a long time, but it required the great disaster to bring it to the attention of the masses of the people. It was that geological fault which made possible and finally made actual the great catastrophe which resulted in the destruction of hundreds of lives and more than eight hundred million dollar's worth of property.

In another sense also San Francisco is built on a fault. Many things during the last year go to show this. In this respect the city is not unique; other cities are so situated. But San Francisco stands out now as a remarkable example. In no other city of the country have the calamities which may be expected from such a situation been so many and marked as they have been in San Francisco during the last twelve months. They have been such as to draw to her the attention of the whole world, just as the earthquake and fire of April 1906 drew that attention.

What is this fault on which the city is built? It is that of an excessive or perverted individualism. No sooner had thought centered on the rebuilding of the city than men of all ranks and works in life saw in the peculiar conditions exceptional chances for getting on in the world, and they proceeded to put into practical operation the idea of getting out of it for themselves every dollar possible. For some it was a "first chance"; for others it was a "last chance." But, alike, all were mindful of the things of self, materially, and not the things of others. We do not say this of all the people of San Francisco; that would be scandalous and inexcusable. It was characteristic not only of large numbers in San Francisco, but of people near and far who stood in any business relations with the city. The questions which they asked themselves when they contemplated the city and their business relations to it were, What is there in it for me? How much is there in it for me? How can I best get a grip on the situation and secure my share of the gain to be realized under the abnormal conditions? And with a large number the idea was that their share included every dollar that they could get by any of the hooks or crooks of what are popularly called legitimate business methods. Others, as is widely evident, were of opinion that their share included all that they could get by any means. Some of this latter class are well along now on the way to the penitentiary. Through their conduct the city has been so shaken that it is tottering in the confidence of people near and far and has been damaged to a greater extent than it was by earthquake and fire. But it is not these alone who have shaken the city greatly to its detriment. Many who set about to get all they could out of it through what are widely regarded as legitimate means have put it to open shame the world over, for in and through their selfish greed has come finally that reign of disorder which for several weeks has to considerable extent paralyzed the business of the city. Because of the unwarranted and unreasonable advances in wages and material for building San Francisco has for many months been suffering irreparable loss. People of all classes, in various lines of business, in nearly all departments of labor, started to rebuild the city on a fault. Inevitably the day of hard shock came, and anarchy and ruin stared the prostrate city in the face.

To the men who have been trying to get rich quickly, to those in all classes who have reached out selfishly after "the almighty dollar," whether on a large or on a small scale, must be attributed largely the deplorable conditions which have made San Francisco during recent weeks a spectacle in the eyes of all the world.

The great scientist Agassiz once said that he had no time to make money. When Pope Pius IV heard of the death of John Calvin he said: "The strength of that heretic consisted in this, that money never had the slightest charm for him. If I had such servants, my dominion would extend from sea to sea."

San Francisco and people widely need to get up to a plane of life where money will have less charm for them. They need to come to a realization of what civilization really is, of what it consists. The definition of civilization by Lord Charles Russell, chief-justice of England, has been pronounced "the finest ever framed." It is: "Civilization is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature, and education wide-spread—good though these things be. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for women, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color, or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, the abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice."

Let San Franciscans, rich and poor, begin to build their city on this foundation and put such stones as these in the superstructure, and it will be a glorious city, one that will stand unshaken through all the vicissitudes of time. One from abroad who visited this country not long ago to study us and to try to get at the realities says: "When one talks to an American of his national purpose he seems a little at a loss; if one speaks of his national destiny, he responds with alacrity." What is needed in our land today, near and far, is that people should realize that there can be no destiny without a purpose; it is purpose that determines destiny

Men of San Francisco, What is,—what is to be your purpose? Is it the profit of the many? or, is it the profit of the few? Capitalist, What are you desiring? At what are you aiming? Is it to make your money bring in for you every dollar of increase that it possibly can bring, without thought for the men who toil for nothing more than a bare existence?

Workingman in the labor union, What is your thought—what your purpose? Is it to put the screws on and to demand more of a wage, dollar by dollar, without regard to the well-known fact that by so doing you often drive business men not only to the very verge of insanity and financial ruin, but far over into the chasm—and to do this, whether or not, by striking and picketing and mobbing?

If these are to be the purposes of the men of San Francisco, then is it idle to expect for the city for a long time anything other than conditions of life characteristic of the brute code of wolf existence . It will be "dog eat dog."

But as we contemplate our land we write as one

"Who rowing hard against the stream
Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
And does not deem it all a dream."

"The airs of heaven blow o'er us,
And visions rise before us
Of what mankind will be,—
Pure, generous, grand, and free."

We do not believe that this brutish struggle between labor and capital, this savage warfare, is to continue long in our land. To do so would be to despair of our civilization. San Francisco, as well as every city racked by it, will arise to better things. God desires that San Francisco shall learn by this sad experience a lesson that will be for her good. Will she learn it, and lead, as she may, in inaugurating the reign of real brotherhood?

GETTING IN LINE WITH THE DEMANDS OF THE TIMES.

The Northern Baptists in their recent convention at Washington took action which unquestionably will make them more effective in the work of the Kingdom. The Baptists have never had any great national organization such as the Congregational National Council or the Presbyterian General Assembly, and increasingly of late they have felt the need for it. At the Washington convention they introduced resolutions which declared and reaffirmed their belief in and adherence to the independence of the local church, in the advisory and representative nature of the local and state associations, and their loyalty to the work of the missionary and educational societies, but which also affirmed the conviction that the growth of the country and the denomination made evident the need of a general body which should serve the common interests of the entire brotherhood, as the individual church, the district and state associations serve the interests of their several constituencies.

There was great rejoicing in the convention when it had been decided that a provisional organization to this end should be formed and final ratification be made next year. The indications are that some marked advances will be made at that time. The Standard, a leading denominational paper, says:

"It was evident from the temper of the cenvention that there is a very strong feeling in favor of using the newly formed convention as a denominational clearing-house. It is felt that somehow arrangements should be made by which our general societies may report to the convention, and consideration be given by the convention to these reports. Strong effort was made to incorporate this in the constitution adopted at Washington. That it will come up next year seems certain. So far as we know the minds of the officials of the general organizations, there is not the slightest objection to such an arrangement, provided it can be effected. The Standard expects that by the time we come together again some one will have devised a way by which this may be done without injury to the societies. But we must remember that it takes time to realize an ideal. The men in charge of our societies cannot be expected to readjust methods in a moment that are the growth of three-quarters of a century. Time and patience and mutual consideration are elements in the solution of this problem.

"In all the future history of Baptists, the time when we emerged from 'fractional' activities into organized endeavor will stand as a red-letter day. Nothing so significant as the organization of the Northern Baptist Convention has taken place in our denominational life for half a century. Henceforth we are one not only in purpose, but in power of self-expression."

It is along such a line as this that Congregationalists are moving. The general opinion is that the different benevolent societies must in the interests of efficiency be brought into more vital relations with the churches through connection with the great national body. That which is provided for in the plan of union between the Congregational, United Brethren, and Methodist Protestant churches, if the union should not be entered into, will be brought about within the denomination itself, because the life of the church demands it.

Another significant change contemplated in church polity is that which was considered a few days ago by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The aim is to provide for the establishment of executive commissions by the presbyteries, synods and general assembly, of which the moderators of the respective bodies shall be the head. Should these recommendations be finally adopted the moderator of the General Assembly would be elected to serve for a year instead of merely during the sessions of an assembly as at present, and his duties would be more extensive. We are of opinion, as was stated on the floor of the General Assembly at Columbus, that this would not be a concentration of power, but rather an execution of power. Execution of power! That is what the church, in denomination after denomination, is lacking today. It needs to study earnestly the methods in other departments of the world's work and to adapt itself to the wisdom and progress of the age. "Covet the best gifts!" was an apostolic injunction.

The special attention of our readers is called to the article having the caption "A Warning to Beer and Whisky Politicians." The Indianapolis News, from which we have taken it, is one of the best evening daily newspapers in the United States. It is one of the promising signs of the times that such an editorial should appear in a great daily paper. Everywhere is the saloon being weighed in the balance and found wanting. More and more will the decent papers of our land speak out against it and sound warnings to all who give countenance to the accursed liquor traffic.

AN ADDRESS BY A NOTED MINISTERIAL LABOR CHAMPION.

The Rev. Charles Stelzle Addresses Seven Thousand Persons.

Seven thousand persons gathered to hear the Presbyterian apostle to the workingmen one evening during the session of the General Assembly at Columbus, Ohio. Leaders of national reputation in the labor movement were present, and occupied seats on the platform as did also many noted educators and clergymen. Governor Harris was there also and prominent business men of the Ohio capital.

The Rev. Dr. Roberts, the moderator was heartily applauded when he expressed a desire for complete harmony on the part of the church and the workingman.

Mr. Stelzle was greeted with tremendous applause when he said:

"While I and the department of labor of the Presbyterian church stand ready to advance the interests of every working man, I wish to say that I believe in organized labor."

In his introductory remarks Mr. Stelzle said. "The labor union is not the bone of contention, it is merely the outgrowth of the labor situation. If all the unions were abolished the situation would still exist."

He spoke in part as follows:

Christianity is not dependent upon the infallibility of the church. It is not dependent upon the infallibility of the Bible. It is dependent only upon Christ. God revealed himself to men before there was a church and before we had a Bible. The church and the Bible are simply a means to an end, and that end is the revelation of God in Christ. The question that you and I must answer is not "What think ye of this doctrine, that system of theology, that church, that preacher?" but, "What think ye of Christ?" Gladstone once said that it is the most important question of the age. There are some men who are saying that Jesus Christ came to establish an ideal republic; others insist that he came to promote a Utopian democracy. They are mistaken in both cases. Jesus Christ came to establish an absolute monarchy—a kingdom of which He should be the ruler, and which shall include all those who acknowledge his kingship.

Since the birth of the American republic, we have accepted as supreme the doctrine of "the right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness." In our systems of jurisprudence and in our treatises upon statecraft and sociology, the emphasis has been upon the "rights" of mankind, until the doctrine of human rights has become a thing working endless confusion and hatred. In sharp contrast to this method of securing endless better conditions for mankind and more harmonious spirit among men is the doctrine taught by Jesus Christ. In Christ's teachings, there is practically no reference to the rights of man. The emphasis is upon the duty of man. When the strong oppress the weak, we immediately cry out that there has been a transgression of rights. The New Testament declares that the law of brotherhood and love has been violated. Human rights will never suffer if human duties are performed, for the doing of one's duty will carry one farther along than the mere granting of another's rights. The workingman demands justice, and he is right. But God demands more than justice. His imperative is love, for love is the fulfilling of the law.

All Point to Christ.

Practically ever social reformer claims Jesus Christ as the champion of his particular social theory, even though these theories be as extreme as the poles. Whatever else this may indicate it proves that the Christianity of Jesus Christ is a broader thing than any "ism." Nobody can prove from Scripture that Jesus Christ was the advocate of any particular social system, and yet Jesus Christ was a social reformer. But will you note his method? He lived in an age when social conditions were infinitely worse than they are today. He denounced these conditions as no other man has ever dared, but instead of trying to change the form of government, he began to change the man —not that he did not believe in a better government, but he believed that the best way to get good government was, first of all, to get good men. Jesus Christ introduced certain fundamental principles into human society, which, his enemies declared, were turning the world upside down. These principles will keep on turning the world upside down until this old world is turned right side up.

In the end there will be not one answer to the social question, but many—but all will agree in this—all will be religious. History has prophesied it; labor leaders are coming to recognize it; present reform measures indicate it.

Surely one who could present such wonderful truth as Christ presented, must have been unique in his person and in his character. Infidels may scoff at the arguments of Christian scholars, but the person and the life of Jesus Christ have stunned them from the first century down to the twentieth. What is it that gives Jesus Christ such marvelous power? First of all, it is his superiority as a teacher. He always spoke with authority. The scribes taught as though they had learned Scripture. Christ spoke as though his words were Scripture. He never quoted any other authority. When he used the words, "as it is written," it was simply to show that prophecy had been fulfilled. He never argued. He simply announced great truths. He never speculated. He did not deal in non-essentials. He taught only those great doctrines which were fundamental and which make character. He revealed only essential truth. And yet the simplicity of his message was such that we are told that "the common people heard him gladly." The profoundest truth was made simple and easy of comprehension.

With all this authority and power he was sympathetic. He came as a brother. He revealed God in a new way. He made men see that back of the arm of omnipotence is the great heart of a loving father.

Message Never Old.

His message never grows old. The world has never come up to Christ's teaching. It is just beginning to get a glimpse into the tremendous significance of his words. New truths flash out of even his most familiar expressions.

His religion comes directly from God. Christianity is the result of God seeking man. All other religions are the result of man seeking God. He not only presents great truths, but he gives men power to live them. Some men have given us beautiful systems of ethics, but they have left out of their scheme altogether man's depraved human nature. Only perfect men could bring about their plans for society. Christ takes the vilest men and women and gives them power

to live pure, clean, wholesome lives. No other teacher has ever dared promise this power.

He promises the greatest reward. Infidelity is "a leap in the dark." Atheism is nothing but blackness and darkness. Buddhism promises annihilation. The religions of Egypt promise endless transmigration. Christianity promises eternal life. But the blessings of Christianity are not confined to the hereafter. It goes to the garret and transforms it into a palace. It goes to the man in the horrible pit and the miry clay, and lifts him out and puts his feet upon a rock. It puts a new song into his mouth and sends him on his way rejoicing.

Jesus appeals to men of all nations. Moses was a Hebrew; Socrates an Athenian; Confucius a Chinaman; Buddha a Hindu; Mohammed an Arab; Luther a German—not only in blood but in spirit—but Jesus belongs as much to the African as he does to the American. He is loved by the Chinese as He is by the Choctaw Indian. To the Welshman, Christ seems to have been a Welshman; to the Arab He seems to have been an Arab; to the German He seems to have been a German. No matter what a man's nationality, he feels at home with Jesus. He appeals to men of all conditions—rich and poor, learned and ignorant, capitalist and laborer—all have looked to Christ and found in Him that which satisfies. His power is growing. He is today the king of the civilized world. Twenty centuries ago Pilate looked into the pale face of a Galilean and asked, "Art thou a king, then?" Today there is not a ruler in any civilized country but what would answer for Christ, "Yea, He is a king. He is the king of kings." Christ is the court of last appeal. Who turns to Socrates, or Plato, to settle the great social questions of the day? On the other hand, is it not true that if we can get a clear, undoubted statement of Christ's concerning the matter, the question is forever settled? No one questions His authority or His wisdom. Everywhere men want to know what Jesus thinks.

Labor's Real Champion.

Is it not a great thing to have such a man as Labor's champion? Other men have been put forward as the representatives of labor, but the men who needed their message most of all paid no attention to them. Here is a man to whom everybody will listen, even the oppressors of labor. Take your stand behind Him. Permit Him to speak for you. You need never again quote the political economists. Ouote Christ. Never has any man more bitterly denounced the oppressor. Ask Him to join your labor union. Invite Him to sit upon your platform. Take Him into your councils. If you do, you are sure to win. If, for any reason, the capitalist or anybody else has taken Christ away from us, let us again lay claim upon Him, for He is our man.

"What think ye of Christ?" When you say that He is simply a social reformer, you know that does not satisfy. When you insist that He is simply a great teacher, you know that you are evading the issue. You can't get away from the question. It will follow you to the ends of the earth. Asked with regard to Shakespeare, or any other man, and you may dismiss it with an off-hand reply, but asked concerning Christ, and it resolves itself into the most personal of questions; "What shall I do with Jesus?" Pilate once asked it. Could he have looked down the ages and heard every Sunday morning, millions of men, women, and children repeating the words: "Suffered . . crucified under Pontius Pilate . . ," do you suppose that his answer would have been what it was? You may say that your answer does not mean so much to you—and to Jesus. Of all men, the workingman should give a clear-cut answer to this question, because Christ means so much to him.

WHERE LIES THE FAULT?

Are the Churches What They Should Be?

One evening during the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Columbus, Ohio, last week, was designated "a popular educational meeting." It was held in the First Congregational Church under the direction of the Presbyterian Board of Education. We condense from the Ohio State Journal a report of that meeting.

The church was crowded during the meeting, at which Rev. Dr. Joseph Wilson Cochran of Chicago, new secretary of the board of education, presided.

It was asserted that the theological seminaries are not what they should be and that the churches and the ministers are to blame for the lack of young men for the ministry.

Speaking as the only minister outside the Presbyterian church, Dr. Washington Gladden, the host of the evening, declared that, were the churches as they should be, there would not now be the crying need of the young men to adopt the ministry as a vocation.

After declaring that it had taken five years for him properly to prepare himself for his task after he had been graduated from his theological school, Rev. Dr. John Balcom Shaw, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, declared with much feeling and emphasis:

"I don't believe the seminaries are what they ought to be. I hesitate to make that statement, but it is my true conviction. I am afraid that many of our seminaries are nothing more than mere machines, which take out of the heart of the student his love for the conquest of souls. I say this because I have seen, I have known ministers, many of them, who made their calling a profession instead of a passion.

"The trouble is not that there are not enough young men who want to enter the service of Christ, but the trouble is that the church and its ministers do not make them see that the ministry is the greatest medium through which they can be of service to their fellow man. It is within the power of the ministers themselves to make their calling attractive to others. They should work toward this end."

Rev. Dr. J. Beveridge Lee, college representative of the evangelistic committee of the Presbyterian church, declared that many young men were spiritually deficient when they emerged from the seminary. That, he said, was the great danger.

"Young men and young women," he said, "have no right to come to the end of their college careers spiritually deficient. But I want to say that it is not they who are to blame, but we."

The Presbyterian college should be thorough in its education, he said. Thoroughness was implied in the very name. Yet the ordinary college president today must spend the time financing his institution and attending to the business details, instead of getting into spiritual touch and close relationship with his students.

"When we give the right kind of a president the

right kind of a chance," he said, "then we will be in a position to get the right kind of a president."

Today, as neverbefore, the ministry demands more of its members, exacts a greater multiplicity of duties and demands bigger and better men, according to Rev. Dr. W. J. Darby of Evansville, and former president of the Educational Society of the Cumberland church and one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian board of education.

"Time was," he said, "when it was sufficient for a minister if he could preach. Then it became necessary that he be able to appeal to the individual as well as to the congregation. Now he must possess also business qualities, a capacity for handling people, a power of marching abreast of great and fast-moving reforms, a financial and business executive capability, no less shrewd and far-seeing than that of the president of a big modern bank. And he must be none the less a preacher and social worker than he was 100 years ago."

"I plead not for men for the ministry, but I plead for a field for men and for money to prepare them." These were the first words of Rev. Dr. Maitland Alexander, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, familiarly known as "the Millionaire Minister." He declared that there were millions of foreign workingmen in the United States, untaught and untrained in religion. Here, he said, is the problem. At the mission connected with his own church he was compelled to call a 17-year-old boy from a seminary to teach a class of unlearned foreign workingmen. He could not get another teacher.

"I can get the men if you will educate them," he said. He appealed on patriotic grounds for the education of foreigners for the ministry. He told of how high foreigners were standing in the seminaries in cases where they were given a chance. They seemed to crave religious education, he declared, and learned easily and well.

"The great need, as I see it," he said emphatically, "is a great body of Christian missionaries for the foreign workingmen."

Dr. Gladden, in closing the meeting, gave two or three reasons why there is a decreasing percentage of bright young men for the ministry. Prizes of business life were alluring, he said. A better reason lay in the fact that the church no longer had the monopoly of doing good. There was the work of teaching, social settlement and charitable endeavor, the field of journalism, once rather dubious but now no longer so, and others, into all of which bright young men are being called.

Speaking of his personal experience as consulting teacher at Harvard, Dr. Gladden gave three reasons why he had been unable to impress many young men with the attractions of the ministry.

"In the first place," he said, "they seemed to fear it difficult in the church to preserve their intellectaul integrity. Second, it did not seem to them that the church is in very close touch with the people whom they wanted to serve. And, third, they feared that the church is somewhat associated with the kingdom of Mammon, which is opposed to the kingdom of Righteousness. It is apparent that the churches are not what they should be, else they would command more bright young men of the day."

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a friend.—George Macdonald.

IN THE INTERESTS OF SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Action of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The following resolutions were adopted last week by the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in annual session at Columbus, Ohio:

That the authority of the Christian Sabbath is found in the law of God and confirmed by the Lord Jesus Christ.

That the general assembly expresses its strong conviction that the sacred character of the Sabbath must be carefully and strenuously maintained, and to this end enjoins all ministers, officers and members of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America to exercise special care and faithfulness, and discourage holding of funerals on that day.

That the general assembly reiterates its strong and emphatic disapproval of all secular uses of the day, of all games and sports, all traveling for pleasure and all excursions, and urges upon all employers of labor and captains of industry to recognize the need of the laboring man for his weekly rest dav, and thereby insure his greater efficiency and happiness and the greater prosperity of both capital and labor.

That the general assembly urges on all families not to buy anything on the Sabbath, to plan for their servants on the Sabbath and help them to fulfill their religious duties, and to pay laborers so that they may have Saturday afternoon to make provision for the Sabbath.

That the general assembly hereby reiterates emphatic condemnation of the Sunday newspaper, and urges the members of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America to refuse to subscribe for or read or advertise in it.

That the general assembly respectfully requests the faculties of colleges and seminaries, if the way be clear, to omit recitiations on Monday mornings, so as to leave the Sabbath free from the felt necessity of some of the students to prepare their lessons on that day.

That the general assembly recommends that a Sabbath observance committee be organized in each presbytery, to cooperate with similar committees of the other denominations within its bounds in aiding the work of local Sabbath associations; and where such organizations do not exist, to promote the formation of such associations in connection with the national organizations, the American Sabbath Union and the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance.

That the general assembly recommends that a Sabbath observance committee be organized in each synod, of which the chairman of each presbytery's committee on Sabbath observance shall be at least a corresponding member, and that the synod's committee shall cooperate with the State Sabbath associations.

That we most heartily recommend and warmly indorse the work of the American Sabbath union and the Woman's National Sabbath alliance, national organizations, in their efforts to preserve in its purity the Christian Sabbath.

That we earnestly recommend that each pastor of our communion preach a sermon in the month of April next or some more convenient time on the subject of the Sabbath, and that at that time an offering be made for the work of the American Sabbath union; or, in lieu of an offering, we recommend that the

union be placed upon the list of benevolences of the churches, contributions to be sent to Colonel A. S. Bacon, treasurer, 37 Liberty street, New York City, and that the committee on Sabbath observance be continued.

That this assembly heartily indorses the plan of the Saturday half holiday as promoting better Sabbath observance, and commends the plan to our business and workingmen for their adoption.

A WARNING TO BEER AND WHISKY POLITICIANS.

An Editorial in the Indianapolis News.

The beer and whisky politicians in Indiana—and they are many and powerful—really ought to give some attention to conditions as they are developing in other States. In Kansas the people are striving to the utmost to enforce the prohibition statute, and, as a result, the foreign brewers have been driven out of the State. We recently commented on a law enacted in another Western State forbidding brewers to own or be in any way interested in saloons. A local option bill has just been passed in Illinois, and is now in the hands of the Governor. The lower House of the Missouri Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the agents of distillers and brewers from obtaining dram shop licenses, while both Houses have passed a bill making it a crime to procure fraudulent signatures to petitions for dram shops or to remonstrances against them. Missouri has also enacted a law prohibiting treating on the day of a general or primary election. Only the other day an Indiana railroad refused to accept shipments of liquor to be delivered in prohibition counties of a neighboring State. In Indiana judges have held—without warrant of law, as we believe—that communities have no right to license saloons, and boards of commissioners are accepting that theory, and are refusing to issue licenses. In Indaiaapolis a judge has just held that a certain saloon is a nuisance, and has ordered it to be closed, besides granting damages to the aggrieved party.

The moral of it all is plain enough. The people are obviously determined, if not to abolish the saloon, at least to bring it into complete subjection to the law, and to break the power of the liquor element in politics. Of this there can not be the slightest doubt. And the people are right. There is no more corrupt and debasing form of politics than whisky politics. The people of Indiana are not different from the people of other States. They no more than their neighbors will permit thmselves to be dominated by the Albert Liebers, Tom Taggarts, Joe Bells and Crawford Fairbankses. It is true that these men succeeded in defeating the high license bill before the last Legislature, but we believe they will find that their victory is a costly one. The insolence, corruption and lawlessness of the liquor element will have the same effect here that they have had in other States. All over the country the people are lining up against the saloon and the political brewery. This is understood by the wiser and decenter of the men in the liquor business. Representative trade journals have warned their constituents against the peril that confronts them, and have pointed out that the war against the traffic has been provoked by the men engaged in that traffic.

If it were simply a case of defeating the Prohibitionists the situation would not be so bad for the liquor men. But this campaign against the saloon is not being prosecuted by the Prohibitionists alone. The people generally are in the fight. And the people are right. It is, too, a question of money as well as of morals. Employers of labor feel that in protecting their men against the temptations of the conveniently placed saloon they are protecting themselves against financial loss. They do not think it well that their employes should be compelled to run the gauntlet of a score of saloons on their walk between home and shop. The railroads are drawing the lines more and more severely on drinking men. The industrial as well as the moral and religious forces of the country are working against the saloon. The brewery-saloon system, under which beer and whisky are almost forced on men, is doomed. It is an infamous system, for it involves the multiplication of saloons, and—as we saw a few days ago in the case of Chicago—the saturation of a community. We believe that the time has already come in Indiana when a party that is known to have the support of this element will be beaten. If it has not yet come, it soon will come. We doubt, however, whether the men who have for so long been running things here with a high hand will profit by the warning. It does not matter, however. For the less heed they give to the signs of the times the more complete will be their overthrow. Whatever may be the views of the people on the liquor question, abstractly considered, it is perfectly clear that they have made up their minds that they will not submit to a whisky government.

A FEDERATE SUMMER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY IN BERKELEY.

Arrangements for a Federate Summer School of Theology are rapidly being perfected by Professor William Frederic Bade, of Pacific Theological Seminary, who has been elected dean of the school. It is to be held in Berkeley from Monday, July 22, to Friday, August 2, inclusive. Five theological seminaries have united in establishing this school; in the order of seniority they are the following: Pacific Theological Seminary (Congregational), Berkeley; San Francisco Theological Seminary (Presbyterian), San Anselmo; The Church Divinity School of the Pacific (Episcopalian), San Mateo; Berkeley Bible Seminary (Disciples), Berkeley, and the Pacific Coast Baptist Theological Seminary, Berkeley. Among the lecturers will be Professor E. A. Wicher, of San Anselmo; Professor H. H. Powell, of San Mateo; President William Douglas Mackenzie, of Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn.; Dr. Geo. C. Adams, of the First Congregational Church in San Francisco, and Dean Wm. F. Bade, of Berkeley. The proposed schedule of lectures is as follows:

Professor Wicher, six lectures on The Social Principles of the New Testament.

Professor Powell, four lectures on The Background of Old Testament History.

President Mackenzie, six lectures on themes in the general domain of Theology.

Dr. Adams, four lectures on The Pastor and His Problems.

Professor Bade, six lectures on The Growth of the Idea of God in the Old Testament.

For information with regard to the School, address the Dean, at 2616 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

JAPAN IN MOTION.

J. D. Davis.

Japan has been moving in things material, political and educational for a third of a century. She is now being moved spiritually. Christianity has become a power here which is beginning to make itself seen and heard. The little band of self-supporting, self-propagating churches are pushing things in various ways. One is by concentrated evangelistic work, a half a dozen pastors going to a place and holding meetings for a week or ten days; and the people are ready to hear and many of them are ready to accept the gospel. In some places scores are baptized as the result of these efforts. In Ayabe, twenty-five miles from Kyoto, as the result of one of these efforts, a few weeks since, over three hundred of the young women operatives in a silk filature establishment asked for baptism, and are now studying the Bible and being prepared to enter the church.

This month has been a month of great meetings and of wide spread evangelistic work with most encouraging results. First, came the meeting of pastors and evangelists of the Kumi-ai churches in Tokyo for a five days **Retreat**, for intellectual and spiritual uplift. A few daws later, came the great Christian Endeavor rally, and then the conference of the World's Student Y. M. C. A. Federation, with its nearly 200 delegates from more than twenty countries, meeting with fourhundred from Japan, and singing from a hymn book printed in six different languages—the first gathering of the kind to meet in Asia. The addresses were of a high order and were marked by spirituality and great hope. The receptions given the members of the conference by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and others of high rank and position, helped to deepen the impression which this conference made in Japan. Accounts of it were published in all the leading Japanese papers, and attention was thus favorably called to Christianity. The conference was followed by addresses from the leading foreign delegates in most of the principal cities of Japan, and many thousands of young men have expressed their desire to study Christianity and follow Christ, and an untold number have been more or less impressed by the truth.

Gen. Booth has been accorded a marvellous reception by mayors, governors, etc., and was granted an audience by the emperor himself. Masses of people crowd to hear him wherever he speaks.

We have at last secured a most desirable lot in the center of the city for our Kyoto Y. M. C. A. hall, for which Mr. Wannemaker gave the money, if Kyoto would buy the lot. We have been praying for such a hall here for more than twenty years. It will be a needed and most useful center of work and influence.

Last Saturday Rev. Tasuku Harada was inaugurated as president of Doshisha. It was a most impressive event. All parties and hitherto factions heartily united in calling and welcoming him to this position. The Hon. T. Yokoi, M. P., formerly president of Doshisha, making the address for the board of directors, three nationalities on the platform, and taking part in the ceremony, with a congratulatory message from the Minister of Education, one also from Count Okuma, and scores of telegrams and letters of congratulation from officials, churches and individuals, with letters from the American Board, from the president of Yale College and from the Dean of Amherst College, and with a select audience filling the large chapel auditorium, made it a most impressive occasion. Its new president was a pupil of Mr. Neesima, for seven or eight years a student of Doshisha, then taking a theological course in Yale, for twenty years pastor of large churches in Tokyo, Kyoto and Kobe, representing the Christian Endeavor Society and the Y. M. C. A. sucessively in the United States, in China, and in India, he is peculiarly fitted to lead the Doshisha in a forward movement for endowment and for aggressive work. What then shall we say of the outlook for the future of Doshisha?

It has gained the confidence and respect of some of the most eminent men in the empire. It is favorably known all over Japan as a school for character building; for the training of men who can be trusted.

Its more than one thousand graduates are widely scattered and are doing good work. Every one of them who is true to the Doshisha spirit is worth more to the school than ten thousand **yen** of endowment funds. Its more than four thousand under-graduates are many of them filling most useful positions of service to societv and the nation.

Happily too, all who have ever loved the school, graduates and others, are now united and of one heart and mind in their desire to build up the school within and without, with teachers and students, with funds and with prayers.

The school has a good plant with chapel, library, recitation halls and dormitories, and with a foundation for a much larger one.

Its new president has the respect and confidence of all churches and classes in Japan, and in the United States.

Japan is awake and keenly alive to the great need of just such men and women of strong moral character as the Doshisha can train.

The rapidly increasing Christian homes in Japan will more and more place their sons and their daughters in such a school as the Doshisha.

The alumni and friends of the school will rally more and more to help it, by endowment funds and in other ways.

The school needs a much larger endowment and new buildings. The girls' department is sadly in need of a new building, having only the cheap building erected thirty years ago; and some smaller, cheaper buildings. Mr. Harada has already done much to heal the trouble in that department and restore its spirit.

BUILDING EVERY DAY.

We are building every day
In a good or evil way;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose,

Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine;
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building this
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo, its name is Character.

Build it well ;what'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true:
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God!

THE CITY'S GROWTH AND IMPEDIMENTS.

By W. E. Vanghan, Editor Pacific Methodist Advocate.

San Francisco, notwithstanding its numerous barriers, has had a remarkable year of activity. Possibly in the life of no city has there ever been such an amount of work done in so short a time. The figures seem incredible as we read them, and only by detail can their large number be comprehended and appreciated.

On May 19, 1906, the Building Inspection Bureau assumed charge of the local building operations of the city. During the month previous there went up a great many temporary structures which were not placed on record and are not included in the figures representing the aggregate expenditures for permanent buildings in the city from May 19, 1906 to May 19, 1907, during which time there was invested in the building of the new San Francisco the sum of $68,-575,067, according to the table prepared by Chief Building Inspector, Mr. John P. Horgan.

Sixty-eight millions of dollars expended in the rebuilding of the city in one year! The loss sustained by the fire is estimated to be in round numbers $900,-000,000. In the light of all the facts representing the barriers in way of rebuilding the city, these figures, showing the city's progress are the more remarkable.

With the accelerated speed the building spirit is bound to assume with the passing years, it may safely be concluded that in ten years from the date of the great disaster, as much as the total loss by the earthquake and fire will have been expended in rehabilitating the city.

This does not look like settling down and waiting for a fortune to come our way. Rather does it savor of turning over things in just such a way as to make the fortune come to us.

We have had much in the past year which, would that God could blot out of the history of the fair city. That we are passing through a crisis, even now, sufficient to estop all progress, we cannot ingore. But the city will rise above it all in the end, and come out fair as the morning, attracting men from the ends of the earth with their money, their spirit and enterprise; terrible as an army with banners, against evil doers that have trailed her mantle of purity in the dust, and through their own wickedness and sins handed out her name as evil. Through the might of her own integrity she will rise—yea, she is now rising —to punish with everlasting official and civic destruction the men who for filthy lucre sold the glory of her power (to maintain a clean government for her people) into the hands of the lawless and vicious, to work abominations and all manner of uncleanness. The day of reckoning has come, and the judge of the city without sin unto salvation sits upon his throne. Grafters and perjurers, bribers and bribed, under the lime light of a scrutinizing investigation and before the white light of a betrayed and outraged public are hiding and skulking away, calling for the rocks to hide them and the hills to cover them, for the great day of wrath of the Lamb through the righteousness of the citizenship of the city has come, and who shall be able to stand. If men doubt that there is a hell, that there is an eternal torment, that there is a fire of everlasting burnings, let them ask the officials of the city, who, one by one have sought ways of easing the gnawings of a guilty conscience by telling to the world of their disgraceful proceedings. Ask Abe Ruef, the city's acknowledged boss, who sold his manhood, his all for petty gain, and who, a few days ago confessed before an open court in broken sobs, the depth of which only God knows, of his devious, dark and serpentile meanderings, dragging a whole city down and attempting to strangle it in the grip of his slimy coils. Verily, if there is no hell there ought to be one.

Along with this disorder has come what promises to be the fiercest battle ever fought in the history of the city—a war betwen capital and labor. The carmen stoutly hold out for $3 and 8 hours a day, and the United Railroads of the city equally as stubborn, stand pat on their right to run their cars without let or hindrance according to their best judgment as regards the best service to the public and way most economical to the Company. In free America it feels that the individual (or corporation) should be at liberty to conduct its own business as it deems best, and should not be molested by the dictation of any outside party or parties. On the other hand the carmen, by the principles of unionism maintain that in a complex civilization such as ours, capital cannot move a wheel except at the instance of labor, and often regarding capital as both bloodless and conscienceless, steadily moving on the too low and suspicious plane where the best conclusion reached is to the effect that it gets no consideration at the hands of capital, and therefore all its rights and privileges are gained by demands, hold-ups and strikes. Capital has no sympathy with strikes; consequently discourages and stoutly opposes the same at times. Reduced to its last analysis the strife between capital and labor, between the United Railroads of this city and the carmen is the street conflict between two giants. Such a nuisance ought not to be tolerated any longer than it requires time to bring public attention to the scene of the conflict. If there is no Board of Federation to arbitrate such differences between labor and capital, then business interest, public safety and public morals demand by the critical and acute situation of the labor troubles of San Francisco today the creation of such a Board of Federation, through whose office an end of these troubles may be amicably reached satisfactorily to all parties concerned, making each conflicting party contribute its pro rata to the interest of public good.

In this connection it may be hinted at without

bias that if the public franchises of the city shall prove to be annulled by the findings of the court, the same having been gotten through fraud, it will be a timely step for the city to take speedy action and assume control of these public utilities and promote them in the interest of public good.

Among the Churches.

San Fernando.—The Rev. Mr. Thomas of Los Angeles, formerly pastor of the Welsh Presbyterian Church of that city, has accepted a call from the church at San Fernando.

Alhambra.—The Rev. George H. Merrill has presented his resignation as pastor, wishing the same to take effect the 1st of September. Mr. Merrill has done good work in Alhambra and his people will part with him reluctantly.

Menlo Park.—The services of Rev. Mr. Moody have been secured by this church, and he with his wife has moved into the living rooms in the rear of the church. Mr. Moody was for a number of years pastor of the church at Los Gatos. From there he went to the far East and now has returned once more to the region of his early labors. The church rejoices in his coming and looks forward to a year of good work under his leadership. The parsonage owned by the church is one of the nicest homes in Menlo Park. It has just been thoroughly overhauled and is for rent. Any family looking for an ideal home out a little distance from the city would find this very attractive.

Pasadena.—The old First Presbyterian Church has been razed to the ground. The shell of the main building exclusive of windows, pews, and other furnishings, was sold for $500. The chapel was donated to Calvary Presbyterian Church and is being remodeled by that church on its lots in South Pasadena. About $3,000 will be expended in this way, and the building will be used until such time as Calvary can erect the $20,000 stone structure that is contemplated. The Pasadena News says of the old church building: "Many have been the white robed brides who have walked its aisles. Many have been the christenings which have taken place there, and many times has a funeral cortege passed with slow and solemn tread out of its portals. More baccalaureate sermons to Throop and High school have been preached from this pulpit than from any church in town, and some of the most notable speakers of the past years have addressed large audiences from its platform. There is more than one heartache as those who have worshiped there for so many years have seen the old boards fall, to be sold for sheds or stove wood."

Long Beach.—The Presbyterian church, now under construction will have, upon its completion, the donation of a set of chimes which will cost $4,000. The money for their purchase will be given by Mrs. Keziah Smith of Hollywood. The Long Beach Telegram says: "This philanthropic act of Mrs. Smith's had aroused considerable curiosity until she explained her reasons for giving the bells. It seems that a man, whom Mrs. Smith afterwards met, had made up his mind to end his life, but resolved to live when he heard the bells of the Eliza A. Otis Memorial chime at Hollywood, ring out Lowell Mason's hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Afterwards he told of his contemplated act to Mrs. Smith and she was so affected by the story of his deliverance that she at once made up her mind to install a chime of bells as soon as opportunity should offer itself. The man whose story prompted the gift was in very poor health at the time he contemplated suicide. He had lost strength after coming to California instead of gaining, and as he had been a man of business he became depressed by reason of inactivity. Finally one day he coolly made up his mind to commit suicide, and leaving a note at the hotel where he had been staying, started for the hills, where he proposed hiding in some deserted ravine before taking the desperate step. Firm in his reslove he hurried away and never paused until passing the Memorial chapel when the bells suddenly pealed forth the grand old hymn, fairly shouting the words, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.' The man halted with the first note and stood in silence. As the grand tones solemnly sounded forth, he suddenly uncovered his head and before he was aware of it a tear stole down his cheek. The better man conquered and, no longer despondent, he turned and hurried back to the hotel and destroyed the word he had left."

THE REV. MR. BARNHISEL RESIGNS AT TACOMA.

The Rev. A. H. Barnhisel has tendered his resignation as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Tacoma. It came as a great surprise to his congregation. He asks that the resignation take effect as soon as it is convenient for the church to secure a successor. We quote as follows from his letter of resignation:

"I do this, not as the result of impulse or momentary resolution, but after a growing conviction that it is best for you, and best for me that such action be taken.

"This church, at the present time, in most respects, is in excellent condition. You are free from all financial indebtedness, your subscriptions for the coming year are sufficient to maintain present basis of expenditure, including also the addition of an assistant. There is a tone of general good feeling and good will prevailing between pastor and people, and among the officers and members of the congregation. I do not know that I have an enemy among you, I am sure there is nothing in my mind or heart but genuine affection and hearty good will toward you.

"Concerning the work of the church, however, I find myself increasingly of the conviction that a church has broader functions than the cultivation of good feeling among its members, and that the maintenance of Sunday services is no longer a justification of any church's existence.

"Important as that must ever be, it is a fatal fault if such services are allowed to crowd out the equally or more important work of adequate up-to-date religious education in our Sunday-school, together with the practical works of city missions and benevolent effort fostered and maintained by the church.

"I believe, as never before, in the saving power of the gospel of Christ, but I am convinced that the

church must work out its own salvation in proving the worth of its Christian faith by a sincere zeal for practical, helpful Christian work. I find, however, that it is impossible to accomplish such results with the inadequate working force available. There are many generous members of the congregation and many of the officers who have been eager champions of the policy of benevolent expansion, and who have generously offered to support such work. But I have found, on the part of some, who are in position to command, an indisposition to encourage or support anything beyond the comfortable maintenance of our existence. It is for this reason that I have determined to make room for some one who can more conscientiously adjust to such a policy. As for myself, I have no plans for the immediate future. I am not leaving the Christian ministry. I feel the need of time to think, to be free and to readjust myself to my life's work.

"As for this church, you are now in a position to call a strong man to take the place of pastoral leadership. I beg of you to stand together in unity and harmony of work and purpose. Be loyal to the officers whom you have chosen. Do not withdraw from the church or from office because of this momentary interruption. With your united effort and the blessing of God this church is destined to have an increasingly useful place and part in the common good of this city and the kingdom of God.

"There are many things in my heart which I dare not trust myself to say. You may be sure, however, that myself and family shall never cease to cherish the unnumbered kindnesses, the friendships and affections which have grown up to enrich the memory of these years."

Mr. Barnhisel is a graduate of Stanford University and of the San Francisco Theological Seminary. His first pastorate was at Los Angeles; from that place he went to Tacoma where he has had large influence for good for nearly five years. It is stated in Tacoma papers that he will not take a pastorate again for at least a year. A few weeks ago the Pacific Presbyterian published the fine address given by him at the recent commencement exercises of the San Francisco Theological Seminary.

THE REV. WILLIAM RADER CALLED TO A PRESBYTERIAN PULPIT.

The Rev. William Rader has been called by the officers of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, to share the pulpit and pastoral work with the Rev. Dr. Hemphill, beginning the second Sunday in June. Dr. Hemphill will be absent from the city for six weeks, soon, during which time Mr. Rader will have entire charge. Thereafter the work will be shared by them, each preaching once every Sunday. Mr. Rader's congregation at the Colonial Theater will follow him largely to Calvary Church. For nearly a year he has been preaching the pure gospel there in an able and attractive manner to as large a congregation as has assembled anywhere in the burnt district, and his work has had fruitage in the lives of many. We congratulate Dr. Hemphill and Calvary Church on their acquisition. Mr. Rader is one of the ablest men in the pulpit, to be found anywhere in our land. Associated with Dr. Hemphill in the fine field occupied by Calvary Presbyterian Church, we expect to see that church by their united efforts greatly increasing its influence.

Calvary is the leading Presbyterian church in San Francisco; it has the handsomest church building in the city, and commands one of the most desirable fields for service. We congratulate Mr. Rader in that this sphere of increased usefulness has opened up to him. That it will be occupied to the good of man and the glory of God we doubt not.

Mr. Rader goes this week to Reno, Nevada, to deliver an address before the Nevada Historical Society. It will be a part of the university commencement program. No one is called out on such missions more than Mr. Rader, and he never disappoints; he measures up always to the level of the occasion; is always master of the situation.

THE SUPREME COURT AND PUBLIC OPINION.

A distinguished professor in the Washington State University contends that the supreme court of the United States is a menace to "freedom." It should not, he declares, be exempt from public criticism. The deliberations of the supreme court, according to this teacher of "political" anarchy, should be subject to the approval of the street ranter and the general all-around agitator. The supreme court of the United States, the supreme ruler of the universe must get out of the way when one of these cross-eyed, cross-grained, auto-propelled professors of agitation and upheavals comes along. He seems to be looking for the jumping-off place. If he should fail to find courage to jump off it is now probable that the president and trustees will lead him to the rim of the campus and drop him off. Then "academic freedom" will shudder with a mighty seismic disturbance. Public opinion that condemns the supreme court is, according to the agitator, all right but public opinion that strikes anarchy with a thunderbolt is all wrong. Self-respecting, public opinion in and about the seat of the Washington State University has invited this distinguished expounder of political degeneracy to get right down from his throne. He has an opportunity to set an example to the members of the supreme court. If we are to judge from the published reports of what the good people in that region say, public opinion which is obliged to wink at the short-comings of the supreme court would like to see the professor sail away in one of his Utopian ballons toward the north star. We cannot expect all professors to have sense; that is too much, but it would seems that all professors of political economy should be loyal to the state whose bread they eat and whose flag protects them.

DE PROFUNDIS.

My soul were dark
But for the bolden light and rainbow hue
That, sweeping heaven with their triumphal arc,
Break on the view.

Enough to feel
That God indeed is good! Enough to know
Without the gloomy clouds he could reveal
No beauteous bow.

—William Crosswell.

God's spiritual gifts are of such a nature that generous contributions of them in His service makes them to abound the more. They that place their trust in God, will be perfect and entire, lacking nothing. Not stoical, merely submitting to the inevitable, with more or less grace, but abounding in all the blessings of spiritual joy.

The Home.

LIGHT ON THE FARTHER HILLS.

The clouds upon the mountain rest,
  A gloom is on the autumn day;
But down the valley, in the west,
  The sudden sunlight breaks its way—
    A light lies on the farther hills.

Forget thy sorrow, heart of mine!
  Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,
Somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine,
  The power that sent can heal thy grief—
    A light lies on the farther hills.

Thou wouldst not with the world be one
  If ne'er thou knewest hurt and wrong.
Take comfort, though the darkened sun
Never again bring gleam or song—
    A light lies on the farther hills.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

HOUSEHOLD PIETY.

We heard, recently, a wise and experienced pastor say that, in his judgment, the great evil in our churches, the explanation of the spiritual dearth over which we mourn, is the decline of household piety. The family altar is neglected, no blessing is asked upon food, the religious education of the children is relegated to other than parental hands. This is no unfair characterization of many nominally Christian families.

We fear that this portraiture is a true one. But without troubling ourselves to decide whether it is true or not as concerns the community in general, we certainly can say how it is as regards our own family. "Is mine a pious household?" Each one can ask himself that question. If we must sadly confess that it is not, then let us see to it at once that the right change be made. If we can honestly say that it is, nevertheless there is much that may be done to increase its holiness. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—The Safeguard.

A CHEERFUL HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers, which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, and it will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death; and the fatherly kindness finds echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons, who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strifes and railings which have made their own lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men who disturb and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves and trouble to those around them.—Friend's Intelligencer.

STOP WHINING.

Complaints are invariably made in a minor key. This monotony rasps the vocal chords, taxes nasal nerves and muscles that should not be brought into play at all in speaking, and tends to shallow, uneven breathing. The whiner, too, is almost without exception a more or less idle, lazy person. The habit of whining itself tends to sap initiative impulses and increase phlegmatic tendencies. Habitual whining, not healthy, vigorous faultfinding where fault really exists, but the helpless, futile complaining of a narrow nature too indolent to make any effort to right the causes of complaint, has a definitely deleterious physical effect on the whole constitution. Add to this the fact that that eternal faultfinding is more than likely to wear out the stanchest friendship, and take the light from the loveliest countenance, and the full effects of this insidious and prevalent habit will be better appreciated.

Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining, brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe cheerfully, and make your voice the ehco of your contented spirit.—Ex.

BOTTLE THE SUNSHINE.

Bottle the sunshine up, dears,
  And lay it safe away,
Hammer the cork in good and tight,
  Keep for a rainy day.
For clouds will come and showers will fall,
  And earth and sky look sad;
Then fling the cheery rays about,
  And make the old world glad.

Bottle the sunshine up, my dears,
  Sweet temper lay away;
Carry through life a smiling face,
  And let your heart be gay.
There's sorrow plenty in the world,
  And strife and bitter pain,
So line the clouds with golden beams,
  And sing a glad refrain.

Lizzie D. Armond.

The Quiet Hour.

"By all means use some time to be alone,
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look into thy chest—for 'tis thine own—
And tumble up and down what thou findest there."

THE WEAKEST POINT.

The whole life is to be guarded and protected, because no man is stronger than his weakest point, and we may actually be weakest where we suppose ourselves to be strongest. It is possible to be careful about the mouth, and yet to allow the eye wide and perilous liberty. Alas, we can practice wickedness in silence! The eye can be enjoying a very harvest of evil whilst the mouth is fast closed, and not one sign is given by speech that the soul is rioting at the table of the devil. . . . . It is of infinite consequence that we should direct our exertions to the right point, otherwise our lives may be spent in mere frivolity under the guise of great industry and faithfulness. We may be watching at the wrong gate, or we may suppose that only certain gates are to be closed and that others may be left open without danger. . . . . It is not the front door only that needs to be attended to, but the gate at the back, or the little window in some obscure part of the house. When the enemy comes as a housebreaker, he does not seek for the strongest part of the castle, but for its very weakest parts.—Joseph Parker.

FOLLOWING AN IDEAL.

There are some people whose friends are always interesting. You wonder as you hear them talk how it is that they have been so fortunate. Nelson's sailors are always splendid fellows, no matter with what crew he sails. Brutus at the close of life can say: "My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no friend but he was true to me."

And all know men and women with the same genius for friendship, the same admiration of their friends. If we look a little farther, we shall find that these friends are the same sort of people, rich and poor, wise and foolish, with whom we live. It is the claims which they made on their friends, the hope and faith which they cherished, by which those with whom they have to do are uplifted and made worthier and more interesting. They are not thinking themselves superior to others; they are following an ideal, and expecting and believing that others will follow it too.

The force of our life, whether for ourselves or in its influence upon others, depends upon our looking up to something above ourselves, depends on our faith in a divine beauty and goodness which constrains and commands us, but which we do not understand. It may mean disappointment, it may mean a frequent sense of shame and unworthiness; but it is a claim upon us to continual effort, it encourages us to noble striving, it fills us with infinite hope.—Henry Gow.

"INTERRUPTED."

What a test it is on one's sweetness and patience to have sharp interruptions come to cherished plans!

A dear girl whose thoughts are more of others than of herself, and who holds the fruits of her talents as something to be lavishly shared with others, went down on the street car with us the other morning. She was in the brightest spirits. This was to be a happy holiday—luncheon with a friend in the city, and then they were going together to listen to a lecture on birds.

"I have to make my visit to the oculist first," she said, "but that won't take very much time."

It was only about noon, while waiting for the return suburban car, that we were surprised to find this bright-faced girl in the small station evidently watching for the same car.

"Why, what are you doing here?" she was asked. "You've changed your plans quite suddenly, haven't you?"

The girl laughed. "They've been changed for me," she said. "I hadn't been in Doctor Williams' office two minutes before he was ordering me home. Isn't it queer how quickly anything can develop? There wasn't a sign of this particular trouble when I was there a week ago, but now I've been ordered home to keep cracked ice on my eyes the greater part of the day, and to report to him again tomorrow morning, if I don't wish to have something more serious develop."

She ended with another little laugh, but there was a suspicious catch in her breath at the same time.

"It's such an interruption to all my plans," she said. "He said I positively musn't use my eyes for any close work for two weeks at least, and I do so want to finish some little gifts for special friends to whom Easter means more than any other day. But they will have to take the will for the deed this year; I can't do anything at all—only sing to keep up my courage."

And she has been doing that in the waiting days since then—shut off though she has been from all her usual bright resources, and spending the greater part of the day in a shaded room. Easter morning did not find her friends opening packets containing her love-made gifts, but to some of them an Easter message came none the less from her. On that day of "arising" from petty and unworthy things, they tried harder than before to rise above their own disappointments and griefs, remembering the little friend in the darkened room, "singing to keep up her courage."—Zion's Herald.

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Young People.

IN ONE GRAVE.

On the opposite banks of the river, camped
Two armies at close of day,
And waited the coming of morning's light
Ere they should begin to fray;
And down by the camp-fire's flickering light
Two soldiers sat thinking of home;
Of the mother and sister, and sweetheart dear,
Who were waiting for them to come;
And tears filled the eyes of both the men,
Tho' each was a soldier true,
And one of them wore a coat of gray,
And the other a coat of blue.

At the dawn of the morning the fight began,
And lasted till fall of night,
Then again on the opposite river banks
Shone the camp-fire's flickering light,
But out on the field where the conflict raged,
On the rise of a little hill,
Lay the two who had sat there and thought of home,
Each brave heart forever still;
Side by side they were lying there,
'Neath the softly falling dew;
And one of them wore a coat of gray
And the other a coat of blue.

Their comrades lifted each silent form,
And crossed the hands on the breast,
Then side by side in the self-same grave,
They were laid to their last long rest.
And tho' mother or sweetheart may never find
The spot where each body lies,
God knoweth each unknown soldier's grave,
That is under the southern skies;
And over each humble mound alike
His beautiful wild flowers grow,
Never heeding that one wore a coat of gray
And the other a coat of blue.

—Clara E. Cooper.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT GETTYSBURG.

Next to President Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg, the one delivered there by President Roosevelt two years ago ranks highest among all the addresses made on that historic battlefield.

As an oratorical effort alone it is a gem, but its superior characteristics consist of the fact that he so distinctly set forth the great purpose on the part of the Union forces, for which the battle was fought, and the inestimable interests which there triumphed. A few of his terse, pointed, imperishable statements on that occasion are as follows:

"As long as this Republic endures, or its history is known, so long shall the memory of the battle of Gettysburg likewise endure and be known.

"The Civil War was a great war for righteousness; a war waged for the noblest ideals, but waged also in a thorough-going, practical fashion.

"Some wars have meant the triumph of order over anarchy and license masquerading as liberty; some wars have meant the triumph of liberty over tyranny masquerading as order; but this victorious war of ours meant the triumph of both liberty and order.

"He is a poor American who, looking at this field, does not feel within himself a deeper reverence for the Nation's past.

"But the soldiers who won at Gettysburg, the soldiers who fought to a finish the Civil War, have left us far more even than the memories of the war itself.

"They took arms, not to destroy, but to save liberty.

"Freedom is not a gift which can be destroyed, save by those who show themselves worthy of it. The lessons they taught us are lessons as applicable in our everyday lives as in rare times of great distress.—Selected.

BENNIE'S SUNSHINE.

Little Bennie lived with his grandmother in the basement of an old house. The street was so narrow that the warm sunlight could not shine into the low rooms, and grandmother was too feeble to go out of doors. She had been sick now for a week, and a kind neighbor came in to help with the work. Little Bennie did errands and tried his best to be useful.

It was a pleasant spring day, and after Bennie had come from the store with a pitcher of milk, he sat by grandmother's bed, and told her how bright and warm the sunshine was, and how he wished it would shine into their windows. "Ah, it has been so long since I felt the sunshine!" said grandmother, and she sighed. While Bennie watched her she seemed to sleep, and he put on his cap, poured the milk into a bowl, and went out with a pitcher in his hand, shutting the door softly behind him. He had a plan for bringing sunshine to dear old grandmother. Was not the common near, where the sun just shines all day long? Surely some of it could be spared for her.

So little Bennie ran all the way, till he came to the wide common. Then he placed the pitcher carefully down on the grass so the sun could shine straight into it. "I will wait till it is quite full," he thought, and so began to pick the yellow buttercups that grew all about. He soon had a big bunch, and they were as bright as the sunshine. "Grandma will be so surprised when she wakes up, and how pleased she will be to have the sunshine after all," Bennie thought. He started for home, with the buttercups in one hand and the pitcher in the other, his face rosy and smiling.

Grandmother was still asleep, so he laid the buttercup on her pillow where she would be sure to see them as soon as she opened her eyes. He set the pitcher on the table and sang:

"Wake says the sunshine,
'Tis time to get up;
Wake, pretty, pretty daisy,
And sweet buttercup."

Soon she opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the bunch of buttercups.

"Why, they are like sunshine!" she said.

"Yes, grandmother," cried little Ben, "and I have filled the pitcher with real sunshine—see!" But when they looked inside, the pitcher was empty; all the bright light had gone out of it.

Grandmother comforted her dear little boy by telling him that his loving face was her best sunshine; that even if she could not go into the beautiful country, she was happy with him always.

It was not long after this that kind friends came and took little Ben and his grandmother out into the country to stay all summer. And with the sunshine and little Ben to help her, grandmother at last grew strong enough to walk in the green fields. She called Bennie "Little Sunshine." Don't you think it was a good name for him?—Mabel Rust.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN.

Mr. Beecher knew Mr. Lincoln well and was capable of estimating his character and abilities. Here is what he said of him:

"He was, in the most significant way, a man that embodied all the best qualities of unspoiled middle-class men. He had homely common sense; he had honesty and sagacity; and he had a sympathetic nature that prepared him to accept any stormy times. The colored people were the helpless wards; the Southern people, our fellow-citizens. The weakness of human nature is such that when a man is born he is helpless; and he can never stand up against the public sentiment of the age in which he lives. Lincoln was able to deal with all classes of men, from his very nature. When he first went to Washington, the general opinion was that he was an honest man, but lacked in sagacity; but a friend told me he was the best judge of men in the country."

The strength of Mr. Lincoln's character lay in the strength of his convictions; in his unwavering adherence to the principles he avowed; his personal uprightness; his sound judgment; his knowledge of the people, gained rather by a study of himself than of them; his love of country; his humanity, and his sublime faith in republican institutions.—Selected.

OUR NATION'S DEAD

All over our fair land today
The grateful people pause to say,
"We'll gather all earth's fairest blooms
To decorate the soldiers' toombs;
For well indeed our bosoms know
The debt of gratitude we owe
To those who venteured limb and life
When war in all the land was rife."

Today all over our fair land
The people dwell, a peace-blessed band;
From bound to bound, in home and hall,
One honored flag waves over all!
For this we bless our nation's dead,
And, as we reverently tread
Beside their graves, we place with care
Love's fadeless laurels everywhere!

—By Susie M. Best.

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"To be thrown upon one's resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune."—Franklin.

APPLEBLOSSOM.

Dick and Eugenia live in Boston, and every summer they go down to Maine with their mamma, to visit grandma and grandpa. Last summer, before it was quite time for them to go, Eugenia got a letter from grandma, telling her that grandpa had just brought home a dear little pink-and-white pig with a curly tail, and they wanted her to send them a name for it.

When the letter was read to Eugenia, she stood by her mamma and thought for a minute, then she said:

"Pink and white! Well, I think I'll call her Appleblossom."

Grandma laughed when she got the name, but the pig was always called Appleblossom; and such a funny little piggie as she was! She would stand right up on her hind feet and try to catch an old whip, which the children would hold over the gate of her pen, and, when she got it in her mouth—as she always did, for she was very quick—she would hold it tight in her teeth, and, bracing with all four feet, pull back as hard as she could. If they threw in a stick she would play with it just as dogs do sometimes. She would get it in her mouth and run about with it or whirl around and around. One day she got so excited she slipped and fell.

Dick and Eugenia were always asking for something to give Appleblossom to eat, and she always expected it. If they came into the barn, she would jump up, rest her fore feet on top of the gate, and squeal until they came to her.

One day Rowdy, grandma's pony, whose stall was next to Appleblossom's pen, rubbed against a door between the two and burst it open. Piggie at once ran out into the barn, and then such a time as they all had to get her back! She would run everywhere except through the gate. Grandpa, grandma, Aunt Deedie, and both children worked as hard as they knew how, but Appleblossom got ahead of them every time.

They were almost ready to despair of ever getting her back to her pen when Aunt Deedie, who is a big, strong girl, suddenly made a dive and caught piggie by one hind foot. Grandpa jumped quickly and caught the other one; and I don't know who was the most excited, grandpa, Aunt Deedie, or the children.

They all did a great deal of jumping around and squealing; but they finally made Miss Appleblossom walk back into her pen on her two front feet, and got the gate closed once more.

Then the children rushed around and got her a great big dinner to keep her from feeling so sorry that she could not run out and play as they could. Appleblossom ate it with grunts of satisfaction, as much as to say that, even if she did not succed in doing all she intended, she had really accomplished something.—Mabel Hastings Skinner, in Holiday Magazine.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.
For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Quicken our gratitude.
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
—William Dean Howells.

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather extravagant to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, ma'am, it's economy," the boy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both."—Harper's Weekly.

"THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO," IN THE

JUNE SUNSET.

How the new city under the impetus of the rapid rebuilding is moving south, filling the entire peninsula. being helped tremendously in suburban expansion by

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THE MOST WONDERFUL DOLL'S HOUSE EVER BUILT.

Perhaps you would like to hear about the most wonderful doll's house that was ever built, and which is now preserved in the Museum of Utrecht.

The house is that of a patrician, and everywhere is evidence of the rich and tasteful comfort of the homelife of that day. Here you may see the Dutch men and women of the seventeenth century in their costumes and as they then lived, and as every room in the house is given, from kitchen to garrett, the whole social order of the home is portrayed.

In the drawing-room are placed the stuffed Lilliputians in all the naturalness of life. Here everything—the carved ivory globe on the mantelpiece, the chandelier, the tables, the chairs and their occupants—is done to scale. And this is not all. The painted ceilings, which were the passion of the time, are perfectly wonderful in their minature execution. The bewigged and beflounced notables are finished to the nicest detail of their toilet with absolute perfection.

Other parts of the mansion show us the kitchen, where the cook sits in front of her grand old Dutch fireplace, surrounded by the implements of her art—all done just as wonderfully to scale as the rest, and some of them are patterns in brasswork that have perished forever off the face of the earth in their natural size.

There is the room where the family washing was performed, and where the maids wrung out the linen and prepared for the fine ironing. And how shall I describe the nursery? You must imagine it for yourselves, with its minature representations of child life.

The garden is another triumph of representation, with its shrubs in pots and its wonderful flowers. As for the bedroom of the lady of the house, the wonder is that she ever thought it worth while to get up.—Alice Corkran, in the Circle.

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THE BOY'S MAY FESTIVAL IN JAPAN.

Long before the arrival of the day, shops are gay with all kinds of tempting toys and banners, while in every yard and in front of the houses long bamboo poles are set up. When the day arrives the boys tie their paper fishes, flags, and streamers to the rope hanging from the top of the pole, and pull them up. These paper fishes are made hollow so that the breeze may pass through the wide opening of the mouth and inflate the body, making it round like a real fish. The paper is painted either red or black to represent red or black carp. The fishes are of different sizes, ranging from a foot to three or four yards long.

Some of the bamboo poles have as many fishes on them as there are boys in the house; often each fish represents one of the boys of the family.

When there is a strong spring breeze, the air entering through the mouth inflates the bodies of the fishes, swings them from side to side, and makes them flap their tails, so that they look as if they are in their own element—are swimming in a stream. It is a pretty sight to see from a housetop a great number of them floating in the air all over a city. To other bamboo poles flags are attached, and these have pictures of warriors and heroes in Japanese history and legends painted on them.—Genjiro Yeto, in the April Circle.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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ALONG THE WAY.

There are so many helpful things to do
Along life's way.
(Helps to the helper, if we knew)
From day to day!
So many troubled hearts to soothe,
So many pathways rough to smooth,
So many comforting words to say
To hearts that falter along the way.

Here is a lamp of hope gone out
Along the way.
Some one stumbled and fell, no doubt—
But, brother, stay!
Out of thy store of oil refill;
Kindle the courage that smolders still;
Think what Jesus would do to-day
For one who has fallen beside the way.

How many lifted hands still plead
Along life's way!
The old, sad story of human need
Reads on far aye.
But let us follow the Savior's plan—
Love unstinted to every man!
Content if, at most, the world should say,
"He helped his brother along the way."

—James Buckham.

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MY GARDEN.

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot;
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God, in gardens, when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

EACH FOR ALL.

At the recent meeting of the Baptist Union of the British Islands a strong plea was made in one of the addresses for "a common ministry" and "a common fund." A correspondent of a London paper writes that the remarkable response to this plea shows that the spirit which has been working for a long time is ready for practical expression. It is stated that the entire audience was with the speaker when he passionately declared that the chief pulpits had become a "money monopoly." The ideal advocated was that the ability of each should be at the disposal of all. "There can be no question," writes the correspondent, "that Baptists are tired of a system which, while it means the success of wealthy churches, means the failure of poor ones." The London Christian says editorially that it would like to see the address in the hands of every Christian worker in the country, continuing in that connection:

"It touches a sore point which is common to all churches, and one which needs to be frankly dealt with. No one can regard it as other than a scandal that a money standard should prevail in the churches. A rich congregation can afford to offer a handsome salary to a minister, while to a man equally good a poor congregation can only give a pittance. In the one case there is a superfluity, in the other a struggle. The adoption of the plan of a 'common ministry,' and of the principle of 'each for all,' would end this. On the one hand, the temptation to seek fat livings would disappear, and on the other the struggle for bread—which must seriously cripple a minister—would cease. More than this—and to us this is the important thing—the 'money monopoly' would come to an end. Can anyone justify the principle that any congregation has the moral right to monopolize a preacher by a money payment? Yet this is what is done. A big salary ties a man down to one people. They hire him on these terms for their own service. It is an excellent sign that there is a revolt against the tyranny and weakness of this un-Apostolic system. Reversion to the Apostolic type would liberate the best men for the whole Church—each for all."

Several months ago we made mention of the fact that the Rev. Dr. Alexander McLaren, one of the most noted of living ministers, had taken a position in favor of this proposed system, as had also the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

The plan provides for one church of the denomination in a town or city, possessed of a common fund, administered by officers representing every part of the united church. The work would be carried on in different buildings, in different localities, no minister preaching all the time in any church or locality, but giving himself to the whole field. One who wrote some time ago concerning this plan said: "It is hoped that in this way the ministers within any one group of congregations, who are gifted in some special direction, may be encouraged to develop their gifts and place them at the disposal of the whole body. The man with special aptitude for work among the young might undertake the development of the Bible class and Sunday-school organizations. The expositor of Scripture would exercise a teaching ministry amongst the Christians, whilst the evangelist would extend the Kingdom within and without the congregation. A great deal of pulpit drudgery would be saved by a system of orderly and regular pulpit exchange, and this would give each minister the opportunity of doing his work with the utmost thoroughness and efficiency."

Under this plan there would be as many preachers as churches, and in each pulpit there would be sermons each Sunday. It would do away with that centralization which under existing systems builds up usually one strong church of a denomination and makes the others in the same city weak.

The movement on the part of British Baptists to inaugurate this system will be watched with interest. Its adoption to any great extent would be a harbinger of the millennium. But harbingers of the millennium are what our poor old world is needing just now. And the question the present writer asks himself every time his thought turns to this system is whether it is not more in line with the principles and teachings of Jesus than the present system. With those principles and teachings not only the church, but the world also, must square itself. Christ is to subdue all things unto himself.

These thoughts are put forth to start people to thinking. They must not be taken as defining an editorial position on the question. In common with many others who desire the best things for the church and the world, for mankind, we are searching. That which we herein consider is a question that will not down until it has had far more thought given it on the part of Christian people. There are objections to the plan of course. We hope to consider some of them ere long and by a comparison see whether they are of greater weight or more serious than the objections to the present system.

This is an age of the searchlight. All things are being enquired into, are being investigated. Everywhere there is a demand for the best. Shall the church neglect or refuse to look into its systems and methods? Certainly not, unless it is willing soon to be

counted a back number. Throw on the searchlight! So shall we be able to throw out more successfully "the life-line"!

OBSERVATIONS ON HAWAII.

A large number of ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened to an interesting talk on Hawaii last Monday by the Rev. Walter Frear who visited in the Islands recently for several months. Mr. Frear was in the pastorate there several years ago for eleven years, and many strong ties link him sympathetically with the Islands and their people. Two sons reside there, one being a member of the supreme court of the territory.

Mr. Frear deprecated the calling of Hawaii a dependency of the United States, as is sometimes done even by leading newspapers. Plainly the Islands are an integral part of our country; when they came into the Union they came on a higher plane than that to which any other territory had attained when it was joined to us, and Hawaii passed over to us a great deal that is of value. Hawaii, it was said, has its own problems; but the government of the United States has with respect to Hawaii no problems that are peculiar—only such as relate to any other state or territory.

Mr. Frear found during his recent visit a marked improvement religiously. A large amount of earnest Christian work is being done. The Hawaiian churches are increasing considerably in membership, and everywhere there is a splendid feeling toward things American. Although there are in Hawaii many people of diverse races, there is no race prejudice. In the schools all races mingle and all glory in our flag. More and more is the American spirit moulding all nationalities. Such is the impression made by this democratic spirit, this freedom from race prejudice, that those Japanese and Chinese and other peoples who go back to their native lands carry with them that which commends our institutions and customs much more than do some of the things which flow back from some other parts of our country.

Central Union Church, Honolulu, was spoken of by Mr. Frear as one of great and far-reaching influence. Its home expenditures last year were $13,000, and its benevolences much more. The Rev. Mr. Sylvester who went to the church only a few months ago from a Presbyterian pastorate in the East has been compelled by illness to give up the work. The church needs and is looking for one of the ablest men in the ministry, and only such an one can properly serve the field.

In the opinion of Mr. Frear the best things for the Islands lie along the line of giving to those who are already there as much of the American spirit as possible, rather than in attempts of one kind or another to settle up the land as it is settled in this part of our national domain. Great plantations must be the rule there. "You can't divide sugar" said Mr. Frear, so much capital is needed in that industry. Mention was made of a 1400 acre tract in pineapples. Of the leper settlement it was said. "There is no sweet charity such as this elsewhere in the world." These words fittingly crowned a brief and graphic description of the remarkable attention which Hawaii gives to the persons afflicted with leprosy. So full of kindness is it that persons ascertained not really to have the disease are loath to leave the settlement.

Glad are we that Mr. Frear's steps were led late last year once again to these delightful islands of the Pacific, and that as one familiar with the land as no ordinary traveler could be he has brought these observations on this important integral part of our national domain. Many are the reasons why we should keep in touch with Hawaii.

Ministers should have tact as well as talent. So also should laymen.

The Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon says that he finds progress in temperance sentiment in England He finds a different class of people attending temperance meetings than he found seven years ago. "Local mayors and other highly-placed officials, who now take the chair at our meetings, would not have gone to such gatherings twenty years ago. I notice also a complete change in the appeal. Formerly temperance orators asked for sympathy with the drunkard's family. Now their whole aim is to prevent men from drinking."

Among the many tributes to the late Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) is the following from a Catholic priest of Liverpool: "A great and good man who long lived in our neighborhood has recently passed away, and it is my privilege, at the request of your pastor, to recommend his soul to your prayers. I refer to Dr. John Watson, and I claim your charitable remembrance of him on the ground of countless acts of kindness shown by him to Catholic priests and people in the district of Liverpool. He was not only fair to us, he was also sympathetic and gracious, and his memory deserved to be affectionate and grateful amongst all our people. 'Placide quiescat.' May his lot be peace, and may our common Master and dearest Lord receive his soul into everlasting life."

The day after he closed his pastorate in Christ Churuch, London, the Rev. F. B. Meyer said to a newspaper representative: "You find me today a little depressed. For the first time in forty years I find myself without a pastorate—a shepherd without a flock. At the same time, I am hopeful that the crowning service of my life to the Church of God awaits me, and that instead of leading one Church, I may be able to succor all the Free Churches, placing my experience of a great variety of Christian service at the disposal of my brethren. I am only sorry that a little interval must elapse before I can really start my campaign. There are a few engagements which I must work off in Germany, Denmark, etc. This will carry me to the autumn, when I have promised my friend, Dr. Rendel Harris, to help him in his final presidential tour. As soon as that is over I hope to begin the systematic visitation of the country, moving slowly through a county, and staying long enough to visit almost every town. I intend to reach the villages by means of motor-car. It may be necessary to call to my help other Christian preachers and evangelists. I think that by these slow tours I may be the humble instrument of creating a wave of religious influence, and contributing somewhat to the higher life of England. This is my deepest purpose." Mr. Meyer will be watched in his new work with loving interest by many people in the United States to whom he has greatly endeared himself by his sermons and addresses, when among us, and by his books which are always inspiring. Mr. Meyer will be in this country a short time in July. He speaks at Northfield.

CHINA CENTENARY MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

By Samuel Greene, Seattle.

The city where this conference has met is one of the great cities of the world. Great in its commerce, great in its population, (nearly, perhaps quite 700,000), great in its cosmopolitism, for in what is called the foreign settlement there are supposed to be three hundred thousand people of all nations under the sun, of which perhaps eighteen or twenty thousand are English, Scotch, Canadian and American. In the French Settlement there are said to be two hundred thousand of French, Italians, Southern Europeans and Chinese; while beside all these there are said to be two hundred thousand Chinese crowded into the "Native City" so thickly between its narrow streets, perhaps twelve feet in width, one could hardly suppose there was room sufficient for the conduct of business, to say nothing of residence life. Yet all the streets are lined with little stores and shops and small factories producing something essential to the use and helpfulness of life among them.

The business center of this city is in the "Foreign Settlement," and occupies nearly two miles of frontage on the Shanghai river and pushes itself back therefrom for a mile or more. Within these limits and especially along the water front the buildings are of stone and brick of excellent architectural proportions and of three and four stories in height. On some of the streets running at right angles with the water front or "Bund" as this wide roadway is called, are found many very plain, primitive buildings, somewhat of the native type, erected forty to sixty years ago. These, however, are giving way to more modern structures built of fairly durable material, the latter probably occupying one-half to two-thirds of the foreign business district. Adjacent to these business blocks is the "Town Hall," the largest auditorium in the city, seating fifteen hundred people. It was within this hall that the evening meetings of the conference were held, while the "Martyrs Memorial Hall," within the Chinese Y. M. C. A. building just approaching completion, furnished the gathering place for each of the business sessions of this great conference during the ten days of its assemblage. Here can be accommodated nearly nine hundred persons, and hardly furnished sufficient capacity for the attendance upon the daily meetings.

The conference assembled on the day appointed, April 25th, and organized with two principal moderators and three vice-moderators. The former were Rev. J. C. Gibson, D.D., of the Swatow Mission of the English Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D., of the A. B. C. F. M. The conference was composed wholly of delegated missionaries and delegates from Societies and Boards in Europe and America, including Canada. Of these there were over five hundred representing about eight of the one hundred and one missionary organizations working in the various provinces of this great Empire, where there are reported nearly four thousand foreign resident missionaries endeavoring to reach as many as possible of the four hundred millions of China.

In 1807 Robert Morrison was sent to China by the London Missioinary Society and gave his attention first to the acquirement of the language and later to the translation of the Scriptures. At one of the large evening meetings Morrison's manuscript copy of the Bible was exhibited with spelling book and dictionary. This early preliminary work took a great many years in its preparation for the great business of the interval of time until now.

The number of Chinese Christians is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand, and this number stands over against the hope or prophecy of one of the earlier missionaries, that during the first century of labor in China it might be expected they would have received a thousand converts into the church.

You may suppose it was a joyous company of men and women from all parts of this mighty empire that looked into each others' faces, some for the first time, and others to renew acquaintances made twenty, thirty or forty years ago. It was seventeen years since a conference of missionaries of this land had been held such as the one that was now gathered in Shanghai.

For this present gathering nearly two years had been spent in preparation through the eleven committees selected from the entire missionary body. Each committee consisted of from twelve to fourteen persons and each committee had come, through correspondence or otherwise to an agreed conclusion as to the presentation of its theme. These reports of committees were prepared in the name of the respective chairmen and were printed and distributed in pamphlets, of from twenty to fifty pages each, to all the delegates before the discussion in the conference. Sheets of resolutions on each topic were also prepared in advance, placed in the hands of the conference on the day of the discussion, advocated by the chairman, when discussion began, amendment and change or modification following at the pleasure of the conference.

The topics before the conference for discussion were:

The Chinese Church.

(a) The opportunities and responsibilities.

(b) Self support, self government and aggressive work.

(c) Deepening of its spiritual life.

(d) The need of special teaching.

(e) Evil practices that are injuring the church.

(f) How to get the help of young men and women in Christian work.

The Chinese Ministry.

(a) The student for the ministry and his training.

(b) How to induce educated men to enter it.

(c) The preacher and the pastor.

(d) The minister as an evangelist.

Education.

(a) The new educational movements—a great opportunity.

(b) Value of Christian education in providing suitable leaders.

(c) Christian colleges—Their scope and limitations.

(d) Normal schools and the training of teachers.

(e) Education of the blind, deaf, and dumb.

(f) Industrial education. What experiments have been made and with what success.

Evangelistic Work.

(a) How best to adopt evangelistic methods to the new opportunities.

(b) The relation of the gospel to social and political questions.

(d) How create and sustain in Chinese church zeal for it.

(e) Use of auxiliary workers.

(f) In city and country.

(g) Among higher classes.

(h) Unoccupied parts of field and special fields.

Woman's Work.

(a) Women of church—how best instructed.

(b) Preparation of women candidates for baptism.

(c) Methods to reach the women.

(d) Training and use of Bible women.

Educational.

(a) New attitude of Chinese to education of girls and women.

(b) What can missions do to promote the general education of girls and women in China.

(c) Mission schools for girls.

(d) Training and supply of teachers.

(e) Industrial training for the girls and women.

Christian Literature.

(a) Its place and power.

(b) Need of devotional literature.

(c) Growth of new Chinese literature.

(d) Field for Christian magazines.

(e) Reading rooms, libraries &c.

(f) Utilization of Japanese Christian literature and scholarship.

Ancestral Worship.

The discussion on this theme related to the investigation of facts and statement of the Christian position. This resulted in a series of resolutions, of which the following is the most important:

"That while the worship of ancestors is incompatible with an enlightened and spiritual conception of the Christian church, vet we should be careful to encourage in our Christian converts the feeling of reverence for the memory of the departed, which this custom seeks to express, and to impress upon the Chinese in general the fact that the church regards filial piety as one of the highest of Christian duties."

Medical Work.

(a) The doctor as a missionary.

(b) Religious work in the hospital.

(c) How best to follow up and keep in touch with hospital and dispensary patients.

(d) Medical training for Chinese doctors.

(e) Medical training for women by women.

(f) Nursing as a profession for Chinese women.

(g) Special work—lepers, the insane, opium refuges.

The Holy Scriptures.

(a) Translation—reports of committees appointed at the conference of 1890.

(b) Interpretation—Reports of committees, 1890.

(c) Study and use of the Bible—preparation of courses of Bible study and Sunday-school lessons.

Comity and Federation.

(a) The influence of misisonary work in promoting re-union of the Church of Christ.

(b) How mission comity may be made more effective.

(c) The proposal of the Peking committee on union.

The result of the discussions along these latter lines was the following resolution:

"That this conference recommend the formation of a Federal Union under the title **The Christian Federation of China.**". Also "That the work of the federation shall be: To encourage everything that will demonstrate the existing essential unity of Christians. To watch for opportunities of united prayer and mutual confidence between representatives of different bodies of Christians in China, and as opportunity offers to initiate and arrange for representative meetings for the furtherance of the ideal of one Christian church for China."

Missionary and Public Questions.

(a) The relation of the missionary to his own government and to the Chinese authorities. Treaty rights.

(b) How can the missionary best assist China in her political and social reconstruction?

During the discussion of this topic a representative of the Chinese government, Taitooi Tong, was present on the platform and at the close made an address which was highly applauded by the conference.

I wish that your space would permit me to give you the entire discussion of these several papers and the full resolutions adopted on each, for such would greatly interest many of your readers; but knowing that this cannot be I have given you these outlines as set forth in the program of the conference and brief extracts of some important conclusions.

The several foreign missionary societies have a large number of very strong men in China. Our own American Board being represented by such men as Drs. D. Z. Sheffield, W. S. Ament, Chauncy Goodrich, C. A. Stanley, Mark Williams, J. E. Walker, Arthur H. Smith and C. R. Hager,—and one hundred others, men and women, giving their lives for the Christianinzation of China. No one knows the full meaning of this last clause unless he has been on China's soil and has seen with his or her own eyes and felt in his personal life the immensity of the undertaking.

The American Presbyterian mission has here such as Rev. Drs. W. A. P. Martin, J. Wherry, J. W. Lowrie, Hunter Corbitt, C. W. Mateer, J. N. Hayes, H. V. Noyes, A. A. Fulton, H. C. Dubose, S. F. Woodbridge, J. W. Davis, H. M. Woods, with three or four hundred others, all great men and women because they are putting patience, faith, love and cheer into this work of lifting up China to God.

These with all the others of the nearly four thousand of Christian missionaries of China must be maintained with many more also if the Christian church on earth would redeem its millions.

Think of the great need of medical men and women in China. Only three hundred and twenty missionary physicians to the four hundred millions—one doctor for each million and a quarter.

Attending this conference have been seen representatives of all the larger missionary boards and societies of Great Britain and America, with others from Germany and Sweden.

It really was a great meeting and will be remembered long as one of the gatherings of the soon to be triumphant church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Shanghai, China, May 8th, 1907.

"I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things."

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles.—A Sunday-school of about 75 members has been organized in the new Olivet Presbyterian Church.

San Leandro.—The Rev. J. E. Anderson has recovered from his illness and is again in discharge of pulpit and pastoral work.

Sacramento.—In recognition of the worth of the Rev. Dr. Wills Westminster Presbyterian Church has voted a substantial increase in his salary.

Pasadena.—The old location of the First Presbyterian Church has been resold for $107.000. The property has a frontage of 145 feet and a depth of 320.

Oakland.—The chapel and Sunday-school rooms of the First Presbyterian Church have been remodeled and refurnished at a cost of $1,200. They present now an attractive appearance.

Santa Cruz.—On Sunday morning, June 2nd, twenty-eight persons were publicly welcomed into the membership of this church. Seventeen of these were received by examination and eleven by letter. This is, in part, our share of the results of the union gospel meetings held in the city recently under the leadership of Dr. Ray Palmer.

Santa Rosa.—Evangelist Robt. L. Jones has just concluded a two weeks series of meetings under the auspices of the Ministerial Union,—seven or eight churches uniting. With sane and earnest preaching of the gospel for real life here and now, Mr. Jones drew large audiences, instructed them in righteousness, and won an increased loyalty of many hearts to Jesus Christ. The roll call of our churches will be considerably enlarged as a result.

Long Beach.—Work is progressing as rapidly as possible on the new edifice for the First Presbyterian Church. The artificial stone to be used in constructing the building will be made in Long Beach. It is thought that the steel work will be completed by July 1st and the entire work finished early next year. The auditorium will have a seating capacity of 1000 with Sunday-school rooms seating 700 so arranged as to open into the auditorium whenever needed. The cost will be about $70,000. A pipe organ to cost $10,000 is being built by Murray M. Harris of Los Angeles.

TRUE TO THE ANGLO-SAXON SPIRIT.

I a Memorial Day address the Rev. Josiah Sibley of Long Beach said:

"Men sometimes wonder at Anglo-Saxon greatness. History tells whence this greatness comes, Anglo-Saxon love for liberty and progress was inborn. Anglo-Saxon annals record an evolution consequent upon internal strife and not upon outward influences. Arthur's knights and Alfred's peasants began the struggle for development. The horde from Denmark, the Norman conquered at Hastings. But not for long. The Anglo-Saxon spirit would not down. John's nobles at Runnymeade wrested back their Anglo-Saxon freedom. In the centuries of internecine war that followed Anglo-Saxon fought Anglo-Saxon for the sake of Anglo-Saxon liberty, as each understood it. It was the straight-forward joining of issues in the Wars of the Roses, in the fratricidal conflict between the cavalier and the 'Ironsides' of Cromwell that made Yorktown possible, that made it necessary. These English records show that the standing unequivocally for the right as each individual saw it, has been the secret of Anglo-Saxon greatness.

"The same has been true of the development of the race in America. The great Civil War bears evidence of the fact. Ask them, and 'the Missouri compromise' and the Wilmot proviso each will say: 'I was not the cause of it.'

"The anti-slavery agitation will say, 'I was but an incident.' Need you any better evidence of this than these words from President Lincoln's first inaugural: 'I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so and I have no inclination to do so.' One who was an aide on the staff of General Thomas told me but three days ago that early in '63 he remembered making what seemed then a very original statement, but what seems in the light of later events almost prophetic: 'This war in which we are engaged will in history seem to have been undertaken for the cause of emancipation rather than being a war for the union.'

"Fair-minded history will tell you that the conflict was inevitable because the man of the North and the man of the South—true to the Anglo-Saxon instinct stood for the right, as each judged of it, for the constitution as each interpreted it and for liberty as each understood it. The men who fought in that conflict were Anglo-Saxons, they were Americans, and it is the privilege of all Americans to glory in their achievements irrespective of which cause they espoused.

"So it is with a feeling of perfect loyalty to my pride in being the son of a Confederate soldier and to all my boyhood's devotion to Southern traditions, that I look with equal pride on all the heroic deeds and splendid sacrifice whether exhibited by the men and women of the North, or by the men and women of the South. That which each wrought for principle is equally a part of my heritage and of your heritage."

THE HIGHEST TYPE OF CITIZENSHIP DEMANDED.

In a Memorial Day address in the First Presbyterian Church of Fresno the Rev. Dr. Boyd after setting forth the perils which threaten the nation asked, What is to save us from these threatening perils? We quote from his answer as follows:

"The highest type of American citizenship alone can save the republic. 'Love of country is love of its institutions. The measure of our love of country is our feeling of approval of its national institutions. The institutions of the old Jewish nation put their approval on that Jew who most perfectly kept himself clean befor the law. The Greek ideal was that of symmetry and proportion, and he was the noblest Greek who around a well-balanced and symmetrical mind built a body in harmony with it. The Roman ideal was law and order, and that Roman was esteemed the highest who labored and strove for the establishment of the law and the preservation of the national

order. That was a fatal step which Caesar took when he crossed the Rubicon, because in so doing he put his foot on the law of his people, so that from that hour his downfall was certain.'

"When we come to the American ideal it is a little difficult to know exactly what it is, but that American is the best who honors what we know is American Christian civilization. That is the highest type of American citizenship, and that type alone will enable us to meet any and every threatening peril. In that term there are two or three important implications. First, there is the belief in universal education, that every child shall have an opportunity for education. The second element is the Christian religion. We believe in putting everywhere in places of responsibility men who believe in God and in His Son. No man is a true American who scoffs at the religion fostered in this republic. From the time of George Washington, who knelt in the snow at Valley Forge, and prayed for God's help for the infant republic, until now, we have as a nation, believed in God, and if we lose that, we lose our sheet anchor. The third implication is that in the American republic we believe in the sovereignty of the individual, in a universal democracy. No man is a loyal American who would not give every right and privilege he would claim for himself to every other man. We are born equal before the law and each has a right to an unhindered pursuit of his ideal of happiness, so long as he does not trample upon the rights of another. That man is the noblest and truest American who believes in universal education, Christian religion, and the sovereignty of the individual.

"When we lay our wreaths on the graves of those who died for these principles, we are doing honor to the memory of Christ. He recognized the cardinal virtues which we recognize as fundamental; truth, justice and mercy. Truth gives freedom. Justice makes for courage. Mercy makes one eloquent."

According to the press dispatches, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church has taken an inexplicable attitude toward the Anti-Saloon League. We publish the item with the reservation that it may be "sensational" and before commenting shall wait to hear. Under date of May 21st, the dispatch goes on to say, "that developments in the temperance controversy aroused by the antagonism of the anti-saloon league to the interchurch temperance federation came rapidly today. The standing committee on temperance referred all the overtures affecting the attitude of the church league to a committee, which decided to recommend that no minister of the Presbyterian church, as such, could be an officer or member of the anti-saloon league; that they could participate in the work of that organization only as individuals." The Anti-saloon League has been and is the most effectual agency for the destruction of the saloon of any organization yet devised. The hope is here expressed that nothing will occur to break up this federation of temperance workers.

The actual losses sustained by the California Presbyterian churches in the earthquake and fire, estimated and recently approved by the General Assembly at Columbus, Ohio, amounted to $179,665. Of this amount $123,000 has been collected. The Assembly appointed an advisory committee to raise the remainder of the $300,000 originally asked of the Presbyterian Churches.

HON. E. H. CONGER.

This distinguished diplomatist was born in Galesburgh, Illinois, 1843, was educated in Lombard University and Albany Law School, served in the Civil War from 1862 to 1865, state treasurer of Iowa, member of Congress 1885 to 1891, and minister to Brazil, 1891 to 1897, and transferred to China 1898, and was through the Peking Boxer seige. He was the head of the commission in the re-adjustment of the commercial treaty with China. He has specially endeared himself to the missionary forces in China. He knew them intimately and sympathetically and availed himself of every proper occasion to bear witness to the value and efficiency of their work. He has a valuable tract on missionaries which has set forth his estimate of the missionary and his worth to the world. Mr. Conger died in Pasadena, May 18th. We met Dr. Conger, the brother to Mr. Conger, one of the pioneers of Pasadena in 1875. He was an ardent Presbyterian and highly esteemed by the early settlers of what was then known best as Indiana Colony. The name Pasadena had been suggested. Mr. Conger has lived a useful and successful life. He was not a politician but a patriot and hence the politicians did not esteem him very great. His work is a good record.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

The day is ended, Lord; far up through Heaven's blue
Trembles a prayer for safety through the night;
And yet Thou art not far from mortal view;
Thou are within our hearts, Thou Life and Light.

And there can be no night with us, dear Friend,
With all Thy light around us and within;
Almighty to deliver and defend,
Keep us at all times from the night of sin.

O, breathe upon us that breath of Thine
Which sinful men in every age have felt,
And make Thy life in us to be divine,
The Christian altar where our souls have knelt,

And prayed for all the race of brother men,
That we by love for them inspired might be,
Might lift them upward into life again,
And, as we see the Christ, help them to see.

Father of mercy, watch in love Thine own;
Keep us all near, within Thine arm infolding;
Then, when Heaven's morning dawns, the mists all flown,
Our souls shall be at peace, Thy face beholding.

—Charles M. Sheldon.

The great religious service in the Greek Theater, on the University grounds in Berkeley, last Sunday afternoon, was of considerable significance. This great outdoor auditorium will accommodate about 7000 people, but thousands were turned away. Governor Gillette introduced Miss Booth of the Salvation Army, the meeting being under Army auspices, and an address of high value and interest was given by this consecrated Christian worker.

It would seem that San Francisco is in hard lines. To the earthquake, the fire, the boodle, the graft, the Japanese school episode, the strikes, must be added the visit of Senator Tillman. This prince of fire-eaters is to deliver his coarse, vulgar and blasphemous assault upon the colored people. This race problem is a serious one, and we are delighted to know that the new leadership in the South utterly repudiates this wicked race-hater.

THE TASK OF MANKIND.

The one mighty task before mankind is the art of right living. That consists of two parts, being right and doing right. It is admitted that we cannot, from our own resources, change our natures. We however have an important part in changing our natures. We must for our own part repent. That is a magnificent commonplace truth. We must resolve to give up our sins. We must confess to Christ our sins. This transaction between the soul and Christ is necessary. No one should run away with the shallow idea that repentance and confession are sheer forms of a vanishing idealism. That is not so. The transaction between the soul and Christ is as real as the transfer of real estate. The business is transacted by faith in an unseen Christ but a real Christ. The church, the body of Christ, is the external witness of Christ to the transaction. "Ye are my witnesses" means that believers are the open representatives of an unseen Christ. We are to confess our purpose, confess our allegiance to Christ before the church, that is the body of believers, in order to take the transaction out of the shadowy realm of idealism.

It must not be forgotten that the sources and springs of a spiritual life are hidden from view. Only an unseen Christ, a spiritual Christ, can change and sweeten the fountains of a spiritual life. It is ours to repent and confess and it is the work of an unseen Christ to reconstruct the inner life. It is our duty to trust him for his part of the work. The effort of the will to trust the unseen Christ leads us to a growing consciousness of spiritual things. This is a part of the process of salvation. The soul's vision clears up as we continue to look at the unseen things. The astronomer must be trained to see the universe. It takes years of training to dissolve the nebulae in space. It is while we look and continue to look at the unseen that our consciousness of salvation hardens into satisfaction. The morality of mankind is the morality of God. The sense of love, of goodness, of truth, of justice, is the sense of God's personal presence. It is the white light from the throne of God beating upon the windows of the soul. We often shut ourselves in our prison cells writhing in the bondage of dogmatic depravity and go spiritually stone blind by excluding the light. There are ten thousand evidences in the world of God's goodness, mercy and love to every one of the seeming contradictions in the processes of the natural world. The motives to right living are countless. It is the sinfulness of sin that tampers with the elementary principles of life. It discolors the atmosphere by tampering with the eye.

This then is our contention: God's moral government is homogeneous. The goodness of God and the goodness of man are essentially alike. In seeking the witness of the Holy Spirit, the consciousness of salvation, we should recognize the evidential value of the sense of honesty, of sincerity, of truth, of justice. We are in God's world though we be in rebellion against his government. As Methodists we insist on a distinct operation of the Holy Spirit witnessing the fact of our adoption into the family of God. That doctrine is called the doctrine of Christian experience and is more and more the doctrine of the whole body of believers. Its truth cannot be overstated. Our idea is that conscious salvation includes that definite personal experience of grace and at the same time insists on a wider, deeper, universal consciousness of the moral and spiritual government of God lying like a peaceful, luminous atmosphere all about us. We believe in a spiritual, not material, pantheism. That person seeking God's love and presence should open the door, take down the window blinds, and look out upon a world of light. "In Him we live." "I am the vine, ye are the branches." Valuable as is the flash of experience at the moment of adoption into the spiritual life, yet we must awake to the presence of the universal and personal goverment of God all around us.

The fact is we spend our time thinking, fretting, complaining among the defects, the delinquencies and depravities of the race and forget that this is God's world. We keep injecting into our veins the old virus of unbelief until we are swollen agnostics. Let us try a new idea. Teach ourselves that mankind is divine. Inoculate the soul with the vigor of original righteousness. Sin is an accident, an awful accident. Sin is deep, malignant, and deadly, but it is secondary. The primary fact is the divineness of mankind. We should look at the world as God looks at it. Man is not a beast. He is made for an upper atmosphere.

CLAIMS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

The Students Recruit Movement among the colleges to promote the claims of the Christian ministry and Christian work among the students, is significant. President Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College, writes an interesting and convincing pamphlet on "The Claims of the Ministry on Strong Men." He discusses the needs, the demands, the complexity and intensity of modern life, the progress of the race, the reality of spiritual things, the new tests for the church, the present opportunity, the fundamental nature of religion and kindred themes proving beyond all reasonable doubt the pressing need of strong men in the ministry. There is a great truth in this argument. When the ministry is studied in the presence of its problem it absolutely requires men endowed with leadership. The power of the ministry is largely the power of well equipped and adequately endowed personality. The church has a duty in this matter. The church can attract strong men into the ministry by a wholesome attitude toward the present ministry. It can carefully look among its young people and encourage the talented young men to enter the ministry. It is not normal to suppose that richly endowed young men will on some indefinite and general principle "drift" uninvited into the Christian ministry. The "drifting" is always in the opposite direction. The people do not even "drift" into the membership of the church. The ministry is the product not directly of the ministry but particularly of the church as a whole. The laymen voice God's call and select and send out the ministry. This responsibility is upon the church. If this matter is treated indifferently, then an indifferent ministry is the inevitable result.

The colleges have of course a good deal of responsibility but primarily the building of a strong ministry rests with the churches. The ministry is made by a certain initial impulse which is imparted, not by the training of the colleges, nor yet by the equipment of the theological seminaries. That initial impulse springs from the companionship, the fellowship of the local church. The ministry is not a profession. It is certainly not professional. It is concrete manliness in action. Let the church membership take up this question seriously and extend its influence in this direction. No young man should be recommended to the ministry who has not the potential and personal endowments to become in course of time and experience the pastor and leader of the church that recommends him. The church membership has a wonderful influence on the initial steps leading to the ministry. We do not want a professionalized ministry, but a strong, personalized ministry. The college will educate and refine, the theological seminary will equip, but the church must "call" the ministry.

The Home.

MY CREED.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

—H. A. Walton, in Harper's Bazar.

SELF-INDULGENCE A DANGER TO HOME AND SABBATH.

As compared with other nations the United States stands conspicuous for the purity of the home and the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. Disintegrating influences are naturally at work to weaken and undermine these bulwarks of Christian civilization. Extreme poverty and extreme wealth, though from far different causes and with a wide difference of responsibility, are the most constant among these influences. It is probable, however, that the most insidious and therefore the most dangerous are to be found in the great intermediate classes whom growing means and multiplying comforts increasingly invite to self-indulgence. There is in consequence in many places —especially in the towns—apparent an increasing moral flabbiness, a laxness in the tender and unselfish cultivation of home life, and a growing indifference to the outward observance of the old-time Sunday customs.

Club life, with its appeal to selfishness and physical indulgence, is steadily encroaching on the closer and more constant association of the home with its influence for unselfishness, personal sacrifice, and purity of affection. Soft and strong drinks, fashionable clothing, extravagant turnouts, needless jaunts, a very debauch of self-indulgence and physical gratification, are yearly consuming their increased thousands and millions which belong to the enrichment of the home and the service of others.

With sensuous and sensual indulgence thus sapping the vitality of the intellectual and the spiritual, it is little wonder that so many spend their leisure time in superficial show and activity, and shrink from the simple, quiet home life or the deeper self-examination that come with the Sunday worship and rest.—Southern Advocate.

SO BUSY!

One year ago today I sat at my desk busy with the month's bills and accounts, when a bright-faced, starry-eyed lad of twelve rushed in and impetuously announced, "Say, pa, this is your birthday; you are fifty-five years old and I am going to give you fifty-five kisses, one for each year." And he began to make good his word when I exclaimed, "O Andrew, don't do it now, I am so busy!" His silence attracted my attention, and, looking up, I saw his big blue eyes filled with tears, and apologetically said, "You can finish tomorrow." He made no reply, but was unable to conceal his disappointment, his face wearing a grieved expression as he quietly walked away.

The same evening I said, "Come and finish the kisses now, Andrew," but he did not respond to the invitation.

Two months later, in consequence of an accident, the waves of the Fox River closed over his body, and we carried him away to sleep near the village where he loved to spend his summer vacations. The robin's note was never sweeter than his voice, and the turtle-doves that coo to their nestlings where he sleeps could not be more gentle than my little boy who never finished his love-imposed task.

If I could build a ladder to the skies and find him there; if I could only tell him how much I regret the thoughtless word spoken; if I could be assured that he understands and knows how my heart is aching because of the unkind request, there would be no man in all this wide world so inexpressibly happy as the one who sits today and thinks how he prevented an act that love inspired, and grieved a little heart as tender as the mercy of God.

"And, be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted."
—A. M. Bruner, in Northwestern Advocate.

THE KIND OF RELIGION WE WANT.

We want a religion that softens the step and turns the voice to melody and fills the eye with sunshine and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, and deferential to superiors, considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floors with his boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants, besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the Eastern fig tree, bearing on its bosom at once the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them.—Helpful Thoughts

The Quiet Hour.

THE HOPE SET BEFORE US.

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discords strong;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song!

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

THE UPWARD CLIMB.

Not all ascents are followed by descents. Some mountains have only one side. "The road continued up, up," writes a traveler in Persia, "the gorge became

narrower until we could cross it by a short bridge, and then wound from ridge to ridge across the top of the mountain. The view was grand. As far as the eye could see were the crests of the mountains; between, the beginning of valleys and river courses. There were so few trees that the whole configuration was spread out before us. Finally the horses began to go a little easier, and we knew we were over the top, but there was no going down on the other side of the mountain. Before us stretched out a wide, almost level plain, sloping away very gently from the crest we had crossed. In sixty miles we had ascended 4,500 feet, but in the next 170 miles did not descend 700 feet. It gives one a queer sensation after spening so much time climbing a mountain not to go down on the other side." This is life. The heights which we scale we keep. Life is not meant to be up and down. It is meant to be up and up; and beyond the steep ascent lie the table-lands of God.—Sunday School Times.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE.

Food and clothing are recognized as the primal needs of mankind. With a constant persistency they make their demands upon all. What we shall eat and wherewithal we shall be clothed are questions of abiding interest in every household. Other questions may be deferred, other interests may be postponed, other things may be overlooked; but food and clothing are matters of immediate and abiding concern. Wherefore it has come about that these things receive first attention of men and, being first in instant demand upon them, become first in their thoughts and desires. Dominated by the constant demands of their physical needs, bound to constant daily toil to satisfy those needs, men are easily led to put the material above the spiritual, to strive too much for the meat that perisheth, and too little for the bread of life.

One of the dangers of this busy age is the rapid development of a modern materialism. Not content with being concerned about his immediate physical needs the man of today, even with ample provision to meet the wants of himself and his family for a lifetime, must give himself over to the accumulation of wealth. The god of business has too many men in his grasp today, crushing out the instincts and aspirations of their higher natures, and holding them in the bonds of a modern slavery as bitter and cruel as was that of ancient Egypt. The colleges that stand for broad and liberal culture are almost deserted while those that prepare students for special vocations are overcrowded. Talk to a young man about the choice of his life work and he will immediately begin to talk to you about the amount of money that may be made in the different trades and professions. However much satisfaction a man may get from a certain vocation, however much mental and spiritual enrichment, however much of service to humanity he may be able to give in it, if he works there for a thousand dollars when he might get two thousand somewhere else the world says he is a fool.

God finished the work of creation by breathing his own breath into man, thereby making of him a living soul. Man's physical and material interests are not inconsequential. They must be looked after; but in looking after them man must not, like Esau, despise his spiritual birthright. Life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment. Life towers infinitely above mere living; and he who contents himself with devotion to material interests only fills himself with husks which the swine do eat.—Alabama Advocate.

Young People.

GIVING HIM A SHOW.

Old Farmer Brownlee was moving slowly across his big onion field. He was on his hands and knees, and his head was bent low so that his near-sighted eyes could distinguish the weeds among the tiny,upright onion points. Now and then he raised himself wearily. His back was too old and rheumatic for such work, and he wished that one of his boys had chosen to be a farmer instead of a business or professional man. When at home they had taken all such work as this from him, but now the last one of them was packing his trunk for the city, and hereafter he must do his own chores and onion weeding. Well, he would not complain; the boys had bettered themselves, and that was what he most desired.

When he reached the end of the row he straightened his shoulders with a sigh of relief. Then a look of surprised inquiry came into his face. He thought he knew every boy in the neighborhood; but there from the topmost rail of his zigzag fence, a ragged, unknown boy of twelve or thirteen was regarding him earnestly. As he looked up the boy grinned conciliatingly.

"What is them things you're so careful about tendin', mister?" he asked.

Farmer Brownlee's face darkened. The idea that any one could be so ignorant as not to recognize growing onions never entered his head.

"None of your sass, boy," he said angrily. "An' just suppose you git down off that fence. Fust you know there's be a rail broke, or suthin'."

The boy sprang nimbly to the ground, but it was on the inside of the fence and not on the outside, as the old man had intimated.

"I'd like awfully well to know what they be, mister," he said, as he bent down to examine the green, needle-points. "I've been watching you a long time, an' s'pose likely they're some extra fine posies, you're so careful of 'em. But say, if you don't mind, I'd like to try a row of 'em across. I b'lieve I can do it."

The look of anger on Farmer Brownlee's face became one of astonishment. A boy anxious to weed onions, and not know what they were!—two phenomena that made him almost speechless. His boys had always been willing to do the work for him, but he could not remember that either of them had ever seemed anxious for the job.

"Not—know—onions! Well, that beats me!" Then a quizzical look came into his face. "I don't know's I mind you goin' across an' back. I'll sit under this tree an' sort o' keep an oversight. You must be careful an' not pull up any onions. An' say," as the boy dropped on his knees astride one of the rows, "you haven't told me your name yet, nor where you come from."

"Bob Cooper, an' I'm one of the fresh air boys over at that farmhouse t'other side the hill."

"U'm! yes, I b'lieve I did hear Sol Perkins speak of takin' some street boys for a week. Crazy idea, I thought it."

For some minutes he watched the boy dubiously; then the uncertainty left his face, and he leaned back comfortably against the tree.

"Mighty spry with his fingers, an' careful as one o' my own boys," he thought approvingly. "Do the work twice as fast's I can, if he is a greeny. U'm! makin' of another good farmer lost in him, I s'pose." Here his eyes closed, and they had not opened when the boy came back on his second row. A sharp scrutiny, and then Bob turned to the third row and again weeded his way slowly across the field. As he arose from the sixth row he heard the sharp clang of a bell. Going to the old man, he touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"I guess likely that's your dinner bell, mister," he said.

"Dinner bell? sho! sho! 'Taint nine o'clock yet. I only jest shet my eyes a minute." He glanced up at the sun, and then down at the newly weeded onions, and his face lengthened into incredulous astonishment.

"You don't mean you've weeded six rows? Why, that's much as my obstinate old back'll let me do in a whole day." Again the dinner bell sounded. "Yes, that's for me, sure enough. Won't you come in an' eat with me?"

"No, Mis' Perkins'll wonder where I've gone. But if you don't mind I'll come back soon's I've eat. I'd like to try them onions again."

"Mind! I should think not. I'm always more than glad to run across such hands."

It was nearly half a mile to Solomon Perkins', but when the old man returned to his onion field he found Bob already there and well down his seventh row.

They worked until dark, then the old man took out his pocketbook. Bob shook his head and grinned.

"I don't want no money, mister; but if you'll let me come again tomorrow I'd be much obliged."

"Come all you want to. There's plenty o' work, an' we can settle when we're through. But it seems sort o' hard for you to come down here on a vacation, an' then work all the time."

"Oh, that's all right; I like farming," and with a quick spring he was over the fence and running across the field.

It took three days to weed the onions, and when they were finished the old man again brought out his pocketbook, but again Bob shook his head. The old man looked perplexed.

"Come, come, boy; take the money," he urged; "I don't want nobody to work for me for nothin'. You've airned it, ever cent."

Bob shuffled his feet and looked at the old man sideways. "I didn't come for money," he said, "but there's someting else. Has—has my work suited?"

"Yes, good work's I ever had. I'd like to hire you for a year."

The boy's eyes sparkled.

"An' would you be willin' to hire a man, too?" he asked eagerly. "One who could work lots better than me."

"No, I haven't work for two hands."

The eager countenance fell.

"I thought maybe you would," and Bob began to climb over the fence dejectedly. "We wouldn't ask much wages, and we'd work like everything."

"Is he some of your folks?"

"My dad."

"U'm! Well, there'llbe no trouble about work, I guess. Good hands are scarce, an' your father could get plenty to do in the neighborhood. Perkins hires folks an' so does Brown an' Thompson. I've got an old house that I'll rent you cheap, an' you can move in any time you like an' go to work. I'll keep you stiddy—an' be mighty glad to git rid o' onion weedin'," grimly.

But Bob's face did not brighten, as he expected.

"I don't b'lieve dad would come 'cept he was sure of gettin' work," he said. We went out in the country last summer an' tried lots of farms, but nobody would hire him. Dad said he wouldn't try again." Then, in answer to a look of incredulity, he added, with a sudden flush coming into his face, "You see, it's just this way: Dad's the best man in the world, an' he's a splendid worker; but he's that kind like an' pleasant he won't say "no" to nobody. He didn't drink any 'fore mother died, an' he often goes weeks without it now—he did when I was sick last summer. Him an' me is all there is, an' sometimes he tries to give it up on my account; but most folks like him, an' there's ten whiskey shops in sight of our door. 'Taint easy for a man to go past 'em all. Dad says he jest can't do it; if we lived 'way off in the country there might be some show."

"If he only drinks now an' ag'in," said the old man reflectively, "it seems sort o' strange that he can't git work somewhere. I know a good many hired men who drink a little."

Bob flushed and looked embarrassed.

"You see, he—he can't stop when he once gets started," he explained, "he's so awful easy an'—good-natured."

"U'm! drunk most o' the time, hey?"

Bob remained silent, but shuffled his feet uneasily along the rails.

"No, I don't want him," said the old man, decidedly. "I ain't reformin' drunkards."

"He ain't no drunkard," cried Bob fiercely. "He's easy, an' we've always lived among rum shops. He smells whiskey just as soon as he steps on the street, an' there's plenty of men to give him a drink. He can't stop, but I tell you he ain't no drunkard. He ain't! he ain't! he ain't! I guess I know, for I'm most always with him. I sit up with him nights, an' I foller him when he goes out. I wouldn't be here now, only he went off with a lot o' men for two weeks an' I couldn't go 'long. I thought maybe there'd be a chance for us out here, an' I worked for you jest as hard as ever I could, an' hoped you'd be willin' to help me give him a show. He ain't no drunkard, an' he don't use no swear talk, an' he don't fight. He never struck me in all my life—not once. Even if he does drink, he's a good man; an' he ain't no drunkard, no, not if nobody in the world will hire him."

Farmer Brownlee's face had lost its severity during this explosion. Now he laid his hand detainingly on the boy's knee.

"No, I don't b'lieve your pa is all bad," he said, gravely, an' maybe I said more than I meant. I'll think it over tonight, an' you come 'round ag'in in the mornin'. I once had a brother who must 'a' been some like your pa, but that's a long time ago. Well, goodnight."

Bob watched him until he was lost in the shadows. then he slipped down from the fence and went across toward the Perkins' farmhouse.

In the morning he was back again long before

Farmer Brownlee was astir. When the old man appeared he was examining the beets and carrots.

"H'm! more weedin' for you," chuckled the old man, as he approached. "Well, about your pa. How'd you like to farm it a little for yourselves?"

Bob looked at him wonderingly.

"How can we?" he asked, "we ain't got no land."

"I'll fix that. I can't hire you and your pa both, but I've lots of idle land. I can let you have that house an' about forty acres round it for almost nothin', an' you can work the rent out. I'll hire you all the time, or both you an' your pa part of the time, an' you'll be able to get consider'ble work among the neighbors. Spare days you can work your own land. If you're careful, as I b'lieve you will be, you can lay up money. An' as for your pa, there ain't a liquor-shop in nine miles. Does that suit?"

Bob did not answer, but the look on his face made the old man's eyes twinkle, then suddenly grow misty.

"U'm!" he said, as he turned away, abruptly, "s'pose we go over and look at the house. Then you can go to the Perkinses an' tell 'em you're goin' to stay with me after this. When it's time for your pa to git back, you can go to the city and bring him down."—Frank H. Sweet.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

A wholesome cream of tartar baking powder. Makes the lightest, best flavored biscuit, hot-breads, cake and pastry.

Alum and alum-phosphate baking powders are injurious. Do not use them. When buying baking powder be sure the label specifies cream of tartar.

MUNICIPAL BOODLE.

The San Francisco Chronicle has spoken clearly and strongly on the side of decency and good order in the troublous times through which San Francisco is passing, and never more than when it insists that a few conspicuous examples of graft do not uncover the actual conditions prevailing in this city. It calls attention to the thousand and one forms of graft that reach the private homes. Every department of municipal government is creeping with the vermin of graft. Every petty officer and deputy is out for graft. The inspector will not approve the plumbing until the graft fee is paid. All that the Chronicle has so well said is no doubt true. We would like to add a few words. The Chronicle will find that back of San Francisco and beneath all this political corruption are the saloons, and back of the saloons are the wholesale liquor dealers, and associated with the saloons are the houses of ill fame, the slot machines, the race-tracks, the gambling dens, and all these agencies of evil. The prosecution will do well to drive these arch-boodlers into the penitentiary, but it should be understood that while nearly 3,000 saloons, owned and equipped by the wholesale liquor dealers, are wide open, the decapitation of a dozen colossal boodlers and exploiters will only make way for another crop.

IMPORTANT AND DOUBTLESS TRUE.

According to the published statements, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the steel manufacturer, says that the company has completed three battleships at the Union Iron Works and lost on account of labor conditions $2,500,000. He complains not only that labor is prohibitive in price but indifferent in quality. The Union Iron works employs several thousand men and the closing down of this great industrial plant is a distinct and almost irreparable loss. There must be a better way. Capital cannot bear more than its proportion of the burden and surely labor ought to have its share of the production. That is only fair. The real difficulty is in the lack of square dealing on both sides of the controversy. The leadership has been bad and that is likely to continue so long as the principle of caste and exclusiveness is the dominant principle. The principle of repressing and coercing laborers may continue for a time but sooner or later men must come to see things in a true light and win the battle of wages by an appeal to right, not to might.

DR. OSLER SORRY.

We quote from the Michigan Christian Advocate what Dr. Osler is reported to have said in repentance for the deep wound he has inflicted upon our Christian civilization. Dr. Osler says: "To one who had all his life been devoted to old men, it was not a little distressing to be placarded in a world-wide way as their sworn enemy, and to every man over sixty whose spirit I may have thus unwittingly bruised, I tender my heartfelt regrets." At the same time, he clings to his opinion that the real work of life is done before the fortieth year, and that after the sixtieth year, "it would be best for the world and best for themselves if men rested from their labors."

It is not the accidental saying that hurts, but the feeling that is expressed. To make out that Oslerism is the result of a simple side remark is to proceed without the facts. Osler voiced a dastardly feeling. It is paganism, pure and simple. Work, useful work, is the solace of old age. To make an ungracious attack upon old age is brutal in the extreme. Every one knows that one generation is transformed by self-sacrifice into the following one. Parents give their lives day by day for their children, but to be kicked off of the rim of the earth by a general principle is essentially unkind and unChristian. No one contends that old men should do the work of younger men. That is not the question. It is a question of a title to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. It will be a sorry day for the Christian world when such principles as Oslerism shall go unrebuked. It is hard enough to be beaten down by circumstances and by the inevitable laws of nature without being contemptuously thrown aside. Oslerim is not any part of the Christian system. Christian civilization inculcates reverence and esteem for the old people. This world belongs to God. It is always a pleasure to us to defy and rebuke Oslerism.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

What Membership Involves.

1 The Purpose to Pray for the Evangelization of the World in this Generation.

This should become a daily habit. The Executive Committee recommends the reading and circulation of the pamphlet by Mr. Robert E. Speer, on **Prayer and Missions.** (40 cents per dozen from the Student Volunteer Movement, 3 West 29th Street, New York City.) Let us pray for each other and for the complete success of the missionary enterprise. Many men turn aside from their regular work for a few moments each day at the noon hour to pray for world-wide missions. May we not unite with others in this ministry of daily intercession?

2. The Purpose to Give towards the Evangelization of the World in this Generation.

It is scarcely believed possible that any man could work heartily in such an effort as this, without giving of his income at least a fair proportion, based on Scripture teaching, for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Of this amount, it is also important that a reasonable ratio be devoted to work in non-Christian lands. Every man should decide upon such a ratio after prayerful consideration of the whole subject. Since the numbers to be reached by the churches of North America are ten-fold greater abroad than at home, and since a large proportion of church members are giving nothing whatever to work abroad, is it not reasonable for those of us who really believe in world-wide missions to devote at least twenty-five per cent of our total offerings to the spread of the gospel in the non-Christian world? If we invest our lives, (presumably our largest investment) and seventy-five per cent of our offerings, in religious, educational and philanthropic work at home, is it not fitting that we devote at least twenty-five per cent of our total offerings to similar work abroad? Many men would urge a far larger proportion than this. It is believed that all givers will be helped by fixing in advance upon some proportion which appeals to their own minds as reasonable and fair. "System, not spasm," is God's method. The most intelligent giving is on a carefully prearranged basis.

3. The Purpose to Study about the Evangelization of the World in this Generation.

If we are to be fully equipped workers, we must be up-to-date in our knowledge of the great facts of missionary progress. Every member of this Movement is urged to make himself familiar with the literature issued by his own Foreign Missionary Board. In addition to this, the Laymen's Missionary Movement will recommend from time to time, pamphlets and books, both for study and for circulation. The object for each man to aim at, is to make himself an intelligent and effective advocate of a comprehensive and adequate missionary policy.

4. The Purpose to Work for the Evangelization of the World in this Generation.

This opens a field of limitless opportunity. One's own home, his church, his circle of business acquaintances, his community,—all of these furnish a field for personal evangelism, and for creating or deepening an intelligent spirit of world-wide missions. The whole church needs to be awakened to its missionary responsibility. The Laymen's Movement hopes to help the men of the churches, and especially those who identify themselves actively in this effort, to make their lives count for the most in extending and establishing the kingdom of Christ throughout the world. If the members of this Movement will set an inspiring example of loyalty to our Lord in this effort, and will pray and work together persistently, there is no reason why most of us may not see the knowledge of Christ made universal in our own lifetime.

"From every man according to his ability: to every man according to his need."

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.

Prizes worth the winning are won only through strife and labor. Difficulties and conflicts are the ordained stepping-stones in the arduous path to the goals we seek. "Heaven is not reached at a single bound."

I would here utter a note of caution to those teachers and educationalists who are inclined to find in the primitive interests of a child or student the adequate basis for instruction, and remind them, in the words of a recent writer, that "So long as the pedagogical doctrine of interest meant the following of lines of least resistance, its failure as an educational principle was absolutely certain. Always to obey the dictates of interest, in this sense of the term, would mean the instant arrest of all progress." (Bagley.)

Progress is conditioned upon conflict, upon successful encounter with some form of opposition, just as truly as the babe learns to walk only after many a fall and many a bump. The swimmer is made powerful by buffeting the waves that hurl themselves against him, the mountain oak is toughened by the hurricanes of a century; so man is made mighty by fighting his way through a maze of allurements and distractions to the goal of the largeness of his inheritance.

"Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master and make cower beneath his feet?"

Sustained attention must be directed toward a remote end; immediate interests and lesser goods must often be resolutely rejected. The good is the enemy of the best. And so the youth who justifies his conduct or his practices on the sole ground that there is no harm in it has not risen to the true conception of the value of time or the measure of life's opportunities. Only a steadfast adherence to a definite course, with eye fixed on the distant goal, can produce an orator like Demosthenes or Webster, a musician like Beethoven, an artist like Angelo, a wonder-worker in science like Edison.

As the rude block of marble must suffer much from the chisel of the artist before the hidden angel stands forth, so we must suffer many things from God and man in preparation for our high destiny.

Many of our associations as well as certain of our limitations are decreed by nature, wholly beyond the possibility of our choosing. Napoleon could humble the proudest army of Europe but could not add a cubit to his stature; Booker Washington, with all his power as a persuasive orator and influence as President of Tuskegee, cannot change his dark skin for that of even the poorest white. So you and I are hedged about by conditions which we do well to recognize. But remember! Napoleon attained splendid and heroic stature without an extra cubit, and Booker Washington's consecrated life in behalf of his countrymen declares him, despite his color, 'a man for 'a that.' So I urge upon all young people, in the words of our first essayist, "Be that you are; be that cheerly and sovereignly." Every one may indeed press upward to the stars, but each must proceed along his own pathway, surmounting his own obstacles, overcoming his own difficulties.

Some will say they have no chance because perchance they are poor,—it is impossible to get a start in the economy of our complex society. But let me say to such, fortunate are you if you have a clear brain and a ready hand,—these spell for you the great word opportunity, and your start is already made. Envy not the idle sons and aimless daughters of the rich; rather are they to be pitied. What if your way demands work and burdensome tasks? There is little fear that the healthy youth of eighteen will kill himself with honest work of hand or brain, but it is easily possible in this age for him to be **amused to death** by day and by night. And it is vastly more to one's credit to die the death of the former than that of the latter!

Not only are we confronted with obstacles in the form of physical and economic limitations in our ascent to the stars of hope, but likewise difficulties in our intellectual development challenge our highest courage and an indomitable spirit. When we observe about us friends and associates of ten talents we need almost divine inspiration to press on—mere possessors of one or two talents—with unflagging zeal to the accomplishment of a noble but remote purpose. If Ulysses Grant had depended solely on high rank at West Point he would never have taken Vicksburg nor have compassed the surrender of Lee at Appomatox. It was not his intellectual brilliancy but rather that bending of all his energies to a well-defined task, the firm and steady adherence to an overmastering purpose, that gave him name and immortality. His mind was fixed, unmovable; had it been otherwise, all would have been otherwise.

Preliminary defeat when turned to right account leads to ultimate victory. After two years of public service George Washington sadly wrote: "I have been on the losing order ever since I entered the service." Irving thus comments: "What a striking lesson is furnished by this summary! How little was he aware of the vast advantages he was acquiring in his school of bitter experience! 'In the hand of heav- **what is right?** With these questions he

en he stood,' to be shaped and trained for its great purpose; but every trial and vicissitude of his early life fitted him to cope with one or other of the varied and multifarious duties of his future destiny."

Of all obstacles that must be met and surmounted by the youth of today who seek the best in life, none are so serious or insidious as those of the moral and spiritual realms. The first great questions that confront a serious student whose vision for the first time takes in the multifarious and ever increasing complexity of life are, **what is true?** must wrestle with all his might, nor let them go till they are answered.

But this is not all. Theoretical answers to these questions must be accompanied by the practical question of our personal and living attitude toward the true and the right. A great fallacy and weakness of our age is that as a people we give our passive assent to truth and righteousness and yet are unwilling to be led by them. Ofttimes ye see life rightly yet fail to order our lives aright in actual practice. What our American citizenship most needs today is not a new theory of goodness nor a fresh concept of the true and the beautiful, but the living embodiment in our citizens of the homely and well known qualities of moral rectitude that were old when Aristides was just and Crassus avaricious. Of what use is the skill of the physician if his remedies are neglected? Where is the value of the general if his orders are ignored? Is there individual or social efficacy in that life that fails not only to project itself helpfully in the state but fails to embody in itself the very principles it knows to be fundamental?

Such a life stands under a double condemnation. It is the very antipodes of that other life which was the Light of the world, the perfect living-out of a perfect inner life, ever ready to turn misfortune and adversity into blessing and exaltation.

WHAT IS DONE WITH GOD'S MONEY

Protestant Christianity is just beginning to realize the value of Church Endowments. There is surely an increasing amount of the wealth of the church being conserved and protected from flowing out of the Kingdom and back to worldly institutions and into sinful uses, by putting it into the permanent investments of the church. The reasons for doing this lie deeper and are more significant than are found in the mere value of the Christian's wealth. If the parable of The Talents is true and the doctrine of Christian stewardship is a fact, a Christian ought to secure his wealth to the kingdom of God **because it belongs to God.** If what we have is a trust committed to us by the Almighty, we do not meet the obligations of our trusteeship till we have accounted to Him for every dollar of principal and income with which God trusts us. The servants in the parable referred to, accounted to their master for the increase and the original talents or capital, as well. A christian is not a faithful steward who answers to God only for a tithe of his income or all of his income, he must answer for his capital also. This we cannot satisfactorily do in heaven or at heaven's gate. God does not want our money nor His money, nor stocks and bonds and land titles in heaven. Nor can we take them there. We will stand before the throne emptyhanded. If we ever hear him say to us what the rich capitalist of the parable said to his faithful servants, it will be because we answered to Him for His talents in the place and while in the line of business He is trying to carry on through our agency. God wants all His investments in us and through our agency. God wants all His investments in us and through us used and disposed of in this world where He is engaged in the business of saving men and institutions and nations. He has all the gold in heaven that He needs there. But his kingdom on the earth is poor. It can be rich and strong and speedily successful only as He realizes on the investments He makes here through the agency of His servants. God and His kingdom lose through us just the amount of capital which we carelessly or wickedly allow to slip out of our hands and into the coffers and business of the world and the devil. Many a Christian to whom God intrusted thousands of millions of dollars, and whose wealth, during his life was rightly regarded as an asset of the kingdom, is at last surprised by that old thief death—God's money is snatched out of his hands and he goes to judgment naked and poor as the day he was born. Where now are the talents—the trust money which was in his care? Where the wealth that was once redeemed by the grace of God from its merely crude material value and sinful uses and for awhile was counted as an asset of the kingdom? The answer is as easy as it is sad. The devil and the world are in league with death against God and His kingdom. The Kingdom is robbed, Probate courts, public administrators, litigious claimants, false heirs, unworthy heirs, evil people and secular institutions fatten on the Christian's estate at the cost of a few worthy heirs who might have respected God's claim on the property, and at the much greater cost of the kingdom. The bulk of the sacred trust has been diverted from the Lord's business. The man lived, labored, prayed, saved, sacrificed, died in God's service, but he finally allowed God to be robbed of the holy trust which he held. The church is poorer than it ought to be. The prosperous servant should have made permanent investment of his trust funds, so that they might advance the kingdom, rather than revert to the institutions of this world and henceforth obstruct the kingdom from which they were wrongly diverted. The "trust money" might have been built into a church or a Christian school, or a hospital. It might have been used to endow a missionary society, a college, or a conference claimants fund. It could easily have been put where it would have served God and blessed the world for ages. The conclusion of this argument is that the good people to whom God has committed talents of wealth should endeavor, while they are living and have the wealth in their hands, to find some way to give back their capital to God through the agency of His kingdom. Like an honest agent or broker, the Christian steward should, when he retires from his active service, leave the trust capital in the bank, account and subject to the order of his principal, that is of the one who furnished him the capital. If all of God's servants would do this, John's vision of the 'city which came down from God out of heaven' would be realized in this redeemed earth in a very few generations. G.

WASH DAY ACROSS THE SEAS.

One of the strangest sights to be seen in foreign lands (to American or English eyes) is the open-air laundry. In all Asiatic countries, and even in some European ones, the family washing is done either on the banks of a running stream or in a public tank or fountain, and without the aid of soap or hot water. Italian peasant women do their washing by dabbling the clothes in a big tank, into which the water flows, ice cold, down from the hills. It doesn't seem nearly as nice a way to do the work as that of the American washer-woman, who soaks and boils and rinses the family linen in the shelter of a comfortable kitchen or laundry, where all the world cannot look on.

But even this is better than the way they do in India—where, by the way, it is done mostly by men. There the clothes are washed in the sluggish rivers, and, while still wet, are stretched on sloping wooden boards and the dirt pounded out of them with heavy wooden mallets. How they are ever made clean and white in such muddy water is a mystery.

In the Philippine Islands the natives wash their clothes while they are wearing them. Sometimes they wade into the river or canal—which is always full of mud and filth—and pour the water over themselves with their hands; and, again, sometimes they sit, fully dressed, in tubs of water in front of their houses, and scrub themselves and their clothes together. Then, when the washing has been done to their satisfaction, they take their clothes off and wring the water out of them, afterward letting them dry in the hot sunshine.

KEEP TRYING.

If boys should get discouraged,
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all the hard tasks shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy becomes a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins a battle
Because through thick and thin
He'll not give up as conquered—
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail;
Be stubborn against failure,
Try, try, and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men.

—Exchange.

WORRY.

Worry hurts us more than work, and as Christians we have no right to be the victims of worry, anxious care, depression, and forebodings. We remember once hearing a speaker tell how in his youth he and a young companion became lost in the maze at Hampton Court; they wandered about, tired, discouraged, but they felt sure they would find their way out presently, and they thought it would seem foolish to ask direction, though they saw an old man working not far off. All their efforts, however, proved unavailing, and at last they came with red faces to ask the old man if he could possibly tell them how to get out of the maze. "Why," he answered, "that's just what I am here for; why did you not say you wanted to get out before?" And he put them at once on the right track. There is One who stands ready to be our Counselor, our Guide, our Light in every labyrinth; instead of yielding to worry, let us simply ask Him to take us by the hand and lead us through.—The Quiver.

"BEARING FRUIT AFTER ITS KIND."

Plant two vines in the earth, and each will draw from the earth that which will develop its own life. Out of the soil one will extract that which will make grapes, and the other that which will produce morning-glories. The soil in which they are planted is the same, the exposure to the sun and to atmospheric conditions is the same. The showers which bless the one bless the other, but on one trellis there are grapes, and on the other there are morning-glories. And no one ever thinks of going to the morning-glory-vine for grapes, or to the grape-vine for morning-glories. Nor does any one find fault with the one because it does not yield as the other.

But we are not always as charitable with men as we are with vines. Two men are believers in the same God; they claim the same church; they are children of the same Divine Father; and yet they do not think alike, they do not act alike. They study the same Bible, and they get different thoughts from the same soil. One life bears grapes, and the other morning-glories. And yet how often we think that they should grow on the same trellis and yield the same kind of fruit! We are disappointed that one does not work as the other, and we become irritable because the morning-glory will not climb up side by side with the grape and yield rich clusters. We forget that each is true to his character and temperament, and is bearing fruit according to his kind. One has his place in the kingdom of God as truly as the other. "If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?"—United Presbyterian.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That is can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry W. Longfellow.

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is the rust on the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.—H. W. Beecher.

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THE CALL TO BE A MISSIONARY.

For my own part, I have never ceased to rejoice that God has appointed me to such an office. People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own best reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the word in such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather, it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering, or danger, now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver and the soul to sink, but let this only be for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left his Father's throne on high to give himself for us: "Who, being the brightness of that Father's glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."—David Livingstone.

In two ways we are to look to him. He is our standard for personal attainment in character. No life less than his is high enough as a standard. Other men's lives are helpful, but his is the best manhood and so is the standard.

He is also our standard for service. In no other one can we find the principles of life so fully practiced as in him. He is the most perfect man among men. Brotherhood found its most perfect expression in his conduct. He is the standard.

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BLESSED IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE DEATH OF HIS SAINTS.

I am nearing the golden city—
Nearing the evergreen shore;
I have crossed so many valleys,
But there's only just one more.

Some of you may be nearer
Than I to those gates ajar,
But the prospect sure is blessed,
Since we have traveled so far.

The valley is not dreary
For the Lord of light is there,
Ferns and grasses and flowers
Are springing everywhere.

Some shadows flit before me,
But shadows they only are;
His rod and His staff support me
While I am crossing the bar.

And oh, His presence with me,
What tongue can ever tell
The strength and joy it gives me?
For "He doeth all things well."

B. S. PRATT.

O that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay even to please those whom we love, compared with this? This one aim of "not being disobedient to the heavenly vision?"—J. H. Newnam.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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THE CHOICE.

Charles L. Frazer.

I ask not wisdom for the world's acclaim,
  Nor wealth, nor place exalted, neither praise,
Nor that the sunshine gladden all my days,
  Nor that my footsteps lead to paths of fame.

Nay! rather would I seek the lowly ways
  Where bloom the flowers of love and constancy,
Where I may walk, and hand in hand with Thee,
  Climb surely upward through life's tangled maze.

If ills o'ertake me I would not repine,
  Nor oft complain nor falter by the way,
But trust Thy goodness e'n the clouds be gray,
  And to Thy keeping all my ways resign.

Content to follow wheresoe'r Thou lead—
  In sunlit paths, or on misfortune's road—
If happ'ly I may lighten someone's load,
  And so reflect Thyself in loving deed.

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"THE LOVE IN THE DEED."

"It is not the deed we do
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with lowly care
In the heart of the deed so fair."

An exchange remarks: "As we understand it most Catholic priests receive very modest salaries, and yet we are not aware of there being any dearth of men ready to be servants of the church in this office." Here is a nut for some one to crack. Why is it?

The Baltimore Methodist suggests: "Let us get rid of the vanity of doctorates and masterships and the millinery of ecclesiastical display, and be our own simple selves." We have observed latterly that many programs for religious gatherings have the "D.D." omitted from the names of the persons listed to take part. It has been our custom for some time to omit as much as possible the formal use of this degree when making mention of ministers. And we prefer to make it the "Rev. Dr. Richard Roe" rather than the "Rev. Richard Roe, D.D."

The Michigan Christian Advocate puts forth the following "If": "If our church and the church South were to unite, and the United Brethren and the two branches of the Evangelical Association and the Methodist Protestants, all Methodist in doctrine and partly Methodistic in polity, were to unite with us, there would be one church with 5,368,390 members, and one set of machinery and officials in the several departments of missions, publication and education would answer for the five or six now operating. What mighty plans of conquest would be possible!"

Bishop Moule of England stated in a recent address that John Stuart Mill, who, he had reason to believe, died a Christian believer, had in his treatise on "Liberty," which was written when he was an agnostic, advised the use of the rule, "Would my conduct approve itself to Jesus Christ?" Every man who asks thus and seeks earnestly to make his conduct approve itself to Jesus Christ will come into the abundant eternal life. Jesus once said to the Jews: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." And he said also: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

It is said that the 103d Psalm was read once a day in the family worship in the home of John Angell James. The day after his wife died he was asked whether the Psalm should be read, and his reply was: Yes, it is as full of comfort as of thanksgiving. The Rev. J. H. Jowett says concerning it: "And so it is. It seems to me as though in its wide outlook it comprehends all the varied needs of men. If I want a vehicle for my praise I find it here. If I want heartening in my distresses I find it here. If I am imprisoned in immediate circumstances, and am in need of elevation, I find the inspiration here." If the reader does not know what the 103d Psalm contains, let it be looked up and read. It might not do any harm to imitate the example of John Angell James and read it even if it is familiar.

The San Francisco Presbytery sent a committee to the General Assembly at Columbus to appeal for the balance of the amount which was recommended last year for the rehabilitation of the San Francisco churches. This committee consisted of the Revs. J. S. Thomas and W. K. Guthrie, and Professor T. V. Moore of the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo. They bring report that their appeal met with kind response, and that a determined effort will be made after the summer vacations to raise the $175,000 needed to make up the $300,000 amount. The Rev. Dr. Roberts, the moderator and stated clerk, was made chairman of a committee to lead in the campaign. This comes as good news to the churches in San Francisco needing greatly the helping hand if they are to meet the demands laid upon them. No city in our land needs well-equipped churches more than San Francisco needs them, and no one familiar with the situation and conditions will question the need for help from the whole Presbyterian brotherhood. Conditions in San Francisco during the last few weeks have made more imperative this need.

The Rev. Dr. McLaren, who has charge of the Presbyterian home mission work in Western Canada, went over to London recently to secure workers for his field. Western Canada, he says, is developing at an amazing rate and he has great difficulty in getting missionaries. During the last year nearly an hundred new fields were opened up. In many of these fields there are from two to six preaching stations. In the summer students are secured for many of the fields, but when they return to college the stress begins. While in England he secured for the work several persons who will give to it the service of a year or two while preparing to enter college. They are to reecive seven dollars a week and their board In the work they plan to save something to help them along in the college course. Some of these young men have had some Christian institute training. When a representative of the British Weekly inquired of Dr. McLaren as to whether the college course would be in England or in Canada, he smiled and replied: "There is the lure of the West to be reckoned with. Even people living in the eastern part of Canada feel the lure of the West. Young men who enter that won-

derful region are rarely inclined to return to the Mother Country." And it turns out also that some of them do not go to college even in Canada. Perhaps it is just as well. Not all fields need college men. And if men set themselves about it they can develop on the field. In the middle of the last century many ministers did it in the woods of Ohio, Indiana and other states. They can do it in Canada. We once heard Schuyler Colfax, vice-president of the United States, say that he never attended school six months in his life. But he became noted as an orator and a writer.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY.

To maintain all Episcopal churches in the three boroughs of the Bronx, Manhattan and Richmond it cost last year $1,684,512, and this is exclusive of sums given for missions, or expended on the poor. The debts on all Episcopal property in New York are only $684,500, while the city's valuation of that property is $37,000,000. Next in property valuations is the Roman Catholic Church with $31,500,000. These are official city valuations. The city reckons that Trinity Church and graveyard, on lower Broadway, are worth $14,160,000, but nobody has been found who thinks they can be purchased for that sum, even if they were for sale. There are seventeen Episcopal parishes in New York having incomes each year exceeding $30,000, and there are eighteen with memberships each exceeding 1000.

It has been ascertained that the parishes that spend most on their own public worship, salaries of their rectors, fine music and the maintenance of their churches, also give most to missions. The two churches in New York which pay highest salaries and maintain music on an expensive scale, are St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's. Yet they stand at the top of the list of those which give money to others. For example, for every $1 which St. Thomas's spent on its own church, it gave $2.71 last year to the poor of the East Side, to fresh air work for sick children, to Church extension in New York's suburbs and to missions throughout the world. St. Bartholomew's record showed $2.66 spent on others for every $1 spent on itself. There is hardly another such showing in all America, perhaps in all the world. Many well known New York parishes give as much to others as they spend in their parish churches, and a host of them give half as much.

While the Episcopal communicants in New York City have increased 28.8 per cent during the last ten years the Sunday-school attendance has decreased.

"Sunday-school membership in the suburbs of Staten Island and the Bronx increases, but the loss on Manhattan Island is so great that this increase is wholly offset.

'Reasons for this loss in children, a loss which is regarded with apprehension, are the coming in of foreign people and the consequent crowding out of English-speaking ones, the advance of business, which makes Manhattan more and more the down-town section and the residence of hotel dwellers who come from all over the country and are at an age to have children grown. It is claimed also that ten years ago membership was counted, while now, under the advice of a new Sunday-school commission, actual attendance is reckoned, and that the change, while an advance, makes an unfavorable showing for the time being."

It is said that more than a dozen marriage ceremonies occur every week in the "Little Church Around the Corner." This is more than take place at four or five of the other churches.

Although the Episcopal Church has more communicants than any other denomination in Uew York, the number is only about 100,000. The Lutherans number 48,000, the Presbyterians 46,000, the Methodists 44,000, the Baptists 38,5000. The Congregational membership is about 3,000.

AN ANCIENT CHURCH EDIFICE DESTROYED

Claimed Greater Age Than the St. Augustine, Florida, Church.

What was said to be the oldest church building in the United States was destroyed by fire at Ysleta, Texas, a few weeks ago. A press dispatch in eastern papers says:

The ruins of adobe and stone are to be removed, under the direction of the Catholic Church authorities, and a thorough search made for hidden treasure, which acocrding to legends that have been handed down for generations lies buried beneath the floor of the building. The records go to prove that Ysleta is older than St. Augustine, Fla. In the records of the great cathedral of Madrid, Spain, is found the report of Marcus de Niza, a French monk, who says that he left the City of Mexico and made his way north, finally crossing the stream that is now known as the Rio Grande. He says that he followed the road that he left for his mule to take. Part of this manuscript is written with the blood of a deer for ink, and his own forefinger nail for a pen. He says that in 1537 across the Rio Grande he found the village known as Ysleta, occupied by the Pueblo Indians, whose traditions all point to their having been of the ancient Aztec race, or to a people of even more remote origin.

Franciscan missionaries arrived at Ysleta four or five years later, and the mission church which was destroyed by fire a few days ago was erected. It was completed about 1550. In many respects it was the most unique mission building in the Southwest. Owing to the fact that it was remotely situated it was seldom visited by tourists, and little has ever been written about it. It was a very large structure, and was built with the idea of serving as a fortress in case of attack by Indians, as well as for worshipping purposes. The walls were four feet and six inches thick.

It was the boast of the worshippers that the candles which burned at its altar had shed their light continuously for more than 350 years. It was one of these candles that caused the destruction of the church. A piece of tapestry was wafted against the blaze by the wind and in an instant the inflammable material of the altar was afire. It was as dry as tinder and the flames quickly spread to the other woodwork of the edifice. The interior was soon a roaring furnace. The town has no means of fighting fires and the people were forced to stand idly by and watch the building go to its doom. There is great sorrow among the people on account of the destruction of the historic edifice.

The membership of the church embraces many Pueblo Indians, Mexicans and half-breed Spaniards. It is one of the most picturesque crowd of worshippers to be found anywhere in this country. The early

records of the church show that it was one of the richest in the New World. It is believed that much of the treasure which it formerly possessed is buried, either under its floors or in the ground adjacent to the ruins. A few years ago while excavating in the grounds adjacent to the edifice a large sacristy lamp of solid silver was unearthed. This lamp was of unique pattern and peculiar workmanship. It bore Spanish dates of several centuries ago. The Catholic Church authorities took possession of the lamp, and it is said to have been taken to the City of Mexico and deposited with other treasures belonging to the Church. It is supposed that this lamp and possibly a vast amount of other treasure were buried to keep them from falling into the hands of Indians. It is known that many Indian raids were made upon Isleta in the early days, and, in fact, as recent as thirty years ago. The Pueblos here were always true to their religion. They assisted the Mexicans and Spaniards in defending the church and town when these attacks by Apache and other hostile tribes were made upon the place.

THE NATION'S TESTING TIME.

A Sermon by Washington Gladden.

On one of the Sundays that the General Assembly was in session in Columbus, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, spoke in his pulpit on "The Nation's Testing Time." The Ohio State Journal says that the body of the church was largely filled with delegates to the Assembly. Dr. Gladden is known widely as a man who is considering the great questions of the day with large wisdom and from a high Christian standpoint. As usual when thinking men and women are within reach of him many avail themselves of the opportunity to hear him. Dr. Gladden's sermon that morning was one well worth hearing. It has been summarized as follows:

"There are many Americans, who do not regard themselves as pessimists, or alarmists, to whom it is clear that this nation has come to a testing time. I think the eternal righteousness has a controversy with this people; just now, several controversies, indeed, respecting the progress of the national life. We are bringing ourselves in more ways than one, under the operation of the eternal laws; and our national welfare will be seriously affected by the manner in which we solve the problems now before us. I think God is testing this nation, just now, very severely; and that our future prosperity and peace must largely depend on the manner in which we meet these tests.

How It Is Treated.

"A nation is tested, as a man is tested, by enlarging its resources, multiplying its duties, giving it wealth, power, opportunity. The wisdom and judgment which have sufficed for lesser affairs sometimes fail when tasks are increased and responsibilities are multiplied. A good brigade commander may not be equal to the management of an army corps.

"Just as a man often fails to abide the test of prosperity, but manifestly deteriorates under it, losing his interest in men, so a nation subjected to the same test, may fail in the same way.

"It is the vast accumulation of power, of wealth, of territory and resources, that has brought our nation to this testing time. The simple question is whether we can endure prosperity; whether the nation can hold fast to its ideals in the midst of the mighty enlargement of its material resources; whether it can keep the interests of manhood and character, of justice and kindness, of truth and righteousness, uppermost in all this conflict.

"See what shapes this test of the nation is taking."

Dr. Gladden here presented and discussed, clearly, forcibly and briefly, the following questions of vast and increasing importance to the nation:

Can we assimilate our foreign elements? Can we preserve the heritage of freedom to all our people? Can we punish and restrain predatory wealth? Can we keep the peace between organized capital and organized labor?

Essential Prerequisites.

In his discussion of the first question Dr. Gladden said, speaking of the vast additions now being made to our population: "These elements cannot be civilized unless they are moralized; unless their lives can be brought under the power of our national ideals they can be nothing less than a peril to the nation. Is the nation meeting this test of its capacity in an adequate way? Is it surrounding these millions of strangers, on their arrival, with the kind of influences that tend to transform them into good citizens?"

Taking up the next question, as to whether we are going to keep the promise to the black man which the exigencies of the civil war extorted from us, Dr. Gladden said, among other things: "Can anyone fail to see that the argument which proposes to deny to the negro the freedom which is the prime condition of manhood, on the ground that he is an inferior being, is a flat repudiation of all that is essential in Christian morality? * * No man can violate the laws of brotherhood without getting the penalty paid directly into his own character. No race can reduce another race to a serviture, no matter how mild, without blasting its own civilization. We are dealing here with the eternal laws of God, and they are never trifled with with impunity. Is not this a tremendous test which events are now applying to the conscience of this nation.

Speaking on the question of the ability of the nation to punish or restrain predatory wealth, Dr. Gladden said: "We have seen the extent to which vast combinations of capital can array themselves against the public welfare, and override the laws in the pursuit of their plunder, and there has been a great uprising of the public conscience against such lawlessness; some attempts have been made to bring some of these criminals to justice, but the results of these attempts have been altogether unsatisfactory. Several richmen have been convicted of criminal practices and some fines have been inflicted, but nobody has yet been punished.

Merely Commutation.

"A fine is not a punishment; it is a substitute for punishment. We shall never have justice in this land until the whole system of fines is abolished and rich men are compelled to suffer exactly the same punishment as poor men. The serious and alarming fact is that in spite of the great number of violations of the transportation laws which have been proved against big shippers and railway officials, not one of them has gone to jail. Is there justice in this country for rich criminals? Are our laws powerless to deal with millionaires? That is the question which events are crowding upon the conscience of the nation. A good deal hinges on the way in which the nation meets

this test. Can you fail to see that tremendous consequences are hanging on this issue?

"Another burning question takes this form: Can the nation keep the peace between organized capital and organized labor? The relations between these contending forces are anything but friendly; they tend to become worse and worse. Chronic conflict can bring nothing but desolation to the nation. And it must be said that the two classes are steadily pulling apart and becoming more and more bitterly antagonistic. I wonder if either class can seriously entertain the expectation of conquering and subjugating the other!

"There are other disquieting issues of which I must not stop to speak. I have said enough to make it plain that we are living in days somewhat critical for this republic. I suppose all days are critical where free spirits are meeting the problems of conduct—life and death, blessing and cursing are set before us every day. But sometimes the issues are more accentuated.

Wise Leadership Needed.

"Of course, it goes without saying that we need wise and resourceful and courageous leadership. We need men who have understanding of the times, and whose thoughts are at home in the eternities; men who can see things in the large way and bring the aeonian light to bear upon the problems of the hour.

"In the struggle of the social classes more than anywhere else we need leaders, but they must not be leaders of classes—they must be men to whom the welfare of the whole is dearer than the interest of any class or party. Any other kind of leader, whether of employers or employed, is a social enemy.

"Yes, we want leaders for these critical days, a few conspicuous leaders of large vision who shall plan our campaign for us; but, more than this, we want a great many inconspicuous leaders who can help to keep the ranks in order and in motion. We must have the capacity and the spirit and the enthusiasm of leadership widely distributed through all our society—multitudes of men and women with moral initiative, with convictions and ideals, and resolute purposes; men and women who believe in the eternal righteousness and are ready to stand for it every day and everywhere, with unfaltering faith and undaunted courage.

"Nay, it is not merely a few great leaders that the crisis calls for, but many leaders of great loyalties. Is not this the meaning of our enlistment in the Christian service? Are we not, all of us, called to be kings and priests to God? An army in which every private is an officer; a republic in which every citizen is a king. That is the Christian commonwealth. 'Follow me,' said Jesus. Every Christian is a follower. 'Let him that heareth say come!' Every Christian is a leader. This is no mere paradox. It is the simple statement of the universal social fact.

Only One Objective.

"If one is our master, even Jesus the Christ; if it is His word that guides us, if it is His law that binds us, we shall move forward together, we shall have the same objective.

"And this, I do most profoundly believe, is the only leadership under which our nation can meet the tests that she is now confronting. There is a way to answer every one of these critical questions now pressing upon the conscience of this country, and there is, I believe, only one way. That is Jesus Christ's way. We must learn to think about these matters just as He thinks about them, and to handle them just as He would handle them. If we do this it will be well with us; if we refuse to do this it will be ill with us.

"And it must be true that if we, the people who bear His name, would meet all these issues in His way, our perils would soon be past.

"Shall we, will we, meet them in His way? What, after all, is the supreme test of the nation? Would the Christian people of the nation venture to stand for this? How many of them? We say that we believe in Jesus. What do we mean by that? Do we believe that He is able to manage the business and the politics of the world? Not many of us do, I fear. Yet that was the main thing that He came into this world to do. And He has been waiting—oh, patient Christ—so many centuries for His people to believe in Him and give Him a chance to do it. Dare we, as Christian men, as Christian citizens, live as Jesus bids us live—and find His way and walk in it?

"Some time we shall. Some time we shall wake up and see that the way of Jesus is the way of life and health and peace for men and nations.

"I wonder how many French revolutions and how many civil wars, and how many anthracite strikes, and how many other visitations of righteous judgment it is going to take to make the church and the nation believe in Jesus Christ?"

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN THE ORIENT.

By Rev. Walter R. Lambuth, D.D.

The Centenary Missionary Conference which convened in Shanghia April 25, was preceded by a conference of medical missionaries which continued for four days. There were over sixty of these heroic men and women present who have often pioneered the way for the gospel, and in not a few cases have thrown themselves into the breach in cases of mob, riot, and plague with a self-abandon worthy of all admiration. Looking into the faces of such a body of stalwart workers, one cannot help but think of such names as Peter Parker, of whom it has been said, "He opened China with the point of the lancet;" of Dr. J. G. Kerr, of Canton, whose hospital in times of danger was considered equal to the protection of two British gunboats; and of Dr. Kenneth McKenzie, who, with the cooperation of Mrs. Dr. King, was instrumental in diagnosing the case of Lady Li, which resulted in her cure under the skillful hand of the lady physician, and won the confidence and support of the great Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, to medical missionary effort.

The chairman of the conference was Dr. G. A. Stuart, President of the Methodist University at Nanking. Some of the prominent members were Dr. H. W. Boone, in charge of the Protestant Episcopal hospital, Shanghai; Dr. Agnes Stewart, who has a large practice among women in Central China; Dr. J. L. Maxwell, from the island of Formosa; Dr. D. Main, of the Church Missionary Society at Hangchow, one of the most enterprising and successful medical missionaries; Dr. J. R. Wilkinson, in charge of the splendid Southern Presbyterian hospital, just outside of the wall of Soochow; and Drs. Margaret Polk and W. H. Park, who are at the head of their respective hospi-

tals in the same city under the auspices of the Boards of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Some of the subjects under discussion were "Antiseptics;" "Mission Hospital and Dispensary Construction;" "The Use of Native Drugs," including calomel, camphor, rhubarb, opium, gentian, cinnamon, and the castor oil bean; "Cyclic Vomiting," a disease almost distinctively Chinese, though sometimes found in other countries; and "The Evangelistic Side of Medical Missions." In connection with the latter we find Dr. D. Christie, of Mukden, saying: "As an evangelistic agency medical missions have been so fruitful that this alone would be sufficient reason for their establishment and for their continuance. Nowhere can such miscellaneous crowds be regularly preached to as in the dispensary waiting room, and many are reached who could never hear the gospel in any other way. Those who are admitted to the hospital have unique opportunities of hearing and receiving systematic instruction in Christian truth, and that at a time when many are moved by the uncertainty of life, when their hearts are softened by the unwonted kindness shown them, and when they have leisure and rest from their accustomed labors."

While the most of these medical missionaries have little or no time for evangelistic work outside of their hospitals, much can be done through the daily ministration of the Word in the hospital chapel, where hundreds of outdoor patients assemble for treatment which they receive in turn. If the surgeon has time and strength, a talk of fifteen or twenty minutes every day to these waiting folk, explaining in simple words some miracle of healing or parable, his words go far toward convincing the patients that the kindly treatment they receive is a concrete expression of that truth which God the Father has revealed to men through his Son Jesus Christ, who was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor, who was sent to heal the broken-hearted and recovering of sight to the blind.

There can scarcely be a more interesting place in all China than a hospital ward, where such experiences as the following are encountered. Dr. S. S. McFarland gives an account of a patient with a gunshot wound of the forearm, the result of an exploded shell. This Chinaman had been in the habit of earning his livelihood by collecting spent shells around the soldiers' camps and selling them for old iron. Breaking open one of these shells, it exploded, blew off his left hand, and severely injured his face. In a semiconscious condition and utterly helpless he lay for four hours exposed to the heat of the July sun. A mandarin, happening to see him, ordered some coolies to carry him to the hospital. Thinking, however, the man was not worth this trouble, the poor fellow was thrown by the coolies into a ditch to die. Out of this, though much exhausted from hemorrhage, he managed to crawl for five hundred yards to a corn merchant's shop. Seeing a large basket of meal, he overturned it with his sound arm and coiled himself up inside the basket. The owners of the shop, to get rid of him, carried him in the basket to the hospital gate, where he was left outside to die.

The doctor states that the remarkable fact in this case was that only six months before that time he was engaged in the same occupation when a shell exploded and blew off his left leg. In spite of that experience, he continued his business of shell-breaking, with the consequence as indicated above—an illustration of Chinese persistence. He was carefully treated by the missionary in charge of the hospital, and had no bad symptoms except an attack of malaria. The drainage tube was removed on the eleventh day, and wire sutures from the flap on the twenty-fourth day after the amputation of the arm. The patient left the hospital quite well four weeks after admission, minus an arm and supplied with a wooden leg. The doctor remarks upon this case: "Doubless a military career would be advisable, as this patient seemed such a difficult person to kill."

It was said of Dr. Kenneth McKenzie—in whose hospital this Chinaman had been treated—that he led more of his patients to Christ through his personal ministry than all the other missionaries of his mission in that section. Whether this was true or not, there was no man in North China who more thoroughly exemplified the spirit of his Master. He was simply indefatigable in his efforts to relieve suffering and, at the same time, to carry home to the heart of the sufferer the hope of salvation and the possibilities of a large life through Jesus Christ. Since hundreds of these patients are from remote districts and return to their homes with the gospel story, medical missions become, as Dr. Christie has clearly set forth in his paper on "Medical Missions" before the Centenary Conference, a pioneer agency, an evangelistic agency, an object lesson in Christian love, a revelation of God, and an essential part of the church's work.

My attendance upon the sessions of the medical section of this conference has convinced me of the wisdom of the boards of missions in sending out men who are thoroughly qualified from the scientific as well as Christian standpoint. One meets upon the very threshold of this field the necessity of giving to the Chinese a clear rationale of the principles of modern medical science and treatment. I am indebted to Dr. W. H. Park for a couple of Chinese prescriptions which will illustrate my point. The first is for indigestion: "A portion of the jaw of a wild hog; a portion of the jaw of a tame hog; a portion of the jaw of a goat; a portion of a goose bone; a portion of a peacock's bone; a portion of the tail of a fish; a portion of the head of a venomous snake." The foregoing is a case of kill or cure; or, we might change the phrase and put it, cure or kill.

Here is another prescription which is declared by the Chinese to be a specific for rheumatism and exceedingly helpful in old age where the joints are getting stiff: "Powdered snakes, two parts; wasps and their nests, one part; centipedes, six parts; scorpions, four parts, toads, twenty parts. Directions: Grind thoroughly, mix with honey, and make into small pills, two to be taken four times a day."

Could there be any further argument necessary for the establishment of a few centrally located medical schools in which anatomy, physiology, materia medica, and other branches of medical science might be taught the Chinese students, who, in turn, will become the assistants of the medical missionaries in their hospitals and dispensaries, and afterwards Christian practitioners who will have it in their power to confer untold blessing upon a people who have suffered many things at the hands of their native quacks and charlatans?

Marvelous progress has been made in this department of missionary work since the arrival of Dr. Peter Parker from the United States in Canton on October

26, 1834. This pioneer opened the first medical mission hospital in China. Single-handed this courageous missionary of the American Board was the first to perform upon Chinese the operations of lithotomy, amputation of limbs, and the removal of tumors such as only an unexplored medical field as China could produce. He founded the Medical Missionary Society of China, which is the oldest association of its kind in existence, and continued his useful career, active to the last, until he was called to rest in Washington City at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

The statistics for 1907 give for medical missionary work in the Chinese Empire: 166 hospitals, 241 dispensaires—a total of 407. There were 1,044,948 patients treated, of wrom 35,301 were cared for in the hospital wards; the others were out patients. These wards are supplied with 4,500 beds. The sum of $245,000 (Mexican) was expended during the past year in carrying on this work, of which amount $206,000 (Mexican) was contributed in China. Dr. W. H. Park, surgeon in charge of the Soochow Hospital of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, leads in the amount of funds contributed by the Chinese to his institution, which is the oldest in the city, and which wields a powerful influence in that great center and in hundreds of adjacent towns and villages. This medical work is carried on in China by three hundred fully qualified foreign physicians, with five thousand native assistants, including some five hundred and sixty students.

Dr. Arnold Foster, of Hankow, in his sermon on "Medical Missions" on Sunday night preceding the Conference, was right in taking the position that this department is not simply a handmaid of the gospel, but a real and essential part of that great Christian force which is moving to the conquest of the world. He mentioned having seen a poor little Chinese boy in Hankow with his ribs crushed in by a kick from his cruel father, a soldier whose legs were broken by a brutal officer, and a slave girl who was beaten almost to a jelly by her owners. In each of these cases the preacher said that medical intervention and the tender Christian ministry of the doctors in charge of the hospital where they were treated gave the Chinese a new and larger conception of a ministry which carried with it a full-orbed gospel.

The Medical Conference feels the need of textbooks and a periodical in the Chinese language which will meet an imperative demand for a literature which can be used in training native Christians in medicine and in that intelligent cooperation which will enable them to carry on the great work already inaugurated. The modest sum of six hundred dollars (gold) annually will meet the case. Surely some Christian physician at home will be only too glad to furnish this amount for five years. The English Presbyterian Mission has generously set apart Dr. P. B. Cousland for this editorial work. With this guarantee of success, other boards or individuals representing them should do the rest. The medical missionaries propose, out of their small salaries, to meet, if necessary, the expenditure required; but they should not be permitted to do it.

OBSERVATIONS.

The other day the writer found himself in Arizona. If the place suggests hot weather, be assured some height of temperature was realized as we crossed the desert; but once east of the Colorado river, the Santa Fe train begins to climb, and soon one finds himself considerably exalted and the temperature not a little modified. As illustrative of the charm, may be the conversation of a well dressed lady returning to her ranch some sixty miles south of the railroad route. Once a fair maiden of Kansas City, she sought the society of a married sister in the growing town of Tonopah, Nevada. There she met the companion of her life; and evidently fortunate in their mining ventures, they are taking some of their riches and planting it in an Arizona ranch near Fort Apache. There building a modern house, connecting it by telephone with the railroad town, they luxuriate through nine months of the year, fishing, hunting, riding, camping and doing whatever their tastes and inclinations may prompt. Three months they spend in New York, but by that time surfeited with what the metropolis can afford, they hie themselves back to the "wilds of Arizona," rejoicing in the freedom and unconventionality of their surroundings, and perhaps almost ready to pity those who can do no better than spend their days in the mining camp of Nevada, or amid the orchards and groves of California, or the warm and dusty cities of the East.

After such an interview the writer was confirmed in his belief that all of Arizona need not be shunned because the summer months are approaching. And so with all the more anticipation he hastened to Prescott, where for a day or two he was to sojourn. On his arrival the sun was bright, and the mountain air so dry and cool that he could but be glad to have a short respite from the ocean's breezes, elevated as he was nearly a mile above sea-level. Prescott is nestled in an amphitheatre of hills, and the landscape is not always bright and green. There is a ruggedness that is attractive, and the scene grows in charm as one looks thereon. This was once the territorial capital; and the life during the legislative sessions, when representatives from the vast domain must come otherwise than by cars, must have been unique in the extreme. Deprived of this honor by Phoenix, its larger neighbor on the south, Prescott remains a county seat, of some four or five thousand people, and a mining center for a large surrounding region. Little farming is done, and so one misses on Saturday afternoon the great army of vehicles so characteristic of many a town of this size. And yet business is done. Some fine buildings stand on either side of the Court House Square, beautiful with shrubbery of various kinds. The leading hotel is a four storied brick structure. The banks are housed equally as well, and the Yavapai Club, if not so solid in its home, is yet so amply provided with accommodations of the modern type that business men find great enjoyment therein. Schools gather in brick structures, and the several churches are gradually improving their houses of worship. Prescott is having a slow growth; and one visiting it occasionally is impressed with the internal improvements which make so much for a town's permanency and attractiveness. Observer.

For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day,
Work and pray.
Pray! and work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be sweeter;
Love! and prayer and work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way.

—Dora Greenwell.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles.—The Highland Park Church began on the last Sunday in May to issue a church calendar.

Los Angeles, Olivet.—This new church in Highland Park has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. Dr. F. P. Berry.

Davis.—The Rev. J. W. Dorrance has resigned from the work at Davis and has gone to Santa Barbara for a period of rest.

Santa Monica.—The handsome pipe organ given by Mr. J. H. Clark to the Presbyterian Church, as a memorial of his son, has been installed.

Redding.—The Rev. A. S. Mason of North Dakota has been called to take charge of the work at Redding, and has accepted and entered on the work.

Alhambra.—The Rev. George H. Merrill has been asked by the Presbyterian Church of Alhambra to reconsider and withdraw his resignation, but has decided not to do so.

South Pasadena.—The Rev. F. C. Beattie has laid down the work in Calvary Presbyterian Church much to the regret of the people. The Rev. Mr. Fisher of Monrovia has been called as his successor.

Berkeley, Grace.—The house of worship on 62d street between Grove and Dover, recently built by this new organization, was dedicated last Sunday. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Baker of Oakland.

Petaluma.—At the communion service on June 2nd eleven new members were welcomed into our fellowship. There have been forty-two accessions to this church in the last six months. The pastor, Rev. Luther Davis, expects to spend his vacation in the East at the home of his parents, leaving about July 1.

Lakeport.—Our church is now vacant. We would like a supply until the fall meeting of Presbytery. If any city minister wants to come to the country for a vacation for a month or a few weeks, come to Lakeport and supply our pulpit for us. Address, A. M. Reynolds, Lakeport, Cal.

Berkeley.—On petition of 140 persons the Oakland Presbytery last week granted permission to organize another Presbyterian Church in Berkeley. Among the petitioners were 110 members of the First Church. A hall will be secured for a time in which to hold services, and as soon as possible a house of worship will be built in the part of the city that lies south of Parker street and east of Regent.

Dinuba.—The Dinuba church observed Children's Day on the first Sunday in June. At the morning service there was a special sermon for the children. Six children were presented by their parents for baptism. After the baptismal service fourteen adults were received into the fellowship of the church, six on profession of faith and eight by letter. At the evening service a special Children's Day program was rendered by the Sabbath-school and an offering was received for the Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

Redlands.—The Rev. Leroy Warren, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, expects to take a trip to Europe this summer. His pulpit will be occupied for two Sundays in June by the Rev. Dr. George L. Spinning; by the newly elected assistant pastor, the Rev. J. O. Hall, for the first two Sundays in July. From the middle of July until the middle of September, the Presbyterian and Congregational churches will join together in union services. During the first month of the union, from the middle of July till the middle of August, these union services will be held in the Congregational church, and from the middle of August until the middle of September they will be held in the Presbyterian church with the Rev. R. M. Huston of Kenton, Ohio, in charge.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Drs. Moore and Landon have returned from their Eastern trip. Acting upon the suggestion of the Assembly committee on the San Francisco rebuilding fund, immediately after the adjournment of the Assembly Dr. Moore visited St. Paul, Minneapolis and Milwaukee. Dr. Landon went to St. Louis and Kansas City, Rev. J. S. Thomas to Chicago and Rev. E. K. Strong to Cincinnati. The object was to confer with the pastors and to arrange for offerings and subscriptions to be taken in the early autumn. The pastors in all these cities are giving a very cordial endorsement to the movement. The prospects now are that the church will raise the entire $300,000 which they undertook to raise one year ago. The committee will ask the churches and institutions interested to unite upon a representative who will go East and superintend the movement until it is completed.

Dr. and Mrs. Moore are this week in Los Angeles attending the Commencement of Ocidentatl College. Prof. Wicher has been called East to confer with Mr. John R. Mott, Mr. Robt. E. Speer and others with reference to the Student Recruits' Movement and allied interests. Prof. Wicher is again supplying Westminster Church, San Francisco, and will have pastoral oversight there until a pastor is secured. There is a prospect that the church will soon call a pastor.

Among the alumni commissioners to the Assembly not previously mentioned in these notes were Rev. E. B. Hays, '95, moderator of the Synod of Oregon and Rev. John Meeker, '02, moderator of the Synod of New Mexico.

Rev. H. H. Pratt, '99, recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of his pastorate over the Forbes Church, Portland, Oregon. He has had marked success in the work. When he undertook it the church was a struggling home mission church. Now it is self-supporting and vigorous. He has welcomed 223 new members in these five years, about one-half of them on profession of faith.

After five years of efficient service as superintendent of the Men's Resort in Portland, Rev. A. D. Soper, '99, has resigned and decided to return to the pastorate. He is at present in charge of the Millard Avenue Church, one of the newest of the Presbyterian churches in that city.

Rev. R. C. Stone, '96, of Denver, Cal., has been elected pastor-at-large by the Presbyteries of Denver and Boulder. He is prosperous and happy in his pastorate, but is urged by these presbyteries to undertake the larger work.

The Assembly Herald for June has an interesting article by Rev. A. J. Whipkey, '05, entitled "In Solitary Places," in which he describes vividly his work among the natives of Northern Alaska. The same number has an article from Rev. W. E. Browning, Ph.D., '93, telling of the work done in the "Institute Ingles," Santiago, Chile, the Christian High School of which he is president. So popular is this school that more than two hundred boys have been turned away the past year for lack of accommodations in the boarding department.

Edward C. Day, second son of Dr. Day, who is just graduating at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., has been awarded the Root Fellowship in Science. This will enable him to take a year of post-graduate work in science in Harvard University.

A MEETING FOR PRAYER AND CONFERENCE.

From June 17th to the 21st there will be held at Rockhurst, Mill Valley, California, a meeting for prayer and conference, in the interests of a revival of religion and of righteousness in San Francisco and vicinity—and so, in the farther reach, all around the world. All persons wishing a deeper and more blessed experience in the life in Christ are invited to attend these meeetings.

In order that the minds and hearts of all may be directed as thoroughly as possible toward things spiritual there will be "messages from the Word" by the Rev. W. C. Sherman of Sacramento, Rev. H. C. Waddell of Los Angeles, Mrs. Elizabeth Andrew, Dr. Katherine Bushnell, and Rev. J. A. Fraser of Oakland.

Rockhurst has been set apart by Mrs. Mindora Berry Goodwin as a kind of Retreat where Christian people can go for such meetings as the one herein mentioned. A rally in the interests of Christian citizenship is being planned for the Fourth of July.

In a letter to the editor of the Pacific Presbyterian Mrs. Berry, whose heart is thoroughly enlisted in the project, says: "It seems to me that the deepest, greatest need for San Francisco today is Christ in the hearts of the people. In order that this may come his followers must wait on him for wisdom, love, power for service."

A NEW CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENT.

It is the aim of the Pacific Presbyterian to give not only Presbyterian news but items of **general** interest concerning other denominations. Accordingly we quote the following from The Pacific, the representative of the Congregational churches on the coast:

The Rev. L. D. Rathbone has been asked by the executive committee of the California Home Missionary Society to take the position of superintendent. When the matter was first mentioned to Mr. Rathbone he was not favorably inclined toward it. But the special committee which had been appointed to suggest some one for the work, having concluded that he was the man for it, presented the obligation in such a manner that Mr. Rathbone has consented to take the position provided no insuperable objections are made by the church of which he is the pastor—that in North Berkeley. The Pacific hereby extends sympathy to the church. It will not know what to do at first; there will be not a little consternation in its ranks when it hears of this action. But we believe that it will earnestly and prayerfully consider the matter, will come to see that hands have not been laid on their beloved pastor hastily and inconsiderately, and concluding that, considering the wider interests, it will be greatly for the good of man and the glory of God, will consent to give him up to this important work to which he has been called. It is the wish of the executive committee that Mr. Rathbone enter on the work of the superintendency the 1st of September. Should he accept the call he will make a worthy successor to the Rev. J. K. Harrison who gave himself devotedly to the work for fifteen years, and laid it down only when his health imperatively demanded a less laborious task.

The Rev. Dr. Boyd, pastor at Fresno, writes the Pacific Presbyterian that the issue of last week credited to him certain utterances, in a memorial sermon, which were made by Professor M. G. Brumbaugh. Dr. Boyd quoted Professor Brumbaugh, and this was not indicated in the paper from which we took the extract, or if it was, the fact was overlooked.

The Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean, president of Pacific Theological Seminary, who, with Mrs. McLean and others, has been abroad for the last eight months, has returned to the home-land and is expected to reach his home at 2415 College avenue, Berkelev on Wednesday of next week. It is expected that Mrs. McLean will arrive in Berkeley on Friday of this week. The Doctor stops in Minneapolis to attend the National Conference of Charities and Correction.

OPPORTUNITY FOR EDUCATION.

The Ferrier-Brock Company of Berkeley are offering for sale one of the most popular and profitable boarding houses in the University Town. It is adjacent to the University Grounds and has an established clientage. There are rooming accommodations for 30 people, while the dining-room accommodates 50. This offers a favorable opportunity for some party wishing educational advantages for their children, together with a profitable business.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE AT MT. HERMON.

An important conference is to be held at Mt. Hermon, the new summer assembly place in the Santa Cruz mountains, from the 24th to the 27th of June. The general subject to be considered is "The Oriental in America." It is hoped that out of this conference will come "**a permanent council on the peace and welfare of the nations bordering on the Pacific ocean.**" Addresss will be made by able speakers. Among the persons uniting with the managers of the Mt. Hermon Association is calling this conference were: Professor John Fryer of the University of California, Bishop Nichols of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rev. C. R. Brown of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, Bishop Bell of the United Brethren Church, E. A. Sturge, M.D., superintendent of the

Presbyterian Japanese Mission, San Francisco, the Rev. Dr. Landon of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, San Anselmo, the Rev. Dr. Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, the Rev. H. B. Johnson, superintendent of Pacific Japanese Mission, Berkeley, Mr. Walter MacArthur, editor Coast Seaman's Journal, and H. J. McCoy, secretary of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A.

We commend to all this conference at Mr. Hermon. The questions to be discussed there concern vitally the future of the Coast—and indeed the future of our entire nation. Take for instance the subject, "The Reciprocal Relation of the Anglo-Saxon and the Oriental." Is not that a matter which is being forced upon our consideration more imperatively every year by the advancing civilizations across the Pacific? And, "The Contact of the Two Great Races From the Industrial Standpoint!" That question is upon us. It must be met. Shall it be from the Christian standpoint? Mt. Hermon will help to decide.

THE EVILS OF COM MERCIALISM.

William Acton.

Paul exhorts the Roman Christians to be not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. There is an old story about John Wesley, who, as he was preaching at one time said: "Gain all you can.' An old farmer exclaimed: "That's sense." Mr. Wesley continued: "Save all you can." "Better still," commented the farmer. "Give all you can." "Now you've spoiled it all," was the response. By commercialism, we understand selfishness in any form, but especially that form which uses any line of business as the highest aim in life, and makes every moral, social and religious principle subservient to success. It is the spirit of this age, and has probably predominated in all ages.

Mark v: 1-17.

These Gadarenes had only one thought, and that was of worldly loss. The great, the supreme spiritual gain was naught in comparision to the loss of the hogs. This principle extends to the saloon traffic—its being licensed by men who are otherwise excellent citizens, but who imagine the fostering of haunts of vice increases business and keeps money in circulation. Not in this alone, but the Gadarene principle extends to every commercial enterprise in which selfishness predominates to such an extent that the rights of others are trampled upon. This principle extends to the professor of religion who joins a church in the hope of gaining social prestige instead of spiritual intercourse; to the preacher who seeks preferment, or the best paying appointments; or any other action which violates the Divine law: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

Jer. xliv: 15-18.

This is a case of being religious for gain. These people, although Jerusalem had fallen, and a majority of the inhabitants had been carried to Babylon, held that serving false gods promoted peace and prosperity, while the service of Jehovah resulted in disaster. Psalm xxxvii is an excellent illustration of the thought involved. It is proven from the fact that Nebuchodnezzar afterward conquered Egypt, where these people fled in defiance of God, and they were probably captured, or perished miserably.

Acts xix: 23; xx: 1.

After all there is precious little difference between paganism and comemrcial worldliness. Diana was worshiped and honored by Demetrius and his fellow craftsmen for what they could gain by it. Selfish greed seldom dares to show itself without disguise. It has an instinctive consciousness of its own unworthiness as a motive, and its repulsiveness to honesty, purity and candor. So these men, in their selfishness, appeal to their religion. Are they any better than professors of Christianity who make merchandise of their high calling?

Deut. xi: 26-28.

I don't like the word "curse!". It is severe, but notice that the people pronounce it upon themselves. God condemns no one to eternal punishment. The curse is pronounced by the individual sinner who forsakes the way of God and pursues his own downward tendency. Man has a moral nature, and the power of discerning moral distinctions. The possession of these indicates the existence of moral law. This law is binding upon all. And in that dav when God shall judge the secrets of men, the motives which led to action will be discovered to all. We know our motives now.

Prov. xxviii: 20-22.

A faithful man is one whose blessings come from God and man—one who is honest, upright, unselfish, and can be depended upon. Such a character was once asked how he made a living: "Serving God, and running a grocery store to pay expenses." Such a one does not make haste to be rich! he does not fawn upon the wealthy and disregard those with small incomes. He looks into eternal things, and not at the bread which sustains this life only. His eye is not evil, but he sees light in God's light.

AGNOSTIC INSUFFICIENCY.

From the California Christian Advocate.

Just how people can take pleasure in agnostic despair is more than we are able to understand. Judge Hebbard who has recently gained some unenviable notoriety by an attempt to interfere with the prosecution of the graft in San Francisco and has found himself before the bar association for other alleged delinquencies, has published or is soon to publish, a book of poems. He has dedicated his book to a high class athlete well-known in San Francisco. Evidently, Judge Hebbard has poetic talent and it is a thousand pities that his ideals have been pitched to such a key. A rhythm is that of hard tinkling fatalism, if we are to judge from his dedicatory verse. It opens:

"Threescore and ten and then—
Naught else but bitterness and pain ?
Not so his burden—his life is a chain
Of links so tempered, forged and forged again
That, leading all like Abou Ben,
He heads the list 'mong all his loving men."

Peeping through these lines is a spirit of stoicism and an attempt is made to brace up against real things by a false appeal to the pride and self-sufficiency of life. If Judge Hebbard had found another ideal, not sheer physical resources, his career might have been one of great brilliancy. Mr. Greer Harrison, to whom the book is dedicated, if we understand correctly, is a promoter of pugilism and brutal fistic encounters. His life may be a "chain" but scarcely a model in its ideals. Judge Hebbard pours acid on this "flippant age."

"There were, so archaeologists and geologists tell us, ages of iron and stone and so forth.
This is the Flippant Age, and so it will be known in all ages yet to come."

He goes on to moan over the women who join clubs. He complains bitterly that "Most women now give five o'clock teas and belong to clubs." "These are the cold unrelenting facts," he says. The bitterness of spirit appears in the following: "All for money, money, money which men accumulate, never enjoy and then they die and go to hell (I hope) and leave it all to children who are killed in automobiles and by bad champagne a short time after. Flippant! We curse the men we elect to office. Preachers stand in the pulpit and tell you things they themselves do not believe.." "I have no remedy to offer," he despairingly concludes, "no prescription to make up. Like Marcus Aurelius, I can only say, 'My soul is full of pity for the sickness of this world,' and I must perforce leave such relief as may be given to those who have millions at their command."

There is a deep sense of pity awakened when one sees an expiring genius flickering in the outer darkness of unbelief. If Judge Hebbard were the only man in that state of mind the case would be sad enough, but unfortunately there are thousands of such having seared and calloused all susceptibility to the love and mercy of Jesus Christ. Low, misty vapors shut out the stars. These poor fellows stand upon the frontier of despair. When one thinks, and think one must, of the great army of victims of the liquor traffic, remembering that they are but a remnant, a deteriorated and rapidly disintegrating copy of what they once were, not to mention what they ought to be, an indescribable sense of pity breaks over the soul. "I have no remedy!" is the despairing wail. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," said the pessimist. "The thing that hath been is that which shall be. There is nothing new under the sun." "All the rivers run into the sea yet the sea is not full." "The wind whirleth about continually and returneth according to his circuits." No remedy! Such an utterance! when all the world knows that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

We have no doubt but that Governor Gillett has some good and sufficient reason for not bringing in the military and restoring order at once, but with the light we have, or don't have, we cannot understand it. If there ever was a situation aside from the presence of a foreign foe demanding the presence of an armed force, that situation is in San Francisco. Is it necessary to kill a hundred innocent people, to terrorize a city for six long weeks? Why not restore order and conciliate afterward. What is the military? What is it for? Why have guards? Did they not save the city in the days of the calamity? Why should everybody be pusillanimous, just because the mayor of a great dying city is pusillanimous? Are not the national guards our neighbors, our friends? They are not savages They will do no harm. Why fool with murder? Why let everything degenerate into hydrophobia? Why ask merchants to form committees and advise and devise and do nothing? Go to the morgue, to jail, to courts and look at the conditions. Look at the stream of a thousand people leaving San Francisco daily. It is easy to say "if" but if order had been restored in three days after the strike the city would have been saved millions of money and tons of shameful disgrace. It is pathetic to see one man trying to drag the cars through a city claiming 400,000. Is there any government in California? There is none in San Francisco. It is most time for the guards to go to the beach and play leap-frog for a week. Let them restore order and they will have something to talk about. Order! Just decent order! How long!

Orchard's story of crime being told in the courts at Boise, Idaho, is beyond anything ever made public in the history of crime. It is not alone significant as the work of an assassin, but particularly significant as Orchard connects his story with the executive officers of the Western Federation of Miners. There is latent murder in the boycott. The government has been toying with these walking agitators. This country is in the greatest danger from a type of caste infesting the industrial system. We do not have to go to Idaho to learn about bombs. The reign of terror is at hand. The attempt has been repeatedly made not on the life of those whose interests conflict, but on the life of innocent people who have not given any one the slightest cause of offence. There are scores of men in San Francisco whose purpose is forty shades blacker even than that of Orchard's crediting him with the worst. We need not stare and roll the white of our eyes at Idaho. The officers there seem to be loyal. They do not turn their backs on scenes of bloody murder. There is moral distinction apparently in Idaho. There is a remarkable lack of it in the present government of San Francisco.

We quote from Zion's Herald: "General Kuroki's conviction that 'America is strenuous' was strengthened by his visit paid last week to Boston and Cambridge. The famous General, escorted by General O. S. Wood, U. S. A., arrived at the South Station on Wednesday evening, where he was welcomed with enthusiastic "banzais" and innumerable polite bows. On Thursday the distinguished visitor partook of a municipal breakfast at the Touraine, was received by Governor Guild at the State House, visited the Harvard Medical School and the Longfellow House, lunched at the Harvard Union, addressed the Harvard students, was taken to Lexington, where he was greeted heartily by the school children, and was dined by Governor Guild in the evening. On Friday General Kuroki was entertained by Japanese residents of Boston, visited the parks and schools, and dined at the Victorian Club. His visit to Harvard derives greater signficance from the fact that Tokyo has a club of forty Harvard graduates, some of them Americans and others Japanese."

Julia Ward Howe, the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" passed her 88th birthday May 27th. She is the daughter of Samuel Ward, of New York City and in 1843 married the Rev. Samuel G. Howe. She wrote almost constantly for freedom of the slaves. The nation is justly proud of her.

SPRINGTIME.

I love to see the birds of spring,
I love to hear them gaily sing,
I love to see the flowers so sweet,
And in the fields the grass and wheat,
And all these things so great and small,
The Lord God made them all.

—HELEN GRANT.

A MENNONITE IN POLITICS.

Only Members of Sect to Sit in Legislative Body.

[From the Kansas City Star.]

John P. Thiessen, member of the Nebraska House of Representatives, a prosperous farmer and banker of Janses, is said to be the only Mennonite who ever sat as a member of a legislative body. The Mennonites do not believe in war and fearing that participation in elections and government might make them subjects for the army, they have until recent years refused to take any part in political affairs. Mr. Thiessen is one of the more liberal-minded members of the sect, and he was among the most industrious members of the Legislature which recently adjourned. He was a "square deal" member and voted for every reform measure that was considered by the House.

There are about two thousand Mennonite families in Nebraska, living in about five counties in the southeastern part of the State. One colony came from Germany, the others from Russia. All of the speak the German language. The abhorrence of war has clung to the descendants of Menno Simon, the Catholic priest of Holland who founded the sect about 450 years ago, and it has been the cause of their migrations. It was because they feared service in the Russian army that the great migration to America took place in 1874, when Mr. Thiessen and his family, together with thousands of other Mennonites, came to the United States. All of them were slow to become citizens.

Not until Mr. Thiessen was nominatted for the legislature did he obtain his final citizenship papers, and he is now too old to be drafted for military service.

"A majority of the Mennonites think we should have nothing to do with the governments of this world," said Mr. Thiessen. "They still refuse to vote. They keep their own counsel and want to live with their own people and away from the temptations of the world. But many of them are beginning to see that it is their duty to help shape the laws. Some of our preachers, even, are looking at it in the same way. Last winter one of the bishops of our Church visited me in Lincoln and took great interest in the proceedings of the Legislature. But he is one of younger generation. The old preachers still cling to the old ideas."

In 1795 Catherine II. of Russia made a covenant with the Mennonites whereby they were to be granted perpetual immunity from military service. But this was revoked many years later, and in 1871 announcement was made that after ten years all Mennonites would be liable to military service. Thereupon they began leaving the country in great numbers.

The colony which located at Jansen, Neb., in 1874 invested $85,000 in land at from $3.50 to $5 an acre. They still own this land and have acquired much more. A great deal of it would now bring $100 an acre. But the Mennonites do not want to sell.

"If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And, with an inner sight, divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness:
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me."

The Home.

"I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,,
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints

A MORNING PRAYER.

Lord, I know not what is before me this day, but thou knowest. I desire to leave all in thy hands, and to place myself at thy disposal. Do for me as thou seest best. Prosper me in all that I undertake. Give me good success, if it be thy will. But, if thou seest that crosses and disappointments are better for me, give me grace to accept them as from thee. Enable me to bear them meekly and cheerfully, and to say, Father, not my will, but thine, be done. O my God, make me happy this day in thy service. Keep my conscience void of offense. Let me do nothing, say nothing, desire nothing, which is contrary to thy will. Give me a thankful spirit. O, for a heart to praise thee for all that thou hast given me, and for all thou hast withheld from me—Amen.

FAMILY LIFE.

It is a deplorable fact, but none the less true, that, compared with other countries, we Americans have little united family life.

Such a thing as a young man or woman having a friend who was not also the friend of every other member of the household, would not be countenanced in England or Germany, any more than would one member of the family be allowed to go off with his or her particular "crowd," irrespective of father, mother, brothers and sisters. We cannot help being struck with the different condition of affairs in this respect when returning to our own beloved land.

We Americans are almost too sufficient unto ourselves. Our interests are diversified, and detached, many times, from those of the rest of the family. A girl is often far less a companion to her own mother and sisters than to some "chum" of just her own age.

This "chum" question is a problem. Not infrequently it exhausts the personality, drains whatever originality a girl possesses, and creates in her a desire to be identically what the other girls of her set are, until the mother may well feel that instad of a thinking, capable daughter, she has only a "type," not different in dress, manners and ideas from hundreds of her age and class.

We need to draw the cords of family life and influence a great deal closer; to have each child filling his or her place, like a cluster of blossoms on the parent stem; to have a unity of interests. Not a father absorbed in business, a mother in household cares, a daughter in social engagements, and a son in college life; so scattered in ideas that when they come together one hardly understands the other's conversation.

Is there anything more delightful than the evening meal in a thoroughly congenial Christian family? When the work of the day is done, and each gathers round the board eager to hear and tell what has occupied them since morning; when every detail, down to Johnny's account of a good baseball catch, is listened to with interest, and gives excuse for a universal ripple of merriment; when the suggestion that mother

looks tired turns every eye to her as to the pivot upon which their lives swing; when father's opinion is sought on every subject under the sun, from social problems to "water-swings"—surely the Master's benediction rests upon such a gathering.

But let us not be selfish in our family life. Bring others in to share it. How often do we think of invitingsome stranger, some one with whom life has not gone over-well, to stay with us for a few days, or even to share a genuine home meal? And yet the wife of a minister in the Northwest, the mother of five children, and with only a small frame house for a resting place, sets aside one room for just this purpose. "You can think," she wrote recently to a friend, "what a good time I have coddling these 'down' ones, and making them feel that life is not so dark, after all."

What a work for God! To bring the lonelv and discouraged into our home, and send them on their way strengthened and uplifted! And yet such a work is within the power of many a Christian woman who has "bread enough and to spare." God help us to use the homes which he has given us to his glory and praise!—Mary L. Cummins, in New York Observir.

The Quiet Hour.

"I will trust in Him
That He can hold His own; and I will take
His will, above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good."

COMFORT.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is long since some of us felt the touch of our mother's hand, but we can never forget it. She knew exactly how to soothe us: her hands had in them the softest, gentlest, tenderest touch of any that we have known. Our father led us on to strong and heroic deeds, but our mother comforted us. We used to go to her when we had cut ourselves on the stones, and afterwards, when our school-fellows set on us, and when we failed in our examinations, and when our first love-match miscarried, and when our baby-child died, and when we met with our first rebuff and disappointment. Oh, mother, mother, it will be a fair day when thou and thy child shall meet!

There is the element of Motherhood, as well as of Fatherhood, in God, of tenderness as well as strength, of the infinite self-sacrifice of which the mother's heart, in all lands and ages, has shown itself capable.

There is more of this quality in God than ever dwelt in the heart of mother. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should be unmindful of her son? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

The other day one of my workers came on a poor girl in a condition of deplorable misery. It was near Waterloo Bridge, and the hour was 2 a. m. From being an artist's model, she had sunk to the lowest depths of depravity. After a considerable amount of persuasion, my friend took her to her home, and on the following morning brought her to her mother's residence. The dear old lady had not seen her for more than two years, which had been filled with unceasing prayer. She said: "I knew my child would come back, and I have kept her room and bed always ready for her, clasped her to her heart, led her to her room, and the ocean of her forgiveness closed over the memory of that sinful and terirble past. Will God do less? "As one whom **her** mother comforteth!"

THE DAILY TASK.

I thank Thee, O Love divine,
For this familiar task of mine,
This humble service which I pay
Out of my heart and strength, each day.

Sometimes the toil may irksone seem;
Sometimes, perchance, I pause to dream
Of grander work—yet not for long;
"My task for me," is still my song.

Long since I learned that wholesome truth—
The heritage of age to youth—
That calm content and patient strife
Bring surest inward peace to life.

To do what God appoints; to bend
All soul, all strength, to that one end;
To bear in love our burden's stress—
Ah! this is life's true happiness!
—James Buckham, in Wayside Altar.

Young People.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things a boy can do:
He can shout so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck,
Till he fools the rooster, hen, or duck,
He can mock the dog, or lamb, or cow,
And the cat herself can't beat his "meow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, or striped, or plain;
He can thunder by like a railway train,
Stop at the stations a breath, and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all of his powers at such command,
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played,
And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and is keeping still;
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place if there were no boys.
—Nixon Waterman.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popular boys? These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not,

will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will some day find himself possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.—Apples of Gold.

I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

This little parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson:

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much; but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that. So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wings struck an old goose, who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose; but as she did so her claw caught in the wool of a sheep.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat, but as she did so her foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and jumped at the sheep; but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by the tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

"Hi! Hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen; but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to the fold, the hog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.

"A little explained,
A little endured,
A little forgiven,
The quarrel is cured."

THE MYTH OF THE SUNFLOWER.

Jack has just brought a big yellow sunflower, that Mrs. Hall had given him, in to his mother, and she had told him this little myth about it, which seemed very pretty to him:

Once upon a time the very first sunflower came out on the bank of a river.

It looked all around at the sky, at the water, and the beautiful green grass, and thought it was such a lovely place that it would like to stay there forever, so its roots finally struck down deep into the soil and it began to grow.

The little flower loved everything about it that God had made, but it admired the sun most of all.

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"Oh," thought the new flower, "how I should like to be like that beautiful sun, always making somebody warm and happy!"

And the flower thought so much about the sun and admired it so much that every day it grew more and more like it, and one day somebody came along and saw this big yellow flower growing on the bank of the river and said, "Why, how much the flower looks like the sun! Let's call it the sunflower." And that is what we've called it ever since.

"And, Jack, dear," mother said, "we all grow to be like those that we admire, so I want my boy to love only noble, good things, and that he will grow to be like them. Whenever you see a sunflower you can think of that."

WHEN MOTHER IS AWAY.

The house is such a dreary place when mother is away;
There isn't fun in anything, no matter what you play.
The dolls just sit as stupid, and act so still and queer—
They always say such funny things when mother's by to hear.

The little china tea-set looks so lonesome waiting there;
There's no fun playing party and eating only air!
It isn't like the lovely things you must believe you see
Upon the plates and saucers, when mother comes to tea.

There's no use doing up your hair and dressing up in style,
You know it's just pretending and you're Betty all the while.
You never hear a whisper from the chairs against the wall!
"Dear me, what splendid lady now is coming here to call!"

The pictures in the picture-books are never half so fine,
The stories won't come out and talk for any pains of mine;
An hour goes so slowly, it's almost like a day,—
The house is such a lonesome place when mother is away.

Rubie T. Weyburn, in Good Housekeeping.

WHAT AUNTY SAID.

"My Aunt Katherine has 'leven cats," announced Lucia Holland.

"My Aunt Rosalia has twenty—she sells 'em."

Then from Eloise Cabot: "I know a boy whose mother has an aunt that keeps thirty-one cats and a hired man to wash 'em and feed 'em." The tone of Eloise was calm, but her eyes glinted little triumphant glints.

Then Aunt Patty spoke: "My uncle Sam keeps more than three hundred cats."

Lucia Holland was triumphant. Who could say more than that? Three hundred cats! And everybody knew that Lucia Holland's Aunt Patty told the truth.

"Yes," went on the pleasant voice, "three hundred and odd—I don't know how many odd cats he has. It seems like a good many, doesn't it?"

Oh—oh, yes, it seemed like a good many! Lucia's cheeks were turning a soft pink color—but of course she trusted Aunt Patty.

"But—I don't see where he keeps such a heap as—as that," commented one.

"Oh, he doesn't keep them in one place, of course. I believe he keeps them in about fifty places—post offices, you know."

No—oh, no, they did not know. Seemed as though they did not know much of anything.

"Yes," he keeps them in the post offices of the largest cities, where they can attend to the rats and mice that otherwise would chew holes in the mail sacks, and likely as not bore holes through bags of letters. My Uncle Sam's cats attend to those rats and mice, I assure you! Before he sent them around to the post offices a good deal of serious harm was done, especially in a great place like New York City. I think myself that Uncle Sam did wisely. I've a great opinion of his wisdom."

A moment's silence while Aunt Patty threaded her needle. Then it was she who first spoke:

"Of course, no one could expect the postmasters of these big city offices to pay pussie's board out of their own pockets. Dear me, no! My Uncle Sam would never think of such a thing. He is too independent, I can tell you. He pays these postmasters from eight to forty dollars for his pussies' board"—

"Oh, my! We've got a boarder, and she only pays five dollars a week, and she's a human!" broke forth one girl in astonishment.

"Eight to forty dollars a year, I meant," laughed Aunt Patty. "My Uncle Sam is pretty well off, but I don't think he could afford as much as that a week! The postmasters send in their boarders' bill at the beginning of each quarter, and Uncle Sam pays them promptly."

Lucia had been thinking hard. Now she spoke:

"If he's your Uncle Sam he's mine, too," she said, proudly. "My great, great, anyway."

"Of course!" Aunt Patty smiled. "And Eloise's too, and the others."

"What?"

"Oh!"

The "oh" was Lucia's for all at once she understood. The idea of not knowing it before!

"I know!" she cried. Uncle Sam's only his 'nitials—his whole name is United States!"

No wonder all the others laughed then.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events.

Lend a hand to the poor who are fighting the wolf from the door. Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped. Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind. Lend a hand to the young people whose homes are cold and repelling. Lend a hand, always.—Selected.

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THE MISSIONARY ASSEMBLY, JUNE 24-27.

SUBJECT: "THE ORIENTAL IN AMERICA." PRINCIPLES: THE LORDSHIP OF JESUS OVER THE WHOLE EARTH. THE UNQUESTIONED SUPREMACY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON IN AMERICA.

This Assembly deals with the greatest problem now rising before our American life. The reciprocal relation of America and the Orient and its problems will yet hold in mastery every Congress and Parliament of Earth. Its final settlement will radically change the political map of the nations.

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THE BOY WEBSTER.

The childhood of Daniel Webster did not show the man. He was a crying baby and a pale, weak, sickly boy, the slimmest child in the family; but at manhood he had a large, stately frame, a massive head, and an iron constitution. The change had been effected by working on his father's farm, indulging in outdoor sports, and living a frugal, temperate life. So robust and large was his body and so impressive was his walk that the coal heavers in London paused in their work to stare at him as he passed them.

Sydney Smith likened him to "a steam engine in trousers," adding, "He is a living lie, because no man on earth could be as wise as he looked."

Carlyle called him a "parliamentary Hercules," whom "one could incline at sight to back against the world."

Perhaps the greatest physical compliment he ever received was that paid to his mountain of a head. When Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, saw Webster's bust in Power's studio in Rome, he exclaimed: "O, a design for Jupiter I see!" With difficulty he was made to believe that it was the head of an American.

Webster's early life contradicts the popular notion that man is the creature of circumstances. He, on the contrary, made circumstances his creatures. One of his friends, writing after his death, said: "His school time was much interrupted, and from his own lips I learned that Webster's struggle for an education was from his early childhood to his thirtieth year. Every step in advance was contested by obstacles which he met with a lion's heart and with a lion's courage overthrew. His books were few at a time. There was a copy of Watt's Hymns, a cheap pamphlet copy of Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and the Bible, from which he first learned to read, together with an occasional almanac. He used to say that at the age of fourteen he could recite the whole of the 'Essay on Man.' He entered Dartmouth College in 1797, but was desperately poor. A friend sent a recipe while at college for greasing his boots. He wrote back and thanked him very politely. 'But,' he added, 'my boots need other doctoring, for they not only admit water but even peas and gravel stones.' "'—Youth's Companion.

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As no savages work (the male savage, I mean), time often hangs heavily on their hands, and they resort to amusements as an agreeable "time killer." Archery is one of the favorite pastimes of our Indians. The "game of the arrow" is a great sport with them. The best bowmen of an Indian village assemble on the prairie, and, each one having paid his entrance fee, such as a pipe, a shield, a robe, or other article, step forward in turn, shooting their arrows into the air, endeavoring to see who can get the greatest number flying in the air at one time thrown from the same bow. For this feat the number of eight or ten arrows are clinched in the left hand with the bow, and the first one which is thrown is elevated to such a degree as will enable it to remain the longest time possible in the air, and while it is flying the others are discharged as rapidly as possible; and he who succeeds in getting the greatest number up at once takes the prize. The most expert of these savage archers get as many as eight arrows up before the first one reaches the ground. Even at this day the North American Indian clings to his bow and arrows as his favorite and most available and almost noiseless weapon

21 1907

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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NOW.

"If you have hard work to do,
Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in Spring,
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
Tomorrow may not come your way.
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now."

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SAN FRANCISCO'S LESSON.

During the last week Mayor Schmitz took one more step—a big one—toward the penitentiary. Convicted of extortion, he is being, every day, entangled more and more in the meshes of the consequences of wrong-doing. Mayor Schmitz's sins are finding him out. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard. In the experiences through which the members of the corrupt gangs in San Francisco are now going there are lessons for people all over our land. God means that righteousness shall be the rule in the lives of men everywhere sometime. They who heed the lesson as it is given in the lives and experiences of others will be saved some bitter experiences in their own lives. In some way the lesson must be learned. It is God's will. Was God in the earthquake and the fire? In some manner he was. Very few have attempted to say in just what manner. Is he in the disclosures of corruption in San Francisco? Certainly he is. Long ago was it written, "Be sure your sin will find you out." And again: "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed." God has so arranged the laws of the universe that sin must be disclosed. It is not always in this life, but it is sometime, somewhere.

We should not be surprised at a full confession a little later on the part of Schmitz. Reuf's burden became greater than he could bear and he confessed. He says that the coming of members of his family day after day into his place of confinement and sitting there mutely in grief had something to do with his confession. Thus it is; if it is not one thing, it is another; something breaks the man; something brings him finally to himself, and he reveals all. There was a few years ago a marked illustration of this. The pastor of a prominent church in San Francisco went astray. The church tribunal that was assembled did not convict him as charged; there was not sufficient evidence for the courts to have convicted him . And yet in a few months he voluntarily made confession, and suffered humiliation before all the world. Whether within the church or without there are forces moving upon the hearts of men that are certain to bring about sometime the disclosure of sin. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"—true to life—shows this. Again and again, all over the world, as well among those who have been professing Christians as among those who have not been, men have borne witness that the burden of their sins so weighted them down that they felt that they must confess or die; and many a criminal fleeing from justice and caught at last has told of release from a burden almost intolerable and has faced with relief long years in prison.

A NOBLE WORKER AND A SPLENDID WORK

We commend to all our readers the article by Chaplain Rowell of the San Francisco Port Society. It is well worth reading. It is a splendid work in which this man of God is leading in his 87th year. No one can read his article this week and fail to realize that the work which Chaplain Rowell has carried on for forty-eight years in San Francisco among the seamen as they have come to the harbor within the Golden Gate, from all the ports of the world, has been a grand work. Old Yale never sent out a man more devoted to righteousness. He has walked ever with God and has been crowned with years far beyond the three score and ten. It has been said in sacred writ that they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Chaplain Rowell shines in California in his beautiful old age and will continue to shine in the many mansions beyond.

Let us take our readers into a secret. Our venerable friend who is so active and efficient in God's vineyard after having passed his 86th birthday does not know that an article from his pen appears in The Pacific this week; in fact he did not know that such an article was to appear in our columns at any time. And yet it will be observed that the caption reads "The Work of the San Francisco Port Society—by Chaplain Rowell." This is the way it came about: the 47th annual report of the Society had been put into the hands of our printer for the issuance in pamphlet form of 300 copies. When the proof of the same had come into the hands of the present writer for reading there came the thought, this part of the report is too fine and suggestive for circulation in a manner so limited. At once the order went to the foreman, "Save Chaplain Rowell's article in the annual report for the papers next week." "It can't be used," was the reply; "it is 23 em measure and the papers are 21 ems." "Set it up again then in proper measure, and let it be in brevier so that we shall be able to find room for it," was the word in reply. Accordingly we give it to our readers this week with but a few omissions, and beg the Chaplain's forgiveness for the theft.

An article in The Pacific a few weeks ago, concerning the Green Street Congregational Church of San Francisco, resulted in securing for the proposed new building $1,000 from a lady member of a Presbyterian church in New York. Would that what appears this week might turn the hearts of many very generously towards the work in which Chaplain Rowell has been leading so devotedly these many years. At present a sprained or dislocated ankle keeps him at his home at 2234 Howard street, San Francisco. When that shall have been mended his presence and cooperation will be welcomed again in all religious circles and efforts hereabouts.

The San Francisco Argonaut has been having some ringing editorials of late on the labor situation in the city. We commend for a careful reading the Argonaut article which we give this week, entitled, "The Supreme Issue." It contains a great deal of good common sense, and will in the main doubtless meet with the endorsement of all fair-minded pople.

THE SECURITY OF GOOD.

The Rev. William Rader preached last Sunday morning in Calvary Church, San Francisco, to a congregation of nearly five hundred people on "The Security of Good." The text was, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." The preacher said in substance: This text is not believed by a large number of people. But more strength and sunshine will come into the lives of all who grasp the truth of it. The "all things" take in all the world—every experience, every heartache and bitter tear. All history is included. The centuries are not independent grains of sand, but links in a chain. All the revolutions of the world are related—all reforms also; they are the separate chapters of one great book. Laws do not clash. Sunrise does not fight sunset—nor winter the autumn; they work together.

The need for seeing through to the end was emphasized. . The battle of Gettysburg when half through was a failure. The painting must not be judged when half finished.

In showing that the working together for good is for those who love God, it was said that the man who tramples law under his feet cannot come under the text. When a man begins to go down hill things seem to be arranged to assist him. Historical references: Napoleon, Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr.

The mysteries of life were considered, and yet it was made evident that there can be no permanent disadvantage to the man who is good—no defeat in the long run. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose!" I wish you could take that to the cemetery and stand with it by that little green mound, said the preacher, take it with you into all the experiences of life. Paul took it as he walked the road to martyrdom. So also did Polycarp carry it with him to the burning stake. All along the centuries a great multitude have taken the apostolic words with them as they moved along the pathway of life and have been satisfied.

Nothing, rest assured, can separate you from the love of God. You and God are a majority. On the summit of the truth in the closing words in the 8th of Romans Paul stood and rested. On that summit all can stand.

MORE BISHOPS.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has 102 bishops in the United States, who supervise three quarters of a million members. The Roman Catholic Church has one hundred and six archbishops and bishops who supervise eleven million communicants. The Methodist Episcopal Church has 15 bishops, only 12 of whom are assigned to work in the United States. These supervise 16,000 churches and three million members.

The Methodist Bishops Overworked.

It is said that the Methodist bishops are overworked and that the next general conference will be appealed to for some relief. We quote from an article in the Boston Transcript:

"No longer, it is said, are men being urged for the honor of the episcopacy by their well-meaning friends, as they were until very recent years; but now leaders in the church are seeking for men upon whom it will be safe to lay the tremendous work and responsibility of the office. For the Methodist Church, some leaders say, is rapidly killing off its bishops with work.

"Four of the bishops have died since the general conference of 1904—Merrill, Fitzgerald, Joyce and McCabe. Bishops Fowler and Hamilton have been too ill for months to actively engage in the work of their office. It is pointed out that in all but a very few instances the bishops who have died in recent years have literally dropped. As a leading Methodist expresses it: 'They have to work until they stagger and drop.' Bishop Joyce, who died two years ago, said shortly before his death that he had been in his own home only five nights in as many months, and had done most of his sleeping on railroad trains.

"In several particulars the system which governs the appointments of Methodist bishops is deemed to be faulty. Although opinion is by no means unanimous in the church, some leaders are outspoken in saying that the assignments of the bishops to annual conferences is uneconomic. A bishop may be appointed to live in Buffalo, for example, and he may be assigned to preside over conferences in New England, in Mexico, and in the state of Washington. Examples as extreme as this are by no means unknown in the Methodist Church.

Several plans have been suggested for remedying the conditions. It is impossible to say whether any one of them will meet the approval of the general conference, but it is certain that some of them will be considered by that body. One plan calls for an increase in the number of bishops. The Methodist Chruch is growing at the rate of fully 75,000 members every year, and there has been no proportionate increase in the number of its superintendents. The last general conference elected eleven bishops, four of them missionary. This was the largest number ever elected at one conference, and showed that three years ago the church was alive to the situation. There are those who predict that an even larger number of bishops will be chosen next year.

"Another suggested remedy is the choosing of younger men for the episcopacy. The eleven men chosen in 1901 averaged fifty-four years of age, the youngest being forty-six, the oldest sixty-three. That there will be an effort to reduce the average age in next year's selections there seems to be no doubt. There is grave question as to whether any change can be made next year in the method of appointing bishops to residences and assigning them to conferences. The latter depends upon the bishops themselves, and the former is governed by a committee of the general conference only recently established. Something may be done, leaders say, by these existing agencies without intervention of the conference."

The Protestant Episcopal.

Although the Protestant Episcopal Church now has 102 bishops it is likely to increase the number. There are indications that at least nine will be added to the number. Readjustment of the Rocky Mountain districts is urged. Although that region comprises two-fifths of the United States there are but twelve bishops to supervise it.

It has been suggested that Western Colorado be created a district and Nevada another; that Northern Idaho be set apart from what is now the Spokane

district, and that Wyoming be constituted a district in itself, and that the present bishop of Laramie be given Western Nebraska. The setting apart of Eastern Oregon is also being considered. Another district in Mexico, with a Mexican presbyter is a probability, as is also one in Panama. Georgia will be divided, Ohio rearranged; and perhaps Minnesota and Iowa be given increased forces. There is likely to be a division of the diocese of Pittsburg, as well as of that of Southern Illinois.

Among the questions for consideration at the next convention will be that of the election of a colored presbyter to be in charge of the work among the colored people. It is said that some of the colored people oppose the movement.

DYING BY THE MILLION.

By Rev. Walter R. Lambuth, D.D.

At a mass meeting of missionaries held here in Shanghai yesterday, some startling facts were brought out in the statements of those just returned from the famine district, three hundred miles to the north, and by telegrams received from others who are on the ground battling with disease and starvation.

In an area north of the Yang-tse River—which is an agricultural section and which has a diameter of some five hundred miles—there are 10,000,000 Chinese who are on the verge of starvation. Of this number, there are 3,000,000 who are actually starving. It is possible with the relief in hand, to succor only 500,000 of the 3,000,000. The others must perish miserably in a few weeks if something is not done.

The cause of the famine is primarily the flood, months ago, which caused the breaking of the dikes. This has prevented the planting of crops early enough to bring relief in the spring, though some wheat is now in the ground which, when harvest comes in July or August, may help to mitigate the horrors with which the people are now face to face.

Consul General Rodgers has advised that 12,000 bags of flour were being forwarded from the United States on the steamship Coptic. This will be a noble addition to the commissary department in the hands of the missionaries; but even that will be a mere handful, since appeals have come to the Shanghai Committee for 20,000 bags of flour for the starving people on the Taiping Island alone. The Consul further advises the receipt of $5,000 (gold) from the Red Cross Association, and $50,000 (gold) from the Christian Herald, through the Red Cross. But even this additional aid will keep alive only the 500,000, while the 2,500,000 must inevitably perish if relief does not arrive in time.

Dr. Hampden C. DuBose, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, writes as follows from Tsiang Kiang Pu, where he is engaged in distribution: "Opening twenty-six-mile canal. It will drain large section. I employ 10,000 men. This week fed 55,000. This is the largest number yet reached. The cry is: 'Dying from hunger!' Doors, windows, furniture, beams in houses being sold for food. Houses and villages desolated by flood and famine. Necessity to feed chair and barrow coolies before they can work. The poor eating weeds. When shall wheat crop be gathered? No money to purchase seed. Old men, women, and children in desperate straits. I see very few babies. Ship flour, rice, wheat, bran in boats direct from Wush to Suchien. Increase famine relief tenfold."

Miss M A. Reid, at Antung, writes: "The boon these cheap sales of flour and grain are to the people is just unspeakable. Local grain is very dear and scarce. We are getting closer and closer to the worst days. I really dread to think what the few weeks before the harvest will be like."

A telegram comes from Pere Thomas, a Roman Catholic priest, chairman of the local committee at Yoawan. He states that the famine conditions are becoming accentuated, and that large numbers of families are wandering about, nourishing themselves with wild roots; and that they are in many places plucking up the wheat as it appears above the ground and eating it.

A member of the committee writes as follows: "A pathetic case was that of poor fatherless and motherless children. They stood nude, huddled up against the building, when I went out of the door to take in the shipment of flour. I heard the low, feeble cry of a child, and, looking around, saw the most pitiful little face leaning over the older brother's breast. The mere infant was making such a low, pitiful cry, its eyes closed from the intense light and swollen lids. I could not help it—I went back in the inner court and wept. What could I do? It was too young to feed. It must get nourishment from the breast; and, poor thing, even then it was beyond hope, no doubt. I filled the older brother's bowl with copper coins, and the four went off, slowly toddling along, to get some gruel."

The Chinese officials have not failed to contribute to the relief of their own people. The sum of 6,000,000 taels, or about $4,200,000 (gold), has been thus expended. They are embarrassed, however, by indemnities, heavy exactions from the central government, and especially by lack of organization and systematic effort for reaching those who are in such straits. More help from abroad should be given in that broad spirit of Christian charity and brotherhood which has ever characterized the enlightened nations of the West.

The Relief Committee feel that a guarantee should be given those who are furnishing funds and provisions that these will be wisely, swiftly, and economically expended. There is a call for fifty more missionaries in addition to the forty odd who are now assisting in the work, and these will be forthcoming. Every dollar will be accounted for, and the generous public may be sure that the most will be made of the means furnished. Such names as DuBose, Henry Woods, Junkin, Patterson, Father Thomas, Father Bies, Revs. Mungean, Tyler, Gracie, Miss Reed, and others constitute an absolute guarantee of a right use of all that comes into their hands.

Let it be remembered by those who sit three times a day at their home boards, laden with good things, that two and a half million human beings will perish with hunger within the next six weeks if adequate help does not arrive. One dollar will save a life. Even twenty-five cents will enable some man or woman or child to eke out an existence until the crops can be gathered. He who gives quickly gives twice—gives in this case ten times. Let us to the rescue, not only in behalf of these poor Chinese, but for the sake as well of the heroic, self-sacrificing missionaries who are in constant danger of the dreaded typhus fever and dysentery which rage in every famine camp.

NOTHING BUT GOOD.

If all my years were summer, could I know
What my Lord means by his "Made white as snow"?
If all my days were sunny, could I say
"In his fair land he wipes all tears away"?
If I were never weary, could I keep
Close to my heart, "He gives his loved sleep"?
Were no graves mine, might I not come to deem
The life eternal but a baseless dream?
My winter, yea, my tears, my weariness,
Even my graves may be his way to bless,
I call them ills, yet that can surely be
Nothing but good that shows my Lord to me.

THE SHARERS IN THE PRODUCTS OF INDUSTRY.

The following from the Wall Street Journal is timely:

The larger the business is, the more moderate will be the rate of profits required to pay the capitalist his due.—Goldwin Smith.

Here is a fundamental truth which is apt to be overlooked in controversies affecting the relations of capital and labor. For many years the mischievous doctrine has been preached by those men who misunderstand economic principles or forget economic history, that growth in the size of business is a menace to the progress of labor. An analysis of the elements into which the products of industry are divided will show the fallacy of this view.

There are usually three shares which must be provided for to organize and to give continued existence to production. These are the rent of lands, the wages of labor and the profits on capital. On account of the advantages of location, rents are matters which settle themselves more or less automatically. The wages of labor, depending generally on the relation of supply and demand, are affected by many conditions, such as the degree of skill required, the continuity of employment, the extent of organization and the freedom with which labor moves from one market to another. Finally the cost of living and the rising standard of comfort have much to do with increasing the share which labor receives of the products of industry.

Profits, though usually expressed in the form of a rate of interest on capital, contain another element, namely, that for risks which have to be borne by an industry to insure its continuity. This refers not simply to the insurance against fire losses and other injuries which cannot be foreseen. This form of insurance is simply a distribution of losses among a large number of similar investments by which damages may be collected from the many and paid to the few who actually suffer. But the greater risks of industry are those which involve suspension of operations by the loss of markets, by intenser competition, and by inventions which enable one rival establishment to turn out a product at a price so much below the customary cost as to threaten extinction to its competitors.

It is the guarantee against such hazards as these that swells the rates of profits and makes the share which the investor of capital gets seem unnecessarily large. But it is the capitalist, rather than the laborer or the owner of land, that has to bear these hazards, which at any time but for such insurance might wipe out the whole enterprise and render future increase in investment hopeless.

It is well worth the while of the wage-earner to consider carefully this phase of the subject after years of prosperity in manufactures and in transportation. Just at this time it is becoming more and more difficult to borrow money to maintain some of our largest transportation systems at their highest point of efficiency. The earning power of the many millions already invested is likely to be reduced by the want of a few millions mor for maintenance and the supply of necessary facilities to handle increasing business. In times of liberal earnings the wiser policy has always been not only to anticipate maintenance needs as one of the risks of growth, but also to treasure up a surplus fund against the larger demands of improvement and equipment in the future.

The presence of such a surplus reserve, either in the hands of the company or the community, should not be looked upon as a signal for strife for a new deal, but rather as a means of securing both labor and capital against danger, stagnation or even industrial death.

The enlarging scale of business short of virtual monopoly is one of the certain means by which economic progress eliminates these risks. It is thus that the rate of profits per unit of investment is likewise gradually reduced, and the share of labor in the products of industry increased. Time and the laws of economic evolution are with labor and it can therefore well afford to show patience rather than to become party to violence or revolution.

THE CHANGING ORDER.

The Indianapolis News says: "We noted recently that for the first time since Maine had been a State (1820) Fast Day had ceased of observance. The Legislature abolished it and substituted a Patriots' Day—April 19, for Concord and Lexington—following the example of Massachusetts, set some years ago. Now Massachusetts is wrestling with the Sunday question—and thus New England changes. The land of steady habits is at all events changing. We may well hope and believe that the change is not for the worse. But that there is change and that there will be is certain. Goethe said that nothing was fixed but the certainty of change. So in Massachusetts now the question is, What kind of Sunday shall there be—that is, so far as law makes Sunday, or Lord's day, as the statutes of the State call it? Naturally there is division of opinion on the subject. A committee appointed by the Legislature to revise the laws was unable to agree except on the proposition that a weekly day of rest was needed for the preservation of the health and strength of the community.

"There is a strong feeling that every safeguard should be made to prevent the encroachment of business and ordinary occupations, but to concede that the Sunday of today as the people live it is not the Sunday of their ancestors, which is described on the statute books, and that the restoration of that Sunday is neither possible nor desirable. There is with this a sentiment that people that seek entertainment on that day should be allowed by law to have it provided that such entertainment does not imply a heathenish defiance of the associations of the day, and that perhaps to this end the wiser way may be licensing or permission by law, so that control may be exercised over the

character of the entertainment. Whatever shall be the outcome, the process is interesting and may be edifying. At all events, it is a sort of formal notice that the old order changeth and that staid New England is recognizing this fact."

THE WORK OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PORT SOCIETY.

By Chaplain Rowell.

The San Francisco Port Society recently entered on its 48th year.

One year ago last April the forty-sixth annual report of this Society was in the hands of the printer and ready for distribution, but was burned in the dreadful fire of April 18-20 which laid our city in ashes. Our church building was on the water front where the burning started, and was the first of all the city churches to go down under the torrent of flame. That was a tragic funeral. A many-storied wholesale liquor store across the street from us, was wrapped in flame, and the hundreds of barrels of alcoholic liquors in it, were sending up a broad sheet of flame two hundred feet or so in height, throwing a fearful heat upon our building, till the whole front of the church from tower to basement suddenly flashed into flame, and in an hour or two that sacred house, in which, more than in any other church in the city, God had shed forth saving grace on the souls and lives of lost men, and that beautiful pulpit, world noted, had vanished in smoke and ashes.

It was fitting, perhaps, that the house, in which for thirty-nine years, war had been waged against the most deadly foe of the church and human weal, should at last be set on fire by burning alcohol, though not in revenge. That house is gone, but the fight is not ended. Victory for truth and righteousness is not far away, and our next house of worship will have its share in it.

For two days after the church was burned I did not know of it, though I had little doubt about it. The soldier guards prevented all access to the water front, and besides I was fully occupied in watching the fire in its steady march toward my dwelling. That was a march which no one could see and ever forget. I faced a wall of flame a mile in length, and from fifty to two hundred feet in height, with not a breath of wind to help or hinder it, standing straight in the air, and lapping over block after block of houses, not hesitating for streets, till many square miles of thickly settled territory were left a smoking and blackened desolation; in its calm, swift march seeming to say, "Get out of the way—I am coming." And the people who could obey the behest were eager to do so. Thousands crowded the streets that led southward, laden with all they could carry on their backs, and if asked "Where are you going?" could answer only with a plaintive "I don't know," That was no time to find out, or even to inquire about the fate of the church building. The only thought of comfort in the raging tumult was: "God reigns; God is love," and happy were they who could take in this truth.

Our house of worship has dropped out of sight. We turned our backs on it on Sunday night, not dreaming that we should never see it again. "Our holy and beautiful house, where our sailors worshipped, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."

Hallowed, life-long memories hover about that blackened site. Our monthly communion seasons, with little bands of converted seamen standing, to give assent to our church covenant, and then going out, perhaps never to join in such an exercise again!

That line of missionaries, nine in number, who, following one by one, served with us in Christ, for the salvation of seamen, whose labors were abundant and fruitful, and whose prayers and exhortations in our devotional meetings were an inspiration! They are gone, some to their heavenly rest, some to other fields of labor, and one faithful toiler still remaining in the field.

There come into my field of vision a host of familiar faces, each telling its own tale of redemption. I see, standing in our prayer room, a stalwart man, shock headed, large headed, his face showing marks of dissipation, and battered as with all the storms of the ocean. He is in deep distress and calls, "I am a great sinner! Can there be mercy for me?" He soon gains a sweet, bright hope in Christ, and then he tells me his story. "I have been a very wicked man and criminal. I can describe to you the inside of the prison of nearly every chief seaport of the world. I have disgraced my family, and my name is a forbidden word in my father's house. No one dares name it in his presence. And now I must go back to my old home in Wales, and see if my father is yet alive; for I have not heard a word from home in many years." He went home, and wrote me from there: "I came to my father's house and knocked at the door. My sister opened it. I knew her, but she did not know me. I called her by name, and said: 'I am Thomas, and I am a Christian.' She did not ask me to come in, but ran into father's room and cried, 'Father, Thomas has come, and he is a Christian.' 'Let him come in,' was the answer. I went in and saw my father, very ill, and near to death. He did not know me, but spoke sternly, 'Are you Thomas?' 'Yes, father, I am your Thomas.' 'Are you a Christian, Thomas?' 'Yes, father, I am a Christian," I answered. 'Let me hear you pray.' I kneeled down by his bedside and prayed the best I could for him and for myself. He seemed satisfied, and said, 'Yes, Thomas, you are a Christian.' Then he raised his hands and said, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'" He died and in the Presbyterian church in which he was an elder, prayer was publicly offered for the Mariners' Church of San Francisco. His mother kept in her bedroom a card on which was the picture of our church building, and as long as she lived, knelt before it daily, and prayed for the church where her son found the Savior. No doubt we have received much blessing from God in answer to her grateful prayers. The man himself has gone out of our knowledge, and is doubtless dead. We shall see him next in Heaven.

Another face rises before me. It is that of a blonde young man from an English ship. He stands in the farthest corner of our prayer room, and with no introduction, says, "I have determined not to leave this room till I become a Christian." He was taken in hand and found the Savior then and there. Afterwards he told me his story. His widowed mother earned a slender living for her children in old England by teaching. She was a godly woman, but almost heart broken by the wilful waywardness and wrong doing of this boy, her oldest child. To get him under some control she bound him out as an apprentice on an English ship. But, boy as he was, he became daringly wicked, and his mother almost lost hope for him. But when he wrote her that he had become a Christian, her joy was inexpressible. Her letters came to him and to us full of thankfulness and Christian love. He went home and met a joyful welcome. He wrote, "My mother called in her pastor and all her friends, and we had a night of jubilee over the prodigal returned." We have lost sight of him. I presume that he never went to sea again.

Another face comes into view. The man is a little old for a sailor, and has written over him the marks of excessive use of strong drink. He is in distress because of his sins, and begs us to pray for him. Before the meeting is done he is happily resting in conscious forgiveness. Then his thought turns homeward, and he earnestly pleads, "I want you to pray that my wife may be converted." Prayer was made for her, but he is not satisfied. He rises again and says, "Pray that I may find my wife converted when I reach Liverpool." The prayer of faith is offered for his desire, and he becomes quiet. He wrote from Liverpool: "When we came into dock, a nicely dressed woman and two children were standing there awaiting us, but I could not see who they were. But when we got into dock I found they were my own, and that my wife had found my Savior." This man still goes to sea and lives a godly life. Once a year or two, he comes to his spiritual birthplace and testifies to the faithful keeping of his Savior.

Then I see, in thin line, but a great host in all, sailors of various nations, coming in and going out like figures in a moving panorama. There are little groups of apprentices with their gilt buttons, and large companies of before-the-mast-men, in plainer apparel. They come and go, and almost all are strangers,—we seldom see the same face a second time. They are with us just a little while and listen earnestly to our message but obey it not, and are soon gone out of our sight, to return no more. Oh how many thousands of living men we thus plead with, and, seemingly, wholly in vain! "We have spent our strength for naught and in vain." Yet here and there one,—and one by one they count up more than fifty-seven hundreds—hears and heeds, and gazes on the blood stained cross, and goes away singing God's praise. These are they who make life and labor worth while, and we are sure that though we may meet them here no more, we shall see them again by and by in white robes.

But Oh! how many of these faces, as they appear to me now, seem clouded and anguished! Here is a bright young apprentice, who kneels with us in prayer and is almost persuaded to accept Christ, but is not quite able to do so. And before the next Sabbath he has fallen into the bay and is drowned. And there is another, very much like this one, who says in all honesty, "I cannot do this tonight, but I give you my promise that I will come back on Tuesday evening and give myself to Christ." But on Monday he is killed by a railroad train. Oh! What a despairing look is on these faces as they pass before me! And how great a host they are! They crowd vision, and cannot be counted. When we look at the company of the hopefully saved, they seem a large number, but when we let them mingle with the host of the unsaved, we can hardly see them at all for their fewness. The others have come by tens and scores, have listened to our pleading, hardened their wills, and gone away unsaved. When we look at these hundreds of thousands forever gone out of our reach, we put our faces in the dust and cry, "O God! lay not this sin to our charge." For surely, had we been true and earnest enough, and so full of the Holy Spirit as we ought to have been, our converts would have been ten times their present number. Yet it is a great comfort, now, to hope and believe that many of those we did not win, may have been led to Christ later and elsewhere. I believe it—I am sure of it.

That sacred temple of God has vanished, and not one of us was permitted to look on its pyre, for most were fleeing for their lives. But there are thousands of saved men now living who will never cease to thank God that it once stood on that corner. One of these, now engaged in large work for Christ and sailors, writes me: "The dearest spot on earth to me is that where stood the old Mariners' Church, for there it was that I found the Savior." I do not doubt that were there any way to get at all these saved ones, they would turn their pockets inside out to give us the means to build a new house, such as we need. But they are scattered the wide world over, and a great number of them are now praising God in a more beautiful temple, where "the Lamb is the light thereof." For nearly forty years the cloud was on that tabernacle by day, and the fire by night, and very few were the weeks in which some precious souls did not find the cleansing power of the blood of Christ. To all eternity shall we hear thousands of saints in glory praise God that that wooden temple, raised its spire and shook out its "Bethel" flag in the midst of poverty and squalor, and held its own there till surrounded and crowded by rushing, unhallowed business, the only holy spot in miles of wealthy worldliness,—the only spot in all that region where angels climbed up and down the ladder whose top was lost to sight in Heaven.

But now for the future. What new mercies and opportunities has God in store for us? Life is not done yet, nor is our work finished. A better temple than the old must open its doors to the increasing throng of sailors, and the glory of the latter must surpass that of the former. We confidently trust God to give us "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." We look to him to give us increasing power to meet continually increasing need.

In the first place, then, San Francisco is in pressing need today of a first class Sailors' Home. The city is already rising, Phoenix-like, from its ashes, and will soon double its population. The so-called Orient—though it lies to the west of us—is dawning into civilization, and will soon open to us a boundless commerce. The people of this coast will outgrow and be ashamed of the narrowness of vision that cannot see in the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, brethren with souls as large as their own; and this port will become the New York of the Pacific coast. There is now in this city no adequate provision for the sailors we have, much less for double and quadruple their number, that will soon be here. Our Port Society should build and own and manage a Home that could house five hundred men, and give them all the appliances they need to make them good men, good sailors, gentlemen and Christians. These must find here board and lodging, reading rooms for different nationalities, instruction in navagation, a furnishing store, a gymnasium with ample games and amusements, a restaurant, a large assembly room for social meetings, entertainments, lectures and concerts, and, of course, rooms for missionaries, and suitable provision for public worship. It is better that the Sailors' Church be joined in bands with the Sailors' Home, and that seamen have no need to go here and there to find any needed supplies.

And if any shall say, as many have said to me, "This is too ambitious a scheme; sailors ought not to expect that so much as this shall be done for them," I reply, "It is not too much for them to ask and for us to give." The sailors of today are not those of the past time. They are becoming more and more a respectable and self-respecting class of men. They are not the drunken rabble they were when I came here forty-eight years ago. Then it was not safe for a sober man, and much less for a woman, to be found on our water front streets at night, for they were sure to encounter gangs of drunken sailors, singing, shouting and cursing, and ready to insult and assault passers-by. All this has gone by, and now there are no safer streets in this city than those on our water front. Ladies traverse them by day and night and are never insulted. More than fifty-five hundred persons have signed, in our old church, the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and today a drunken sailor is in ill repute among his fellows. But sober and respectable men must have respectable conditions and surroundings. The scores of ill-smelling, rum-sodden shacks that cursed the sailors' quarters of the old San Francisco are no fit resorts for decent men, —such men as the commerce of today and tomorrow demands.

The old time Sailors' Homes were a great blessing in their day, because they were so much better resorts than th rum-boarding houses, but their day is past. They cannot answer present needs. This fact is generally recognized, and fine buildings for the housing of sailors are built in all the chief seaports of the world. It is time for this city, with its splendid future dawning, to get out of the old ruts, and do as well for her sailors as New York and London and Liverpool, where seamen find refuge in large and fine buildings, supplied with all needed appliances for comfort and improvement. If we are to have worthy men for seamen, we must provide the means to make and keep them such.

And now, all this provision for seamen is by no means a charity, bestowed on needy men. It is only a partial payment of a debt which we owe them, which we people of the land owe to the men of the sea, for their unspeakable hardships, sufferings and deprivations, endured for us, though not of purpose, which we can never pay. It is only right and justice that we do for them all that we can to make their hard life endurable. When we shall have provided for them to the best of our power, we shall not have paid all the debt we owe them.

And farther than this, our own interests require us to do all we can to make them capable and worthy men. As a business proposition, our business men ought to build a first class Sailors' Home for San Francisco. How can they afford to entrust billions of dollars worth of merchandise and thousands of precious lives to the care of men who are neither competent nor faithful? Our railroads, banks and manufacturers are coming to understand that they must have sober and competent men for their work, and surely our commerce needs such men no less than these. Our business men can well afford to make the best possible provision for the health and morals of our sailors. Such a Home as this ought to be provided for this city at once.

Why, then, is it not done? Simply for lack of means. At the present high cost of labor and materials, we could not safely undertake to provide an adequate Home for this city for less than a half million dollars. And who is to supply this vast want? In the present stress, it is, of course, impossible for our business men here to do it, and while we have for nearly a year been making all possible effort to get at the wealthy people in the East who can do it, and probably would, were the matter brought properly before them, the effort, so far, has been of no avail. We cry to Almighty God for help, and while "the heart of the king is in the hands of the Lord," our prayer is not yet answered. At some time and in some way—of course, the best time and way—a fit Sailors' Home and house of worship will be provided for these men in this city.

But our need is pressing, and we must not wait any longer. Our Board of Directors have decided to borrow money and erect such a building as we can for this purpose, though it will be entirely inadequate. An architect is preparing plans and specifications for a building of brick, three or four stories in height, the larger part of which will be used for commercial purposes, to provide means for

paying the inevitable debt, with one story, only, reserved for church and social work. We shall be much hampered for lack of room, but must do with it the best we can, till God shall provide better for us. In some respects we shall be better off than we were in our former building, where we were under troublesome limitations. We expect to be able, after a few months, to get out of that wretched little tent and into a more fit dwelling place for God and his church.

The tabernacle which Moses built was made glorious by the bright cloud that enveloped it, but the worship of God's people was not settled till Solomon had built the temple. And we have seen the glory of the Lord in our old wooden house, and we expect to have larger revelations in the next temple of brick, but we shall not cease to pray and expect, till our worshipping seamen shall be housed in a temple of steel and stone.

THE SUPREME ISSUE.

The San Francisco Argonaut On the Labor Situation.

There are, we are told, those who think that the Argonaut has put an undue emphasis upon the unionist phase of the difficulties in San Francisco. If indeed there be such, we respectfully invite their attention to events of the past ten days at home and elsewhere going to illustrate the character, the temper, the tendencies, the inevitable developments of labor unionism unrestrained by responsibility, under the lead of the sort of scoundrelism which gets to the front of every labor fight. Organized labor is by no means the only force which, left free from restraint, runs to selfishness, to rapacity, to passion, to madness. History gives us ten thousand instances of the same spirit in every sphere of human activity. There has never been a government which, if left free to pursue its own courses, did not degenerate into a tyranny. Even the great organized beneficences of the world—for example, the Society of Jesus—when given free rein under the guidance of interest and passion, have gone to the limits of greed, arrogance, and criminality. Even the spirit of religion in its varied phases and developments—the religion of Jesus the Christ among others—has become a spirit of tyranny whenever and wherever it has been abandoned by restraint, whenever and wherever its agents have been left free to work their will. Labor union has no monopoly of that instinct of degeneracy which unfailingly seizes upon every agency abandoned to the corruptions which flow out of selfishness, bigotry, and the passions of conflict.

These reflections come irresistibly in relation to events widely reported during the last ten days. Take the Idaho case whose recitals day by day are making every daily newspaper in the land a chapter of horrors. Here is the case of an association of workingmen inspired at the beginning with purposes not only legitimate but even beneficent. Read over the literature embodying the fundamental aims and laws of the Western Federation of Miners, and you will find nothing in which the most devoted moralist can pick a flaw. But look at what has grown out of and upon this simple and, at its beginning, legitimate organization! We will not go over the long and grewsome record which shows this federation of workingmen to have degenerated into a federation of criminals, among whose every-day weapons of defense and offense have been theft, arson, private assassination and slaughter by wholesale. We see the agents of this monstrous infamy plotting and carrying out the cruelest and grossest crimes, not more for the advancement of the common interest of their followers than by way of maintaining their own place and power at the head of affairs. We see the foulest assassinations "pulled off" because striking and dramatic effects are required to inspirit the rank and file and to win new periods of power for those in authority. It would be impossible to find, even in the annals of the dark ages, a picture more dreadful in every aspect, more deplorable as illustrating human degeneracy and depravity. And this we discover as an effect of labor unionism unrestrained in the year 1907.

The Idaho case gives special significance and emphasis to events at home—in and about San Francisco. Within a month we have seen a state of open and violent warfare in our streets; we have seen, and we can see daily, citizens stoned and beaten for no other crime than that of going about a lawful business; we have seen women and young girls openly insulted, called by every foul name that malice allied with vulgarity can devise; we have seen a respectable workingman shot down on the street for no other crime save that of declining to obey the behests of unionism; we have seen in the sending of explosive packages to the homes of workmen attempts, through wholesale assassination of women and children, to terorize fathers, sons, and brothers who choose to work independently of unionist authority. It is only a week ago that a railway bridge within ten miles of San Francisco was found so weakened by malicious tampering at the hands of unionists or their sympathizers that the first car to pass over it would have been wrecked with inevitable sacrifice of all on board.

These multiplied instances make a demonstration neither to be denied nor questioned by common sense and common honesty. They go to show that labor unionism in its extreme development and as we have it in San Francisco is not a thing to be cajoled and petted and coddled and compromised with, but a very cancer whose existence is inconsistent with every principle we call American, and that, if allowed further development, it will strangle and destroy our system with the civilization upon which it is founded. No union can safely permit the development within itself of an organized force which tends at every point to moral degeneracy, which engrosses power at every step, which exacts from its members a "loyalty" above and beyond their obligation to the law, which exercises an authority more absolute than any other. No nation, we say, can with safety permit this sort of thing to grow up within itself, just as no physical organism can safely permit a cancer to find and retain lodgment within it.

Not in the Idaho story, nor in the events transpiring about us can we see the worst effects of that debauched and maddened unionism now running riot through the country. Society could perhaps endure instances of criminality; it could repair the ravages of assassination; it could make good the losses which these things impose upon it. If indeed such manifest effects of unionism as we have traced were merely incidental and in their way accidental, we might get over them, just as every country has recovered from ten thousand abuses in the course of its history. Far more serious than the criminal violence of the time is the spirit which these violences foster and promote. It is taking the virtue out of our working population; it is implanting deeply in all elements of society that monstrous vice of class division and hatred which our fathers exorcised by such terrible sacrifices. Worse than all, it is making for the youth of the country an atmosphere fatal to every natural and worthy motive, so charged with evil suggestions as to vitiate the moral character of whomever breathes it. We are told by those who know whereof they speak that it is not the older, the soberer, the wiser heads in labor unionism who are at fault for the villanies done in its name, who give it its spirit, who generate its atmosphere. Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone, these conceivers and promoters of crime, Orchard and Adams, their agents in assassination, all are relatively young men. They have been bred up in ways and under influences which their fathers knew not of. They are the precocious children of a social degeneracy which is spreading widely, and which tends to involve the whole of our youth. Who has not observed within the month multitudes of juvenile hoodlums in the Mission and other districts deeply infected with the spirit of unionism, running through the streets, calling out in vile phrases to every passing car, throwing bricks and stones wherever and whenever the hand of police authority is relaxed? Here we see the primary clasess in that conscienceless and shameless influence which is flowing out of unionism, unrestrained by moral impulses or by the law.

In the course of these discussions the Argonaut has again and again declared what every thoughtful man knows to be the truth, namely, that the most solemn of all human responsibilities is that of breeding and rearing the oncoming generation. We venture to say, not only to the people of San Francisco but to the country at large, that we are not meeting this responsibility in any fair or adequate way. We give prodigious sums for "education," but we give almost nothing for **training**. We have made "education" a fetish, we have endowed it as never before in the world's history, and we have abandoned it to faddists and specialists, out of touch with life, out of sympathy with the realities of things, out of harmony with the age in which they live, its aims, its purposes, its needs. Our colossal system of "education" grinds out its multitudes, not to the ends of social welfare and progress. Not all, indeed, of the prodigious expenditure of effort is lost, but the product of our schools contributes not so much to our working power, to

the support of the great forces of social welfare, as to the army of social parasitism, to social discontent, to social demoralization. Is there anybody who questions this statement? Let him look to the facts—to the stern facts! And in explanation of these facts as he will find them, let him take note that, of the multitude of our schools there is not one in which a California boy may learn to be a working miner, a working carpenter, a working machinist, a working farmer, or a practical sailor. Let him take note of the demoralization which our modern life is working upon numbers of little boys engaged in the night messenger service and in multitudinous other occupations which subject them untimely to the world's knowledges and temptations. Let him take note of the multitudes of young girls drawn by the department store, by the telephone service, by the typewriting machine, and a thousand other occupations from that domesticity in whose atmosphere, with the knowledge and the propensities promoted by it, lie efficiency and safety for womanhood. Let him take note of the fact that a selfish labor unionism, jealous even of the competition of its own children, shuts the shop door in the face of those who would learn the useful trades. We are growing up a body of youth, under unnatural conditions, in an unwholesome atmosphere, under wrong suggestions, without training, without discipline, without a right outlook upon life. Let nobody imagine that this is said in the spirit of smartness. It is spoken not without knowledge, not in triviality of mood, but in such a spirit of earnestness as almost blanches the cheek of him who writes when he thinks upon the world in which those who come after him are to live.

When the Argonaut speaks of labor unionism as it exists in San Francisco, when it says to our people that there is no just or safe compromise with it at the point of its aggressive pretensions, when it urges support of those who are fighting a desperate fight for the "open shop," when it depreciates the acts of those whose policy or malice are tending to weaken the fight, it is with all these considerations in mind. Profoundly do we believe that we have come to a crisis in the social development of the country when we must either assert and maintain the integrity of the American system as it came to us from our fathers or go down through a course of social degeneracy to ultimate disaster. We believe that all other considerations and interests involved in our complicated local situation as it presents itself today are trivial in comparison with this supreme issue. It is, we believe, no time for questioning, for quibbling, for compromise, but a time to stand firmly, not only for what is right but for what in the supremest sense is expedient. It is because we believe as we do that we hold in contempt these counsels of timidity and folly which urge some patch-up of difficulties, that will bid the processes of industry and commerce to go limping on with no settlement upon the firm rock of principle. Now, we believe, is the time to fight this fight out to its finish. Any patch-up of differences will be a compromise with a false principle and a false practice. It will only postpone the issue; it will only make the final battle which must be fought more difficult to win. Speaking for itself, the Argonaut would rather sacrifice every interest that it has in the world in a fight for the principle we call American, than to live under a tyranny more remorseless, more shameful, more debased, than that against which our grandsires laid down their lives at Brandywine and South Mountain.

Another word: It is not against the legitimate union of workingmen, inspired by reasonable purposes and working to proper ends, that the Argonaut speaks. It is not at odds with those who imagine they have said something very wise when they declare that "unionism has come to stay." The Argonaut has been at the pains to show why unionism has come, why it was justified in coming, and why it must stay. We have shown that unionism is an outgrowth of the same social development which has produced the corporation. If capital is to cast aside personalism, to work in the mass, to employ administrative agents, then must there be conceded to labor a corresponding right and privilege. The labor union is as legitimate a thing as the corporation, having back of it the same motives and the same justification. Labor union has indeed a necessary and legitimate work to do. In so far as the Argonaut stands opposed to unionism it is at the point of its extreme and illegitimate pretensions. The Argonaut stands opposed to its absurd claims to a monopoly of all labor, against its tendency to demoralize its own membership, against the economic waste involved in its limitation of individual efficiency, against the rules by which it denies opportunity to youth, against its disposition, as illustrated in our own city, to make partnership with the demogogue and the grafter in politics, against that spirit which, demanding every privilege, denies every responsibility.

We believe a time has come when no association of citizens for any purpose ought to be permitted independently of a fixed legal responsibility. We believe that every association claiming any part in the guidance of social interests ought to be made responsible, not only morally but under the law. It is the irresponsibility of our labor unionism that makes it most dangerous as a social institution. Attach to it the same legal obligations which attach to association of capital, and it would instantly cease to be the menace that it is to social integrity and order. As it stands, it is a prodigious force subject to no limitation, unrestrained in all its purposes, without scrutiny as to its methods. Any such institution is bound, through the operation of human interest and passion, to run a course of riotous excess. It has been so with every similarly unguarded social movement in the history of the race; it has been so with the history of every dynasty in every country; it has been so with every religion which has assumed authority over men. Great forces can not safely be permitted to work their will without check and without limit. If we are to save our country against the most colossal disaster human history has ever witnessed, we must find a way to curb this monster of irresponsible unionism.

THE OVER-SOUL.

Idling one day in June, my aimless feet,
  Forbidden, crossed the threshold of that fane
  By grateful Harvard built for her dear slain,
Whom Freedom counted for her service meet.

Above me rose the glorious sheaf of towers,
  As on the snowy tablets, slow, I read
  The names of all the generous-hearted dead,
Who were our chivalry's most perfect flowers.

There were the names of men whom all the land
  Hailed as the greatest in those dreadful days;
  There, too, their names whose only meed of praise,
Was the deep sense of doing God's command.

And one I read which oft I used to speak
  In loving-wise, as friend doth speak with friend;
  Brave, ardent spirit! wheresoever tend
Thy restless feet, thou dost the highest seek.

And, as I gazed with dimmer sight, I saw
  Upon rude stagings high above my head,
  The workmen painting words that shall be read
Through countless years of Liberty and Law;

Resounding words of that melodious tongue
  Which still doth with the pomp of Virgil swell;
  But nought of all their meaning could they tell,
Who on the wall their various colors flung.

And some there were who worked in sombre hues,
  While others bravely did illuminate
  With red and gold some word of greater weight;
But all alike the meaning all did lose.

Behold, I thought, a parable of those
  Whose names are graven on these tablets cold;
  They did their work, yet little could have told
Of meanings vast which only Heaven knows.

Behold, I thought, a parable of all
  Who do men's work upon this mortal strand;
  Great meanings which they cannot understand,
They paint and grave on Time's memorial wall.

There are who work in colors dull and cold;
  There are who work in characters of flame:
  It matters not, the glory is the same;
For only thus the tale is fitly told,

Which he can read who builds all seas above
  So strong that nothing can destroy or mar,
  In every sun, in every circling star,
The everlasting temple of his love.

—John White Chadwick.

Among the Churches.

Red Bluff.—The Rev. J. H. Sharpe, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church is doing good service as probation officer.

Los Angeles.—The plans for the Dayton Avenue Church show a total seating capacity of 750. There will be separate class rooms, church parlors, etc.

Berkeley.—The new building of Grace Church, recently dedicated, was built largely on Saturday afternoons by carpenters and other workmen who are members of the church and congregation.

San Rafael.—Rev. William Rader delivered an eloquent address entitled, "Uncle Sam, or The Reign of The Common People," in the parlors of the Presbyterian Church in this city on Friday evening, June 7th. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Young People's Society of the church.

Menlo Park.—The Sunday-school at Menlo Park is not large, but last Sabbath they observed Children's Day. The regular program was used, and the children carried it out in a manner that made the exercise interesting and enjoyable for the audience. A collection of $6.50 was taken for the Sunday School and Publication Society.

Los Angeles.—The Highland Park Herald says: "A striking feature of the work of the new Olivet Presbyterian Church is the largely attended and deeply interesting prayer meetings, which, though held in the private homes of the members, have an attendance equaling about half the membership of the church and an unusually large proportion of these

Berkeley.—A new Presbyterian Church was organized in Berkeley last week by a committee from the Oakland Presbytery. The organization starts with 125 members, the large majority being from the First Church. Officers have been elected as follows: Elders, J. W. Richards, H. N. Baldwin, C. P. Hoag and J. C. Ford; deacons, W. H. Hathaway and W. Low. The name for the new organization has not yet been chosen, but a committee on name was appointed. A location for a house of worship will be selected ere long. Services for a time will be in a hall.

San Bernardino.—The Rev. and Mrs. William M. Barrett, who, since returning from Korea on account of their health, have been living in San Bernardino, have moved to Beaumont to take up the work in the Beaumont and Coachella churches. It is a very great disappointment to them that their health will not allow them to return to Korea. However, they are both enjoying good health in Southern California, and turn to the very promising field of work in this Presbytery with good courage and great earnestness. They have been a helpful part of the local church in San Bernardino and will be greatly missed.

Chico.—The Record of recent date states: "The Presbyterian Church, Rev. Willis G. White, pastor, conducts its services in a splendid structure at the corner of Broadway and Fourth streets. The church was among the first organized in Chico. The present church building has a seating capacaity of 350. The auxiliary societies are: Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Woman's Missionary Society, The Mite Society, Young Men's Class, The Sunset Club, The Boys' Brigade, and the Ladies' Prayer Circle. Plans and specifications are now being prepared for an enlargement of the present building so as to afford more room for the attendance at the regular services and for Sunday-school purposes. The church owns its own parsonage."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. Maitland Alexander, D.D., pastor of the First Church of Pittsburg and chairman of the committee on Theological Seminaries at the General Assembly, commended the vigorous and practical work our Seminary is doing and urged upon the church the payment not only of all earthquake repairs but of its entire indebtedness.

Mr. John H. Connors has placed at the disposal of Princeton Theological Seminary a furnished house for the use of students over the Sabbath. He says he got the idea from the plan of our Seminary to house the students in the city over Sabbath in order that they may become familiar with and engage in various kinds of Christian activities in the city.

Mr. E. L. Seymour, '01, who has been teaching in the Philippines, is evidently completing his journey around the world as a recent card from him was nailed at Jaffa.

Rev. Clarence D., Herriott '02, of Hangchow, China, whose health was severely strained by his itinerating work in the several counties south of Hangchow, has entirely recovered and is at the work again.

Rev. Fred R. Marsh, '05, of Wray, Colorado, has recently dedicated a new church which is said to be the handsomest Protestant church edifice east of Denver and west of Hastings, Neb. Mr. Marsh went to this church from the Seminary and found it a struggling home mission organization. In two years, under his wise and energetic leadership, the church has come to self-support; forty members have been added, and a fine church edifice erected. He selected the plans and has entire charge of its erection. He is greatly beloved by his congregation. Mr. Marsh is to supply the church in San Rafael during the month of July.

A LESSENING NUMBER OF RECRUITS FOR THE MINISTRY.

In its report at the General Assembly at Columbus the Board of Education said:

"The board has been made aware that its solicitude over the present period of decline in the number and quality of candidates presenting themselves for the gospel ministry is shared by the boards of education of other denominations.

"Word has come from the Episcopal, Methodist and Lutheran bodies that the falling off, so noticeable a few years ago, is beginning to have its direct effect on the Church.

"Dissatisfaction is felt in many quarters over the inability of the churches to secure the highest type of consecrated manhood for the ministry.

"Pulpit vacancies for distressingly long periods are more and more noticeable, and complaints are heard from committees on pulpit supply as to their inability to fill satisfactorily the places of those who are dropping from the ranks of the ministry.

"It is with grave concern that the church at large should know the facts that in thirty evangelical theological seminaries in our country the Church is about 400 men short of the number studying ten years ago, despite the country's increase of 8,000,000 in population.

"There are one-third less men studying for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church than ten years ago, and yet the membership of our branch of the Presbyterian Church has increased during that period from 1,024,000 to 1,304,000.

"Ten years ago there was one candidate for every 640 church members, today there is one candidate for every 1240 members.

"Is it not therefore incumbent upon the Church to engage in importunate prayer in behalf of the sons of the Church, that more of them may be led to turn a deaf ear to the solicitations of a commercially prosperous age, and to consecrate their talent to the work of the ministry."

SABBATH SCHOOL MISSION WORK.

It is gratifying to be able to report that the contributions this year to the Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, in connection with Children's Day, have been general and generous. Many of our schools that have suffered severely in the past two years are coming splendidly to the front. Some of our most generous churches and schools have excelled all past contributions to the Sabbath School Mission Work.

The tremendous material development of California has made increased activity on the part of our missionaries a necessity. We are planning for two more missionaries this fall. The Board will provide them if we can show in our offerings that we mean business.

Now for the point of this brief letter. Has your school observed Children's Day? Perhaps it is too late to have a formal observance of the day. You can still get programs and envelopes from F. E. Heller, 2436 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley.

Even though your school must miss the enthusiasm of the day, cannot we expect that you will make provision for the work of the Mission Board by at least taking an offering in your school to be forwarded to Rev. Alexander Henry, D.D., Witherspoon Building Philadelphia?

Arthur Hicks,
Superintendent.

A PASTOR NEEDED.

The death of Dr. Eugene H. Avery, in April last, has left the Presbyterian church of Pleasanton, Cal., without a pastor and the field should be an attractive one to a vigorous man.

Pleasanton is a charming town, an hour's ride by train from Oakland, and is located where the Niles canyon joins the Livermore Valley. The population is 1,400. The town is incorporated, laid out in broad streets and drives, all of which are kept clean and sprinkled, and are lined with spreading shade trees. The climate is mild, lacking the heat of the San Joaquin Valley, and the cold fogs of the coast. The Presbyterian church is the only open Protestant church. The church building is spacious and well constructed. The manse, which adjoins the church, is a modern one story cottage of eight well proportioned rooms, etc. Surrounded by its fine trees and foliage it is ideal as a home. The property is entirely free from debt and $550 has been appropriated for a thorough renovation of the entire property.

PLEASE LOOK AT THE LABEL.

The date on the label bearing the subscriber's name indicates the time to which subscription to the Pacific Presbyterian is paid. Friends of the paper are asked to examine their labels and to remit accordingly. It is difficult to maintain the paper, and all are asked to relieve the office from all unnecessary labor. It ought not to be difficult for any one to tell from the label on which his or her name is printed how much is due on subscription.

The label is placed each week on the cover page of the papers that are sent in packages to any one postoffice. It is put on the wrapper of those that are sent in single wrappers.

We glance now at the mailing list and notice a label on which is the date "11 Jan. '06." That shows that that subscriber is owing subscription from the 11th of January 1906. Of course $3 should be sent in at once, and that would pay up to the 11th of Jan. 1908. We notice another which reads "31 Dec. '06." This indicates that the subscription is due from the 31st of December 1906, and that $1.50 ought to be sent in to pay up to Dec. 31st, 1907.

Friends, look at your labels, and remit, and save the office the trouble of sending out Statements. And when remittance has been made, please regard change of date on your label as your receipt. This is the custom with a large number of papers. Almost without exception the change is made within one week. There is no harder job in the world than that of running a religious paper on the Pacific coast, and we ask this in order that the burden may not be heavier still.

The Rev. Dr. Hemphill, of Calvary Church, San Francisco, who had been seriously ill is improving, and it is expected will be around again ere long. Dr. Hemphill will take a vacation before taking up his work again.

Christ is the vine, all true believers are the branches. The mission of the branches is to bear fruit. All, says Mr. Moody, are either fruitful branches or burning brands. There is no expection to this rule. The branches that bear fruit are pruned that they may bear more fruit. In Palestine, the vines are allowed to develop a trunk six to eight feet in height, and from it the branches are trellised, and when there are too many clusters, they are thinned out, so that the best and most perfect fruit may be developed. So the Heavenly Husbandman moves among the branches and orders our lives, when consecrated to Him, that we may glorify Him by bearing much fruit. While we are considering the results from lives rescued from paganism. Might it not be well also to look within and ascertain to what extent we are bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness? Are we keeping our Lord's commandments? Are we adding to our faith, courage, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and love each day? Bearing fruit is a positive act, not a negative theory. As we expect the converts on the mission fields to develop power, so should we develop it to a hundredfold greater degree.

The Home.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter, and flitter and fold their wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purpose those wonderful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.
—Adeline D. T. Whitney.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Almighty Father, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, we thank thee for thy merciful keeping through another night. May the Day-Spring from on high visit us, and guide us into the way of peace. All thy works praise thee, O Lord. "The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." We ask not for length of days, but we pray for grace so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. We would this morning go forth with trustful and thankful hearts, feeling sure that the Lord will provide. Direct our path, Heavenly Father, and grant that all our works may be begun, continued, and ended in thee. Should dark clouds gather around us, and the path of duty prove difficult, may we feel thee near, and hear thee say "Be strong and of good courage." May it be our daily joy to dwell, as we desire, in the circle of the presence of our Master Christ, who said, "Abide in Me." Amen.

THE NATURAL WAY.

"Why is it that your girls know all about housework, baking, cooking, cleaning, etc., and seem interested in everything that pertains to the home, the children, their wants and necessities, etc?" asked one mother of another.

"Well, I have always let my children work with me," was the mother's answer. "From the time they were babies and sat in a high-chair beside me while I baked pies or mixed bread, they have always been 'at my heels.' Of course they bothered me in my work and teased me for 'dough,' but that was the way they learned everything. And that is where mothers generally fail in this respect—they put the children off in another room, or send them out to play, 'out of their way,' whereas these little ones might be learning right along. My little girls learned how to make pies in this way: They had little pie-tins, and also rolling-pins and tiny mixing bowl, and their pies were made in exact imitation of mine. When I made bread they also made little loaves in their pans, and their tiny biscuits were as cute as could be! When I ironed they also ironed on a chair beside my ironing table, and their small flat-irons were put to good use on ironing day. So it was with all of my work. They worked along with me, and it often was as much fun for me as for them, and they were always lively company. Among their toys for Christmas or birthday presents were these tiny imitations of my culinary tools as mentioned above; also little brooms, sweepers, tiny tubs, wringers, wash-boards and the like. And the nearer they were like the real article the better the little girls were suited.

"When I made a pudding they had to watch the proceeding; when I cooked anything or canned or pickled they helped do what they could. When I dressed a fowl or a rabbit, they always were at my elbow. As I said before, they were 'lots of bother' many times; when I was in a dreadful hurry it took patience to answer their numerous questions and wait on them, but it paid in the end, for my girls can do everything in the domestic line, and I'm proud of it. Many a time when 'mother' is late in getting home from some meeting or call, or when she is very tired or indisposed, what a comfort it is to know that these little girls, not yet in their teens can get a meal as quickly and neatly and neftly and as cheerfully as the most experienced and capable housekeeper of forty or fifty."
—Ex.

THE "PATENT MEDICINE" EVIL.

Among the many destructive influences that combine against the life of the modern civilized man the most insidious and gratuitous is the patent medicine evil.

About the patent medicine evil there are features that make it unique, anomalous.

Here is a giant industry, the sales of which amount every year to $100,000,000. And what do they sell to the people for that amount? Poison. That is all—poison which the poor dupes, ignorant of the laws of their own bodies, of their own minds, of life, buy eagerly, and swallow with avidity, in the absurd hope that in some magic way it will save them from the result of their own folly—will make them well, strong, energetic, beautiful.

And this drug, this poison—what does it do? Well, the patent medicine is, in practically every case, either a stimulant or a cathartic. Many patent medicines are both. If a stimulant, it is usually labeled by the makers "tonic," "bitters," "nervine," or named after some common popular home remedy supposed, like celery, to be "good for the nerves," or lige motherwort, to be a cure for "female troubles."

And the unfortunate man or woman who as a result of overwork, errors in diet, worry or negative mental habits finds himself, herself, in discomfort, sees the insidious, lying advertisement of some vile compound, and turns to it as to a savior and friend—spends for it, often enough, money needed for food and shelter.

And the result? Oh, he feels better—"like old times," he will tell you. "Great stuff, that Foolem's Tonic. Better get some yourself." "It is very nice," she will say. "It makes me feel better as soon as I take a dose. Of course it is expensive; but—"

And so they do feel better—for a time. For a little time, during which the nerve-paralyzing effect of the drug lasts. But the actual condition of the system is not, can not be helped by any such measure; and soon the deadly reaction sets in. Then the patent medicine victim feels worse than ever. So he takes some more of the stuff. And so on, and on, and on, deranging his functions, making his symptoms, laying the foundation for drug habits.—Health Culture.

"If, drunk with the sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

The Quiet Hour.

For we must share if we would keep,
The blessing from above,
Ceasing to give we cease to have,
Such is the law of love.
—Richard Chenevix French.

"LIKE AS A FATHER."

The life of a beautiful girl was nearing its close. The busy father, active in legal and political life, made short visits to his office to perform the most necessary duties, and hurried home again day by day to be near her in her last days. He spent every possible moment in granting every wish, and it was a comfort to him that his daughter was finding in her religion a source of strength that robbed approaching death of terror. He was an upright man, but one from whose busy life religion had been crowded out.

One day, as he sat by the bedside of his daughter, she asked him to read to her. He found a magazine and read her some bright bits of poetry and fiction. It pleased her, but she wanted something else.

"Father," she asked, "will you get my Bible and read from that?"

"Certainly, my dear," he answered, and was rather glad than otherwise of her request.

He was a strong man, with a clear voice and a good degree of self-control. He had mastered his own feelings in those days of patient and affectionate administration, that he might bring to the sick room every element of cheer that was possible. And now, he began calmly and quietly, to read the Sermon on the Mount. He knew where to find it, and he knew that it was good, and he read it with a growing appreciation of its beauty and its sublimity.

But the daughter grew more and more restless.

"Don't you like it?" he asked

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, "it isn't that I want, about our righteousness exceeding that of the scribes and Pharisees! Can't you find the place where it says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him' ?"

His voice trembled a little, but he said, "I will find it," and he turned to the concordance in the back of the Bible. But when he found the place and began to read, "Like a father," he could bear no more.

"O my child," he cried, "if God cares for you as I do—"

He bent over the bed and wept.

"It is the verse we both need," she said, softly, after a few minutes.

And he knelt beside the bed and said:

"Yes, my child, that is the verse for both of us."—Youth's Companion.

There are millions of loving thoughts and deeds
All ripe for awakening,
That never would start from the world's cold heart
But for sorrow and suffering.
—Robert Beverly Hale.

Young People.

THE CHAIN.

"Such a little Lie!" said Johnny, "and so white!"
So he told it without fear
(Though he felt a little queer),
And things seemed to go quite pleasantly and right.

But the next day came another Lie to call.
"You will need me very soon!"
(So he did, that very noon.)
And this second Lie was gray—not white at all.

Pretty soon a third lie came to join the two.
"You must use me before long!"
(Johnny felt the need was strong.)
But this lie was black—as black as Johnny's shoe.

After that they came in crowds to Johnny's door,
And he had to tell them all,
While the first Lie, white and small,
Sat and grinned—he'd worked the trick so oft before!
—Priscilla Leonard, in Morning Star.

HARD WORK AND HIGH IDEALS.

Half a dozen houses in the neighborhood were freshly painted this spring, and all by the same painter, a quiet young man, whose thoroughness and skillfulness had passed into a proverb in the town.

"We can't afford not to have him do the work," one householder had said. "He is absolutely careful in every detail, and he knows his trade perfectly—all the little nicities of it."

One morning a boy was watching the painter at work and envying him what seemed such an easy job —"just brushing on some paint," he told himself. He thought—did that boy—of a certain slow, "poky" task of his own, and impatiently wished he could do some simple work like that painter's.

"How long does it take to learn that trade?" he inquired complacently.

"Well," said the busy young painter as he drew his brush along a particularly difficult place, "they say one can learn it in three years; but I've been at it seven years now, and I don't know what I ought to know about it yet. There's still lots to learn."

The painter's own ideal of work was always just beyond his own achievement. In that lay the secret of his thoroughness, his skill, his success. It is such interest and ambition in one's work that makes patience easy to keep.

The man who "knows it all" in three years is not the man for whom the owners of half a dozen business houses will wait their turn to have him paint them. —Ex.

HOW TO MAKE TIME.

Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lessons. He had thrown his books peevishly on the table and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodily upon the

lawn. How slowly the time went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was. Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour and a half before lunch.

His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. "Tired of doing nothing, Bertie?" said he. "Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something."

They walked out together, and Bertie's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparrows and starlings in the eaves, and the rooks high up in the great trees, and the robins among the hedges. Then he asked Bertie to listen to Tom, the stable boy, whistling and singing merrily as he went about his work.

"Do you know why they are so happy, Bertie?" he asked.

Bertie shook his head.

"It is because they are busy doing something. The birds are building their nests. Tom is doing his duty in the stable. It is God's law that we cannot be happy unless we are at honest work. Now try it for an hour, and see how the time slips by."

Bertie's face brightened. He felt interested to see how the experiment would succeed. He went in and set himself to learn the second and third declensions in Latin, walking to and fro as he did so. By the time he had accomplished his task he looked up, expecting to see that half the time had gone. He could hardly believe his own eyes. The hand of the clock pointed to half-past twelve! He had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour.—Sunday School Advocate.

RESPONDED TO HIS NAME.

Dog Had Good Excuse for His Appearance in Church.

"Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely," says Our Little Ones. "Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preacher, for their house was next door to the church.

"'Dan,' said Willie, 'it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight.'

"In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Dan kissed him in the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

"Now, the minister had for his subject Daniel. This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teathing him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name Daniel fell in his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore paws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted 'Daniel' again, the sharp barks said: 'Yes, sir,' as plainly as Daniel could answer.

"The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"'Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away.'

"Then he walked out with Dan, looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but then he made a resolve if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel he would remember to tie up his dog."

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see,
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

PEACE CONFERENCE.

The Hague Conference met Saturday afternoon, June 15. Nelidoff, the Russian representative, was elected president. His opening address is said to have been decidedly belligerent for a peace conference. Universal peace, the distinguished Russian thinks, is a dim dream. The speech was a sort of notice to the conference that Russia was not satisfied with the defeat she got at the hands of Japan. From this opening speech it would seem that the Czar had called the powers together to exhort them not to press the claims of peace beyond the program laid own by Russia. Unless the European powers are willing to lighten the burden of the military, the Hague conference is likely to degenerate into sheer hypocrisy. Public sentiment is growing and the Hague conference cannot do less than keep up with public opinion. The name of President Roosevelt was cheered to the echo. He is not only a great national but the greatest international personality of the present day. The opening is exceedingly conservative, but one cannot fail to see the tremendous possibilities of this world movement. The Christian people should pray for the Hague conference. On the same day Saturday, June 15th, the Czar dissolved the Douma and set aside the temporary constitution. There seems to be a considerable reaction in Russia. The contention of the Czar is that the present method of election gives the educated class no chance. Russia is bristling with bayonets while the President of the Hague conference is thinking universal peace is no nearer than the fixed stars, something to which "our wagons are to be hitched."

TO THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS.

Hail, lovers of the lore of Motherhood!
In wide exchange of home-made wisdom wise,
In search of truth with keen, wide-open eyes,
Your coming augurs for the common good.

Home-makers and home-guardians ye have stood
And helped successive generations rise;
In storm and stress have given smiles, not sighs;
In potent patience "have done what you could."

Come, pilgrim mothers, from your households bright,
With patriot purpose and for childhood's weal.
Come on in phalanx strong in faith and prayer.
Converge your thousand rays of hearthstone light
Till all our homes its radiant warmth shall feel
And earth with love at work be sweet and fair.

ALBERT OSBORN.

Washington, D. C.

A MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

The message which President Roosevelt sent to the World's Fifth Sunday School Convention at Rome, was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The message as received by Mr. Edward K. Warren, President of the World's Sunday School Convention, read as follows:

"Pray express the assurance of my hearty good will to those engaged in giving a world character to organized Sunday School work. All good citizens must cordially sympathize with the effort to secure for the children of all countries, for those who will come after us and in whose hands the destinies of their several nations will lie, the education in things spiritual and moral that even more than the education of the head and the hand are necessary to the making of the highest type of citizenship. I wish all success to those, whatever their creed, who disinterestedly and in a spirit alike of common sense and of devotion to duty thus seek to train the future generation in the things of the spirit no less than in the things of the body."

With regard, believe me,
Sincerely yours,
(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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1 bar French Castile Soap	.30
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Covered Jelly Glasses, 3 doz	1.00
Flour, Purity fancy, sack	1.25
Bowknot Fine Eastern Peas, 3 for	.25
Corn, good; 1 doz. cans	.89
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Castile Soap, long white bar	.25
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THE ELDER SON.
(Luke 15: 25).
Martin Hilbish.

The presentation of the elder son has lessons for the Christian. The first born son had choice rights and privileges in the family life and was the heir of special blessings or "testament" remembrance. This Elder Son was ever with the father. He was constant in daily service in yard and field with no sign of disloyalty or of any wilful disobedience. He had right to an abundant share in the harvest increase. He had no concern about the needs of his life. To ask was his daily privilege and to receive his daily blessing. To honor his father was his duty and should have been his pleasure.

The father was rich and generous, yet wisely considerate of his son's best welfare, so was never indulgent to him. There was righteous restraint and wise withholding. No Gentile fashions were recognized and no self-gratification of pride or appetite was allowed. This Elder Son lived at a low experience of privilege. He did not appreciate the heart goodnes of his father and was unconfiding and without practical trust. He lacked the sense or expression of perfect filial love. He filled the place of a Superior Servant and was busy in works. He was in bondage to duty being cold and correct in his esteem of filial loyalty. The unforseen return of the Lost Son became occasion for the manifestation of a distressing spirit of murmuring, envy and ingratitude. The father gave a rebuke for the ungracious spirit. By his duty service only years of love and fellowship with the father had been lost and also loss of joy in service and rest of soul. He was unblest by lack of appreciation and lack of appropriation. A perfect love would have caused him to enter into the heart desire of the father for the return of the Lost Son and have given joint gladness upon his restoration. This ought you to have done and not to have left the other undone. The kind father was desirious of love and fellowship as well as a stay-at-home presence with service. May each Christian have perfect love with its joy service, then will the father's heart be made to rejoice.

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It is surprising how many are content with the second-rate achievements and with low aims. There are comparatively few of us that hold ourselves to the standard we ought to set for ourselves. A glimpse of possible service dawns upon us and we make a feeble effort to realize it, and then lapse into indifference. No man has done entirely right until he has done his best to reach his best. Whatever you do, do it the best you can. Note the satisfaction you get the next time you are in a large railway station, as you hear the names of trains and stations called out in the strong, ringing, stentorian tones of the train announcer. Do you remember how you watched that butcher as he chopped the meat on the block, not in the old bungling way, but fairly played a tune with the choppers on the block? Why were you so interested? Because there was a man doing the thing in the best way and by so doing he commanded your admiration. So our only standard of service anywhere should be, "The very best I can do."

Let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves.—Thomas Fuller.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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OUR COUNTRY.

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
  Dear country of our love and prayer;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
  But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
  By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set
  Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

Great, without seeking to be great
  By fraud or conquest; rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
  Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
  And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee.
  God of our fathers! make it true.

O land of lands! to thee we give
  Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
  And at thy need shall die for thee.

—John G. Whittier.

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WHAT SHALL BE DONE ABOUT IT?

There is in California a town of about 2,500 inhabitants in which there are eight churches. They are: Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, Baptist, "Christian," Methodist Episcopal North, Methodist South, Episcopal and Catholic. The highest salary received is $700, and that goes to a minister who has seven children. Another pastor has a promised salary of $600, but receives only $450. There are no parsonages.

The Methodist Protestant, of Baltimore states that several churches in the Maryland conference have accepted a suggestion to increase the salaries of the pastors at least as much as twenty per cent; but the opinion is that the preachers most needing the increase are not likely to get it.

Dr. Josiah Strong, an eminent statistician, says that the average income per family in all parts of the country is $751 a year, and the expenditures $689. But it has been estimated that one-third of the preachers in the country receive an average of less than $400 a year. "Thirteen trades in New York pay their workingmen $1,200 a year. A union hod-carrier in New York receives $900 a year. In Busks County, Pa., five of the thirteen Methodist preachers receive less than $350. In Idaho six of the twenty Congregational preachers receive less than $400. Of the forty-four Methodist preachers in Idaho, twenty-three receive less than $400."

Put a San Francisco hod carrier's wages before any of these ministerial salaries, and there is a total eclipse. Indeed the hod carrier gets more today in San Francisco than two-thirds of the ministers get.

Our contemporary from whom we have quoted says further:

"A lawyer often gets as much for one case as a minister gets in a year, and sometimes the fee is so enormous that it amounts to more than the Maryland conference pays all its ministers in ten years. A physician or surgeon, having a rich patient with a bad case, will charge more than the highest paid pastor gets in a year. Now it is quite certain that many of these under-paid ministers, in other professions, with no greater energy nor industry than their church requires, would easily command the salaries and fees that make others financially easy."

We give here an extract from a letter which we received a few days ago from a former Pacific coast pastor:

"I should long ago have notified you of change of address and also have paid you what I owe you, but the expenses of moving and getting settled again were pretty heavy so that I could not see my way clear to pay up until today. I am not now in the ministry, having retired to take a very promising business opening which the state of my finances practically compelled me to do. I am getting on my feet rapidly now and hope soon to be absolutely free from obligation to any save to love them. Many ministers, I surmise, find it hard in these times to keep afloat and to pass with Bradstreet and Dunn. It seems to me that the church must find some way to better requite her ministering servants or else we will have to come to some such plan as that which is followed by the fraternities, where everyone takes his turn at service and without remuneration, and with a very few salaried leaders and such only for general oversight. Possibly such a plan could not be worked at all. I believe, however, that the early church more nearly than we do exemplified the 'priesthood of believers.' It is impossible for a minister to live and meet the requirements asked of him; this is most transparently clear, and I for one do not believe fewer men are found seeking the ministry now than formerly because they have caught the itch for material enrichment and pass the ministry by because it offers such indifferent inducements in this respect. The ministry is not despised. Men still honor it, but there is a certain and well-founded impression that a man can hardly maintain a standing as an honest man nowadays on the salary which the church finds itself able and willing to pay. We have just raised our pastor's salary to $1,500 a year. I know that this is small enough considering the extraordinary conditions. When I think of the poor fellows out in the smaller places toiling for a bare living and cheerfully doing for the pittance which they receive the highest kind of service to their day and generation and to future generations as well, I feel pretty sorry. I personally am in line to do well financially, and if I am successful I certainly intend to do something to make things better for the men who tell us the good news. I never prized the ministry more than right now."

There are others out of the regular work of the ministry who say as this man says that they never prized the ministry more than now. But they cannot feel that they would be justified in turning to it again on what is offered them. One man in California said to a church the other day, "I cannot, in justice to my family, consider a call."

We had been hoping that to some extent this salary problem would be solved ere long by the union of a large number of denominations. But church union movements are not promising. That between the Presbyterians and the Cumberland Presbyterians leaves behind it a pretty good sized Cumberland Presbyterian Church. That for the union of the Congregationalists, the United Brethren and Methodist Protestants is being opposed by not a few of the larger, richer, and more influential churches among the Congregationalists. We wonder whether in so doing they have considered where the defeat of the movement will leave the struggling churches and the pastors in the fields that are overchurched. Large, rich, flourishing churches, and the pastors thereof, can get along very well without church union, but many

others, without it, will drag out a miserable existence.

In some way, churches must pay higher salaries if men are to be attracted to and held in the work of the ministry. There is no commercial spirit about; ministers must have sufficient to support themselves and families. Either the churches, as they are, must pay more, or they must combine and do it. If church members are paying all that they can pay—then let the miserable conditions be ended by some union of churches.

For these reasons alone men who oppose church union should pause and consider long and well before they act finally.

A STORY OF MIGRATIONS.

Experiences in Kansas City.

The Rev. J. M. Cromer of Kansas City, Missouri, writes in an interesting manner in The Lutheran Observer on "The Church Problem in Kansas City." A part of the article is a graphic story of movings by the churches of different denominations as the needs of the rapidly growing city have encroached upon them. Mr. Cromer has been in Kansas City for twenty-three years. We quote from his article as follows:

"Only those on the ground can know what it is to do church work in a city which in so short a time grows from less than fifty thousand population to over three hundred thousand. I pass over the common hindrances, such as the opposing forms of scepticism which have here banded themselves for the overthrow of our faith, general religious indifference which like the dry-rot seeks to sap the life of our churches, the fierce battle against Sabbath desecration and amusements of all kinds which lure the unwary believer from his faith, and similar hindrances which we must expect to meet so long as the conflict between truth and righteousness prevails. I speak only of the ceaseless and persistent migration of the people toward the suburbs.

"One of our leading citizens who might be expected to be wise in such things, has moved three times within our recollection, each time building a home where he expected to spend the remainder of his days somewhat removed from the bustle of business, the last time thinking to make assurance doublv sure by buying twenty acres and putting up a handsome home with flower conservatories, etc., of which he proudly boasted, that now he had gotten out of the way of the city, only to see the city overtake him and go more than a mile beyond.

"This is the common story of our churches. Every Protestant church but one has moved, some once, some twice, and some three times, in a vain effort to keep up with the procession. The Second Presbyterion Church moved once nine blocks and put up a thirty thousand dollar church. Then it moved about the same distance and put up a church costing about $100,000, and it is now struggling against the scatterment of its members, the smell of paint having hardly died away from its new building. The First Congregational Church moved almost as far and put up a building costing almost $100,000, and has just sold out for $150,000, and consliodated with what was once a suburban church over a mile away from the first at a cost of $125,000, and call themselves a down-town church. The Southern Methodist Episcopal Church has moved now the second time, and is building for over $100,000, over a mile away from its first location, and is still a down-town church. The Calvary Baptist Church has moved the same distance almost and built a magnificent church, and is fighting this demon of removal with what strength it has. The Southern Presbyterian Church moved about the same distance, and built almost as well, and though possibly the strongest single congregation in the city, is sorely feeling the inroads of removal. The First Baptist Church went out as far as possible at first, and has just sold out for $150,000, and will move almost three miles out from its present location. The Dundee Methodist Episcopal Church was still farther out, but sold some years ago, and built about three miles out, which every one thought was foolish but the movers themselves, to find themselves now in the midst of the most populous part of the city, with more children in their school than they can accommodate. The Westminster Congregational Church has sold out its old property and gone about three miles south and built a large church. And we might go on naming others covering the hundred or more churches in the city. The First Lutheran Church moved a mile away from its old location twenty years ago, and built next a pasture field with a rail-fence around it, and where there were no pavements, and has long had a struggle for its very existence because it has no neighborhood constituency. Grace Lutheran Church was organized in 1900, and moved a mile away and bought, and is now looking out for a new location at least two miles farther out. The Memorial Lutheran Church has struggled on against this fearful handicap, and has lost more than it could easily make up. and is looking for a place somewhere near some of its members.

"Two churches are unique in this respect. The Grand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church still holds on at the old stand. One of its pastors made the remark that he was preaching to a procession. But they had a good many rich members to keep them afloat. Their Sunday-school has, however, run down from an enrollment of 1,000 to about 150. Their property is worth $200,000, and they are going to try the experiment of improving it by building a huge office building on the site and having a large audience room built on the second floor. When paid for, the rentals would make a very liberal endowment. The other unique church, which is the only one coming anywhere near solving the problem, is the Disteiples' Church. Some of the elements of their success are, first a large population of their people from Kentucky; then some of their very best men have been on the ground from the beginning. Dr. Haley, their nestor, is still here doing the work of the best of them even in his old age; then they have had much wealth, one of their members giving $70,000 towards the building of his church; then it is the home of their church boards. But more than all they have kept up a constant revival effort. They do more denominational evangelism than any other denomination in the city. So that the old church of which Dr. Haley was the pastor had 1,000 members, and for seven successive years sent a swarm of one hundred to form a new church, the membership remaining at 1,000 through all this and the ordinary removals combined. They have the largest membership, the finest churches, and more able preachers than any other denomination in the city."

Mr. Cromer closes his article with a consideration of that part of the problem which especially concerns his own denomination, first however remarking concerning the swarming method of the Disciples:

"Where the parent church can do this it has great advantage. It can follow every group of members with a chapel and then draw from every denomination in building up. First the children go to Sunday-school. Soon they become members. They are attached to their school and join that church, and where the children go the parents follow."

Concerning the Lutheran problem he writes: "We are now in the midst of the most restless and uneasy period of church work we have seen. And the end is not yet. Some say we are only beginning to grow, and they have much upon which to base their prediction. What are our poor Lutheran churches to do? The Lord only knows. Not that we are discouraged, but that we want to meet the problem in some way to save as much of our labor as possible. I have had members wait for five years and more for me to come a little nearer to them with my church. It is the same with other churches. But at last they go. They cannot stand the car-fare, the inconveniences, etc, etc. Do not wonder that we are still weak. Rather wonder that we have survived and still live."

It is the old perplexing problem. And it will continue to be perplexing, and will worry greatly all those who have to deal with it. It will cease to do this only when the weaker denominations in any given city conclude to let their people go whenever they wish to go, and consider that they are saving their labor as much as possible when they save them for any denomination. The time is rapidly drawing near when churches everywhere will cease talking about saving for themselves. The exigencies of the work will demand it. The thought will be for the common goal. We believe that God wills it, and that in some way it will come to pass. Christian churches may have to go into deep tribulation before it comes. But come it will.

SELECTING SITES FOR CHURCHES.

Would Christ Do It As We Do It?

The writer of the religious notes for The Boston Transcript has a friend whom he calls Kibono. He says that Kibono crossed his path the other day and stopped long enough "to give vent to certain opinions regarding the tendency of churches to locate themselves in the fashionable districts to the neglect of the fields that swarm with humanity of the common type." All that follows is from the Transcript:

"Tell me, O Churchman," said he, "the reason why; is it because the club idea dominates or is it in the interests of self-preservation?" "I fancy both considerations determine the policy" was my reply, "though I hope there is less of the former than of the latter attitude." "But ought there to be any other reason for locating a church than the prospect of the good it may do the outside world?" "Well, somebody's got to pay the bills," I said. "If the revenue needed can't or doesn't come from the immediate surroundings, the church must either be endowed or seek a more fertile pasturage elsewhere." "Commercialism, pure and simple," retorted the rampant Kibono. "Let me tell you what I discovered not long ago in a city where I was spending several months. Maybe you can justify the situation, but I can't."

"A few years ago in this particular community," Kibono went on to say, "the tide of population began to set toward a certain newly opened and attractive residential section. Today five churches are to be found there within a quarter of a mile of one another and several within a stone's throw. Now of those five churches the four that moved in recently, left a larger population in the vicinity of their former location than that which they find in the region to which they have migrated. But they happen to be now in the distinctly fashionable zone where they can hope, provided the competition is not too severe, for the patronage of the wealthy and well-to-do. It makes a fine little bevy of handsome churches in the centre of a patrician residential district, but three or even two would amply suffice for the homes thereabouts, a considerable number of which are childless or one-child homes. But meantime I can't help thinking of the gaps made by their withdrawal from the fields where they were. I tell you"—and here Kibono began to appear a bit heated—"we modern Christians don't pick out the sites for our new churches as Christ would select them. We choose the spacious boulevards. He would put them down in the midst of the cheaper apartments or close to the railroad stations or in the business thoroughfares where men come and go. Theoretically we Christians want to do as Christ would do but practically we like much better on Sunday morning to put on our silk hats and frock coats and go to church where we'll have good preaching and fine music and above all meet the members of our own set."

Thus spake Kibono, who is no suppositious character invented for the purpose of this department, but a flesh-and-blood entity. Though he dredges deep, his criticisms are from the point of view of an insider, for he is an official in an orthodox church himself and has been known on occasion to vote with his brethren who follow in matters eclesiastical the dictates of expediency rather than the counsels of idealism. Moreover, what I like best about him is that he confesses his own complicity in courses of action, which give color to the assertion that many a Protestant church is a class church rather than a democratic inclusive brotherhood. In such frank and friendly critics as Kibono within the pale of the church lies the hope of its deliverance from a narrow exclusiveness and of its emergence from a weak, hesitating attitude to one of courage and power in its grapple with the world as it really is. I am not unfamiliar with the arguments for moving the church whither most of its supporting constituency have gone. They have a right to a church of their own liking. They need the gospel no less than the people in the tenement districts. And yet the New Testament ideal of the Christian Church has never, so far as I know, been officially declared obsolete or is it incapable of realization even in this complex, modern world. And the self-centered church, no matter how sumptuous its appointments or how attractive its location, bears only by courtesy the name of church.

HELPFULNESS.

As we meet and touch each day
The many travelers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry,
The contact of the soil and seed,
Each giving to the other's need,
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each, as well as blest.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE CHURCH VS. THE SALOON IN ILLINOIS.

James K. Shields.

[The Rev. James K. Shields, the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for Illinois, contributed recently to the Northwestern Christian Advocate an article setting forth the victory that the Church and the League have won in that great state. It is reproduced here in part.—Editor.]

Illinois is the whisky and beer center of the world, is the third state in the Union in population and contains the seocnd metropolis of the nation, and yet, during the session of the Legislature that has just closed, old Illinois has swung into line on the question of temperance legislation and possesses today one of the best and most effective temperance laws of any state north of Mason and Dixon Line. In the passage of the Berry-Sheldon Local Option Bill the voting part of three million people was enfranchised on the saloon question and the next year will witness one of the greatest campaigns against the open dramship that has taken place anywhere in America. Until the passage of this measure the people of the state had to depend upon the decisioin of city and village councils, composed of the mayor and aldermen, to decide this great moral question for every community. Henceforth the people will decide it for themselves.

The bill provides that when twenty-five per cent of the voters of a township, or of a precinct in counties not under township organization, petition for the right to vote upon the questioin of saloon or no saloon, then at the next regular election the matter is settled by a majority vote at the ballot box. It is, however, a law for the purpose of creating anti-saloon territory and not saloon territory and is so framed that no city or village, or any portion thereof, or any part of a township that is already temperance territory, can be changed or jeopardized in any way by the failure of a vote to carry in favor of anti-saloon territory. In case the vote fails to reveal a majority in favor of anti-saloon territory, the situation remains unchanged and the present dramshop law is in effect under which saloons may be licensed according to the discretion of those in authority.

The strong point about the township feature of this bill is that it will enable the farmers of the state of Illinois to help decide the question as to whether or no the dramshop shall be in the incorporated city or village in their township. It also enables the people of the incorporated village that has voted out the saloon, to help banish the cold storage house from any portion of the township surrounding the village.

In case, for any reason, the township does not care to vote as a whole, the city and village can vote independent of the township, and the majority vote will decide the question as to whether or no the dramshop shall have an existence anywhere within the corporate limits.

The law is the greatest advance in temperance legislation yet gained in the state. But, entirely aside from the question of obtaining a splendid law, the victory in the recent Legislature was one of the greatest moral triumphs ever won in the state. It has been pronounced by the national superintendent, Dr. Baker, as the second greatest victory won by the Anti-Saloon League in any of the states. It is a revelation of the value of the united effort and indicates the great possibilities of the federated churches applying Christianity through the ballot box for the uplift of the morals of society.

The League began to do practical business seven years age. Six years ago a local option bill was introduced into the House of Representatives, was assigned to the license committee, where it took just about ten minutes to cut its heart out. To make a long story short, the crystallization of forces and the growth of sentiment in the last six years has resulted in a situation where practically the same local bill of six years ago, introduced into the House and Senate of the last Legislature, was able to overshadow all other legislation, command the attention of the public press and of the entire state for four and one half months, and to be the one great problem to be settled by the Assembly, finally to be passed on the seventh day of May by that body, after the most vigorous debate, and most terrific opposition, by a vote of eighty-two to sixty-five. When the speaker of the House called up our bill on the third and final reading and the clerk began to call the roll, it was the most exciting moment seen in the session of the Forty-fifth General Assembly, yet it was evident from the beginning what the result would be. That the liquor advocates were defeated was written so plainly on their faces and in their attitude that ayone familiar with the situation could prophesy the result. When the last name had been called and eighty-two votes had been registered in its favor, five more than a constitutioinal majority, tremendous cheers of approval rang from the local option members of the House such as are very seldom heard in legislative halls. A great majority of those voting for this measure were fully as anxious as to the final outcome as the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League or any of his workers; many of them rushed from the House of Representatives to the telegraph and telephone offices to send messages to their friends throughout the state that the long-fought battle was won.

The bill is now signed by the governor and will go into effect July 1, 1907.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

[A fine series of books entitled "Men of the Kingdom" is being published by Jennings & Graham of Cincinnati. They are concerning such men as John Knox, John Calvin, John Huss, Wickliffe, Savonarola and Fenelon. Each volume in the series is to be highly commended. We shall have something a little later concerning each one of the volumes, all of which except the one on Huss are already from the press. The books are sold at $1.00 per volume. We have greatly enjoyed those that we have read—those on "John Knox: The Reformer"; John Calvin: The Statesman"; and Savonarola: The Prophet." In one of the closing chapters in the volume on "John Knox: The Reformer", the author, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Crook, asks "Where are the monuments of Knox? Where are they not?" Then follows the chapter from which we take what is here given concerning the Scotch-Irish.—Editor.]

The Scotch-Irish, whence are they? In the north of Ireland is the province of Ulster, equal to about one-fifth of the state of Ohio. A thousand years before Knox's time the Irish went over to Calendonia, and so far subdued its people as to leave their own name, Scotch, upon the land. About thirty years after Knox died, the Scotch, in return, went to Ireland, and planted in Ulster an irrepressible Presbyterian Protestantism, sons of Knox.

Thence came to the American colonies, a hundred years after the settlement of the Puritans in New England and the Cavaliers in Virginia, a flood of immigration, which, entering New England, Pennsylvania, and the Carolinas, broke through the Alleghanies into all the West. Following the "Antrim evacuations" in 1704, thirty thousand emigrated to America in two years.

For a long time they were busy in the work of settlement and subjugation of the soil. They helped in the Revolutionary War and the founding of the American government, silent as to their nationality; but in later years, largely through the organization of the Scotch-Irish congress in 1889, they have spoken out, made themselves known, and asserted their claims. In this they have resembled very much the floods that break from the mountains of Scotland beneath their snow and ice. It takes time to thaw, but when they break forth, they sweep all before them.

Puritanism is very loosely defined. It was pervasive, and included Protestantism in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and their successors in America. "In England it produced statesmen like Hampden, soldiers like Cromwell, poets like Milton, preachers like Howe, theologians like Owen, dreamers like Bunyan, hymnists like Watts, and saints like Baxter;" in America, Bradford, Cotton, Endicott, Winthrop, Williams.

There is some risk of these Scotch-Irish discounting Yankee Puritanism in their sweeping claims for having accomplished almost all in bringing the country to its present achievement. However, Puritans, having first had their say, can well afford to listen to this broad-shouldered, big-brained, hardy race of Scotch-Irish. In their revolt they dropped the English Rose from the triple emblem, leaving only the Thistle and the Shamrock.

The Declaration of American Independence is a Memorial.

In Wooster County, Massachusetts, as early as 1773, there were fifty families from Scotland who declared against the domination of the mother country, while the Mechlenburg Declaration in North Carolina came in 1775. When in Independence Hall, July 4, 1776, there was hesitancy about signing the Declaration , Dr. Witherspoon, a lineal descendant of John Knox, said, "To hesitate at this moment is to consent to our slavery. That noble instrument on your table should be subscribed this very moment by every pen in this house. He that will not respond to its

accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions, is unworthy the name of free man, and although these gray hairs must descend to the sepulcher, I would infinitely rather that they should descend thither by the hand of the executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country." When in a day or two the signing took place, down went the signatures of fourteen Scotchmen. Like the stone of Scone beneath the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, the hardy Scot was never removed from his loyalty to the British throne. Gladstone, with Scotch blood in his veins, practically effected the disestablishment in Ireland, and unhappy Erin has come to her emancipation from a long, intolerable landlordism.

When, under the new Constitution, also signed by twelve Scots, Washington formed his first cabinet, he called Alexander Hamilton to the treasury; Thomas Jefferson, secretary of state; General Knox, secretary of war; Randolph, attorney-general; Rutledge, Wilson, Blair, and Iredell, associate justices,—Scotch blood in every one of them. Half of his generals in the Revolutionary War were Scotch.

In the conquest of the West, David Crocket, Scotch-Irish, pushed out of Tennessee into Texas, and perished at Fort Alamo. Daniel Boone, of the same race, was the forerunner of civilization in Kentucky, passing thence into Missouri, where he died.

Simon Kenton forced his way savagely into Ohio, and afterward joined George Rogers Clark. These were the breakers on the wave of Western civilization. Then followed the ruling type of the same Scotch-Irish. Into Texas went General Sam Houston; into Kentucky and northward into Ohio and the Northwest, pre-empting it for the American, George Rogers Clark was sent by Patrick Henry. Still other grades of the same people followed: in Tennessee, Andrew Jackson; in the central parts came Breckenridge, and later Benton; and north of the Ohio, Arthur St. Clair, Anthony Wayne, and McArthur; followed later by the McDonalds and the McCooks. Francis McCormick, lay preacher, planted Methodism on the Miami over a hundred years ago. Still later to this heart of the Republic came James K. Polk.

Again we must enter the Scotch verdict. Some of their orators claim James Madison, others have claimed Abraham Lincoln. We do not wonder at this, he was so marked by the traits of their nationality. But Nicolay traces him through seven generations of English. Another of their orators even claims Governor Corwin—"Tom Corwin, the Wagoner Boy;" he was unsurpassed in the witchery of his oratory; but was likely English or Hungarian, or both. Should they claim the merry-faced man of the moon, we could reply "Not proven." That stately great man who financiered the Republic through our Civil War, Salmon P. Chase, and Mark Hanna, who could carry a presidential campaign without campaign speeches, were both Scotch-Irish. There is on the maternal side a strain of this blood in Theodore Roosevelt. Never was there a manlier Presidential campaign than when two gifted Scotch-Irish, Christian men, headed the Republican and Democratic tickets in the persons of William McKinley and William J. Bryan. Forty colonial governers sent to this country before 1775, and twelve presidents of the United States up to date, have been of this blood. This book is written in sight of the cemetery where lies the dust of two Scotch-Irish Ohio governors, Duncan McArthur and William Allen.

They Have Been Illustrious in Law and Jurisprudence.

To name John Marshall is but to suggest a line of such: as Thomas Ewing, "Salt-Boiler" and "Nestor;" John McLean, Jeremiah S. Black, David Davis, Allen G. Thurman; Benjamin Harrison, distinguished as President, more eminent as lawyer; William C. Preston, of South Carolina, orator and senator; Attorney-General Crittenden, John G. Carlisle, and Proctor Knott—all great lawyers; Thomas Scott, secretary of the first constitutional convention of Ohio, and supreme judge; and William T. McClintick, a cultured, gifted lawyer, jurist, and Christian, an honor to his State and to Chillicothe, Ohio, where his life was spent.

Orators.

The list were too long to call. Patrick Henry, by his eloquence, decided and precipitated the Revolutionary War. Samuel Galloway, of Columbus, Ohio, was by name, temperament, and electrical eloquence, joined with piety and love of the Scriptures, thoroughly Scotch-Irish. When President Lincoln introduced him to General McClellan, he remarked, "I want to present my friend, Sam Galloway; there is but one of his kind." In the face of the coming civil war, at a great anti-Nebraska convention held in Columbus, Galloway was making an address, during which he shouted "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" It seemed as though Daniel had come again to judgment. More than any other man he brought the school system of Ohio to order.

PULPIT.

To eliminate this race from the ranks of American preachers were to fob it of much of its glory in Canada and the United States. To specify were a long, invidious task. Part of its emphasis may be seen in its contribution to Methodism as well as to Presbyterian and other Churches. It gave such as Mackenzie, McTyeire, Maffit, Axley, McGee, Cartwright, and Lakin. It has furnished the episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal Church with a Simpson and a Thoburn. Were the Fitzes and Macs, with all that strain of blood, to be superannuated an immediate election would become necessary to repair the wreck of the Episcopal wheel.

This race is capable of great religious enthusiasm, even to wild fire. A pair of Scotch-Irish brothers, Presbyterian and Methodist, John and William McGee, were humanly responsible for the great revival which occurred in 1800, known as the Canebrake Camp-meeting in Kentucky. It was attended with convulsions, jerks, contortions, and other unexplained and inexplicable phenomena, while out of it originated that noble, evangelical Cumberland Presbyterian Church as well as the modern camp-meeting, an institution now largely void of its original power. Ethics and entertainment have taken the place of conversion. Alexander Campbell displayed his Scottish talent and temperament in his protest against all creeds, specially in his own Presbyterian Church. He carried on his battle with an aggressiveness worthy of Knox, until today his followers amount to a million and a quarter. This Church dislikes to be called by the name of its founder, preferring that of Disciples of Christ. In truth it has become more softened into a Christian denomination with a fraternal spirit.

Educators.

In this the Scotch-Irish have greatly distinguished themselves. Blair founded William and Mary for "the glory of Almighty God." It received a land grant before Harvard. There were the Tennents and Witherspoons, McCosh of Princeton, and the late William R. Harper, of Chicago University. The Ohio University, though started by New England Puritans, has had in the line of her presidents several descendants from Ulster. The portraits of Wilson and Howard are Scotchy. McGuffy, who did so much for the literary taste of young America by his school-readers, must have been Scotch-Irish. It is certain that President William H. Scott inherited his stalwart manhood, high moral tone, religious conscientiousness, and philosophical acumen from the north of Ireland on both the paternal and the maternal side. Dr. George R. Crooks, of Drew Seminary, scholar and biographer, was of this stock. Some of the chief places in Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania are filled with Scotch-Irish. Asa Gray, whom I saw in the Rocky Mountains vie with Sir Joseph Hooker in original botany, was of this blood.

Journalism.

In journalism the race has excelled. As editors of newspapers, John Campbell started the Boston News Letter in 1704; the first north of the Ohio River, in Cincinnati, 1792, was published by William Maxwell; The Western Herald, by James Wilson, was begun in Steubenville, Ohio, in 1806. Horace Greely and his successor, Whitelaw Reid, in the Tribune, furnished fine specimans of talent; and we may add Grady, of the Atlanta Constitution; Watterson, of the Louisville Courier Journal; James Gordon Bennett, Simon Cameron, with Charles Hammond, of Ohio, in 1812. After him follow the McLeans, Richard Smith, Murat Halstead, Joseph Medill, Samuel Medary; James Scott in Chicago, editor of the Western Star, at Lebanon, Ohio, and author of Scott's Law taxing the liquor-traffic in his State.

McClure in Philadelphia, and Cockrill; J. B. McCullah, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat; John Frew, Wheeling Intelligencer; John Russell Young, General Stedman; Bonner, of the New York Ledger, are noted! the writer's home, Chillicothe, has one daily, that was edited by a red-hot Scotch-Irishman, William Hunter, who has recently died, and to whose courtesy the author is much indebted; and another, G. W. C. Perry, of the stock of Oliver Hazard

Perry, whose great "Lake Erie Victory" hangs in the rotunda of the Buckeye Capitol as a fine painting.

When we advance to the realm of magazine literature, we should find that greatly depleted if we take away the Macs from the list of publishers' and editors' names. Daniel Curry was a giant of this race.

We should prejudice our case by ignoring the constellation of brilliant historians, novelists, poets, theological writers, metaphysicians, and scientists, which broke forth from New England Puritanism. In this they led off; but we cannot ignore the stream of Scotch-Irish talent. In divinity Alexander and Hodge are claimed by this race; so is McCosh. Dr. McClintock, of the great Cyclopedia, a man of all-round talent, was Scotch-Irish.

In history Washington Irving is a name to conjure with, and Douglas Campbell, of multitudinous name, has changed the angle of vision in his "Puritanism in Holland, and England, and America."

Inventors.

As one hearkens to the puffs of the engine, it seems to be shouting the name of "Watt," "Watt," "Watt!" If we listen to the muffled sound of the steamboat, it will speak the name of another Scotch-Irishman, "Robert Fulton," "Robert Fulton," "Robert Fulton!"

Do you hear the singing wires overhead? Their melodious note hums the name of another of this race, "Samuel Morse," "Samuel Morse," "Samuel Morse!"

When the trolley-line carries one swinging up and down our valleys, he may hear the name of a man with a Dutch father and a Scotch mother, as it sings "Edison," "Edison," "Edison!"

Should there come ringing on your ear the telephone, hearken well and you will hear the name of a man born in Edinburgh, born again in Boston, saying "Bell," "Bell," "Bell!"

Look at the harvester rolling across the fields, and you will hear it singing its inventor's praise, "McCormick," "McCormick," "McCormick!"

When you roll along a prepared highway in carriage or automobile, you cannot forget that the Macadamized way is whispering a Scotchman's name, "Macadam," "Macadam," "Macadam!"

Old Scotia, too, has furnished naval heroes. Jean Paul Jones, with his Bon Homme Richard, was Scotch. His bones were lately brought from France to rest under the Stars and Stripes. Oliver Hazard Perry, in his conquering fleet on Lake Erie, had a vessel named Caledonia. His Scotch-Irish blood was from his mother, whose grand-

The wonder is that these Protestants and lovers of liberty could have adopted slavery. The signers of the Meclenberg Declaration sowed the Carolinas with slaves. They produced a Calhoun; then pushed their armies against the Republic under the Lees, Morgans, and Kilpatrics. A President of the United States named Buchanan had opened the way, and he was a Scotch-Irishman. One of their orators said, "They kept the commandments and all they could lay their hands on besides." They first acquired their own liberty and then that of their neighbors.

If in this list omissions occur, it is because of the great multitude of illustrious people of Scotch descent and the impossibility of exhausting the roll. What more flat than the oft-used phrase 'and others?' It generally falls from the flatterer's pen or that of the impolite. In the present case both motives are denied, and yet I hardly hope to be forgiven. I have not said everything about everybody. But no writer ever did, or ever will.

A PRAYER FOR GRACE.

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
  The little pricking thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair;
  The twang of truths well worn;
The jest which makes our weakness plain;
  The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
  The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care, dear Lord, today.
  Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, oh give, we pray,
  The heart that trusts and sings.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR STUDY.

It is very spacious and very high, this out-of door study of mine,—higher far than Hawthorne's study at the Wayside and needs no ladder to be pulled up to prevent intrusion. And when one chooses to pace back and forth to collect his thoughts he can take a turn of fifty miles or more if he likes. The furnishings of the study are rich and beautiful and tasteful beyond compare. It is carpeted with soft pine needles, decorated with clumps of manzanita still in bloom, beds of **ceanathus prastratus** with comely purple flowers, tufts of delicate white alpine flax and purple lubin, sprays of golden groundsel and sprinkled with great pine cones lavishly strewn. The ceiling is as blue and spacious and serene as heaven's vault can make it, and the walls are rocky, pine-clad mountains, their upper reaches gleaming with snow. Delicious music pervades the whole,—bird melodies rising and falling above the gentle undertone of the pines. In the distance a cheery, loquacious wren, nearer the plaintive dreamy note of a peewee, the gay greeting of a chickadee, the contented roundelay of a warbler, and at intervals far away the ethereal chant of a hermit thrush. The windows of the study cannot be closed and the sunshine pours gloriously through and makes every living thing glad. The chipmunk that chatters on yonder branch and the humming bird that flits by, and the bee that goes from flower to flower on his sweet journeyings rejoice in it, as do I. It is much easier to dream than to work in such a study. And yet the thoughts that come to one under the whispering pines are pure and calm and hopeful, and truth takes on new freshness and life new zest and meaning.

If one would know where the study is, I have but to say that it is on the shores of the most crystalline lake that ever transmuted the light of the sky into brilliant, intense and varied hues to delight the eye of man—Tahoe. Turquoise and emerald, amethyst and sapphire never flashed with a serener splendor. And since Tahoe has wide and varied shores this study is beside the golden beach where the old stage road crosses the California-Nevada line. A homelike, comfortable, inviting white house stands by the roadside, protected by a noble forest-clad mountain range and encircled by great pines. A green, flower-sprinkled mountain meadow slopes down to the lake shore. The view across the Lake of Tallac and the Rubicon Range is magnificent. In the surrounding groves are picturesque log-cabins, cottages and tents, and one may camp or half-camp with every possible comfort with the hotel as a convenient refuge. An unusually hospitable and thoughtful host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill, attend to the needs of their fortunate guests. It is a place of refinement, good cheer and kindliness—this Lakeside Park, where Nature and human nature are in harmony. One may tramp or drive or fish or boat or simply rest and read and drink in the pine air and sunshine and thank God and take courage. Bird-lovers and flower-lovers frequent it. There are many Berkeleyans here, including three parsons of as many different denominations—one a Parson indeed. The shout of children and the laughter of young folks echoes through the groves and reaches me in my remote study with pleasant undisturbing suggestions of wholesome human joy.

The long unclouded evenings are especially enjoyable with their gloaming or moonlight walks and rows on the lake, the blazing camp-fires and music

and games, and on Sunday evenings a simple religious service in the social hall with its cheery open fire. And the mornings with their sunshine and bird songs are full of charm. Not that the weather is invariably caressing. That could hardly be expected at an altitude of six thousand feet and more. Last evening a heavy black cloud loomed up in the west, the wind blew a gale, lightning flashed and thunder boomed. From rain the storm turned to snow and we had the novelty of a thunder snowstorm. This morning the trees and ground were mantled in white. But the sun soon had his way and already, at ten o'clock, the out-of-door study is as balmy and dry as ever. All in all the shores of Tahoe are a wonderland of splendor and beauty, a haven of rest and refreshment, and one can but wish that all his friends and acquaintances and all the rest of the world beside could share their ministry of beauty and strength.

John Wright Buckham.

Lakeside Park, Lake Tahoe, June 22, 1907.

THE MINISTRY OF REST.

By the Rev. J. H. Jowett, London, England.

"And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."—Mark vi: 31.

This is not the speech of an old man, but of quite a young man, barely thirty-three years of age, and who is burdened with the superlative ministry of the redemption of the race. All the arrangements of his public life are made on the assumption of its brevity. And yet he made time for rest! Sometimes we allow the sacredness of our labor to tempt us to regard rest as indolence and relaxation as waste. True rest is the minister of progress. The hour of seclusion enriches the public service.

What were the special circumstances which impelled our Lord to call his disciples apart? They were twofold. They had just experienced the shock of a great sorrow. John the Baptist had been done to death. The deed had come upon them as an awful collision to their rosiest expectancies. The great Deliverer was near; the Kingdom was at hand; the Divine sovereignty was about to be established; on the morrow he would be on the throne; And yet, here was the pioneer of the kingdom, in the very dawning of the victory, destroyed by the powers of the world. The disciples were stunned and bewildered. The world of their visions and imaginations tottered like a house of dreams. And it was in this season of mental confusion that our Lord called them apart to rest.

But, in the second place, there was the constant distraction of the ubiquitous crowd. "There were many coming and going." There is a strangely exciting interest about a multitude. It whips up the life to most unhealthy speed and tension. And the peril is that we do not realize the intensity when we are in it. When we are on board ship we do not realize how noisy the engines have been until for a moment they cease. We do not appreciate the roar and haste of the traffic of Ludgate Hill until we turn aside into St. Paul's. And it is even so with the influence of a crowd. It acts upon us like an opiate; it externalizes our life, it draws all our interests to the outsides of things, and we are almost unconscious of the distraction. And this was the mesmeric influence in which the disciples were constantly moving. The outsides of things were becoming too obtrusive, and the insides of things were becoming dim. And these same two presences are with us today, the calamity and the crowd, the ministers of bewilderment and distraction. And to us, as to the disciples, the call comes from the Redeemer himself: "Come ye yourselves apart unto a desert place and rest a while."

Now what will these deliberately contrived seasons of spiritual rest do for the stunned and distracted soul? In the first place, they will help us to realize the reality of the invisible, the immediacy of "things not seen." I know that if we were spiritual experts this fine perception would be experienced everywhere. But the possibility in publicity is conditioned by experiences in private. If we are to have a real sense of God in the crowd it must be by discipline in secret. We require special centres if we would spread the healthy influence over the life. One special day of rest is demanded if the entire week is to become a Sabbath. One special place is to be sanctified if the Lord is to be apprehended everywhere. In my own experience I know that the shocks of the day and the distractions of the crowd tend to remove the Invisible into the dim background, until the Invisible plays no mighty and awe-inspiring part in our lives. It is apart, in the awed quietness and individual loneliness, that the Invisible rears itself like a great mountain. When the pressure of external circumstances is relaxed, and we are alone, the veil of the temple parts asunder, and we are in the holy of holies, and we know ourselves to be in the presence of God. If we practice that Presence in the special moment it will abide with us.

In the second place, by going apart for rest we shall gain a bird's-eye view of the field of life and duty. In the midst of life's moving affairs we see life fragmentarily and not entire. We note a text, but not a context. We see items, but we are blind to their relationships. We see facts, but we do not mark their far-reaching issue and destiny. We are often ill-informed as to the true size of a thing which looms very largely in the immediate moment. Things seen within narrow walls assume an appalling bulk. A lion in your backyard is one thing; with a continent to move in it is quite another. There are many feverish and threatening crises which would dwindle into harmless proportions if only we saw them in calm detachment. There are some things which we can never see with true interpretation until we get away from them. There is nothing more hideous and confusing than an oil painting when viewed at the distance of an inch. To see it we must get away from it. Detachment is essential to the comprehension of the whole, and therefore to the discernment of a part. It is not otherwise with life. We are often too much in the thick of things to see them. We cannot see the wood for the trees, the whole for the part, the life for the living. "Come ye apart!" Leave this and that and the other, and from the place of sacred and restful detachment look over the entire field of life and duty, of purpose and destiny, and the fragment shall take its appointed place in the vast design, and shall no longer masquerade as an appalling and overwhelming totality.

Sometimes this season of discerning detachment is forced upon us by the ministry of sickness. The Lord says to a long-time healthy man, "Come apart,

I have something to say to thee. I have things to show thee which thou hast forgotten, or which thou hast never seen." And then the man is detached by sickness from his immediate labors to which he has been applying himself with fierce and blinding quest. And what frequently happens, as the outcome of his seclusion, is a transformed conception of life and destiny; "I see things quite differently now!" He had been engrossed in fireworks, and had forgotten the stars. He had been busy building and enlarging his barns and had overlooked his mighty soul. He had been feverish about the transient and negligent of the eternal. "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now——!" In the season of seclusion he obtained a corrected vision.

And sometimes a holiday provides the requisite apartness, when life passes in review, and we apprehend its true significance and proportion. I think this is peculiarly true of a minister and his ministry. We are so apt to become riveted to the mere organization, and we overlook the very products for which it was devised. We become engrossed with agricultural implements, and we forget the harvest. Now a holiday takes us apart and gives us a more comprehensive view of our work. In some of Dr. Dale's letters, as published in his biography, it is very evident how he utilized his holidays for this most fruitful purpose. He brought all his life under review—his work, the emphasis of his teaching, and the general proportions of his ministry. And what is pertinent for the ministry would be surely fruitful to all men. We may use our holiday times as seasons for looking at things from the standpoint of healthy detachment, and noting the real quality and bearings of our work, its drift and ultimate destiny.

But what holidays and sicknesses sometimes accomplish we can achieve by more immediate devices of our own choosing; by deliberately retiring from the pressure of our besieging work we can ordain a seclusion-chamber, where we can look at things in the calming, cooling, sanctifying presence of the Lord. In that sacred detachment many obscure things will become clear, "When I thought to know this it was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary; then understood I . . ." And in this sacred detachment many previous emphases will be changed. Many a valley shall be exalted, and many a mountain and hill shall be made low. The thing that seemed tremendous shall sink into a plain, and some things, which we had almost ignored, shall read themselves as the very hills of God.

And there is something further. It is only by this seclusion with the Lord that we can obtain the restoration of our squandered and exhausted strength. Look at this handful of fishermen who were attending our Lord, and mark the life they were leading in these exacting days. They were subjected to the exhausting ministry of constant surprise. We all know how a day of wonders drains our strength, until even wonder itself is spent and weary. These men lived in the thick of the miraculous, and the presentation of every new infirmity was the occasion of a new surprise. I think, I say, wonder itself was dulled, and they became worn and weary. And then, on the top of it all, there was the constant drain of the crowd. The crowd sucks the very energy out of our limbs, and leaves us soft and good-for-nothing. At the time we are in the crowd the drain may be unconscious, but it is none the less real. I know that a multitude provides a stimulant, but the very stimulant consists in opening a sluice-gate of our own precious and secret resource. What a multitude seems to give, it first of all extorts. Here, then, were these men in the midst of all these draining seductions, and they were becoming tired out in body, mind, and soul. "And he said unto them, Come ye apart unto a desert place and rest a while," that in the ministry of seclusion ye may find the means of restoration.

Now this need is as pressing and serious today, perhaps even more so, than in the days of the disciples. Think of the constant drain in modern life. Think of the multiplicity of our correspondence, and every correspondence making its own exaction. Calculate the mere drain upon nerve force, the ceaseless suck upon our most vital resources, and then think of the influence of this constant efflux upon the mind, the organ of discernment, upon the emotions, the ministers of fellowship, and upon the soul, the medium of worship. Our vital strength is oozing out at every pore, and we need means of recuperation. Now there is nothing so refreshes the entire man as quiet, deep waiting upon God. Every other refreshment may be welcome, but it is only partial, and we will leave some weary power still impaired. Get the soul restored, and every part of the being will feel the mighty influence of its rejuvenation. There are multitudes of men and women who take a week-end at the seaside who would be incomparably more benefited, even in body, if they spent the week-end in quiet, restful communion with their God. There is more real recreation in one hour of communion with Christ than in a whole week of social revelries, however gracious and worthy they may be. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

PRAISE.

And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command, how awful! Shall the Soul,
Human and rational—report of Thee
Even less than these?—Be mute who will, who can,
Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice:
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here, where Thou hast built,
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness!

. . . By Thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From paradise transplanted: wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
Come, labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual Sabbath; come, disease and want;
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee—
And let Thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things—
Father of Heaven and Earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

—William Woodsworth.

Among the Churches.

Coalinga.—The church has called the Rev. Mr. Nesbitt to be the pastor. Mr. Nesbitt is now at Madera.

Vacaville.—The Rev. James Curry presented his resignation to the church on Sunday, to take effect the last of July.

San Francisco, First.—The church has concluded to change its location from the corner of Sacramento street and Van Ness Avenue, by moving a few blocks farther to the north.

Oakland, Brooklyn.—The Rev. Dr. E. S. Chapman, for many years pastor of this church was in the pulpit on Sunday. The interests of the Anti-Saloon League were presented by Dr. Chapman, who laid it upon the hearts of his former parishioners to lend their aid to the battle against the liquor evil.

Long Beach.—The foundation for the new building is about completed and work on the construction of the building will be commenced as soon as material can be secured for the manufacture of the artificial stone from which the building is to be made. The location is at the corner of Sixth street and Locust avenue.

Los Angeles, Miramonte.—The new building, a neat chapel, was dedicated recently, on the lot which was presented to the church by Rufus Spalding, at the corner of North Merrill and Makee avenue, near Huntington Park. This church has had a remarkable growth, and one of the unique features of the dedicatory services was the reception into membership of a dedicatory class of seventy-five new members. Chairs and an organ were gifts to the church from Gail Borden. Plans are already drawn for the building of the main building of the church which it is expected will be under way in a year.

OREGON.

Warning.

Under the signature of Rev. Edward M. Sharp, stated clerk of Portland Presbytery, Oregon Synod, comes a note of warning concerning Avery F. Wingert, lately a supply at Tillamook. Wingert is said to have deserted his family at Churdan, Iowa, and to have obtained admission to Portland Presbytery by means of a forged letter. He is a member of several fraternities, is a man of ability and has a pleasing address, and before he disappeared from Tillamook he was able to borrow money from various persons whose confidence he had gained. Wingert had ordination papers from Carlisle Presbytery but is said to have come from the United Brethren Church.

The Presbytery of Portland at its regular meeting, June 18th, being satisfied that the letter upon which Avery F. Wingert was received is a forgery and that he is a **suspended** member of the Presbytery of Ft. Dodge, erased his name from their roll and authorized the stated clerk to send the forged letter to the stated clerk of Ft. Dodge Presbytery.

Rev. M. L. Boozer was released from the pastorate of the Piedmont Church to accept a call to Grangeville, Idaho.

Rev. David H. Hare will take charge of the work at Tillamook and Bay City.

Rev. A. H. Burkholder will soon remove to Springville, Utah, to take up work in church and mission school.

The honorary degree of D. D. has been conferred on Rev. E. M. Sharp, Mt, Tabor, Oregon, and S. C. of Portland Presbytery by his **alma mater**, Parsons College. It is an honor worthily bestowed.

Three separate institutions have conferred the degree of D. D. on the new pastor of the First Church of Portland, Rev. William Hiram Foulkes.

The new chapel at Reedville was recently dedicated, free of debt. This is one of the preaching points —unorganized—of Rev. A. Robinson, Hillsboro, and is due to his faithful service there.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The United Presbyterians have bought a lot in Pacific Grove and will build a church there.

Mrs. Mills of Mills College is visiting in Hawaii. The Honolulu Friend says: "Mrs. Susan Tolman Mills, President of Mills College, California, has just arrived for a short visit. Her eight-one years sit lightly upon her and her former pupils at Punahou, grown to ripe manhood and womanhood, are busy exhibiting their grandchildren to this wonderful Christian educator who seems to have drank of the fountain that lured Ponce de Leon to Florida. Mrs. Mills has already charmed more than one audience with her gracious gifts of speech."

All denominations are perplexed over the ministerial salary matter. The Pacific Christian says: "The New York Churchman of June 1 lays its finger upon one of the causes which conspire to keep down the number of candidates for Holy Orders when it called attention to the great disparity which exists between the salaries of clergymen, who are remunerated, not in proportion to their labors or to their abilities, but in accordance with the wealth of the people to whom they minister. In this regard we have an entirely anomalous system—one which is as little Christian as it is churchly or even statesmanlike. No nation could recruit its army or its navy on such a basis, nor even the departments of its civil service. The remedy which is suggested—and which has often been suggested before—is the creation of a central fund in every diocese from which the salaries that for any reason fall below a certain sum shall be augmented. One difficulty with such a system would be the concentration of the financial power of the diocese in the hands of the Bishop, or of a central board, with the consequent possibility of favoritism and discrimination. Also, if the appropriation of supplementary grants depended upon their being applied for by the clergy themselves, there would be the certainty that the finer spirits would suffer at the hands of the coarser and the more self seeking. What is wanted is a system whereby a definite and sufficient salary shall be attached to the performance of a certain work, precisely as in the field of our secular defense; and then precisely as in

that field, the creation of such an esteem for the whole service on the part of the clergy themselves as shall render the occupant of the plainest and the most retired position the equal, when he is among his fellow officers, of the occupant of the most ornate and the most conspicuous. This, which exists practically among our brethren of the Roman Catholic body, would not seem to be an entirely unachievable ideal if our efforts were directed to it."

THE FEDERATE SUMMER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

Among the lecturers of the Federate Summer School of Theology at Berkeley (July 22-August 2) will be President William Douglas MacKenzie, of Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn. Dr. MacKenzie is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and the author of a number of well-known works, such as "The Revelation of Christ," "Christianity and the Progress of Man," and "The Ethics of Gambling." He is an incisive thinker and a forceful speaker. The subjects of his lectures deal with live theological issues of our day. The general title of the series is "Some Problems in Theism," and the themes of the individual lectures are the following:

1. The Origin of Religion.
2. The Proof of the Divine.
3. The Divine Immanence.
4. Evolution and Revelation.
5. Miracle in Relation to Nature and Christianity.
6. Immortality.

During this year's Federate Summer School of Theology, five courses of lectures will be given, by as many lecturers, comprising twenty-six lectures in all A merely nominal registration fee of three dollars will be charged. By special arrangement with representatives of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe systems, a round trip rate of a fare and a third will be granted on the receipt certificate plan, provided there are at least fifty people in attendance holding such certificates. A folder giving details of dates and courses will be ready soon. Application may be made to Dean Wm. Frederic Bade, 2616 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

FATHER DAMIEN'S SUCCESSOR.

Frederic J. Haskin writes in the New York Tribune concerning him:

"When Father Damien died on Molokai, about 20 years ago, his mantle fell upon the shoulders of an American, who voluntarily went into exile to devote his life to the care of the lepers of Hawaii. This American was Ira B .Dutton, a man in the early prime of life, sometime soldier in the 13th Michigan volunteers, an officer in the quartermaster's department, and later in charge of the southern war claims of Tennessee.

"He was handsome, talented, and beloved by his friends, but for some reason his life was not a happy one. On account of a fancied shirking of duty, he decided to select some task which would require great personal sacrifice, and then devote the rest of his existence to it. For a time he was a novice in the monastery of Trappist monks at Gethsemane, Ky., and much of the medieval austerity of that institution must have fallen into his heart to direct his after life. An incident in which he figured gave James Lane Allen the suggestion for the well-known short story called 'The White Cowl.' One day as a young woman was riding past the monastery, her horse slipped and fell, frightening her so badly that she fainted. The future hero of Bolokai witnessed the accident and promptly rescued the young woman. Some time after, when Mr. Allen visited the place, the affair was mentioned in his presence, and the well-known piece of fiction resulted. 'The White Cowl, is all fiction except the fact that an accident occurred in front of the monastery. The young lady and her rescuer never met afterward, and neither ever knew the identity of the other.

"When Ira Dutton chose the ascetic life that a brother must lead in the service of the lepers he renounced the world forever, donned garments of plainest denim, exiled himself on Molokai, and began the revolting task of dressing the sores of the afflicted people. Today he is simply known as 'Brother Joseph,' the name given him when he was baptized into the Catholic church."

Blessed is that city which believes in itself. Recently Los Angeles voted bonds for about $23,000,000 for water for the municipality. The water from Owen's River is to be carried by canal or aqueduct to Los Angeles a distance of over two hundred and fifty miles. One tunnel will be about 26,000 feet long. Owen river rises on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada and flows into Owen's Lake which has no outlet. The water is said to be of superior quality. Incidentally the city will develop from 80,000 to 100,000 horse power which can be utilized by the city. It is also expected that 50,000 acres of land in the San Fernando Valley will be brought under irrigation. It is estimated that the income from the sale of water and power will abundantly take care of the interest on the bonds and that the rise in values will pay the tax-payers four-fold for their risk and for the expense of taking care of the bonds until the income is provided. We do not know about the possibilities and merits of the enterprise except in a general way, but we do know that a city which has the coherency, the tensile and perpendicular strength to grapple with a problem of that kind is worthy of a place on the map of any state in the Union. If carried through the achievement will be one of the greatest feats of civil engineering in modern times. Los Angeles is one of the young giants on the Pacific Coast. The civil engineers speak with the greatest confidence. With that sort of a supply of water the future of Los Angeles surpasses the bounds of the most enthusiastic dreamer.

President Roosevelt speaks for the public schools. He says that as a people there is nothing in which we take a juster pride than our educational system. It is our boast that every boy or girl has the chance to get a school training; and we feel it is a prime national duty to furnish this training free, because only thereby can we secure the proper type of citizenship in the average American. Our public schools and our colleges have done their work well, and there is no class of our citizens deserving of heartier praise than the men and women who teach in them. The experiment of all nations is that citizenship, loyal citizenship, can be trained in no other way. He maintains however, that there is a great need of training for the shop, for the orchard and for the farm. Education he thinks has neglected the ranks of men. The mechanic, the metal worker, the man at the forge, have been neglected.

The Home.

SONG AND SILENCE.

From Holland's Marble Prophecy.

"My Mabel, you once had a bird
In your throat; and it sang all the day!
But now it sings never a word:
Has the bird flown away?

"Oh sing to me, Mabel, again!
Strike the chords! Let the old fountain flow
With its balm for my fever and pain,
As it did years ago!"

Mabel sighed (while a tear filled and fell,)
"I have bade all my singing adieu;
But I've a true story to tell,
And I'll tell it to you.

"There's a bird's nest up there in the oak,
On the bough that hangs over the stream,
And last night the mother-bird broke
Into song in her dream.

"This morning she woke, and was still;
For she thought of the frail little things
That needed her motherly bill,
Waiting under her wings.

"And busily, all the day long,
She hunted and carried their food,
And forgot both herself and her song
In her care for her brood.

"I sang in my dream, and you heard;
I woke, and you wonder I'm still;
But a mother is always a bird
With a fly in its bill!"

MANNERS AT HOME.

The most agreeable people in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the university of life. Its teachings frequently go farther in making us the true gentlemen and ladies we ought to be than all the learning and uplift of the schools.

Some useful suggestions for correct deportment were once codified by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and they have not spoiled by lapse of years. He said:

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opinion without apology.

The attitude is the main point. Assure your companion that, come good news or come bad, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate.

Self-control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage, which you are to keep down, and turn all his strength to beauty.

For example; what a seneschal and detective is laughter! It seems to require several generations of education to train a squeaking or a shouting habit out of man.

Sometimes, when in almost all expressions the Choctaw and the slave have been worked out of him, a coarse nature still betrays itself in his contemptible squeals of joy.

The great gain is not to shine, not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning.

There is a defeat that is useful. Then you can see the real and the counterfeit, and will never accept the counterfeit again. You will adopt the art of war that has defeated you. You will ride to battle horsed on the very logic which you found irresistible. You will accept the fertile truth, instead of the solemn, customary lie.

When people come to see us, we foolishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I can not hear what you have to say to the contrary.

A lady of my acquaintance said, "I don't care so much for what they say as I do for what makes them say it."

The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common sort of all the guests. Everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company.

Tact never violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses, or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company.

Lovers abstain from caresses, and haters from insults, whilst they sit in one parlor with common friends.

Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us, and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

The Quiet Hour.

SOMETIME WE SHALL UNDERSTAND.

By John Clark Hill.

God's hand is in everything. He is infinitely holy and wise in this. He governs all his creatures and all their actions so that it will result in the vindication of his holiness, his wisdom and his love.

There is much in our experiences that seems to contradict this conception of God as infinitely just, wise and kind. When the heart is crushed, when the eyes grow dim with tears, there is often confusion in sight, feeling and thought. The great, deep, true things we know about God are, for a time, obscured. We cannot see clearly and we say so.

How often, when some great sorrow comes, do we hear people saying, "I do not understand it! I cannot understand!" There is no definitely expressed doubt as to God's wisdom and love, but in this exclamation there is a subdued expression of a confused doubting. It seems to imply that what we may

not understand is neither reasonable nor good. Is it not a complaint that Jehovah is not just? This is no unusual thing. It is the spirit that is set forth in the fortieth of Isaiah. "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from Jehovah, and the justice due me is passed away from my God?" This follows a marvelous description of the person and character of Jehovah. It was an elaboration of what God's people already, in their hearts, knew of him, but what in times of exile and discomfort and distress and gloom they were apt to forget.

God's hand is in everything. The minutest detail of our lives is embraced in his all-comprehending plan of loving and wise purposes.

Of course it is our desire to know his plan. We want to know his reasons. Would it not be a great satisfaction to us to know why he does this and that? We think so. We sometimes think we ought to know and some are inclined to reproach God with being stern and cold and indifferent, and declare that what is our just due is withheld. Such thoughts sometimes seem like angry ocean waves lashing themselves in impotent fury against a stern and immovable rock-bound coast. But it is not so.

You cry out, I do not understand and at first you mean it as a reproach, but by and by, there comes quietly to you, a renewed revelation of God's character. You pause a little, you look and listen. You keep still. You wait on Jehovah. That's what he wants you to do, and again you speak and again you say calmly, "No, I do not understand because I cannot understand." You realize that there is no searching of his understanding, that his ways are past tracing out. Then heaven-born faith asserts itself.

This present limitation of our knowledge of the mysteries of God's providence puts emphasis on the necessity for implict faith in God. All God's works, all of God's Word, all of God's dealings with man combine in the exhortation: "Have faith in God." Faith in God is that which stands as a barrier to blank despair. We must walk by faith and not by sight. We have faith in God. We have faith in his exceeding great and precious promises.

We may be staggered by the blow of affliction, we may be blinded by the darkness of sorrow and pain, we may be bewildered by the inscrutable and baffled in our struggle to comprehend the incomprehensible, we may be paralyzed by the seeming triumph of the forces of evil in the battle against the good, but in it all we hear a calm reassuring voice that impels confidence saying: Have faith in God.

But this is not all. Faith will one day give place to sight. We have the divine assurance that there is to be an anlargement of vision, an expansion of knowledge.

What God does to us now we do not understand because we cannot. Paul gives the true explanation and one that appeals at once to our reason. Now we are as children. This is the infantile stage of our existence. Perfected manhood comes later. It is reserved for the complete expansion of life. So Paul says, when I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

The child's knowledge is very imperfect, limited, partial. Hereafter we shall understand. Then our eyes shall be opened, our mental faculties enlarged. Faith will give place to immediate knowledge. And so of the thousand of questions we are constantly asking, the Master says to us: What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt understand hereafter. Hereafter we will be able to see things in their true relations. The veil will be removed. Disjointed factors in our lives will be seen as one harmonious whole. There will then be no enigma of life. There will be no puzzles.

"Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand."

If all my years were summer, could I know
What my Lord means by his "Made white as snow"?
If all my days were sunny, could I say
"In his fair land he wipes all tears away"?
If I were never weary, could I keep
Close to my heart, "He gives his loved sleep"?
Were no graves mine, might I not come to deem
The life eternal but a baseless dream?
My winter, yea, my tears, my weariness,
Even my graves may be his way to bless,
I call them ills, yet that can surely be
Nothing but good that shows my Lord to me.

Young People.

JUNE.

What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

—James Russel Lowell.

AN ADVENTURE.....

Mother and I had decided to open our summer house at Wallaquissett during my Easter vacation. The house needed its annual cleaning, and there would be no other opportunity before May 30, when we wanted to have a house-party at the farm. Just

before we were ready to start, my cousin Belle ran over to protest against our going.

"It isn't safe, auntie, for you two unprotected women to go to that forsaken place so early in the season. If anything should happen to you there would not be a soul within half a mile to give you any assistance. I wish you would not go!"

"Why, Belle," laughed my mother, "what could possibly happen to us at Wallaquissett? There are no bears, wolves, nor wild Indians anywhere in Rhode Island now."

"But there might be tramps or drunken men," suggested Belle as we started.

Our summer home had been a deserted farmhouse, and stood, as Belle had said, half a mile from the nearest neighbors at this time of the year. In summer the old Smith place, near us, was occupied by people whom we knew, and there were plenty of campers in the woods beyond. But in spite of our isolation, mother and I were not at all afraid, and only hoped for warm and pleasant weather during our early outing. It seemed that this wish was not to be gratified, for the clouds gathered while we were on the train, and by the time we had reached Wallaquissett a strong, cold wind was blowing from the east.

Just after we arrived at the house we heard sleet upon the windows and we were glad to find plenty of dry wood in the woodshed. We soon had a bright fire glowing on the hearth of the living-room. As we were hungry after our long ride we opened the basket brought from home and prepared our supper as quickly as possible.

"Now. mother," said I when supper was over, "you make yourself comfortable in the sitting-room, while I whisk these dishes off. I'll be with you before you have taken forty winks."

She had hardly left the room before I heard what sounded like a knock upon the window. I jumped and said to myself, "Why, how that window rattles! It sounded almost like some one giving three taps on the pane." I passed on into the pantry and back again two or three times, when the knock came again in three distinct taps.

"Mother," said I, rushing into the sitting-room, "some one is knocking on our window."

"Oh, nonsense," she answered, "the wind is rattling the blind, and Belle's unnecessary suggestions have made you timid. Who could be out there in this storm?"

"I don't know," said I, "but I have heard it twice, and I wish you would come out."

So to satisfy me, though still doubting, she came into the living-room and walked toward the window Just then the three taps came again.

"Who is there?" said mother in a loud voice. No answer. "What is wanted?" she asked again, but still there was no answer. Then she pulled the shade down, and motioned to me to go back into the sitting-room.

"The doors are all locked," she said, "so no one can get in."

We listened for a while, but could hear no footsteps nor voices.

"Oh, mother" I cried at last, "we shall not sleep a wink tonight unless we know who is out there. We must open the door and find out."

So I resolutely took the lamp in my hand, marched to the door and unbolted it. Then I flung the door wide open and called out, "What do you want?" No answer came from the inky darkness, and a wild gust of wind nearly extinguished my light, so I was forced to turn back. Then I went to the window and raised the shade, but could see no one outside. Finally I raised the window, and in came—a kingbird! Poor fellew, he had made his northern migration too early and now was nearly numb from the cold and exposure. He had been attracted by the light of our hearth fire and wanted to share its warmth! Flying to a portiere pole, he alighted and began to dress his feathers.

"Well, sir!" said mother, "you have given us a good fright, but you are welcome to spend the night here if you wish." So we went back to the sitting-room.

Before going up to bed we looked in, to see how our unexpected guest was faring, and found him comfortably settled upon the couch in the folds of the afghan.

"Poor little traveler, he must be hungry and thirsty," said I. "What can we find for him to eat? There are no flies in the house, I am afraid." I rummaged around in the pantry for a while, where the most promising thing I could find for a bird's bill of fare proved to be some pearl barley; so I scattered a handful of this on the floor and set down a saucer of water before going upstairs.

In the morning we opened the east porch door, supposing the kingbird was now ready to go; but he seemed to have no intention of leaving such comfortable quarters, and remained with us quite contentedly all the morning. By afternoon the storm was over and the sun shone out bright and warm. Mother and I thought we would take a little walk out to the orchard, and we left the west door open while we went out. When we came back the kingbird was gone.

"Well," said I, "we have had a visit, not from a tramp, but from a king. Shall we tell Belle?"

"Oh, yes," answered mother, "it is too good a story to keep, even if she does interrupt in the middle of it to say "told you so.' "—The Sabbath Recorder.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

In the morning he's a pirate, with a cutlass and a gun,
And we tremble at the flashing of his eye;
His name, as he informs us, is an awe-inspiring one:
"Lord Ferdinando Roderigo Guy!"

By ten o'clock our pirate has renounced his gory trade;
In armor now, he has a lance and shield;
He gallantly advances to defend a helpless maid,
And we know that bold "Sir Lancelot" has the field.

And next, a sulking savage, he is lurking in the hall,
Most alarming in his feather war array;
But he graciously assures us he will answer if we call
H'awatha Mudjekeewiss Ojibway!"

As "Horatio Nelson Dewey" he's an admiral of parts,
And last in all his catalogue of names
Comes the very simple title under which he rules our hearts,
For when he's sound asleep he's merely "James!"

—St. Nicholas.

One Eastern railroad has a regular form for reporting accidents to animals on its right of way. Recently a track foreman had the killing of a cow to report. In answer to the question, "Disposition of carcass?" he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

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SPRING FEVER.

"I'm so tired." We hear this expression very frequently in the spring time. People search far and near for tonics to tone up and quicken their languid spirit. They take all sorts of relishes to increase their appetites. The "Patent Medicine Man" comes in for his share of the profits, and every kind of home remedy is brought out. "That tired feeling," has become a very common slang phrase.

This condition is almost as common in the spiritual world. After the strenuous days of the winter campaign a relaxation is experienced. The jaded, tired spirits seek retirement and rest. Those who can, with the earliest signs of spring, hie away to their summer homes. The Sunday School teacher must have a very, very much-needed vacation and rest. The pupils suffering from a similar "tired feeling" and a consequent disinterestedness, naturally drop out for the hot months. The Epworth Leaguer comes dragging in when the League service is half over and drops into the last seat and, half asleep, listens to a few of the faithful and some of the elder members as they take part in what he considers a dry, uninteresting meeting. When the meeting ends he goes out not enough interested in the Kingdom to stay for the regular church service. On his way home he joins a large company of tired pessimists who say, "The League has lost its power to attract and hold the young people." Is that the real difficulty? Emphatically no. He has the spiritual "Spring Fever," and needs a powerful tonic. This same condition very largely prevails in every department of the church. With the unfolding of the beauties of nature and the multiplication of outside attractions and allurements, the opening of parks and public resorts of all kinds, with "soft drinks" and band concerts, the running of Sunday excursion trains, the church should exhibit her choicest attractions and display an abounding life.

Instead of this there is a manifest decline in the enthusiasm, earnestness and vigor, and consequently in the attractiveness of the church. That "tired feeling" prevails. "It is too hot." "The services are not interesting." "The sermon is too long and tedious." "I ought to spend the day with my family." "I ought to visit mother." "Sunday is the only day I have to rest." These, and a thousand other excuses, spring to the lips at once; but each is a voice of that "tired feeling" that is the result of some "Spring" worldly opiate. What the whole church needs is a strong, powerful tonic. The tonic should be taken before the spring days and "that tired feeling" get possession.

Then, instead of the members of God's church being languid, tired, uninterested, dragging along in a poor, miserable, half-dead condition, while the world's sirens are singing their sweetest music, they would display religion at its best. No minor-keyed music would be sung. No long faces, no signs of weariness would be shown. But glad-hearted, happy, smiling-faced followers of Christ would bear the Gospel of glad tidings to the waiting world.

The new evangelism is to take the Gospel to the people. In parks and streets and lounging places. To do this effectively the whole being must be thrilled and animated with an intense and over-mastering love for humanity. The worker must see visions of the world's needs, and hear the thorn-crowned, nail-pierced Nazarene say, "Go disciple all nations." This would be a sure cure for spiritual spring fever.—Rev. J. Biglow McClay, Ph.D., in Western Christian Advocate.

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All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
—Longfellow.

Luther is said to have exclaimed, "I have so much to do I can not get along well without three hours a day praying." Daniel was a busy statesman, but amid the cares of office he found time to pray three times a day.

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Perhaps not many little people know that the first candlestick known to our ancestors was a boy—a real, live boy, too. He used generally to sit in the corner of the kitchen or dining hall, holding in his hands a piece of fir candle, and from time to time cutting and trimming it to make it burn more brightly.

The fir candle, as you have probably guessed, was a length of wood cut off a branch of a fir tree, this kind of wood being the best for burning, because of the resin it contains. All boys and girls know about that, especially those who have had the fun of making bonfires out of fir Christmas trees when they have served their purpose. How the branches do crackle and sputter, to be sure!

These fir candles are still used in some parts of Scotland, and though a regular candlestick is generally used nowadays it is still called a "puir mon"—meaning a "poor man." It gets this name from the fact that in the old days, when a beggar asked for a night's lodging, he was expected to hold the candle. At other times the "herd laddie," or shepherd boy, usually performed this duty, when his work on the hills was done.

To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth caring for.—Drummond.

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THE HABIT BUILDER.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered you must loose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist,
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.
As, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone,
Ere content or love be won!
First, across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

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THE SHIP OF STATE.

Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were forged the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

—Henry W. Longfellow.

A PREDICTION AND A WARNING.

The special attention of our readers is called to the report of the prudential committee of the Mt. Hermon conference on the Oriental Question, which appears elsewhere in our columns under the caption, "The Oriental Problem." It is Christian and statesmanlike. To this position our nation must come. If we do not do it of our own free will we will be forced sometime to treat the Asiatic peoples as we treat other peoples. The time is not far distant when, if we continue to give to Europeans the privilege of naturalization, we will give it also to Asiatics. To this the progress of the years will bring us. And we put it forth now as a prophecy, which we profoundly believe will be fulfilled, that if the American people do not set about to uproot the foolish race pride and race prejudice widely prevalent, it will after a few decades be whipped out of them. Some other nation and race will arise in its wrath and give them one of the severest drubbings any nation has ever received. And after it has been done mankind will point to another illustration and fulfillment of the words of sacred writ, "The wrath of man shall praise Him."

All over the world today, wherever is to be found a people enslaved, or oppressed, or denied the full measure of those principles of brotherhood which the Man of Nazareth came to establish upon the earth, are sounding those words of Jehovah which rang out centuries ago in ancient Egypt, "Let my people go!" Happy the people who hearken unto those words! All others will be scourged. It is impossible for us to interpret otherwise either our sacred book or history. Men may laugh and sneer and ridicule this position, but in so doing they will show their ignorance of the principles and teachings of Jesus and of the workings thereof in the lives of individuals and nations.

Ardently do we hope that the American people may be able to read aright the records of the past and have the wisdom and courage to act accordingly. Decades ago the warning was sounded as to African clavery. By many it was unheeded. Soon came the time when the land was drenched in blood. God grant that it may never again be ours, because of a failure to practice the principles of brotherhood, to go through such experiences as were ours in the days from 1861 to 1865. But again and again in the past great and mighty nations have been weighed in the balance and have been found wanting. And the future, as well as the past, has its judgment days.

A PORTABLE RELIGION.

A writer in the Boston Transcript is in search of a religion that will bear transplanting. He says: "Such a desire is suggested by the lamentations I hear from pastors concerning church members who, when they change their residence are dilatory or altogether indifferent with regard to reestablishing themselves in church relations. Walking about a suburb some twenty miles from the state house, the other day, I was told by my companion, the local pastor, something about the makeup of his parish. 'Over there,' said he, pointing to an attractive modern house, 'lives a family that has just moved from A—. They used to be quite active there in church work; but they have hardly stepped foot inside of a church since they came here to live. There's another family across the way of whom much the same might be said. The head of the house was Sunday-school superintendent and on the board of trustees; but he seems to care little for participation in anything that savors of church work. The other day his former pastor came out to exchange with me and was quite surprised to learn that his esteemed parishioner had adopted a do-nothing policy and didn't care to have even a nominal connection with the church in his new place of residence.'

"Such cases as these could be duplicated by the score, and in these days of frequent uprooting of the household Lares and Penates, they add another to the many perplexing problems facing the modern church. They show, too, how lightly formal religious vows rest upon many persons and how church-going depends altogether too little upon settled convictions touching the desirability of personal participation in public worship, and altogether too much upon other considerations largely of a social nature. That is, a man will go to church because he knows he will meet his friends there, or because he happens to like a particular minister. But put him in unfamiliar surroundings where he has few or no acquaintances, and then will he still be loyal to the church because it is the

church and because he is a professedly religious man? Moreover, it is a sad fact that excellent church workers sometimes get tired of the round of prayer meetings, Sunday-school teaching and committee work and are not at all averse to being eased of the financial burden which they may have been carrying; so they welcome the opportunity afforded by a change of residence for cutting loose for a time from ecclesiastical responsibilities and it is marvellous how the habit of abstention fastens itself upon one. So that it has come about that in Brookline, for example, there are said to be more retired Christians to the square inch than in any other part of the civilized world."

We heard a South Berkeley pastor say two or three years ago that it was not possible to secure much of a church attendance at the churches in that locality although many families were moving in from time to time. It was found that very many were floaters, who, having moved from the places where they had church membership, were slow to identify themselves with churches in the community into which they had come. They desired freedom for roaming about. Sometimes this comes from the fact that the struggle through which the people have gone in weak and struggling churches has seemed almost more than they could bear, and they have felt that they could not knowingly enter into any such struggle again. When churches are planted and supported in more business-like ways such objections will be removed in part at least. One reason why many people today pass by the smaller and go to the larger churches is that the various duties in the larger are not so taxing. Church debts and heavy financial burdens frighten many away. There will be more of a portable religion, and a kind more satisfactory when the denominations stop crowding into localities where they are not needed.

THE CUMBERLAND MINORITY.

The Christian Observer, a paper published at Louisville, Kentucky, in the interests of the Southern Presbyterian Church, says editorially concerning the Cumberland Presbyterians who are opposing the union with the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America:

"There seems to be in some quarters a disposition to espouse in a partisan way the cause of the so-called 'loyalists' of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. These have the unquestioned right to refuse, as individuals or congregations, to enter the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. And such property rights as they have will be fully protected by the civil courts in accordance with the law of the land.

"It is natural to have a feeling for the minority in any case of defeat. And one can readily understand why many would sympathize with the defeated minority in this instance. Yet its union with the Northern Church was effected in strict compliance with all the constitutional requirements set forth in the Cumberland Presbyterian Form of Government. The church in regular and legal way and by a large majority declared in favor of the union. The rights of the minority were not overridden; they had simply the misfortune of finding the sentiment of the church at large against their own sentiments.

"The Cumberland minority has every right to stand up for its rights. But it seems to be taking in some respects as untenable a position as that held by the Wee Frees in Scotland. And, for some strange reason, some of our people who recognized the injustice of the original decision of Parliament in favor of the Wee Frees, appear to be aiding and abetting the Cumberland minority in a similar position.

"Are not these brethren, in their zeal for the rights of a minority, in danger of going to the other extreme and practically maintaining that majorities have no rights that minorities are bound to respect? In all representative government, two principles must be observed: (1) the supremacy of the constitution, and (2) the rule of the majority. Any other method means anarchy."

All who are opposing this union which was voted as herein set forth ought to pause and take heed to their ways.

It is becoming increasingly apparent that no small denomination can succeed to any great extent any longer. It is evident that the branch of the United Brethren Church which about twenty years ago refused to accede to the will of the majority when certain changes were made in the constitution of the church, is gradually dying out. It was organized on a narrow basis—the exclusion from membership of all persons connected with secret societies. It will be the same with the Cumberland minority. It will exert only a small influence in the religious world; and, as those who constitute it pass away, it will grow weaker and weaker, and will finally go out of existence.

HOW BRYAN BECAME A PRESBYTERIAN.

A Baptist paper remarks: "William Jennings Bryan is by formal connection a Presbyterian. His father, we are told, was a Baptist. Somehow young William was sent to a Presbyterian school. As it turned out, that was the hinge on which the door of denominational alliance swung. In other words, Mr. Bryan is a Presbyterian by accident. It is highly probable that if he had gone to a Baptist school he would have been a Baptist."

We are glad that Mr. Bryan attended a Presbyterian school if it was by such attendance that he was turned from the Baptists to the Presbyterians. It is a great blessing to the world—this passing from one denomination to another. It has brought a catholicity that means much for the advancement of God's kingdom upon the earth. If Mr. Bryan had been in his family relations identified with the Presbyterian Church and had passed to the Baptist we should express ourselves similarly. The Baptists have done great good in the world. Our only objection to the Baptists is that church membership is restricted to those persons who have been immersed. The door to such a church is too narrow. But it suits several million good people; and it is for them, not for us, to decide what they shall have. Nevertheless we cannot help believing that there is a good time coming when all such restrictions will be removed. The world doesn't need Presbyterians, nor Baptists, nor Congregationalists, nor Methodists. It does need Christians—Christ's men. And when the writer of this editorial finds one of these he cares not what other name he bears, nor into what religious body the changes of life may some time bring him.

MOUNT HERMON.

The "Northfield" of the Pacific Coast.

Nestled beneath the shade of giant redwoods, one mile from the famous Big Trees, seven miles from Santa Cruz, and almost at the summit of the Santa Cruz Mountains on the western side, a new "Northfield" has been established by leading church workers from all along the Pacific coast. This much-needed enterprise has been named Mount Hermon, and although this is but the second year of its history, it gives promise of developing into as famous, delightful and helpful an institution as the great Moody School of Massachussetts. Beautiful for situation, combining the healthful charms of wonderful mountain scenery, with the delights of the seaside only twenty minutes distant by rail, it offers unusual attractions to the tourist, and to the tired worker who seeks for an ideal resting place. The Mount Hermon property, which comprises a tract of four hundred acres, upon which there are already two hotels and a number of tents and cottages, belongs to a strongly-financiered association of California's solid business men. This property has much of it been laid out into lots which are finding eager purchasers among people who desire to establish summer homes for themselves amid such helpful and inspiring surroundings.

Ten important assemblies are upon the program for the summer of 1907. The first of these—The Missionary Assembly—took place last week, being held on June 23-27 inclusive.

From start to finish, this convention was a series of addresses which for masterly eloquence, brilliancy and keenness of wit, and depth of argument, woud be hard to surpass. The Oriental question was considered from every point of view, the Orient being represented by Mr. Ng Poon Chew, editor of the onlv Chinese paper in America, and a graduate of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, at Anselmo; and Japan finding her defender in young Mr. Yamato Ichahashi, a recent graduate of Stanford University. The proceedings of the convention were gathered by a committee of able representatives of the various denominations, and their report will be given to the press in its entirety.

Among the leading participators in this assembly were the Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Gilchrist, under whose wise and able management the convention was brought to such notable success; Rev. H. K. Sanborn, of Oakland, for four years teacher in Roberts College, Constantinople; Rev. Dr. H. B. Johnson, Supt. of Japan Missions for the Methodist Church; Rev. J. H. Laughlin, formerly a missionary in China, now Supt. of Presbyterian Chinese Missions, San Francisco, as successor of Rev. Dr. Condit; Rev. T. N. Moore, D.D., Prof. Systematic Theology, Presbyterian Theological Seminary, San Anselmo; Dr. —— Sturge, San Francisco, formerly missionary in Japan, now Supt. of American Missions of the Pacific coast; the Rev. Dr. F. D. Bovard, editor of the California Christian Advocate; Rev. Andrew Beattie, D.D., Canton, China; Rev. Samuel Moffat, D.D.; Pyeng Yang, Korea; Dr. Katherine Bushnell, noted as an investigator of conditions of women in foreign lands, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. and the British government; Rev. Dr. Vail, San Francisco, formerly U. S. Consul in Europe, missionary in Japan, and now Supt. of the Japanese Boys' School of the M. E. Church, San Francisco; Prof. John Fryer, professor of Oriental Languages, State University, Berkeley; Rev. C. F. Reid, pastor of the Southern Methodist Church, Oakland, and formerly a missionarv in China; and many other quite as noted workers from various denominations and missions. The names of these men are sufficient to indicate the high character of a convention which was necessarily practical, rather than theoretical. Several representatives of the labor union party, Mr Harry Ryan, Mr. R. L. Telfer, and Miss Cole, of San Jose, discussed the Oriental question from the standpoint of the labor unions, and awakened much interest in the assembly.

The heart of the deliberations was gathered by a prudential committee composed of Rev. Drs. Moore, Laughlin, Reid, Johnson, Drs. Sturge, and Rennison, and Dr. Hugh Gilchrist was afterward added to the number as Chairman of the Permanent Committee to which these gentlemen were elected by the conference. Their report will be given to the press in its entirety.

Regular work for the Summer School has now begun. Miss Frances DuBrutz, of San Jose, conducts several classes in Nature Study. Miss Mabel Culter of San Jose, has begun work with the very little folks in Nature Study rambles, simple Bible lessons, and music. Prof. Raymond Alden, of Stanford University, interprets the great English authors in his Studies in Literature.

Rev. E. C. Phileo, of the Presbyterian Church, Santa Cruz, who has attained rare success in systematic studies upon books of the Pentateuch, has begun his course of studies in the Book of Leviticus.

A most notable part of the course of study will be lessons on the "Progress of Revelation," by Rev. A. B. Pritchard of Los Angeles. It gives a comprehensive and systematic view of God's plan of redemption unfolding through human history. It is a great message of a teacher for teachers."

Under the leadership of Mrs. H. B. Pinney, of the Woman's Occidental Board of Missions, San Francisco, conference hours on mission work will be conducted through the coming three weeks, and the Mount Hermon lots, purchased as a site for a Rest Home for missionary workers, will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies today, Monday, July 1st.

Mary McCrae Culter.

Mt. Hermon, July 1st

BACK TO THE RECORDS.

Editor of the Pacific Presbyterian:

A recent issue of your paper contains a very interesting statement concerning the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City, in which the vigor of its life and work is set forth. There are certain facts given, however, which challenged my Presbyterian pride and led me to make comparison. Referring to the record of St. Thomas' Church in giving $2.71 last year to others for every $1.00 spent on itself and a similar record bv St. Bartholomew's of $2.66 for others to $1.00 for itself, the article says that "there is hardly another such showing in America, perhaps in all the world."

From the Minutes of the General Assembly for 1905 and 1906, the latest records available, I glean the following:

For the year ending April 1, 1906, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City spent $5.96 on others for every $1.00 spent on itself; the Brick

Church of New York City $4.13, and the Central Church $$2.96, the Brick Church failing to maintain its usual rates that year on account of extraordinary expenses, bringing the sum spent on itself up to the high figure of $101,000.

We need not, however, go across the continent to find a Presbyterian Church of this generous type. The First Church of Portland, Oregon, has a similar record,—$2.43 in 1905 and $4.70 in 1906. This last record is especially noteworthy, as showing that a church need not be located in the great money center of the country in order to attain a high degree of usefulness in the use of the wealth entrusted to its care.

Possibly, these facts may be of interest to the readers of your paper.

Yours cordially, Luther Davis.
Pastor Presbyterian Church, Petaluma, Cal.

THE ESSENTIAL UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

An Extract From a Baccalaureate Sermon by President Gates of Pomona College.

The sermon by Dr. Gates was on "The Essential Unity of the Human Race," the text being from Malachi ii: 10—"Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?"

The consideration was in the sphere of the home, the school, the community, the world of industry, and in the world at large.

It was in the world of industry and in the world at large that the discourse showed that there was great lack of brotherhood.

In the realm of the college it was said is found a marked illustration of the reign of the higher law. "This is true in all schools but especially in those schools of this specific sort. Perhaps the greatest charm of our college life is the generous unselfishness of its fellowship. There do inevitably creep in little jealousies, and some small politics. But these are utterly trifling compared with the general spirit of whole-hearted cooperation. It is only necessary that one's attention be turned to this factor of our college life, for us to see clearly and, let us hope, appreciatively. It is right human relationship, in epitome —this, our college life, at its best."

The World of Industry.

Contemplating the industrial world President Gates said:

Let us be broad minded enough to recognize, that so long as the wrong principle asserts its right to be, namely, competition instead of cooperation—there will be outbreaks of war and suffering and loss and disaster—and there ought to be! For who can look below the surface of modern life; who can hold it up against the light of God and his laws—and not pray: God grant that there may be no peace, until the world of industry and commerce shall get itself upon the one foundation upon which permanent peace can be built, namely, not strife and selfishness, but kindness generosity and helpfulness.

Such talk to millions of men in the thick of the business fight means a shrug of the shoulders, a sneer and some words about dreamers, and visionaries and cranks, and even fools. Well, those who believe in God and Christ, can afford to await the prophecy's fulfillment that we have one God and one, Father of all.

It is easy, if we will but open our eyes, to see that some good beginnings have been made. Men are actually in the hard realm of business, catching glimpses of the notion that men do not rise best on stepping stones of their neighbors' dead selves. Three-quarters of a century ago, the cartmen of England mobbed workmen who were laying railway tracks, fearing that the railways would kill the business of the teamsters. Poor ignoramuses, they didn't understand that the coming in of the railways would multiply the business of the cartmen twenty and forty and a hundred fold! They learned their foolishness later.

Only a few days ago I had a conversation with a high official of one of our railroads. We were speaking of the fact that the strong railroad men are enthusiastic in the movement looking toward good roads, improved highways. He, though still young, said he could remember well when the railroad men took quite the opposite view; not only were they prejudiced against the coming in of good roads, but did all they could to defeat such movements. "But," said he, "railroad men have learned that that was a blunder; the more good roads there are, the more do they increase, not detract from, railway traffic."

One wonders how long it will be before railroad men will learn the next lesson, which they seem not to have come in sight of yet, namely: That the more electric railways are increased, the greater will be the railroads' prosperity because thereof.

Suppose, one man could actually do what thousands are trying to do, monopolize all business. Why, his own business would be killed instantly by that fact. We use the term "wide-spread prosperity." There never was and never can be any other kind of real prosperity. The use of the adjective "wide-spread" is sheer tautology. Prosperity that is not "wide-spread" is not prosperity, but disaster by and by, and ought to be. For if God be the Father of all, the prosperity of one that is builded on adversity of the other, is industrial fratricide.

To what outcome of this strife does one look forward? The continuance of industrial war until one side shall conquer the other? No. There is no such outcome conceivable—should either employer of employed conquer, the only hope for the other would be to commit suicide. For each is dependent for its very existence on the other. Dr. Gladden wrote recently: "I wonder if either organized capital or organized labor can seriously entertain the expectation of conquering and subjugating the other." It is a most suggestive reflection.

Those words "conquer" and "subjugate" are out of date on this planet. This ball of earth with humans on it has swung into the light of another spirit. Under the leadership, not dominance, of that Spirit, domination and monarchy on the one hand, and slavery on the other have no place.

Sympathy of each with the other, not hatred; cooperation, not competition; the spring of spiritual elasticity which is in the delight of mutual service and in the joy of conscious helpfulness to the other must take the place of the dull envy of the other's prosperity and the dogged determination to win victory over the other. That is the only possible outcome of this war in the world of industry, manufacturing, business, and commerce. Dream it may be; but it is one of those dreams the coming true of which is as inevitable as the coming of the kingdom of God in the hearts and affairs of men.

International Relations.

There is one last application of our truth between peoples in their relations with each other and nations. As one thinks of the relations of nations to each other, as we know this relation in the records of history, what pictures, what horrors, arise before the mind.

The strong nations have lived and fought with each other for thousands of years. No human language can set forth the sadness of the tale. No wonder that hatreds are burned deep into the souls of men when we recall such facts as that the Christians of Armenia and Greece have been under the cruel domination of the Mohammedans for twelve hundred years; to try to convert a Mohammedan has been for all these centuries a capital crime. A modern writer says that he once asked a cultured and devout layman of the Greek church: "Why then did God create so many Mohammedans if nothing is due them but their destruction?" The answer came hot and fast: "To fill up Hell." Germans and Frenchmen do not have an exceptional love for one another. There are all degrees of strife and animosity between different peoples, somewhat in proportion to their culture and advancement in general civilization. Some nations in their relation with each other are like fierce beasts in leash glaring at each other, waiting to leap at each other's throats. In others there is a fair degree of friendliness, at all events in the tolerance of inter-communication by travel and trade. But the grim possibility of war still hovers like the shadow of a black angel's wings between earth and the clear light of the Kingdom of Peace. But there are promises abroad in the air today so much richer than have appeared ever before, that it is as if hope were standing in contrast with despair. Great peace congresses are multiplying. Movements far beyond sentiment, led by the noblest and strongest and sanest men and women on earth, are striving. There is possibility in no distant future, of entering into the last great war, namely, war against war. Men of wealth are supporting the movement by their millions. The finest minds and hearts are enlisted in this new crusade. This crusade is not to rescue the empty tomb of a Savior's dead body from the hand of the Moslem; but to rescue the spirit of the living Saviour from its burial, under the dooms of international wars.

Do you know that story which is not a story but a signal fact? Of how the nations, Chile on the Pacific and Argentina on the Atlantic, had been at war for nigh a hundred years over a boundary line at the top of the high Andes. In the first year of this century they were preparing to go to war some more. As the story runs, some noble hearted women and equally high minded priests began to agitate abritration instead of war; and they agreed to leave it to King Edward of England with what helpers he might choose. To the decision that was reached, both nations assented. It seemed to these men and women too great an achievement to pass without a memorial. So they gathered up some bronze cannon and under the inspiration of a great artist a statue of gigantic form twenty-six feet high was moulded. Whose? King Edward's the arbitrator's? No. The demand for such a memorial rose higher. Nothing would do but that these dread weapons of war should be cast into the gigantic figure of Christ. The representatives of the two peoples met amid the snows and rocks at the summit of the Andes, 14,000 feet above the sea.

On a pedestal 22 feet high, there is a granite globe on which is carved a map of the world. On that rises the great statue, the left hand holding a cross, the right outstretched in benediction pleading with the peoples on earth to hear Him, and walk in the steps of Him who is The Way. The inscription on it is this: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentina and Chile break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

There stands the figure proclaiming a new application of the old Gospel of Peace; the lesson of that statue, with its history and its outcome, this world will not get by. Now each nation is seeming to have plenty of money for schools and enlargement of civic life. One nation made a little beginning by transforming some battleships into merchant vessels. They devoted the proceeds, some ten millions of dollars, to the making of good roads between their towns.

Are the American people able to take in the vision of the redeemed earth with themselves possibly a minor part? We are very young, but very proud; being already the richest nation on earth we are apt to assume that therefore we are the strongest and have the surest claim on national perpetuity. But a few turns of the pages of history may cause us to think soberly. Are the American people able to stand beside Jesus and take into their minds' purpose and baptize into their hearts' affections his outlook upon the world? Can we rise to the New Testament height of character as exemplified in that man of whom Jesus said "Among them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John, the Baptist" whose greatness rested in the fact that he was able to say one of the hardest words that man or people can ever be called upon to utter: "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Certainly for nigh three thousand years, westward has been the course of empire. It can go no further now except into the Orient. Are we ready for that? Are we Christian enough to look upon the transfer of the world's forefront of progress from Anglo-Saxon to Orientals, from America to Japan and China and India and do it not with regret or dismay, but with enthusiasm; ready to enter into it with patriotism of the kingdom of God? Is not that the light of the old prophecy of mankind: "Have we not all one Father, hath not one God created us?" Is it not easier to ask other people to do that for us, than to demand of ourselves to do that for other peoples?

Toward this great consummation, patient missionary work goes on all through the earth, doing its part with conscious deliberate choice, high motive, practical object, outspoken purpose. The international tradesman too is doing his part with indirect result—but quite other purpose—often unconscious of his contribution. Both these and all men, that in any way touch international matters, are working slowly to bring the world together.

Jesus once was asked, "Who is my neighbor?" We know the substance of the answer, extorted from a reluctant confessor, "The one who showed kindness to fellow-man." Jesus occupied himself with uttering no vain prophecy.

Into full Christian fellowship in some form must all the world come, however long we may wait for it and work for it. We shall not know how simple practical international Christianity is, until we try it. No serious attempt has ever yet been contemplated, much less made. The larger fellowship must be, unless the prophecy of the "Kingdom of God" is vain. One fact stands out clear in itself, that Jesus Christ

is the ideal man for every human being. There is the miracle in Jesus, that every human heart makes Him the ideal for that heart—the Japanese and Chinese or the poorest heathen, or even the barbaric Russian. Jesus is for every one alike, the ideal man. The simple nature miracles recorded in the New Testament are of small moment compared to that spiritual miracle. But there is one small suggestion under which it is not a miracle, namely that the man Jesus is the Eternal Word of God made flesh.

Then of course every man finds Him Saviour or Lord! So let us enter into the large faith of the great prophetic word. Let us dare to interpret that word unto fullest Gospel vision, that God is the one Father.

SINCERITY IN PREACHING.

A Talk With Preachers.

Rev. George C. Adams, D.D.

A young minister in his first pastorate noticed each Sunday a man with piercing eyes watching him carefully throughout the sermon. When that man finally came to talk over the Christian life with him his first statement was "I have been watching you to see whether you mean what you preach." It caused a shudder, and the minister looked in wonder at the man who could question his sincerity. The man went on to say that the last pastor was not sincere, for when the bell rang for prayer meeting while he was playing a game of croquet he invariably finished the game, and usually began the meeting late in consequence. Then this lynx-eyed man spoke of another former pastor, and showed how he became convinced that he was not sincerely in earnest. The effect on the young minister was to emphasize a resolution already formed never to preach anything he did not thoroughly believe, and also that he would make the resolution of the great apostle his own, "This one thing I do." It was a salutary lesson; it has kept that minister from speculating in the pulpit; it has prevented his becoming interested in business ventures; it has kept him out of all secret and other orders that would take his time, and has given him a love for the pastorate that he could never have gained by a division of his interests. More than all the rest it has developed a love of the truth for the truth's sake, and an abhorrence of all slavery to creedal statements.

The theologue fresh from the schools goes forth armed for the battle; he has been taught the system his professor has wrought out, and which has great value to him who taught it because it is peculiarly his own; he has given it to his students with the emphasis born of conviction, and in these days certainly with the hope that it will stimulate the young men to think out a system for themselves. Unfortunately not all minds are formed to be original investigators, and many a youth makes himself a slave to the system he was taught, and no matter how excellent a system it is it never carries conviction from his lips because it is not really his own. It would be a blessing to him if some experience could show him the value of silence on the things of which he is not reasonably sure, and the necessity of being absolutely true to his convictions in all he utters; the preacher needs to be able to say with several of the Bible speakers and writers, "We know." This would at the first limit the scope of a man's preaching, but the horizon will widen rapidly as he goes forward, and in the end he will be surprised at the amount of material he has for positive preaching. It is a good practise for a preacher, and for that matter any Christian, to take that remark of Laban's, as given in the King James version, unfortunately changed in the revision, "I have learned by experience." Try to preach from it at the start, it will take some of the conceit out of the man; he can use it, and if his mind is of a certain order he will make a great deal out of it; but twenty or thirty years later it looms up in his experience, and he can make it glow for an audience. It will do a preacher no harm if that text haunts him all his life.

One of the greatest arguments for the installation of the pastor at every change, is that he needs to take a little time for introspection, and learn just where his thinking has brought him. No man who really thinks and studies is likely to state his belief in just the same terms at twenty-five and at fifty years of age. He probably has not surrendered any belief that is really scriptural, but he may have learned better where to put his emphasis. Benj. F. Taylor, in his helpful little book, "The World on Wheels," speaks of the amount of baggage we throw away as we advance in life; he pictures the young man on his first trip, with trunk, big box, little box, shawl strap, umbrella, and enough other impediments to wear out his nervous system looking after it to see that no one steals it. A few years later the same man will put a tooth brush and a comb in his pocket and start for a journey round the world. In the same manner the young preacher is liable, perhaps not so much so as formerly, to put undue emphasis on certain doctrinal statements, and to believe that Christianity will stand or fall with them; he learns in later life that they are not essential.

The writer has seen and heard nothing in recent years that showed him this kind of honest progress so well as when Dr. Alexander McKenzie addressed the Boston Congregational Club for half an hour, and in eloquent language plead with his younger brethren to confine their preaching to Jesus Christ and Him crucified; coming from the lips of a man whose whole ministry has been to college men it meant a great deal; the preacher of seventy had dropped a vast amount of the luggage of his first journeys, but he had learned to put his great strength on keeping the things really essential.

During his last years Dr. Truman M. Post, long time pastor of the First Congregational Church in St. Louis, wrote to a friend: "My circle of exact knowledge seems shrinking as I descend the vale of years; but I feel more strongly than ever that my Father and God will be with me and bear me up through the mystery of the eternal future."

It is then vastly important that the preacher utter what he thinks; and yet, lest he do harm, he needs to have a care that he is not giving his mental processes rather than his conclusions. A man is responsible for his example; he is also accountable for the effect of his words: he thinks he has made a discovery in doctrine and expects to electrify the world with it: he speaks it out regardless of its effect; to him it is truth, and ought to be uttered; he is surprised when others do not agree with him, and more so when he finds himself standing nearly alone, and out of the fellowship of his brethren; he poses as a martyr; he utters strong words against the narrowness of men who will not allow him to do his own thinking, and it is impossible to show him that he has been feeding his people on unbaked dough; he has started on a process in his thinking, and has spoken it right out, heedless of consequences, when he should have confined his preaching to that which he had with some thoroughness thought out; this man has unwittingly become mentally dishonest, and two things result from it; churches are wrecked, and so are preachers. You can trace the mental course of several well known ministers in the last fifty years by the churches they served as pastors, which have each one shown a tendency farther away from the Bible, and each has been theologically wrecked. In one notable instance the minister almost too late discovered where he had gone, and tried to come back; the statement of C. B. Frothingham as to where he waked and found himself was full of interest; he had followed his mental processes instead of his conclusions in his preaching, and the time came when his mental processes led him at least part way back, but he found it utterly impossible to take back with him the people he had taken away. His confession that in that far away rationalism to which he had journeyed he found himself surrounded by a great number of very peculiar people was pathetic; if he had looked ahead he would have seen those people there, and would have avoided the mental condition that would make companions of them.

Mental honesty requires deep thought; it needs a well balanced intellect, and good self control; it involves the ability to see the difference between a fact and a theory, between gospel and theology. Gospel, or glad tidings, is a trumpet call; theology is a scientific statement; each has its well defined place, but the latter is as cold as the former is warm, and the preacher is wise who does not let the chill of the latter dull the sound of the former. If it is well to think three times before speaking, as we used to be told when young, it is also wise to get our theological new departures far enough along to be sure we want to live and die by them before we unload them on our helpless hearers. For his own mental safety the preacher should

spend a certain amount of time regularly in careful, systematic study and deep thought; his sermon work should include the results of it, but not until they are results. The man who speaks these things too soon gets himself set in certain tendencies, and allows his feelings to get the better of him, until it is impossible for him to do his best work; he is always put in the unfortunate attitude of opposition, and easily turns from the work of a preacher of the gospel to a dogmatic defender of questionable positions. Part of this is the result of true enthusiasm in study, and here is where the self control is needed; a thought comes to a man like a flash, and has all the force of a revelation; it takes self control not to use it till it has been tried, and proved to be revelation. Recently the scenes in the new old First Church over in the city were inspiring to some of us; to be sure all was confusion; carpenters were hammering, painters were rushing hither and yon, pew men were nailing pews together, carpet men were rushing about getting measurements, organ men were calling to each other from the bowels of the new mechanical device they were constructing; to a man who likes progress it was most inspiring; you could see the progress; things were growing rapidly; now under the inspiration of the thought of progress suppose we had called a religious meeting, and pointed out how fast we were doing things; it might have been inspiring, but would have been as hard to get any religion into it as it is to get religion into the progress of some men who make their principal stock in trade progress, growth, development, new departure; the day when we had the results so far as they could be obtained, was really religious; the noise and confusion of progress were stilled; we could see what had really been accomplished, and were glad. We are making progress in theological thought; Dr. Buckham's new book is a long step in advance of most that has been written before along that line; he makes us stop and think, and read the page over again, because it is not undeveloped speculation, but the result of long years of careful thought; if it were not he never could have packed so much into so few pages.

A man is responsible for the manner in which he does his mental work, because the environment in which he puts himself, the books he reads, the men he admires, all conspire to influence his results. Many a man never learns why he takes a certain direction in his thought; he fails to study his mental inheritance, which may have given many a twist to his methods; he reads without care as to results the very books he had best let alone, and passes by the ones that would benefit him because they do not happen to interest him. He never seeks to learn in what way he does his work best, and consequently is never at his best. Dr. John Hall gave us quite a new thought when in his Yale lectures he said that in earlier years he was distressed because, having wrought out his sermon with great care and made all the preparation in his power, he found that in preaching it without notes he almost always omitted some of what he supposed were his choicest thoughts; it took him a long time to learn that his mind worked more logically when standing before an audience than when in the quiet of his study, and the order he had instinctively taken under the inspiration of speech was truer and better than that he had followed in the calm of retirement. Dr. Hall had done what few men really do—obeyed the command, "Know thyself." He who studies his capabilities, and does the work he can do well, and keeps clear of the craze for letting people know that he is progressive, will make truer progress, and accomplish more than he who drifts on from thought to thought and is blown about by every wind of doctrine. Having made careful preparation he speaks with conviction and not mere enthusiasm; having been careful to do his work in the best methods his results are worthy of attention.

How about the reception of the man who does all this? He is not likely to use the shibboleth of his church; his statements will surely be fresh because they are his own; if he follows where he seems to be logically led it is sure that he will sometimes startle his hearers more than the man will who seeks for novelty; there is nothing so startling as the truth told in the language of today; and when added to it is the personality of a true man who has wrestled long to know the truth, and by that very process has been made free, there is no danger that what is preached will be dry or monotonous. There is nothing in the world so dry and uninteresting as the gospel simply reiterated without study or preparation; there is nothing in the world so attractive as the gospel, mixed with all the brains a man possesses, brought through living experience, and told in modern language. The absolute sincerity of the man, both in purpose and in mental process, his evident determination to tell the truth as it has been revealed to him, carry conviction to his hearers. There are two terms that are becoming more and more offensive, orthodoxy and new thought; one seems to mean that we must stick to a thing simply because it is old; the other challenges us to accept a thing only because it is new. Much of the opposition to sincere men and their statements is because of these two terms; the real turn of the recently published story, "The Ministry of David Baldwin," is on these two terms; the young preacher would appear to much better advantage if he were not so sure that his thought was new; his persecutors would not have so much of the spirit of the inquisition if they could get away from the word—orthodox. Most of what that young preacher is represented as saying is not so very new, and would fail to attract much opposition among thoughtful people if it were not labelled. Some people have a faculty for classifying other people. A minister who went to a new parish and whose work was resulting in drawing about him people of a good many different classes succeeded in getting into the membership a bullet headed Scotch-Irishman who had a fine library and did a good deal of reading. After they had become somewhat acquainted this man said one day to his pastor, "I am trying to make out from your statements whether you are a subjective or an objective philosopher." The pastor could not tell, or did not feel like it; and when after a long season of watchfulness this man could not succeed in classifying him he became weary, and wandered off to another church. A vast amount of persecution would never have materialized if this habit of classifying had not become chronic in certain types of minds. Some people like to learn where the minister belongs theologically, and stick a pin through him and put him in a collection, as they would any other kind of a bug; the process is not pleasant for the bug, and whether it means insects or preachers it usually stands for dead ones. Classify a man as thoroughly orthodox, or as decidedly heterodox, and you have limited or even nullified his influence. Once get a lot of people full of the thought of studying the Bible to learn its meaning, do it with all sincerity, show them the proper mental attitude in which to approach it, and leave out all classification of the preacher, and there will be little or no persecution.

Most people who attend church services are anxious to hear the Gospel. If the preacher shows that he wants more than anything else to give them the Gospel they are liable to be quite patient with his erudition or even eccentricities. A young man still in the seminary went to a small church to preach for four months in the summer vacation. The senior deacon was a slender man, about six and a half feet in height, and known as a very determined person. The preacher told him rather timidly that he had been advised to learn to preach without notes, and the process of trying to do so was likely to be difficult, and perhaps distasteful to the audience, and asked for advice. The tall man laid his hand tenderly on the shoulder of the short one, and said, "Young man, you are here to preach the Gospel, and if we are only sure that you are bent on doing that in the way God wants you to you will have nothing but support and sympathy from this church." And so it proved. The young man blundered and floundered about in his effort to do what was foreign to all his previous experience; and that church stood by him to the end.

It is a difficult question to answer how much of the persecution a man gets because of real Gospel preaching is invited by his attitude, or the boastful manner in which he lets it be known that he is doing his own thinking; there are two sides to this question, and the preacher will help himself if he tries to find out how he looks to others. Henry Ward Beecher said to the Yale students: "When things get wrong in Plymouth Church, the work drags, and the people become critical, I always ask myself, What is the matter with Beecher?" If that was a good thing for him to do it certainly is for you and me. And yet, without question, there is a constant struggle between the old and the new; there is a strong tendency to get in one rut and stay there; the thought of the world, even the expression of divine thought, moves on; the old man, especially the old minister, is prone to continue thinking as he was taught to think half a century ago; he has been so engrossed in his work that he has not taken time to read and keep himself abreast of the van of God's army of theological workers; it is easy to think all innovation heresy. And so the struggle that was graphically portrayed in the time of Mo-

ses is an eternal struggle; in that case it was settled by a simple device ;each man brought a rod with his name inscribed on it, and they were all laid up before the Lord; all the rods but one stood for the old, the tribal arrangement that they were born in; the rod of Aaron stood for the new, the national service of Jehovah; and the rod of Aaron budded and blossomed and brought forth fruit; this is the test today; if the new buds and blossoms and bears fruit it is of God; and the man who is sincerely trying to honor God in his preaching can afford to wait a while, till he can show the fruits of his teaching. The sincere preacher will be sure of some opposition; "The servant is not above his Lord." And the Master was criticized and opposed, even to the death; his sacrifice has made it easier for us; humanity has swept forward because of what Jesus suffered, and none of us will have to endure as much as he did; if we can only learn the spirit of patience in which he endured it all, and not become bitter because not every one sees the truth as we see it, our greatest victory will have been that over ourselves.

Lastly, the Gospel deals with eternal truths; men are living in a real world, full of comedy and tragedy, events crowding upon each other with startling rapidity; there is a real relation between the transient and the permanent in life; the sincerity of the preacher will appear in the manner in which he deals with that relation; in just the proportion that he is determined to preach only the Gospel, he will unfold the eternal truths that have been revealed, and will show their relation to the events of the day; as he becomes less sincere in his endeavor daily events will loom up before him, and be the all absorbing topics of his preaching. The true Gospel preacher sees in these events the results of following the revealed will of God, or turning away from it; these results give him opportunity for warning and expostulation, and the ground for strong emphasis on man's need. There probably never has been a time when he was in greater danger. The press, especially the daily press, is clamoring always for public favor; it is constantly calling attention to its own success in leading in supposedly great moral movements. Blessed is the man who can read the daily paper and not become like it; who can study the crimes, the accidents, the opinions of yesterday, and then deal with them as the Bible does, simply as illustrations of the heinousness of man's sin, and his need of a savior. The sincere preacher needs to study the world's best thought, and use it for illustration. Campbell Morgan is proving that the preacher can study modern science, modern philosophy, modern events, and be a better preacher because he has so studied; but the reason is that he is determined to know only Christ and him crucified; he studies all these things in their relation to the cross; and as the Master pointed to all the matters that interested the people of his day and made them luminous with divine truth, the preacher of these times can, and will, if he be wise, go into the depths of modern thought, in order to learn how the revelation of eternal truth is affecting it, and in order to use modern thought to illustrate eternal truth. The danger to the preacher is that he will become so interested in modern thought as to go off at a tangent, and become simply an interesting lecturer instead of a preacher of the Gospel; an expounder of the opinions of other men instead of a man speaking with the authority of God. The preventative to all this is that a man shall read the two or three best books on each of the great subjects that are of absorbing interest. Each department has a few classics, and most of what has been written besides is a cheaper reproduction; read the classic and you will not spend many hours on the echo of it. The strength of the great mind of the late President Seelye of Amherst was that in his younger days he mastered the classics in each of the great departments of thought; he gave it as his opinion in later life that when he had done that it was only necessary that he glance over he newest books on that subject to see if they added anything to man's stock of information or thought. The preacher is strong who, while studying everything that can in any way be of interest or use, is still able to say "I determined to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ."

The Central Union Church, Honolulu, has called Rev. Doremus Scudder, D.D. , superintendent of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. His intimate acquaintance with this church and the churches of the Island Empire, with his ability for organization and leadership, combine to make him the man for the place.

Among the Churches.

Monterey.—The Rev. William Clifford has entered on the pastorate of the church in Monterey.

Dixon.—The church building presents quite an improved appearance, having been repainted, repapered and fixed up in various ways.

Menlo Park.—A communion service was held June 30. One young man was received into membership by baptism and confession of faith.

Berkeley.—The new Presbyterian organization meets in Town and Gown hall, and Professor Paterson of San Anselmo occupies the pulpit.

Covina.—The plans for the new church contemplate an auditorium that will seat 500 and for a lecture room, pastor's study and rooms for social purposes.

San Francisco.—The new mission building for the Chinese will be on Stockton street between Clay and Washington and will be constructed out of concrete.

San Diego.—The 21 persons received into the membership of the First Presbyterian Church at the last communion service make a total of 150 since the Rev. Dr. Jordan began his pastorate a little more than a year and a half ago.

Los Angeles.—The new edifice for the Second Presbyterian Church on the corner of Dayton avenue and Loretta street will cost about $10,000. It will have a seating capacity of 700. There will be rooms for Sunday-school and social purposes.

San Francisco.—The new site for the First Presbyterian Church cost $35,000. It is on the south side of Washington street, a short distance east of Van Ness avenue—in size 130 by 127 feet. It is an excellent location, and thereon will be built in the near future a house of worship much more suited to the needs of the church than the one which was destroyed last year.

Santa Maria.—The Rev. W. H. Chapman has resigned as pastor at Santa Maria. The Graphic of that place says that his resignation was accepted by the church with marked reluctance and many regrets. The following quotation is from the local paper named: "Mr. Chapman has served this church over two years, during which time many marked changes and improvements have been made. Under his skillful care the lawn and gardens have been beautified more than any other place in town. The influence of this has been very marked. The amount of money raised in both church and Sunday-school has been increased about fifty per cent. The Sunday-school has grown in size and interest, and the membership of the church has been increased sixty per cent, and lately, in spite of the warm weather, the attendance has been especially good. Mr. Chapman's sermons have met the needs of the hour, and been at the same time spiritual and evangelical. He has been a tireless worker for the public good. It was largely due to his efforts that we have a large "Men's Improvement Club," and he leaves a very flourishing "Knights of King Arthur Club" among the boys. His helpful influence will be

missed not only in the church which he leaves united, harmonious and in splendid shape, but in all work for the betterment of the city."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The Onward Club held its fifth monthly gathering on Friday evening, June 21st. The chapel of the church was well filled. There was a musical programme and Dr. Landon gave his lecture on "A Yankee in Ireland."

Prof. Wicher is spending considerable time in the library, bringing it out of the confusion in which it has been since before the earthquake, and classifying and arranging the books which have come from the libraries of Dr. Mac Intosh, Dr. Alexander and Dr. Avery. It will be in fine condition by the opening of the Seminary year.

Prof. Paterson is supplying the recently organized Presbyterian church in Berkeley. They began their services in a hall Sabbath, June 23rd, and held their first prayer meeting in the same place on the following Wednesday evening.

Rev. James Thomson, Jr., '06, has just completed a new church edifice in Stites, Idaho. The church had just been organized when Mr. Thomson went to it from the Seminary a year ago. He has turned his hand enthusiastically to every kind of work and now they have built and paid for the neatest and best equipped church in the Clearwater country. The young pastor has greatly endeared the people to him.

Dr. Landon has gone to Mt. Hermon to assume the duties of superintendent of instruction at The Bible Institute which will be in session from July 1st to 21st.

Rev. E. R. Piepenberg, '02, has taken charge of the churches at Exeter and Lemon Cove, both growing fields in Central California.

The programme for the Federate Summer School of Theology at Berkeley has been issued. Prof. Wicher is one of the lecturers. He is to deliver six lectures on "The Social Principles of the New Testament." His special topics are: 1. Introduction. 2. The Family. 3. The State. 4. The Race. 5. Property. 6. The Kingdom of God.

The present prospect is that the next Junior class will be the largest that has entered this Seminary in the past seven years.

A CORRECTION.

Santa Rosa, Cal., June 25, 1907.

The Editor of the Pacific Presbyterian:

On behalf of the Committee of Investigation will you permit me to correct an error which inadvertently crept into our report regarding the teaching of Prof. Day, of the San Francisco Theological Seminary. We find that our statement that Dr. Gilchrist had not conferred with Dr. Day before circulating certain allegations against his teaching is incorrect. We wish to correct this part of our statement, so far as affects Dr. Gilchrist, and to express our regret that in this particular we have done him an injustice.

On behalf of the committee.

William Martin, Chairman.

The Home.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

—Francis E. Havergal.

THE MAN WHO LOOKS FOR GOOD.

Have you ever seen him? Do you know him? If not, I want to tell you that he is a good man to know.

I met him on the train one day when every one I had talked with for hours seemed to have been a born pessimist. He came along smiling in such a pleasant way that I was glad to share my seat with him.

There was a baby just across the way that had been crying and fretting for an hour, and although I had been much disturbed over it, my new acquaintance did not appear to notice it at all, but he presently asked me whether I had noticed how patient the mother was. I could see it very plainly then, but I had failed to observe it before.

The brakeman called out the stations so indistinctly that no one could tell what he said, but the optimist beside me remarked that he had a very pleasant voice. The newsboy talked through his nose in a way that made me glad when he was gone, but the man who looked for good discovered at once that his hands were clean. I had not noticed that.

A young woman in front of us put up the window, and I was made very uneasy about the dust and cinders. My close observer noted the girl's pale face and, fearing she was ill, hoped the fresh air would do her good. Strange, but I hadn't thought of that.

After a number of things of this kind had happened, I turned to the man and said:

"You seem to see good everywhere;" and he replied:

Well, why shouldn't I? The world is full of it, and it is hard to miss it."

"Were you born that way?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no," he returned. "I'll tell you how it was. I used to be just the other way. In fact, I looked for bad everywhere, and I always found it, too. I was like a man I knew when I was a boy; who made a business of loking for thorns, and it was astonishing how many he could find. He wanted them for something or other for some kind of a factory, but his constant search for thorns made him blind to about everything else. It just seemed as though he couldn't see any other kind of a tree; and as for fruit and flowers and sunshine and so on, he was as blind as a bat.

"Well, there was a time when I was just like that thorn-hunter. I couldn't see the good at all, but O! how easy it was to see the bad! One day I said to myself: 'This way of living is foolishness. I've had enough of it, and it's got to stop.' I determined that I would quit looking for things which made me feel cross and curly, and see if I couldn't find something that would make me feel more like living. And so I

turned over a new leaf, and started out right then and there to look for good.

"The day happened to be Sunday, and I went to church. The preacher roared in a way that was deafening, and there was nothing worth while in his sermon, and yet I was able to find more than a dozen things about the man and his preaching which were commendable. In the first place, his necktie was faultless, and his coat fit him perfectly. His pronunciation was good, and his speech was grammatical. His gestures were graceful, and he stood squarely on his feet, and didn't run his shoes down at the heel. I would rather see a preacher a little weak in his theology than in his ankle-bones anyhow. His theology will come all right in time, but his feet never will.

"The choir sang wretchedly that morning, but I had gone to church to look for good, and I had to see that there were some very good-looking people among the singers. The girl who sang the solo seemed to have neither life nor music in her, but her dress was very becoming. There was a woman in the next pew to me who had a very coarse look, but she had very pretty buttons on her jacket.

"In the next room to mine at the hotel that night was a man who snored like a saw-mill, but in a few minutes I was able to note that his time and tone were both very good—for snoring. As an unstudied effort it was certainly very fine. In spots it was as full of expression and surprises as any of Wagner's music. As I fell asleep I was more than half wishing that I could snore as well.

"When I arose in the morning I was struck with the thought that my dreams had been pleasant, a very unusual thing with me, and I was fairly well satisfied with my start in looking for good. I was encouraged to try to make a good start on my second day, but when I looked into the wash-pitcher I had a close call, for it was almost empty. I whistled, and looked out of the window, and the prospect from there was very fine. It was charming, indeed. I couldn't remember that I had ever seen a finer view from a hotel window anywhere. When I paid my bill it struck me as being large, but the hands of the clerk who took my money were very small and shapely withal.

"And so I went on, day after day," continued my optimist, "making a constant and earnest effort to see only the good, and, although my daily routine was much the same as it had been, I was generally able to find a bright spot somewhere. Of course, it wasn't all sliding down hill, but it's becoming more and more that way the longer I try it. The more I look for good the easier it is to find it, and the less temptation I have to look for the bad. In fact, it is getting to be almost second nature for me to look for the good, and I wouldn't go back to the old way now for anything . I used to have a face as long as a sermon and as sober as crape on the door, and I know I felt worse than I looked, but now it is almost as different as being in a new world. Take my advice, friend, and go to looking for good everywhere, and you will be astonished at how easy it is to find. Good-by."

And the man picked up his own big grip and the heavy telescope belonging to the patient woman with the cross baby, and made his way out of the car, for the train had stopped at his station. The last I saw of him he was talking like an old friend to a man with a balky mule.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Young People.

THE KING OF THE CROSSING.

All sorts of People Helped Over by the Corner Policeman.

Women are not the only persons whom the policeman escorts across Broadway; he looks out for the cripples, for the halt and the lame and the blind, and for the timid foreigners, newly landed, from strange, back country regions, who come in quaint attire and carrying odd-looking bags and valises and stand on the bank of the roaring stream of traffic, waiting for the man in blue to pilot them safely over.

All sorts of people, indeed, who need his help he guards across, and old and young; women not in silks and satins alone, but women poorly dressed and carrying on their heads great bundles of clothing, cut out, and which they are now carrying home to make up, or great bundles of clothing finished and which they are now taking back to the factory; and women carrying such bundles of wood as best they can.

Here, for instance, comes a small boy with a lot of wood, not very great in quantity, but too big for him to carry in any way, for he is a very small boy; he is dragging it along by a cord. He has picked up an empty egg case somewhere, and he has got that packed full of broken wood of one sort and another, and now he is dragging this lot of wood along the sidewalk making for home, to reach which he must cross Broadway.

But small as he is, and hampered as he is, he is in no danger of being run down in crossing over if he will but wait for the friendly policeman, upon whom experience has taught him he can rely. So this small boy pauses on the curb and presently he sees the big man standing in the middle of the street waiting for him. Then the small boy drags his box down from the curb to the street and starts over, the big policeman meeting him.

As they meet, and the policeman turns to move in the same direction with him, the big man in uniform rests his fingers gently on the small boy's shoulder; he has to straighten his arm out to get his fingertips there, for he is big and the boy small; and so they cross over, the small boy working his legs quickly while the big policeman, with his far longer stride, must take very slow and deliberate steps, so as not to get ahead of him.

But he takes such steps and takes them calmly; he neither hurries the boy nor is he himself at all disturbed at being called upon for such pilot duty, but rather does he seem to fancy this job of helping the small boy over, for he keeps his fingertips resting gently and protestingly on the small boy's shoulder all the way across, until the little chap has stepped up on the curb on the other side and turned to drag up his load; and then the big policeman turns and walks calmly back to his post in the middle of the turbulent thoroughfare, waiting there for whatever may turn up next.

So there he stands again now, a king, to be sure, with full power within the limits of his realm, but still with kindness in his heart for all his subjects.—New York Sun.

A GIRL OF QUEER NOTIONS.

A Tale of Decoration Day.

"Not going?"

"Why, Grace Bird!"

"You surely can't mean it!"

"Indeed I do," bravely answered Grace to the incredulous ejaculations of her three friends. "I was never more in earnest in my life, girls. I'm not going to the cemetery on Decoration Day."

"O Grace! How unpatriotic!" exclaimed Katy Bronson.

"Not to see the procession! Nor hear the address!" said Cora King.

"Your mother's grave, too, Grace," murmured sweet-voiced Essie Gray.

"Yes, Essie, I know all you would say," answered Grace, her eyes filling with tears at the mention of a recent bereavement. "But it was the thought of mamma and not forgetfulness of her that caused me to make up my mind not to attend the memorial services. I am sure if she knew she would approve."

"Why, Grace, you surely can't think the services in memory of our country's dead—wrong?"

"No, indeed. Only I have in mind another way of remembering my own beloved dead."

Grace's manner and words were very earnest, and the girls knew from experience that when once she had made up her mind to any purpose she thought right, it was of no use to urge her to change it. So they said no more to her on the subject: but, after she had left them at the corner leading to her home, Cora said:

"Grace is always doing some odd, out-of-the-way thing that the rest of us would never think of."

"Much less attempt if we did, Cora, I fear," said Katy, with spirit.

"She is a girl of such queer notions," went on Cora.

"But they are always good notions," said Katy, warmly defending her absent friend. "Don't you remember last year, when our class was invited out to Uncle Kiah's farm to spend a week, she wouldn't go with us because those dreadful twins of Mrs. Nevin's had the measles and cried to have Grace help take care of them instead of the hired nurse? She said she didn't have the heart to leave them."

"And when she stayed home from our picnic to doctor their cook when she had neuralgia?" added Essie.

"And the time Biddy Mulligan's baby died, Grace was the only soul there besides the mother, and she laid the baby out with her own hands," said Katy.

"I don't see how she could do it," said Cora. "The presence of death just terrifies me. I would not touch a dead person for the world."

"Grace told me she felt no fear at all, she was so glad to be of use to poor Mrs. Mulligan, and so glad, too, to know that the baby would never suffer any more," concluded Katy.

"And don't you remember, girls, that time coming home from school when the old apple-woman on the corner had a headache? Grace wet her pocket handkerchief at the public fountain and bound it against the old woman's forehead with her mull tie," supplemented Essie.

"Don't we!" said Katy and Cora in one breath, and all three laughed a little at the recollection. Then Cora said:

"I know Grace is a dear, good girl, and I love her as much as either of you, but I don't think one is called upon to sacrifice all pleasure to doing disagreeable duties. Do you?" Katy made no reply, walking along in thoughtful silence. But Essie said: "I think Grace would class what you call duties among her greatest pleasures."

An hour later Grace was seated beside her father, driving rapidly out of town, on the way to visit one of Dr. Bird's country patients. It was always a treat to Grace to be allowed to go with her father on his rounds, and he was always glad to have her with him. Between this father and daughter existed a beautiful comradship. Their mutual loss had brought them very close together.

In the old-fashioned country gardens old-fashioned flowers bloomed in profusion. This afternoon the air hung heavy with the scent of lilacs, and along the roadside fences wild honeysuckles flourished and blue violets nestled in the short grass.

Dr. Bird drew up in front of a homey-looking farmhouse, and a bright-eyed small boy came running out to hold the doctor's horse, as was his custom apparently, for the doctor said, pleasantly:

"Well, Ted, I have brought my assistant along this time, you see, to take care of Baby Guy. But you can keep her company while I go in to see the mother. How is she today, Ted?"

"'Bout as usual, sir," answered Ted, glancing bashfully at Grace. But in a moment they were friends, for Grace looked about and sniffed the odorous air with keen enjoyment as she exclaimed:

"Oh, isn't the country beautiful in spring!"

Teddy's eyes glistened with pleasure. A day's hard work in the field with his father, his earth-soiled boots and clothes, were all forgotten in a little glow of honest pride in his farm home. In a burst of gratitude and appreciation of Grace's enthusiasm, he leaped the fence and came back with an armful of lilacs and "snowballs," and piled them into the buggy at her feet.

"Oh!" cried she, "thank you a thousand times! What a generous boy you are! I'll divide them among pap's poorest patients tomorrow. May I tell them you sent me?"

GOD'S LOVE AND CARE.

"And it shall be to Me a name of joy." Jeremiah xxxiii.

This is a lovely chapter. It is full of the most transporting descriptions of what God was going to do for His chosen. Their iniquities would be pardoned, their transgressions forgiven; they would come again to their land; the voice of marriage festivity would ring through the streets; the pasture-lands would be filled with shepherds and their flocks; the throne of David would not lack an heir, nor the temple a priest, and God's great heart would be filled with joy in the happiness of His people. Our well-being and happiness is God's joy. Why is it, then, that our days are so sad!

We exaggerate the importance of trifles. A man may lose all the enjoyment of a glorious morning among the Alps because he was slightly overcharged in his hotel bill. It is surprising how some people appear to find pleasure in dwelling upon, reciting, and magnifying the gnat-sting, whilst all the wealth of summer foliage and fruitage goes for nothing.

We do not sufficiently live in God. His nature is happy and blissful, His will is our good, His home is full of the music of the beatific life. If only we could stand in Him and look out on the world, we should see our landscape suffused with the halo light of heaven.

We compare ourselves with those above rather than beneath us in privilege and well-being. How many there are, whose lot is more limited and overshadowed than ours, who look to ours with longing! We have not money, but what lovely children! We have lost our beloved, but some have never had a supreme love! We are losing our sight, but it may have lasted for eighty years.

We fail to look from the seen to the unseen, from the transient to the eternal. Dwell on the harvest rather than the bare fields of the spring. They that sow in tears shall come again, bringing their sheaves.

A SUNDAY MORNING PRAYER.

O Lord, we pray thee that this Sabbath Day may be unto us a season of withdrawal and refreshing from the heat and burden of our daily toil. But none the less, O Lord, would we wish it to be a time of thoughtfulness, of consideration as to the mighty destinies thou hast planned for us; a season of deliberation as to our responsibilities, of the duty we owe to thee and to those whom we love. And we would not forget to thank thee, O Lord, for thy thousand mercies of the past. Manifold have been thy blessings towards us; and we and our children, thy creatures, thank and bless thee for thy goodness to us and to our fathers throughout the generations. So unto us let there be peace; the peace of thy law and of thy perfect love. Amen.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION.

From the California Christian Advocate.

A writer in the Seoul Press, edited by a Japanese, goes on to say that patriotism in the Japanese sense of the word is quite different from the meaning of the term as used among the western nations. "Taken in the Japanese sense," he says, it may well be regarded as a religion, since it possesses the essentials of any true religion—the recognition of supreme power controlling the affairs of man, the practice of certain rites of prayer and praise, and conformity with rules of life. Patriotism means loyalty not in any limited sense, but to the family (dead and living), to the clan or community, and to the State as the larger family. It covers a range of obligations which constitute an unwritten, but binding, code of morals."

It is just possible that the Japanese idea of patriotism may need to be modified in some particulars, but the great underlying principle is correct. At the base patriotism and religion are in absolute accord. All anarchy is atheistic. There has never been an anarchist who was at the same time a sound religionist. Sound patriotism, always when pressed, comes to a religious basis. During the adoption of the federal constitution the convention was driven by a strange inward impulse to prayer. General Washington was, in the awful hours of adversity, driven to prayer. The same was true of Abraham Lincoln. He went to the extreme of appointing a national day of fasting and prayer. At bottom the impulse of patriotism is inseparable from the impulse of worship.

There can be no sort of doubt but that America has a tendency to regard patriotism in too light and in too superficial a way. The idea that civil government is a sheer compact to be cancelled at a moment's notice is not only inadequate but exceedingly harmful. We ought to be religiously patriotic and patriotically religious.

The Japanese look upon the Emperor as the embodiment and personalization of the highest and best. They have not learned of the Christ, the Son of God, who, in a spiritual sense, stands in the background of all human effort. They will not love their emperor less when they love Christ supremely.

This great American republic needs to see more clearly that religion and patriotism are inseparably united. The declaration of independence was and is an intense instrument of war, catalogue of grievances, calculated to sustain a conflict, but spent its force in winning the result. We are born into the government as we are born into life itself. We are born not only an individual but a social being. We are born into a world of natural conditions, but we are also born into a world of people. We are as vitally related to the world of people as we are related to the world of things. There is a law of nature to which we must conform. There is also a law of society to which we must conform. Wherever there are people there is social law. It is not the product of legislative enactment. Social law is inherent in the constitution of mankind. Patriotism is as deep as humanity. Patriotism is the social side of religion.

FRANCIS MURPHY.

Few names are more familiar to the American public than the name of Francis Murphy. He belongs in the rank of John B. Gough, Sam Jones, and other noted temperance reformers. The emphasis of Mr. Murphy's message was upon conversion. There is a true sense in which he was a temperance evangelist. He was born in Ireland, in 1836, and came to America in the early fifties and served through the civil war on the federal side. He was such an ardent republican that he could never be induced to leave the old party. Few men had a greater power over an audience. He began to speak on temperance in Portland, Maine, in 1870, and organized a great number of temperance clubs. He was the first president and the inspiring leader of that great movement. In 1876 he opened a temperance campaign in Pittsburgh, and it was estimated that fully 45,000 people signed the pledge. He became a national character from that date. He made a temperance campaign in England which attracted a good deal of attention. It is estimated that fully 10,000,000 signed the pledge of total abstinence under his evangelistic and powerful plea. There was much vitality in his oratory. He spent the last half-dozen years of his life in Los Angeles, but he was never idle. His soul was on fire with the message. He believed with all his might that the cure for the temperance evil was the power of the gospel. He preached that doctrine, waged campaign after campaign, worked, prayed, pleaded, exhorted, and built his life into that idea. Last Sunday morning, June 30, God called him to his abundant reward. Tens of thousands of victims led by Francis Murphey to Jesus Christ have occasion to thank God for the ministrations of this glorious temperance evangelist.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
  To others' failings as your own.
If your'e the first the fault to see,
  Be not the first to make it known;
For life is but a passing day;
  No lips can tell how brief the stay;
Be earnest in the search of good,
  And speak of all the best we may.

THE ORIENTAL PROBLEM.

A conference on the Oriental question was held recently at Mt. Hermon. At its close the report of the prudential committee which is given herewith was adopted. The committee consisted of the Rev. Dr. Moore of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, Dr. Fryer of the University of California, the Rev. Dr. Laughlin of the Presbyterian Chinese Mission, the Rev. Dr. Johnson of the Methodist Japanese Mission, the Rev. Dr. Sturge of the Presbyterian, and the Rev. Dr. C. R. Reid of the Southern Methodist Church.

Report of the Prudential Committee of the Conference on the Oriental Question.

This conference on the Oriental question, composed of men both from the United States of America and from the Orient, representing religious, educational, industrial, journalistic and other interests, is now about to adjourn after sessions of three days and evenings at Mount Hermon. During these days the great problem of the relations of our own nation to the Oriental peoples has been considered in its main aspects. Now, at the conclusion of its discussions, this conference desires to put on record the following statements and suggestions, as a contribution toward the further consideration and ultimate settlement of the important and delicate issues involved in the contact of the two great races, especially as that contact occurs on American soil.

I

The following facts have been generally recognized and emphasized throughout this conference: viz.

1. The high worth and achievements of the Oriental peoples in their own spheres of life, entitling them to the same respect and consideration which we demand for ourselves.

2. The position providentially assigned to the United States of America in relation to them, wherein it may impart to these nations of its God-given advantages and may receive from them what they have to give.

3. The elements of weakness and corruption which exist in our own civilization as a warning to us against over-weening pride.

4. The magnitude and far-reaching consequences of the issues involved in the contact of the races on this continent.

The following principles have been generally acknowledged in this conference, and in our opinion must continue to prevail in all future dealing with the problems before us: viz.

1. The need of the wisdom and help of God in all attempts to solve the difficulties.

2. The necessity of giving absolute supremacy in the decision of all matters involved, to the consideration of what is morally right.

3. The necessity that all parties concerned should unfailingly maintain cordial respect and regard for each other while recognizing divergent views.

4. While the interests of our own people and their civilization must be safe-guarded, yet impartial justice must obtain in all the intercourse of the nations as such, and in every individual case which may arise.

5. Moral, economic, and political factors must all have their due place in the consideration of the questions involved.

6. Only the worthiest representatives of the nations interested are qualified to deal adequately with the problem.

III.

In accordance with these facts and principles this conference desires to utter to the people of the United States of America the following convictions to which it has been led: viz.

1. It is a matter, not of opinion but of knowledge with the members of this conference, derived through personal intercourse with Orientals, by many of us in their own lands, that they are not inferior peoples, but possess a high degree of refinement and intellectual ability, and are capable of the highest moral and spiritual development.

2. The following principles ought to govern our dealings with Oriental peoples:

a, As nations they should be rated with absolute justice and as rapidly as their laws and institutions entitle them, they should be admitted to full equality in the comity of nations.

b, Laws governing immigration should be so modified that there shall be no discrimination against any on account of race or nationality. All immigrants alike should be required to establish their physical, mental and moral fitness to become residents of this country, and all unworthy, from whatever nation, excluded.

c, As regards those already resident in this country, they ought all not only to have the full protection of our laws in their persons and property, but they ought in every relation of life to receive consideration in accordance with their worth as men without regard to race or color; and particularly they with their families should have the same freedom of return to this country if they leave its shores, that other people enjoy.

d, The requirements for naturalization should be made more stringent and should be of universal application.

IV.

We recommend that the consideration of this great problem of the relation of the nation of the United States of America to the nations of the Orient should not cease with this conference, but that stepts be taken o organize a permanent council upon the basis of the following principles: viz.

(1). The Lordship of Jesus over the whole earth.

(2). The promotion of Justice and mutual welfare of the nations bordering on the Pacific Ocean.

(3). The unquestioned supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon in America.

This council shall invite to its membership representatives of all interests involved—religious, educational, political, industrial and commercial. It shall take steps to gather all possible information bearing on the subject, and shall steadily pursue the practical solution of this problem until such an one has been found as shall accord with the eternal laws of righteousness and shall conduce to lasting peace and fellowship between the peoples concerned.

MEANING OF CHRISTIANITY.

Let us not miss the meaning of Christianity as it comes to us and claims us. We are chosen, we are called, not to die and be saved, but to live and save others. The promise of Christ is a task and a reward. For us there is a place in the army of God, a mansion in the heaven of peace, a crown in the hall of victory. But whether we shall fill that place and dwell in that mansion and wear that crown depends upon our willingness to deny ourselves and take up our cross and follow Jesus. Whatever our birthright and descent, whatever our name and profession, whatever our knowledge of Christian doctrine and our performance of Christian worship may be, when the great host is gathered in the city of God with tattered flags and banners glorious in their blood-stained folds, with armor dented and swords worn in the conflict, with wounds which tell of courage and patient endurance and deathless loyalty—when the celestial knighthood is assembled at theRound Table of the King, our name will be unspoken, our crown will hang above an empty chair, and our place will be given to another unless we accept now with sincere hearts the only gospel which can deliver us from the inertia of doubt and the selfishness of sin. We must enter into life by giving ourselves to the personal Christ, who unveils the love of the father in a human life and calls us with divine authority to submit our liberty to God's sovereignty in blessed and immortal service to our fellow-men for Christ's sake.—Henry Van Dyke.

Lord of Hosts, who didst guide our fathers out of the house of bondage, and through the Red Sea of war, who hast granted us an heritage of glorious sufferings and the strength of chastening trial, appointing us for the protection of the weak, and giving us a potent ministry to all the world; bind up the nation's wounds and make us whole. Help us to close the widening chasm between the strong and weak, the rich and poor; to cast into it all pride and prejudice, luxury and lust, envy and covetousness, the insolence of riches with the rancor of poverty, that we may fill it full and make a highway for the King to pass over, and for all the people to walk in together. We ask this in His Name who maketh men to be of one mind in a house and giveth integrity to states, who casteth out devils and confoundeth the tongues of foolish counsellors, the Desire of all Nations, Jesus Christ. Amen.

If while I live I shall forgive
The little wrongs by others done,
Then I shall find that all mankind
Will give the prize that I have won.
If in these years I stay some tears
That from the eyes of sorrow flow,
Then there shall be laid up for me
Rich blessings that I yet may know.
Should my weak prayer dispel some care,
Or some o'erburdened heart release,
No more shall I myself deny
The message of eternal peace.
—P. M. Dill, in Munsey's Magazine.

A little girl entered the study of Mezeral, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

"But you haven't brought a shovel!" he said.

"I don't need any," was the reply.

Then very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes, and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?" he asked as he pointed to a puddle in the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose. "I notice that they fly in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. "The one you thought a 'do nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials."

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HOW SMALL BIRDS MAKE LONG JOURNEYS.

It has often been asked how small and weak birds manage to fly such enormous distances when migrating. As a rule, however, says a writer, small birds that have come very far across the sea have not flown, but have been blown over during violent gales, and many of them arrive on land in a half dead condition.

In fair weather small birds make long journeys successfully over considerable tracts of ocean, but the reason is that they are carried on the backs of the larger ones. When passing an autumn in Crete a writer asserts that he distinctly heard the twittering of small birds when flocks of sand cranes were passing overhead on their way to southern shores. On another occasion, when firing a gun, he saw three small birds rise from the flock and disappear again among the cranes. A native priest assured him that they came from Europe with them, while it has been found that small birds, never before seen in certain parts, have been brought thither at times of migration.

Another cause is that small birds do not make their journeys in one flight. They generally rest during the day searching for food, and thus proceed to their destination by easy stages.—Selected.

HEAVEN.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn—of heaven.

—William B. Tappan.

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COLLEGE HEROES.

Your real college hero is one whose heroism is not always perceived. To illustrate: In one western university one hundred and twenty men paid the greater portion of all their college expenses last year without assistance. One of them, a country boy, left home for college with only $12, accepted work as chore-boy in a boarding-house, in vacations assisted a corps of civil engineers, acted as janitor in a bank, ran a laundry agency, and in his senior year became president of his class, the winner in a debate with two universities, and the pride of his university, and left the institution with a substantial amount of cash in his pocket. He is now a lawyer, and may emerge into a Chief Justice. Another story is told of a student who went to a preparatory school with $4.35, all his resources. He worked his way through a six-year school and college course, and is now on the high road to success. These are typical of a large number of instances which the college records would reveal. Such intrepid students owe much to the discipline of the university. It is a splendid thing to have such heroes in our colleges. The country should be proud of them.—Christian Evangelist.

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EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

A fire mist and a planet;
  A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
  And caves where the cave men dwell:
Then a sense of law and beauty,
  And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
  And others call it God.

A haze on the horizon,
  The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields,
  And the wild geese sailing high,
And all over upland and lowland
  The glow of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
  And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
  When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
  Come welling and surging in,
Come from the mystic ocean
  Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing,
  And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
  A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
  And Jesus on the rood;
And thousands who, humble and nameless,
  The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration—
  And others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth.

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THE SITUATION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN.

That there is any appreciable danger of war between the United States and Japan at the present time we do not believe. There is, however, not only a possibility but a probability of such a war in the not far-distant future. It is to be hoped that the disposition on the part of nations not to resort to war as in the past will make it possible for these two nations to adjust their present and future difficulties without the arbitrament of arms. However, the future will not be without its wars, and it may be, as some have predicted, that the next war will be between the United States and Japan. Much, if not all, will depend on the treatment the people of the United States accord the Japanese. It comes now from reliable sources that Japan has been sending the United States "extremely categorical notes, stating without bitterness, but in the clearest terms, that unless Washington is able to control California, Japan will consider herself free to act directly against California." Those who are at the head of affairs in Japan believe that our national administration is desirous of giving the Japanese a square deal in world matters; that there is a desire to bring the people of the United States to a position in which there will be no discrimination against Japan; they are of opinion also that our people will be brought to see the right in the matter and to stand for it. At any rate they are determined to withstand all efforts on the part of the impulsive element to rush into war, and thus to give our government a fair chance to do the right.

It behooves us as a people to make a most earnest endeavor to ascertain what is rightly demanded of us in our relations with the Japanese, and then heroically to do that right. If in our treatment of the Japanese the future shall find us in the wrong, the presence of our great battle-ships on the Pacific ocean will neither afford us protection nor give us victory. History shows that God is not always on the side of the strongest battalions.

There are in Japan today those who urge that the Japanese government ought to act without delay and not give the United States time "to utilize her vast resources and economic potentiality,—an hundred fold greater than Japan's—to perfect warlike preparations."

But Japan can afford to delay. So long as she asks for only that which is right between man and man and nation and nation, she will remain strong; she will have God on her side, and "one with God is a majority."

The decision on the part of the government at Washington to keep a great fleet in Pacific waters seems to be a wise one. But it may, after all, prove to be the very thing which will in process of time bring about a war between the United States and the Orientals. The presence of that fleet will embolden that element in our midst which delights in discriminating against the people of the Orient, in taking a hostile attitude to those who are here amongst us, and in mobbing them now and then.

Christian people believe with the sacred poet that

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

Who will say that it is not now plain in God's sight that there is in our American civilization an element which is standing and will continue to stand in the way of the triumph of those principles of human brotherhood which the Man of Nazareth came to establish upon the earth, and that only by some such hard and bitter experience it can be rooted out and mankind allowed to move on in the upward march? Many are the evidences that the white man in America is not according to the brown man, the yellow man, and the black man the treatment which God desires and wills that they shall have.

The call near and far is in this as well as in some other respects, "Back to Christ!" What are we going to do about it? Upon our answer depends our future—whether we shall have peace or war.

Never was there so pressing a need for the practice of the principles of brotherhood. The world stands at the close of an age—at the close of an old era and at the beginning of a new one. There are those who believe that the second coming of Christ is imminent. We are not of that number. But we do believe that Christ is coming in spirit as he never before has come in the history of the world. Men and nations stand in closer relations than ever before; and in some manner—we know not what—God is going to hasten the coming of that day when his will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. The centuries have been preparing the world for this. We so read it in our sacred book and on all the pages of history. And it is together that the nations and races of the world are to realize that destiny for which our earth was created.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The registration at the Christian Endeavor Convention at Long Beach was more than 300 higher than at any previous convention.

Occidental College enrolled 400 students last year, representing 16 denominations, coming from 20 States and from Alaska, China and Japan.

Professor Louis Agassiz Test has been chosen to be the head of the chemistry department of Occidental College. Professor Test was an associate professor in Purdue University for nearly four years. The past year he spent in special studies in the University of Chicago.

The First Congregational Church of Portland, Oregon, has called the Rev. Luther R. Dyott of Brooklyn, New York, at a salary of $4,000. Mr. Dyott is 42 years old, has been in the ministry seventeen years, and for six years has been the pastor of the United Congregational Church of Brooklyn.

Among the ministers hereabouts receiving recently the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity are the Rev. R. C. Brooks of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, and the Rev. W. H. Hopkins of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. The first named from Tabor College, Iowa; the second from the University of Vermont.

Park College has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Professor Edward A. Wicher of the chair of New Testament Interpretation in San Francisco Theological Seminary. It is an honor worthily bestowed. Professor Wicher is a man of high scholarship, and will honor the institution which has thus recognized him. The Pacific Presbyterian not only congratulates Dr. Wicher, but Park College also.

A FORWARD STEP IN SABBATH SCHOOL WORK.

By Alexander Henry, D.D.

There are evidences on every hand that the Church is realizing as never before the significance of the service that is being rendered by the Sabbath schools.

We rejoice in these indications of increasing interest in this vitally important branch of the Church's work, believing that we see in them the promise of development and efficiency in the future far beyond anything that has ever been realized in the past.

One indication of this new interest is to be seen in the desire for synodical and presbyterial Sabbath school institutes that is springing up in all parts of the church.

For more than two years the board has been earnestly advocating the holding of such institutes, and has been encouraging this movement by the promise of helpful literature; and, when at all possible, by the presence of some officer or representative of the board. In furtherance of this same movement, the secretary has held missionary conferences and Sabbath school institutes in a number of our larger cities in the Middle West.

The subject of Sabbath school institutes was one of the most prominent matters in the report of the standing committee of the recent General Assembly, on the Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work.

The committee, after speaking of the supreme importance of Sabbath school development and teacher training, says: "We desire, therefore, especially to emphasize and heartily endorse the plans of the board in connectioin with its scheme of missionary conferences and Sabbath school institutes, and express and desire that this particular work may receive peculiar prominence during the coming year."

Subsequently the committee, referring to the necessity of improving our Sabbath school work and training our teachers, says: "We note with great pleasure the service of the board in its efforts to secure this most desirable end. Heartily commending the work that has been done, we leave with the board the extension of this service as rapidly as possible."

And now what will be the response of the board to this call of the church for the "extension of its service" to our Sabbath school workers?

One reply we can give at once; others will be given as the work develops:

Just before the meeting of the General Assembly at Columbus, the secretary of the board held a missionary conference and Sabbath school institute in Cleveland. The missionary conference was attended by a number of our synodical missionaries, and was called in large measure to afford an opportunity for discussing some of the changes in the work of the synodical Sabbath school missionary, which would result in an enlargement of his field of service.

The conference agreed upon certain changes, which have been approved by the Sabbath school missionary committee of the board.

In recognition of this enlarged work, the synodical Sabbath school missionary will hereafter be designated as the superintendent of Sabbath school work for a certain synod or district.

In addition to the work which he has been expected to do in the past, he will hereafter be asked to "plan for and assist in holding Sabbath school institutes, in co-operation with synodical and presbyterial committees."

This does not mean that such institutes must necessarily be held in connection with a meeting of synod or presbytery; but, rather, that the superintendent of Sabbath school work in any synod, in conference with the Sabbath school committees of synods and presbyteries, shall arrange for the holding of institutes at such times and places as may seem most appropriate; and shall assist in the preparation of the program, and the conduct of the institute, so far as his services may seem necessary and desirable.

Another new feature of work is the holding of what might be termed "Sabbath school tours." The superintendent will be expected, "in conference with the secretary of the board, to arrange and conduct series of Sabbath school meetings in the interests of the development of Sabbath school work, and a better knowledge of Presbyterian Sabbath school missions."

This means that the superintendent, in co-operation with presbyterial Sabbath school committees, is asked to arrange for a series of meetings, lasting ten days or two weeks, to be held in such places as may

be selected. In this series, the superintendent will be accompanied and assisted by one or more Sabbath school experts; and meetings will be held both afternoon and evening. The afternoon meeting will be for the discussion of Sabbath school methods, and the evening service for the consideration of Sabbath school missions.

In such a series of meetings, instruction and inspiration will be given to the local workers, and interest will be aroused in the extension of Presbyterian Sabbath school missions into the spiritually destitute portions of our land.

Pastors and Sabbath school superintendents and teachers will at once see the possibilities of help in their work arising out of this forward step on the part of the Sabbath School Board. Attention is called to it in this way in order that our Presbyterian Sabbath school workers may be prepared to plan for the holding of the proposed conference and institute, and may know where to turn when such meetings are desired.

The field is large, and the calls for service are numerous. A beginning can be made in this way, and other developments will follow. If in your church you desire such a Sabbath school institute, it would be well to confer with the chairman of your presbyterial committee, or, if you prefer, you may appeal directly to the superintendent of Sabbath school work in your synod.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Christianity and the Social Crisis." By Walter Rauschenbusch. This volume from the pen of the professor of church history in Rochester Theological Seminary is well worth a careful reading on the part of all persons who are interested in the coming of the Kingdom upon the earth. Learning recently of the estimate which the Rev. John Kimball, pastor of the Congregational Church at San Mateo, put on this book, we asked him to write an article concerning it. That article appears elsewhere in our columns this week. [The Macmillan Company, New York, $1.50 net.]

"The Eternal In Man." By James I. Vance, D.D. Dr. Vance's books are always well worth reading. He is highly suggestive and stimulating. This new volume consists of twenty articles on such topics as: The Eternal in Man; Human Nature's Trailing Cloud of Glory; The Without and Within of Life; A Citizen of Two Worlds; Race-Sin; The Atrophy of a Soul; A God in Ruins; A New Creature; The Incarnation; Glory and Suffering; The Storm-Wind; The Call of the Good; At the Gates of the Invisible; The Mist-Veiled Harbor; Recognition Beyond the Veil. The following we quote from "The Storm-Wind": "The storm-wind is also God's way of opening up the life for his own entrance. There are some fastenings that must be shaken loose. There are some shutters that must be battered open. There are bolts that will yield only to the fury of the storm, and chambers that can be entered only with the gales of the tempest. Is it not better to have God come in thus than not at all?" Concerning the Incarnation Dr. Vance writes: "To say that the incarnation was miraculous is not to say very much about it. To hold up faith in the incarnation until one can determine whether miracles are credible is to try to see the heavens through a keyhole. From the human standpoint it was certainly miraculous; but much that God would do would be a miracle if man were required to do it. From God's side, however, there was nothing miraculous in the incarnation. It was no harder for him to become a man than to make a man. Given God, and the incarnation was as easy as light and as natural as life. It is well to be delivered from the keyhole critics who affirm the non-existence of all they do not see, and the incredibility of all they do not understand. They cannot get the eternal into their perspective. They would limit God's knowledge to their cave, his activities to their cornor, and his glorv to their opacity." Of the "Mist-Veiled Harbor" the author says: "Compensations will be there for all the hurts of time. Losses will turn out to be investments, and hardship and sacrifice will change to celestial gains and triumphs. The grain that has seemed to perish will flourish in the glory of the harvest, and the surrender that has given up all for Christ's sake will enter upon its incomparable inheritance." As to progress beyond the veil it is said: "The soul will go on growing, achieving, acquiring larger capacities and new powers forever. It will be no fool's paradise, no Eden of dependent parasites, but a realm of congenial pursuits and ennobling occupations where the redeemed toil with God in building the new heavens and the new earth." [F. H. Revell Company, New York, $1.00 net.]

"John Calvin: The Statesman." By R. T. Stevenson. This is one of an interesting series of books on "Men of the Kingdom." The series has been aptly spoken of as "short biographical, anecodotal luminous character sketches" of great Christian leaders; picturing the times in which they lived, setting forth what they felt and thought; what they did, their place in history and their message for men of the present day. Lovers of good literature will turn the pages of the different volumes with pleasure and profit. The salient features in the lives of these men of the past who have left their impress on church and state are presented in an attractive manner—making the various volumes of high value to the average reader. Some persons of course will desire concerning some of the characters works more extensive, more in detail, but for popular reading these volumes are admirable. This one of 203 pages on John Calvin gives us a better idea of his life and influence than anything that has heretofore come to our notice. No one can read this book without realizing, as the author states, that the most permanent contributions of Calvin's genius lay less in the line of theology than of statesmanship." Rightly is he called "John Calvin—the Statesman." It was in Geneva especially that his statesmanship had manifestation. But, how far reaching his influence! The great historian Von Ranke is quoted as saying, "John Calvin was the virtual founder of America." And Dr. Charles Hodge is regarded as phrasing the story of the war in happy fashion in his remark that the shorter catechism fought through to a successful issue the war for American independence. "That these high claims are not without basis of truth and reason, let it be remembered," says the author, "that at the era of Independence, out of a total population of about three million, nine hundred thousand were of Scotch or Scotch-Irish origin, six

hundred thousand were Puritan English, and over four hundred thousand were of Dutch, German Reformed, and Huguenot descent, nearly all of whom had pronounced Calvinistic leanings." When we remember that it is the verdict of able historians that Calvinism saved Europe in the 16th century, that the noted Englishman, John Morley, has said, "To omit Calvinism from the forces of Western evolution is to read history with one eye shut," and that our own Bancroft has said, "He that will not honor the memory and respect the influence of Calvin knows little of the history of American liberty,"—when we recall such things as these we have pleasure in commending a volume which so graphically treats of his life and his far-reaching influence. The author occupies the chair of history in Ohio Wesleyan University. [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Calif., $1.00 net.]

"Quiet Talks on Personal Problems." By S. D. Gordon.. Dr. Gordon has become known to the reading public widely through his books entitled: "Quiet Talks on Power; and Quiet Talks on Prayer. Volumes to the number of 200,000 have been sold. This new volume will appeal to a large number of people. It considers the problems of Sin, Doubt, Ambition, Self-Mastery, Pain, Guidance, the Church, and the problem of Questioned Things. The author says: "These talks are about some of the problems of life. They touch only personal problems, and only a few of them, and only some parts of these. They touch only problems and the phases of them that have come up in my own schoolroom work. The men who have helped me most have been those who let me draw near, and peer in, and see something of their own struggles and victories, the moist brow as they tugged, the hard breathing under stress, and the glory light that came afterwards. All truth must go through the testing fire of one's own experience before it catches fire in others. I am still working at these problems; still in the laboratory. At times a wondrous quiet light steals in to make it clear where it was dark and bothersome. Always there is a sense of the great Teacher's presence, and the restful thought that he **knows** by contact with things down here. That light gives great joy, and that presence great peace." The outline of the chapter on the Problem of Guidance will give our readers some idea of the scope of the book under its different divisions: A guide over life's trail; God plans every life; God tells us his plan for us; Accepting God's plan; A disciplined judgment; Unhurried waiting; Guided in judgment; Instructed in the night seasons; Finding the life-place; "My sheep hear my voice." We quote the following: "Having asked for guidance and reached your decision never look back and question your guidance. If indeed it be clear that you have not waited quietly enough and have not heard distinctly and made a decision unwisely, of course it must be changed. But when you have waited and listened and not hurried, and come to a decision, then refuse to question it. Push quietly on. There is a teasing, nagging indecision that whips back and forth over a matter already disposed of. It often comes from worn-out nerves. Good sound sleep, and plenty of fresh air, and plain food thoroughly chewed, would dispel many of the distracting, confusing thoughts that come racing in like staghounds to bother us. They would help us to hold steady mentally and to know the thing to do. Sometimes this indecision lies deeper down than a tired body, and is a mental trait to be chastened and disciplined. A will bended to God's, a spirit of obedience to his wishes,, the Book kept open, the cultivation of the Spirit's friendship, time alone with the Book daily, a habit of **wide** reading of its pages, a quiet unhurried spirit—these simple, great things lead to the disciplined judgment and sensitive spirit that know what to do and make no slips." We turn to the chapter on The Problem of Ambition and find there many things well worth quoting. This for example: "The ideal man is he who has a vision of the mountain's top, and is sweetly, earnestly, untiringly, unflinchingly making every bit of strength and time and every circumstance bend towards reaching it. And who resolutely pushes aside everything that would hinder or help." And this, after writing of knowing and doing: "It is good to know; it is better to do; it is best to **be**. To be pure and strong, to be honest and earnest, to be kindly and thoughtful, and in all to be true, to be manly and womanly and Christly—this is the greatest ambition of life." [A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, 75 cents net.]

"CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS."

J. H. Kimball.

This is the title of a new book on the social problem, by Walter Rauschenbusch, Professor of Church History in the Rochester, N. Y. Theological Seminary—recently published by the Macmillan Co., of New York. The author has the scientific mind and the historical sense. Facts and phenomena, events and movements that appear widely separated, are here organically related. There is a depth of insight, a largeness of view, an intellectual grasp, that give unity and order to the work and make it illuminating and impressive. It is radical in the sense that any scientist is radical. He is under bonds to tell what he sees, to declare the results of his research. This is what Prof. Rauschenbusch has done. If cherished idols fall it cannot be a permanent misfortune. In the end it is always best for us to know the truth. One cannot but admire the moral quality of the book. While the author has the courage to speak out without temporizing he is always temperate. He has the scientific spirit as well as the scientific mind, freedom from narrowness, from exaggeration, from hysteria. He is human, kindly, universal in his sympathies

To come to the subject matter, the first three chapters of the book treat of the social nature and mission of Christianity. They go to show that "the essential purpose of Christianity was to transform human society into the kingdom of God by regenerating all human relations and reconstituting them in accordance with the will of God." I cannot see how anyone can read these chapters without being powerfully and deeply impressed with the significance of Christ's doctrine of the Kingdom as applied to human society. The fourth chapter raises the question why the church has never undertaken to apply this doctrine and do what it was intended to do in the way of social reconstruction. The conclusion is that this failure of the church is due to "the deflecting influence of alien forces penetrating Christianity from without and clogging the revolutionary moral power inherent in

it." With the passing of these causes "the essential genius of Christianity is today being set free and it is now becoming fitter to take up its social mission." In the fifth chapter the author justifies the phrase "Social Crisis," which appears in the title. In a profound, searching, dispassionate way he "sets forth the conditions which constitute the present social crisis and which imperatively demand of Christianity that contribution of moral and religious power which it was destined to furnish." It is perfectly clear that the writer understands the gradualness of social changes, the slow evolutionary processes of history. He is free to say that the "cry of 'Crisis! Crisis!' has become a weariness. Every age and every year are critical and fraught with destiny." This but gives added weight to his conclusion that **"in the widest survey of history western civilization is now at a decisive point in its development."** The outcome, in his estimation, will depend almost wholly on the moral forces which the Christian nations can bring to the fighting line. "It is either a revival of social religion or the deluge." The sixth chapter shows how the future of the church is bound up with the social welfare of the people and the outcome of the present struggle. The seventh chapter points out the main directions in which the religious spirit should exert its force. "First of all," he says, "just as in personal religion, there is the requirement to repent and believe the gospel. Social religion demands repentance for social sins and faith in a new social order. As long as a man sees in our present society only a few inevitable abuses and recognizes no sin and evil deep-seated in the very constitution of the present order, he is still in a state of moral blindness and without conviction of sin." That is the starting point of this chapter of applications. Perhaps it would not be a bad plan to read this first.

We are often told that the next revival of religion will be dominated by the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. This book lays the intellectual foundations for just such a revival. It is a great book, and, while it is written in a style to interest all, it is especially adapted to the Christian reader, and pre-eminently to that intelligent class of ministry and laity who are thinking so earnestly today about these things and looking for more light on this tremendously vital question.

San Mateo, Cal.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Country Pleasures.

He who is privileged to live in the country ought to appreciate it. When one goes to San Francisco he is glad he does not live there. When county seat duties call him he is glad his postoffice address is on the R. T. D. route. Uncle Sam, in sending his messengers over the prairies, through the valley and up the hills, has added immensely to the joys of rural life. To go back to the long daily walk to the postoffice would be drudgery as real as the driving of a tired horse in competition with the speeding electric car or the swift automobile. Even a clean little village is less attractive than the small fruit orchards of our populous valleys. If ranch duties are many and the cherished barnyard pets accustomed to kindly caresses and tit-bits of sweet indulgence are only less dear than the sweet kids which clamber to your knees and may not be left long; be thankful that shady groves, cool brooks, cragged rocks, uplifted hills in midst of our California Paradise invite to days of fellowship and hours of relaxation which cool the fevers of strenuous life. Nature's carpets are not so hot as rugs. A snowy table cloth ornaments a fruit tray as well as a mahogony table. It is not necessary that we dine at Castle Crags or Hotel Tellac, or the Pasadena Raymond. El Encinos abounds in many sweet parishes, and the golden barked madrone is as beautiful with Nature's polish as if carved into an artistic dining table. The zealous Minnesotans gather by hundreds by the musical brook and under the shades of the sycamores at Congress Springs. The liberal policy of the new owners has not stopped the flow of sweet water. Oh, if Almighty God would keep it in the heart of the strong owners to rule out now and forever the damning flow of alcohol and keep the place safe and sweet for the multitudes who thirst for pure sylvan pleasures the kingdom of the Holiest would be enhanced by the better service of the happy. If any scholar or saint, business man or statesman knows the door to any influential heart in this matter let him put in a sane and strong appeal. Unto Him who loves to see his children rejoice let us lift up our petitions that to spiritual Mt. Hermon and to the restful Sempervirens Park may be added the clean, refreshing, and safe Congress Springs.

Stainless Flag Sunday.

What a crown of honor comes to the hoary head of the venerable Doctor Chapman. To have led our great National Anti-Saloon League to devote a day to the greatest curse of our advancing republic and enlist seventy-five thousand speakers and hundreds of thousands of inspiring singers to look with new light on the meaning of our flag would seem to entitle him to Simeon's benediction. Yet still his bow abides in strength. In this great reform he is as ardent and as wonderful as the heroic veteran Joseph Rowell in his chivalric devotion to those who go down to the sea in ships.

The whisky ring ought to be alarmed and doubtless are. They are in as real danger as were the slavery gang when Henry Fairchild of Oberlin advanced the idea that slavery was unconstitutional because it was wicked. He was ahead of his generation as Doctor Chapman is ahead of his. Children hear the doctrine today that "The saloon is not a business but a crime." They will wonder that their parents should have needed argument to believe the truth. In our sweet village three pastors flame the truth to interested congregations, who will certainly rise to a stronger and more intelligent solidarity for the enactment and enforcement of law. The women of the W. C. T. U. rally for their quarterly meeeting in a union service and the Young People's Society do not divide force, but combine to assure their seniors that they are with them in the Holy War. Are all the National fields to smoke as San Francisco does? Is Abraham Lincoln's prophecy coming true, that we are to take up a greater battle than that against slavery? It looks like it. Surely thas nation cannot abide half drunk and half sober. How natural for age to be timid and for capital to be cowardly. Are our bright boys to be sacrificed? Shall the sweet girls, dearer to us than life, be the widows of the heroes of the greatest battle earth has ever known? Or will Christ come with a legion of angels and awe

the nation—the nations—unto obedience? Whatever His way of assured victory, may the God of our fathers help us in our day to be willing and obedient!

San Francisco's Resurrection.

If Christian optimism be the right frame of mind, as it is, we properly welcome every ray of hope from the beleagured city. A letter of interest and sympathy brings the reply which I append below. In a time of shadow every shining of hope ought to be reflected. The writer is close at the center of things material and financial in a very large way. Yes, yes, "The Captain of the helm knows how to steer,"

"We are indeed having strenuous times in this city; and yet I am confident that our friends who view us from a distance are apt to exaggerate our actual sufferings. We have certainly had a complexity of troubles,—the fire, the speculation engendered by the distribution of insurance money, with the consequent financial stringency at the present time, the labor troubles, the graft prosecution. And yet we feel confident that we are on the road to recovery in all these respects; that the sparks that fly are the result of the opposition of forces and, if that be true, since those that we see are evil we cannot help believing that the underlying resistance is of good. For my part, I do not feel that there is any occasion for us to worry. Things are working well . Be it remembered that we are not in the midst of rampant evil-doing, flaunting itself shamelessly before everybody, but that, on the contrary, all these cnditions are being strenuously fought against; and this is the very reason why they are so prominent.

"I am confident, with you, that the Captain at the helm knows how to steer, and that if each man will live up to his light in accomplishing his duty, all will work out well."

THE NEGRO AND THE SOUTHLAND.

An Address By Booker T. Washington.

[Recently this noted colored man gave an address at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, which has been published in different papers of that part of our country—notably among them the Christian Advocate of that city, which paper is the leading organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Vanderbilt University is under direction of the Southern Methodist Church. The appearance there of Booker T. Washington as a lecturer is significant. No one can read his address without being impressed anew with the wisdom and tact of this great leader of the colored people. The solution of our race problem concerns the North as well as the South. We believe therefore that the appearance of this address in the columns of The Pacific Presbyterian will be welcomed widely—Editor.]

I was born a slave. I was born here in the South, and I am proud that I have always lived in the South; and, by the grace of God, I intend to live here; and I hope to be buried right here in the heart of the South.

In considering the claims of my race upon your sympathy and upon your thoughtful and unselfish helpfulness, I think it should always be borne in mind that, unlike any other portion of the American people, we did not come here of our own accord. Whatever problems, whatever difficulties have grown out of our presence here and our influence, please always remember that they were not of our own special making, so far as our desire to come to America. We were forced into this country against our will and against our most earnest protest. That fact alone, it seems to me, gives to us a claim upon the generous and helpful consideration of the Christian men of America that cannot be true in the same degree of any other race.

In my opinion we are here to stay. So far as I can discern the activities and ambitions of the masses of my race, I do not believe that the time will come in this or in any other near generation when any large proportion of them will leave the South for any other portion of the United States or for any foreign territory. So that, it seems to me, we had just as well make up our minds that both of us are here to stay, as I don't see any signs of your going away.

We don't want to part from you, and you don't want to part from us. If you want to see a real lonesome Southern white man, you meet him in Europe or somewhere in a portion of the world where he can't see any colored people; he is the most lonesome creature you ever saw. Both of us, in my opinion, are here to stay. When two races are living in the same country, are living side by side, it seems to me that the only logical, the only sensible course for those races to pursue is to find methods by which they can live together in peace, in harmony, and in complete friendship.

I believe that the educated young men of the South could be of service in the present condition of our progress in a larger degree than has been true in the past if in many of the large colleges and universities there were sociological departments in which young men of education, of proper balance, of command of mind and body, could pursue, in a larger degree than has been true, original investigations as to the condition existing among our people right here in the South. And I wish very much that, more in the future than in the past, educational institutions might pursue lines of original, first-hand investigation as to the physical, the industrial, the educational, the moral and religious condition of the colored man who is right in their community. It is too often a fact that the white man who lives nearest to the negro is ignorant in regard to the negro's real progress—ignorant of what is taking place right in the community where he lives.

In material directions, industrial and economic directions, I fully realize all the shortcomings of my race. I never attempt to hide them, never attempt to minimize them. But I believe you can help us again in this regard. You can help us in economic and industrial directions and to make ourselves of greater service to the white people where we reside, by exerting an influence wherever you can: from the pulpit, from the public platform, through the medium of the public press—an influence that will call attention to the negro or negroes in that community who will perform service well. Now, so often you see this statement in many of our papers: "The negro is a failure as a laborer; the negro is worthless as a race." I suppose within the past year I have read, in effect, that statement more than a dozen times in some of our best papers. Now, those writers did not mean exactly that. They meant to say that some negroes are shiftless and lazy, some negroes cannot be depended upon. Every one of those individual writers could have called the names of dozens and perhaps of scores of colored people right in their community who, in the

matter of industry and in the matter of promptness, in the matter of conscientious service or reliability, were equal to almost any members of any other race in the same relative stage of civilization. You do not know how much it will help the best among our people to grow better, you do not know how much it will encourage them, if, through your various public utterances, you try to call attention to the helpful negro, to the successful negro. It is not very encouraging to those people very often when all of them are put in a bunch and all damned together. If you would single out these individuals, single out these groups, and hold them up to the masses of white people and masses of my people as examples, and place the emphasis upon the positive instead of the negative side of life, I believe, that in that respect you would prove of great service to us as a race. And I believe, too, that the South should call attention more often than it does to the general progress that our people are making. You have a right to be proud of this progress. I shall never forget the impression that a Southern white man in the little town of Tuskegee, where I live, made upon me some weeks ago, when he passed by a grocery store (and, with one exception, I think it was the largest and most successful grocery store in that town) that is owned by a colored man, and this Southern white man pointed to that negro merchant and pointed to his store and said:; "I am proud of that man. I owned the father of that man, and I am proud of his success." We get so much in the habit of dwelling upon our difficulties that I am afraid too often we fail to emphasize the progress that both races are making in the working out of this tremendous problem. But when we consider, my friends, the complications of this problem, when we consider the seriousness of it, when we consider your part and my part, when we consider where we started forty years ago, I believe that we have every reason to congratulate ourselves that we have done as well as we have, have had as few difficulties as have been in existence; and we have every reason to feel proud of the success that has been made in the solution of this problem.

A few days ago a gentleman in another part of the country was referring to the woes existing down here. And I said to him: "Do you know that the negro in the South since he became free—in the State of Virginia, for example—has gotten to the point where he pays taxes upon one-twenty-sixth of the land? that in the counties east of the Blue Ridge Mountains he owns one-sixteenth of the soil?" I said to him: "Do you know that in the State of Georgia the negro owns and pays taxes upon $18,526,000 worth of property?" Why, my friends, the statistics show that the negro in the South owns an acreage of land that is equal to the combined acreage of the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium.

Now, I know that there is criticism—and true, a just criticism—in regard to the negro as a laborer, in regard to his unreliability, whether it is on the farm or in the shop or in the kitchen or in the dining room or in the laundry or what not. But we must remember that in a state of freedom—other conditions perhaps will control in slavery—but in a state of freedom, along with the element of industry there has got to go one other element, and this is the element of intelligence, the element of education. Some would argue that it is a mistake to give the negro education if you want him to be reliable as a laborer. In a coal-mining community, not very long ago, the proprietor of a mine was in a great difficulty because, nothwithstanding he paid a very high wage to the miners, the colored miners would not work with system or with regularity. At his request I went through this community, and I found that for the most part they were ignorant, so far as any education was concerned. In that community, in my opinion, here was the trouble: Those people had been trained to use their hands; but their wants had not been increased, their ambitions had not been aroused, they were ignorant to the extent that they knew only a few simple and crude things, and they could satisfy the few wants that they knew anything about by working three or four days out of the six; and then when the fellow had satisfied all the wants that he knew anything about, he naturally argued: "What is the use of working any longer?"

While the negro in the South is not satisfactory as a laborer, he is far in advance of his South African brother because, through contact with the white man, through education, and in the Church, in the Sunday-school, in the day school, in a large degree, taking the race as a whole, its wants have been increased, its ambitions aroused. The negro wants a little piece of land. After a while, as he gets more education, he wants to put a house on that land with three or four rooms in it. He will want furniture of a good character; he will want some newspapers; he will want some books; he will want to educate his children; he will want to build a new church house; he will want to support his minister. After a while he will want a bank account. As he goes on with that kind of progress—hand education going with head and heart education—his wants will be so multiplied, will be so increased, that he will be compelled to work five and six days out of each week. ,

In the matter of education I believe that the Christian men of the South can be of service to us. First in this regard I believe that all of us had just as well make up our minds that the negro race is going to be educated by somebody, at some time, at some place. Since this is true, I believe that it is vastly better for all concerned for the negro to be educated by the South for the most part, so that he will keep in touch with the traditions of the South, with the conditions and opportunities that prevail in the South, so that he shall always feel a sense of gratitude for the education of his children to the Southern white man who is right at his door. I believe that the South should have the credit for the education of the negro. Now, in this remark bear in mind that I am not overlooking what has already been done; but I believe that there is a great field yet that can be covered in this respect. In my opinion, the most difficult problem that you have got to face, that I have got to face, is in some manner to so articulate the education of the colored youth into the life of the community in which that youth lives that the Southern white people will feel and see, day by day, the benefit of negro education. In that respect you must be patient with us. You must remember that it was very natural for a race just coming out of slavery into freedom to yield to the temptation of jumping from one extreme to the other.

It is going to take perhaps another generation for my people to learn what education is really meant to accomplish—perhaps another generation for any large proportion to learn that they must begin the using of

their education right in the communities where they live; that their service, whether in the field or in the shop or in the kitchen or in the laundry or wherever it is, must be of higher value than the service of the individual who has not had education; to get them to feel and see that all kinds of labor are honorable and all kinds of idleness are a disgrace. We had to overcome the old idea that when a person got an educatioin it was a disgrace for him to use his hands in service for colored people or in service for white people. That difficulty in a very large degree we are overcoming.

I believe that there should be in every large center of population, such as Nashville and Atlanta, a local training school for the training of colored people in the service that is needed to be performed in the community. And I believe that those institutions, those training schcools, should be supported in a large measure by the white people in those various localities. It is mighty important, in my opinion, that you exert your influence, that the Christian, educated men and women of the South assert their influence in impressing upon the Southern white people that they do have an interest in the elevation, in the education of the negro race.

If you go into a store to buy a pair of shoes, the person who fits them upon your feet will be a person of education, of cleanliness, of considerable refinement. In most white families of the South the woman who prepares the food that goes into the stomach to make blood and bone and heart-beat in most cases is ignorant, and in many cases filthy. I claim that it is just as important that the person who prepares the food to go on the inside of the stomach shall have some training as it is for the man who puts a piece of leather on the outside of the foot.

In the average white family of the South you will fi,nd that the white child spends a large porportion of his life in the arms or in the company of a negro woman or of a negro girl. During the years when that child is most impressive, when he is at a point where impressions are perhaps most lasting, that child is in the company of this black woman or this black girl. My friends, it is mighty important for the civilization, for the happiness, for the health of the Southern white people that the colored nurse shall be, in a degree, intelligent; that she shall be clean; that she shall be morally fit to come in contact with that pure and innocent child. These things some of us at least have in mind in the education of my people.

If you go to Italy, I think you will find that thirty per cent of those people cannot read or write after years of freedom and opportunity. In Spain I think it is true that sixty-two per cent of the people can neither read nor write. In Russia over seventy per cent of the people can neither read nor write. In the average South American country perhaps eighty-five per cent can neither read nor write. In the United States, taking the negro as a whole, we have already gotten to the point where more than fifty-six per cent can read and write; and we should be proud of that—not only my race, but your race.

I want to see us get back to the old days where the white minister will be invited—and if he does not receive the invitation, will ask for the invitation—to preach in negro pulpits, as was true many years ago. I want to see us get to the point where at least once a month every white minister will feel it a part of his duty, a part of his mission, to appear in some of the negro churches in that community. My friends, our people will welcome you in their pulpits; and you don't know how far your presence and your words and your example is this respect will go toward helping to encourage our people. And, further, I believe that every one of these large centers of population should plan that once a month or once a quarter, or several times a year at least, the white ministers and colored ministers should meet together and talk out these problems plainly one to the other. This can be done. It has been done in many of our Southern states.

And I believe further that you can help us not only by visiting our churches, but by going into the negro schools and seeing for yourselves what is being taught in these negro schools—seeing for yourselves what progress the colored people are making. If you want to know how to solve the race problem, place your hands upon your hearts; and then, with a prayer to God, ask him how you today, were you placed in the position that the black man occupies, would desire the white man to treat you. And whenever you have answered that question in the sight of God and man, this problem in a large degree will have been solved.

THE FEDERATE SUMMER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

This school will begin on Monday, July 22nd, and will continue to August 2nd.

President Mackenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary will consider some Problems in Theism under topics as follows: The Origin of Religion, The Proof of the Divine, The Divine Immanence, Evolution and Religion, Miracle in Relation to Nature and Christianity, Immortality. At the close of these lectures there will be a conference thereon. The lecture on The Divine Immanence will be given on Thursday evening, July 25th, and will be free to the public.

The Rev. Dr. George C. Adams of San Francisco will consider The Pastor and His Problems. His topics will be: The Pastor a Specialist, The Pastor and the Revivalist, The Pastor and the Business Man, The Pastor and the Workingman. The lecture on the latter subject will be open to the public without charge and will be on Tuesday evening, July 30th.

Professor E. A. Wicher of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo will treat of The Social Principles of the New Testament. His first lecture will be introductory, and his topics will be: The Family, The State, The Race, Property, The Kingdom of God.

Professor W. T. Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary will treat of The Idea of God in the Old Testament, with divisions as follows: Prolegomena and Origins, The Prophetical Documents, together with Amos and Hosea, Isaiah and Micah, Deuteronomy together with Jeremiah and Ezekiel, Deutero-Isaiah, Jonah and the Priestly Literature, Summary with Reference to the New Testament.

The sessions will be in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley.

The fee for the entire course is $3.00; for any one day, 50 cents; for any one lecture, 25 cents. As hereinbefore stated, there will be two free lectures.

The school held in 1905 proved of much interest and value, and much is anticipated from the one to be held this year.

Among the Churches.

El Centro.—Work is progressing nicely on the new church building and a handsome structure is indicated.

Santa Maria.—The Rev. W. H. Chapman, who resigned recently, has gone East, intending to take work at Knoxville, Tennessee.

San Luis Obispo.—In the absence of the pastor, the Rev. Henry Hillard, the Rev. Alexander Marshall, recently of India, is occupying the pulpit.

Red Bluff.—The Rev. J. H. Sharpe, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Red Bluff was called to Canada the latter part of June because of the illness there of Mrs. Sharpe.

Santa Monica.—The Rev. H. P. Wilber has gone as far East as Massachusetts on a vacation trip. Durhis absence the Rev. W. H. Pornett of Los Angeles, occupies the pulpit.

El Cajon.—The pastor, the Rev. C. H. Abernethy, has taken unto himself a wife, in the person of Miss Frances Bartlett. The wedding ceremony was by the Rev. E. E. P. Abbott, pastor of the Second Congregational Church of San Diego.

Berkeley.—The Knox Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. R. S. Eastman is pastor, has organized a branch Sunday-school on Roosevelt avenue between Channing Way and Bancroft. The school will be known as the "Central Presbyterian."

Orange.—The 50th anniversary of the ministerial life of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Parker was celebrated last week. Dr. Parker was educated in Marietta College and Lane Theological Seminary. His work was in Indiana from 1854 to 1883, in which year he came to California and took charge at Orange.

Pasadena.—It is expected that the new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church will have on it all the finishing touches by the 1st of September. The News says: "The appearance of the structure from the exterior is so attractive as to cause those who pass to stop and gaze with rapture. The general outline is inspiring and the church is a monument to the energetic will of the Presbyterians of Pasadena."

Los Angeles.—The Westminster Presbyterian Church, exclusively for Negroes, dedicated its new house of worship the last Sunday in June. The building is situate on Denker avenue and 37th street, and has a seating capacity of 200. At present the church receives aid from the Freedmen's Aid Society, but it bids fair to be self-supporting soon. This is believed to be the only church on the coast that is exclusively for Negroes.

San Jose, Second.—Owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. Thornton A. Mills—who was unavoidably detained in the East for several months—the regular April communion of the Second Presbyterian Church, San Jose, Cal., was omitted. The sacramental feast was observed with added interest and devotion on June 16, and the hearts of pastor and of people were made joyful by the admission of forty-six into the fellowship of the church, the majority of them upon confession of their faith in the Savior whose footsteps guide us upward, and whose voice is continually calling us to greater consecration.

Palo Alto.—The cornerstone of what will be one of the largest and perhaps the most handsome houses of worship in Palo Alto was laid last week by the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church. The main tower of the church will be 76 feet in height. The church will have a frontage of 96 feet and a depth of 116 feet. There will be two entrances, one on the corner and one on the avenue. The auditorium will be 52 feet square and the choir platform, which is large, will be arranged for a pipe organ. There will be a main gallery 14x36 feet in size, a Sunday-school room 50x36 feet and two class rooms 20x36 feet. In addition there will be rooms for the pastor and various cloak apartments. The building will cost $33,000.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

We will now accustom ourselves to saying "Dr. Wicher", as Park College has conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. and Mrs. Moore have gone to Helena, Montana, for an extended visit among the people whom they served more than fifteen years in the pastorate.

Rev. Fred R. Marsh, '05, who has terminated his pastorate at Wray, Colorado, and is supplying the church at San Rafael through the month of July, has accepted an invitation to become for one year the pastor of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida, and also to give instruction in Greek. As this institution has three hundred students it offers a fine opportunity for Christian work. This is near Mr. Marsh's old home where his father is pastor of one of the largest churches in Florida.

Rev. Homer K Miller, who took two years of his Seminary course here in the class of '97, has been appointed by the Home Board to the principalship of the Edward Hubbard Memorial Academy at Manchester, Ky., He is also pastor of the village church and preaches at out-stations.

OPIUM UNDER LAW.

The Methodist London Times publishes the statement that "in Peking itself opium-smoking has been stopped in all the places of resort. Reports are being received by the British authorities as to the progress of the movement throughout the Empire. In many cases these are completely satisfactory; in some others they are less so, especially where particular Viceroys have taken little or no pains to carry out the policy of the Central Government. On the whole, however, the prospect appears distinctly encouraging and likely to establish the good faith of the Chinese Government in the matter. It must be for this country not to watch this effort merely as a critical spectator, but to lend it all the support and co-operation in our power." This enemy is one of the strongest which has ever grappled with the vitality of the human race. Just before the earthquake and fire it was estimated that there were fully 20,000 opium fiends in San Francisco.

LIFE.

A. D. Weage.

So many ways of life there are
  So bright in seeming,
That downward lead to shadow, and
  To night in ending.

O Master—Thou the way of life
  And love unending,
Keep thou our feet from off the sands
  To darkness tending.

So much of false in life there is,
  So fair in seeming,
So much deceit that wears the mask
  Of truth—unblushing.

O Thou who art of life the truth,
  So strong, unchanging,
Keep thou our minds and hearts fast fixed
  From falsehood's drifting.

How much of life there is that seems
  Without—so charming,
But deep within—the canker sores
  Of death unending.

O Thou, who art true life itself,
  Its source and substance,
Save thou us from the sad deceit
  Of its empty semblance.

WILL JAPAN CONTROL CHINA?

Japan has fought two great wars for China and Korea. The political situation in the Orient is not yet satisfactory. Japan has reason to study the situation not only in Korea and Manchuria but in China itself. For all that Japan has done for China there is growing a considerable anti-Japanese feeling in China. The Chinese students educated in Japan failed from some cause in the Peking examinations. The Japanese naturally suspect that the examinations were not fair in all respects. That is only a sign of the growing feeling between these two great rival nations. There seems to be reason to think that Japan will not ally herself with China. It is very evident that the policy of Japan is to tie up in close affiliation with European nations. It is probably well understood by Japan that her safety is in a wholesome fear of China. The movement of China in Manchuria against Japan is a quiet notice that China is very much alive even in Manchuria. The policy of Japan seems to be to unite with England, with France, and with America, to enable her to hold China, as she awakens to her strength, to a standard of modern civilization. This intense political situation in the Orient calls for the quickest and most efficient agency for the evangelization of China. Unless China is saved by Christian grace she may swamp the whole civilized world. There is no reason in the nature of the case why China when drilled into a vast militarism may not shake down the construction of civilization.

AN ENEMY IN CALIFORNIA.

The Agricultural department of the University of California notes the presence of a dangerous enemy, the Aleurodes citri, the white fly. It attacks the citrus fruits with greater damage than the scale. A well established colony has been discovered in the northern part of California. Thousands of eggs are found on a single leaf giving the leaf the appearance of being covered with a white mold. The egg hatches in about twenty days. Like the scale it fastens itself to the leaf. In the last stage wings develop and the scale is reorganized into a small white fly. In its fly stage its life is very brief, three or four days, but in that time each fly deposits from sixty to seventy-five eggs. It has been a serious problem in Florida and on the whole has baffled the scientists up to this time. Those owning orange orchards should take heed and enter into immediate communcation with Prof. Woodworth, University of California. It would be a good idea to address a line to professor Woodworth and obtain a bulletin which will give valuable information. Professor Woodworth recommends that every infected leaf be destroyed. Every effort should be put forth at once to discover the presence of this enemy. This means much to the entire state. So far as is now known the infected trees are all inside the city limits of Marysville. Take orders from the University and proceed to eradicate this pest.

Germany, Italy, and Austria, recently celebrated the quarter-centennial of the triple alliance by an interchange of congratulatory notes. The triple alliance has the credit of keeping the peace of Europe. This diplomatic adjustment is credited to the astuteness of the great German Bismarck. This compact really means that if either party is attacked the other two parties to the alliance will come to the assistance of their ally. It is sometimes wondered why Italy should be in alliance with Austria, her old enemy as against France, but it must be remembered that France at the interference of French troupes at the time Garibaldi, 1867, was in a deadly struggle with papal troupes had much to do in turning Italy toward Germany and Austria. The quarrel between Italy and France 1880 and 1881 over the "invasion" of Tunis by France finally caused Italy to seek an alliance with Germany and Austria. It is a little singular that France should in 1867 assist the pope against the campaign of Garibaldi for freedom, and in 1907 just forty years afterward France herself should be in struggle with the Vatican in a campaign for freedom. Russia's growl in 1879, when Germany stood with Austria against the aggressions of Russia in the Eastern question was much more significant than it is now. Japan has taught Europe that Russia is not really so powerful as it appears. The estrangement of France from Italy probably preserved the peace of Europe. German shrewdness captured the only ally France could have hoped for in getting back at Germany for the defeat of 1870.

The Southwestern has a careful review of some alleged crimes of negroes in the South and proves by indubitable evidences that the negroes are not at fault. We were in Chattanooga some months ago when a negro was arrested and in imminent danger of being lynched. We took pains to ask a good many citizens and found that public opinion was strongly in favor of the innocence of the negro. The court was practically without evidence. Subsequently a new trial was granted and the negro was taken from jail and hung by the mob. There was not a valid witness against him so far as we could learn. The conviction grew upon us that nearly all this mob business in the South was due to the designs of an evil and irresponsible contingency. Dr. Jones is an able defender of his people.

The Home.

Do not hurry;
Do not worry;
Grip your purpose and be true.
Days must measure
God's own pleasure
When this truth is plain to you.

Then be steady,
Always ready,
Never murmur, do your part;
Light each duty
With the beauty
Of a wholesome, happy heart.

THAT BOY OF YOURS.

If that boy of yours is a good boy, you ought to be happy; if he isn't a good boy—well, who knows why he isn't?

A farmer can trade or buy horses until he finds one to suit him. By careful selection of stock he can raise good colts, train them himself and have a horse just to his liking. Sentiment plays no part in the making or spoiling of a horse.

You can follow the steer or the hog to the block and find out just what they are made out of and the way these parts are put together. The prime steer dreeses out a certain per cent and has the meat finely marbled, and is finished to a queen's taste. But say, what are the boys made out of? You can't judge a boy on the same basis as you do a fine steer or horse.

What are boys made out of? Well, they are largely made up of appetite, activity and pranks. These things are common to all. Some boys have inborn traits differing according to their pedigree. Some inherit a mean disposition, some acquire it because of environment.

Let us analyze the make-up of the average boy. His appetite does not work on the eight-hour schedule. He's always hungry, and such things as green apples, slate pencils, jam—in fact, anything goes. If he didn't have this ravenous appetite he wouldn't grow. The wise mother will not scold or try to check it, but will try to supply the boy with wholesome food needed in building and repairing a rapidly growing body. Some think that a boy craves unwholesome things because nature made him that way, and therefore it does no harm for him to satisfy the craving. Not so. When fed properly there is no abnormal appetite.

It is natural for the boy to be active. Every young animal is always on the wiggle. Don't scold because he keeps his hands and feet going. He can't help it. He has to move in order to grow. All you need to do is to give him something useful to be active at, and he will not turn his activity to mischief. But don't overdo this. Let him romp and yell sometimes unhampered. Work is no safety valve for the restless boy. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It makes an old man out of him. Try and endure his restlessness until he outgrows it.

Maybe you don't believe boys are affectionate. They don't need to be unduly affectionate to show it, but a boy has a heart and a strong social nature. If you want to take the life out of a boy, if you want to make a prisoner as it were, out of him, just put him off to work somewhere all alone. No, no, don't say the boy is indifferent to social life. He is hungering for companionship. He works best in company with others. If you put him in the garden to pull weeds alone, don't be surprised if he shirks duty. Watch him hug the dog or pony. He longs to lavish his affections on something, and the wise mother will see that she gets her share from the bashful boy.

Curiosity is necessary to growth of mind. The boy who doen't care how things are made or why this and that is so is not going to be a well educated man. Answer questions—no matter how foolish they seem—as truthfully and as fully as you can.

Pranks are a part of youth. Some never outgrow the tendency, but on the whole it is harmless. Teach your boy that mean pranks are unmanly. Let the boy have his innocent fun, even at your expense. Laugh at a good joke, frown down any vulgar or mean trick.

That boy of yours is the future man in embryo. Watch his development more closely than you watch your favorite colt or pig. Your future happiness and pride or misery and shame are dependent upon the development of that boy of yours.

THE GIRL IN SCHOOL.

Our free public school system is not without its faults, one of which is that our girls do not learn the all-important things of life. We put our boys and girls through the same educational mill. They grind out the same things in most colleges, regardless of the fact that the lives of the boys and girls are very different in mature life.

It is all right that one and all should learn the basic principles of business, science, literature and art. We have no fault to find with what the girls learn, but with what they fail to learn. The schools are silent upon the three great and important steps in the life of every woman, home-making, wifehood and motherhood.

Every girl should be taught how to make and keep a home. This includes the wise purchase and manufacture of dress goods and clothing, sanitation in the home, healthful foods and how to cook them, care of the sick, etc.

The knowledge least sought, most needed, and the least available is that of home making in all its phases. The science most neglected is that of cooking. The farmer knows more about feeding his hogs properly than the wife does about feeding her children. The farmer has more available information regarding barn buildings, ventilation and conveniences than his wife has about the proper construction and ventilation of the home. Home work would not be such a drudgery if the workers understood some of the laws that govern health and comfort.

The girls rush blindly into married life before they know the meaning of it. They are carrying crying babies before they know how to make a baby dress or give it proper care.

Not one word of these all important truths are ever uttered in the school room, and too often the girls never hear a word of warning or advice from their mothers.

The girl grows to young womanhood and perchance gets a longing to know the truth. One in

thousands finds her way into the schools where domestic science is taught. The women who know domestic economy are so scarce that they are in great demand as teachers. Every woman should know these important things, but how can she? The schools teach her how to figure, not how to sew; how to recite pieces, not how to cook peas; how to read Latin, not how to help a colicy baby.

These things can not be taught completely in a mixed school, but the principles can be taught, even if the girls must be held in class after the boys are dismissed. But mothers have an important place in the education of their girls. May it be less frequently wailed by distressed young wives and mothers, "Why didn't mother teach me these things?"—Exchange.

The Quiet Hour.

LIFE IN THE SUNSHINE.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom,
Carry some gladness the world to illume.

Live in the brightness, and take this to heart,
The world will be gayer if you'll do your part.

Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open-air Christians live nobly and well.

Live where the joys are, and, scorning defeat,
Have a good morrow for all whom you meet.

Live as the victor, and triumphing go
Through this queer world, beating down every foe
Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
Live as the robins and sing the day through.

THE GRACE OF THANKFULNESS.

Alexander McKenzie, D.D.

The sirit of thanksgiving is a high grace. Every one knows the need of it, and would not be thought to live without it. It crowns a useful life with beauty and extends the influence of all which a man does. It is a charm in a useful career, a glory resting upon strength, a witness to sincerity. It would seem to be easy of attainment, so necesasry and appropriate is it. It is easier for some than for others, and the difference has very little to do with the conditions in which men are placed. We find thankfulness where the benefits are limited, and miss it where they are beyond measure. It is rather in the disposition than the estate that the variation consists. Several causes combine to hinder thankfulness. Thus, we are not aware of the good which is given to us and do not appreciate the favors we reecive. We feel the want of those which are denied more than the possession of those which are ours. The uncertainty with which blessings are held lessens their value in our thought. We have so much to do in making, earning, deserving them that this seems the principal reason for their coming and we do not feel called upon to recognize the good will without which our exertions would be fruitless. Then, with and beneath all this, there is a measure of inherent selfishness, which overestimates our good desert and makes large claims in its behalf.

Think for a moment upon some things which constantly call for thankfulness, and call upon every man. There is our life itself, our life in its real character. It is our portion of the life which is from the beginning and is the life of all that lives. It is far more than being, existence— it is divine and permanent. The description given at the opening of human history in the Book of Genesis is pure fact, however realistic the form may be. The Eternal breathes of His own life into the creature of dust and man becomes a living soul. The Creator might have done otherwise and less. He has in love given His best, given of Himself, to one who can think, reason, will; can enjoy and make glad; can love and be loved. We are so familiar with ourselves that we fail to perceive how great we are, and to let our divine powers have the use which will employ and enlarge them. If we were able we should pause every morning as the new day breaks and sing a psalm to celebrate ourselves, our being; the greatness and gladness of life.

The great God deals with us all the day upon this scale. There is grandeur in His governance. He gives us the seasons in their order and we have bread. The planets which stand in their courses and the heavens which bend over us disclose His presence and His glory and His power, while He also declares their meaning. He stands around us in constancy of strength, "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem." "The Eternal is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." He orders our life in reason, and speaks to our conscience, and remembers the liberty He has bestowed. When He reaches men to this day it is by His exceeding love. The shepherd becomes the good shepherd and gives his life for his sheep. His promises are exceeding great and precious and He gives to us immortality in advance, as a pledge of our divinity. With all this magnificent care and love are the countless blessings, which often we do not rightly value till they are taken from us. "The lips say 'God be pitiful' which nearly said 'God be praised.'" I do not attempt to reckon up the things which make it pleasant for us to live. Whatever we do to procure them, they are still a gift. The very ability to earn them is a gift, so that we are pointed steadily beyond ourselves. The worth of the good we have is enhanced by the method of its coming. We are under bonds to think of Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. Thus is life enriched. It is uplifted. The spirit of thanksgiving is the spirit of manliness and no man should rest or be content until that spirit inspires his thought and rules his life.

Cambridge, Mass., 1907.

Young People.

SOME BOYS' MISTAKES.

It is a mistake for a boy to think that a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is, that the quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. More than one boy has lessened his chances of success in life by acquiring in boyhood a pert, smart, dashing manner particularly offensive to men of real intelli-

gence and refinement. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself. And he will find it still more to his advantage to rely on God's Word for direction in all the important affairs of life.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel at any time in all of the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty, not only in boyhood, but when their boyhood days were far behind them. It is a bad sign when a boy begins to show signs of disrespect to his parents.

It is a mistake for a boy to suppose that there is any better or safer place for him than his own home after nightfall. The boy who forms the habit of running the streets at night is sure to fall in with evil companions, for the better class of boys will be in their homes at night. Records of crime prove that many a boy has begun a criminal career by strolling the streets at night. There is no better place for young people than the "sweet, safe corner of the household fire."

It is a mistake for a boy to feel that there is any better way of acquiring a dollar than by honestly earning it. The real "royal road to fortune" is by the road that requires honest toil and the giving of the very best one has to give in return for money received. Every right-minded boy will want to earn his money, and he will ask nothing at the hands of mere fortune. It is true, as Benjamin Franklin once said, that "industry and patience are the surest means of plenty."

It is a sad mistake for a boy to feel that religion is something intended for women and girls, and that it is unmanly for him to go to church and Sunday-school. The world has never known better or manlier men than those who have been faithful attendants at both church and Sunday-school. Real piety is the foundation of all character, and the scoffer at religion is never respected by those whose respect it is worth while to have.

It is a mistake for a boy to do anything "on the sly." The sly boy is sure to be found out, and when he has once lost the confidence of his friends it is extremely difficult for him to regain it. The wise boy will be "as honest as the day." Woe to him if he is not!

It is a serious mistake for a boy to feel that he can get along in life just as well without an education as with one. Of course there are men who have attained a high degree of success in life with but a limited education, but those men will admit that the degree of their success might have been greater had they had the distinct advantage of a good education.—J. L. Harbour, in The American Boy.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A GOOSE.

"Why is the goose silly?" repeated Grandpa Longbow, putting down his paper. "Do you know that the goose was once the wisest of all creatures? You don't? Then it might be well for little boys and girls to hear the true story of what happened to the goose.

"Long ago, when the rabbit had the longest tail of any creature living, and when the eagle, then the most timid of birds, used to live on pumpkin seed, the goose was very wise. It walked about with a dignified bearing that you can yet see traces of, in spite of its waddling; and by asking questions of everyone, it learned all that was really to be known about the dry land. But the learned goose was still unsatisfied.

"'Why,' it exclaimed, 'the world is more than three-fourths water; and, although I know all that is to be known on and about dry land, I am ignorant of everything in the water.'

"So the goose set about learning how to swim and dive; and after many years of study or questioning it learned all about the water and the creatures that live in it. But still it was not satisfied.

"'I know very little about the air,' said the learned goose. 'I must now learn to fly like the eagle, so that I will be able to take longer journeys than are possible to one who only swims and walks.'

"After much practice the goose learned to fly; and that enabled it to travel so much and learn so much that it finally fell ill with brain fever. When it recovered its mind was affected; and it couldn't tell whether it belonged to the sea like the gull, the dry land like the hen, or the air like the eagle. And ever since it has been wandering about—a homeless, witless, foolish bird; and all because it asked too many questions and learned too much.

"No; I will not tell you how the rabbit lost its tail, and the eagle became brave and fierce. Remember the fate of the goose, and don't try to learn too much at once."—Independent.

THE MASTER'S HAND.

It is the Master's touch alone
Evolves a clear, angelic tone;

Sometimes 'tis by a touch of pain
We sweeter, rarer visions gain;

Sometimes 'tis by a touch of joy
The pen its noblest strains employ;

Sometimes 'tis by a touch of love
We gain a view of things above;

Sometimes 'tis by his touch in dreams
That wondrous beauty round us streams;

Sometimes in midnight, dark and drear,
We feel his gentle touch of cheer;

Sometimes when sorrow lingers near
We feel His hand so soft and dear;

Sometimes 'tis by a touch divine
Our faces brightly glow and shine;

So, ever by the Master's hand,
In ways we never dreamed or planned,

The soul is winged to grander heights,
To richer, purer, fairer sights.

—H. A. Lavely.

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10 lbs. Fancy Prunes; or 5 lbs. Extra Fancy 20c Peaches, dried 85c
5 lbs. caddy our new crop finest imported Green, Japan, Uncolored, Spider Leg, English Breakfast, Oolong, Ceylon, Gun Powder or Mixed Tea, all equal to 75c grades or better; guaranteed to please or money refunded; or 8 lbs. our very finest Mocha and Java, 40c Roast Pure Coffee, supremely delicious, for $2.50

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MOUNT HERMON NOTES.

The dedication of the new Tabernacle at Mount Hermon took place on the evening of Wednesday, July 3d. Rev. Warren Landon, D.D., of San Anselmo, who is Superintendent of Instruction in the Bible Institute, was chairman for the occasion. Scripture was read by Rev. F. K. Baker, of Santa Cruz, and prayer offered by Rev. T. F. Burnham of Vallejo.

The first address of the evening was made by Mr. R. B. Hummel of Batanga, West Africa, giving a vivid description of the physical, mental and religious life of the Africans.

Mrs. H. B. Pinney, of San Francisco, representing the Woman's Occidental Board of Missions, then made a short address, speaking of the establishment of Mission Headquarters at Mount Hermon, of their plans for the season, and of their ambitions for the future. She stated that it is the hope of missionary workers to establish at Mount Hermon a permanent Training School of Methods for the instruction of those preparing for mission work.

Rev. S. F. Wishard, D.D., of Los Angeles, but for many years head of the Presbyterian Home Mission work in Utah, was introduced by the chairman as "The hero of Home Missions." Dr Wishard said in part, "Here at Mount Hermon you are doing the things that make for Home Missions. The through and through things of God are being given to people. What the world wants today are people who know what God has said and who stand upon it. This is to be a tabernacle where God shall reign by His truth and His Holy Spirit. God bless this place, and make it a place of life and light and prayer."

To Rev. Hugh Gilchrist, D.D., was given the especial service of dedication. He spoke of the inception of the Mount Hermon work and of its progress to the present time. "Mount Hermon," he said, "stands for the integrity of the Bible. It stands for the teaching and the spread of the Word of God. We take the Bible tonight as the foundation of our hope. We stand for the integrity of the Word of God, and for the spread of the gospel through the world. May this spot prove to be a place of faithful and true teaching, from which shall issue streams of faith and knowledge and joy, to make glad the world: a place where all men shall stand tall enough to see the wide world through and love all men equally, and to take in the scope of the world's redemption. God give us scope and breadth. For what does Mount Hermon stand? For the purity of the land and the support of the flag. God grant us to be citizens who can do our duty in home and nation, ever strong enough to dare and do. There is no such thing as a stainless flag unless we produce the power of purity. There is nothing pertaining to the welfare of religion and of this land, that does not find a center in this place. God grant us here great visitations of His own presence. God grant us here to bow and be taught by the Great Teacher. This building has heretofore been called the Auditorium, but in accordance with the desire of many friends it shall henceforth be known

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as the Tabernacle. The name Mount Hermon was given in memory of the meeting of Christ with His disciples upon the Mount of Transfiguration. To us as His disciples, Christ says: 'Abide here for a little while; behold Me, see My sonship; then go back to meet the world's hardships better because of the visions of glory.' We do not know what waits at the foot of the mountain; but here we learn, we behold, we are filled with His presence, and we shall be the better prepared for what awaits us there. God grant that this be a dedication to the world's work and service. We dedicate this place, our gifts, ourselves, for an outflow to the man for whom nobody prays."

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
Yet not for power, (power of herself
Would come uncalled for,) but to live by law;
Acting the law we live by without fear."

—Tennyson.

Between the great things we cannot do, and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.—Adolphe Monod.

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For Things Doing at Mount Hermon Watch this Space

EVENTS DURING JULY.

The Bible Institute, the chief event of the season, is now well under way with a full corps of teachers, and will continue until July 21.

Mount Hermon stands pre-eminenently for the TEACHING and INTERPRETATION of the WORD OF GOD.

With the Bible Work are,

MUSIC, LITERATURE, NATURE STUDIES, MISSIONS.

The ZAYANTE INDIAN CONFERENCE, July 18-20 is in the interest of the 17,000 California Indians; the little remnant now left of 200,000 seventy years ago.

The BIBLE LEAGUE, July 21, 22.

The GREAT WEEK, July 23-28. The Morning Watch, a half hour with the Bible at 7-7:30 each morning, under the direction of Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose. The Second period, "Inner Truths of the Great Book," Rev. J. B. Orr of Santa Cruz, Rev. Thomas Boyd, D.D., of Fresno, and Rev. W. F. Harper of San Jose, the Interpreters..

The third period of the five days of this week

FIVE ADDRESSES by Rev. Bishop William M. Bell D. D. on the general theme,

"WORLD MOVEMENTS OF OUR TIME"

The distinguished visitor now in America Rev. GEORGE SOLTAU, D. D., one of England's greatest Bible Teachers and Evangelists, brings The EVANGELISTIC MESSAGE for the Week.

All regular trains make connection at Santa Cruz for Mount Hermon.

JUL 19 1907

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THE LOVELY THINGS OF EARTH.

The lovely things of earth, I think,
  The Master loved, where'er they be,
The palm-branch shaking in the sun,
  The tall grass waving like a sea.

How often he in gardens paced
  For the deep peace they give the heart,
Or underneath the olive shade
  On lonely hills went far apart.

It must be he on many an eve
  Watched the red sunset from some height,
And knew next morning one should see
  The dewy day dawn fair and bright.

Felt not the lilies of the field
  A thrill sweep through them like a breeze
When, bending there, he said the king
  Was not arrayed like one of these?

O beauty of the sea and sky,
  The rainbow with the colors seven,
Still do you make this common earth
  Seem like the ante-room of heaven!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

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REWARDED.

"One strove for wealth, with all his might and main
To find that he had hoarded gilded trouble;
One strove, with all his skill, men's praise to gain,
And grasped, at last, an empty, wind-blown bubble;
One lived a holy dream, through loss and pain,—
His work, for all his pains, repaid him double."

A Negro won the oratorical prize at Olivet College, Michigan, this year. The day for the black man is dawning.

Statistics show that more than six million persons are employed on the Sabbath in the various industries in the United States.

An immense audience cheered when Oxford University conferred on General Booth, of the Salvation Army, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. It was something worth cheering. In their hearts people all around the world will cheer when they hear of it, for General Booth belongs to the world—and to God.

All who know Mark Twain will rejoice in that the great University at Oxford, England, has given him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Sydney Brooks, writing concerning him in the London Chronicle, says: "More than any other man living has Mark Twain made the world laugh. But his humor has always been on the side of the angels. He has gibed at much, but never at anything that made for goodness or nobility." Doubtless Mark Twain prizes that utterance more than he prizes the degree. Blessed the humorist concerning whom such words can be said!

That was a beautiful tribute which the Rev. Dr. Bradley of Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, paid to the Rev. Dr. McLean, of Pacific Theological Seminary, in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday. Dr. Bradley stated that he had come from Siam as a boy thirty years ago to enter school in this country; that his first Sunday here he heard Dr. McLean preach in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland and thought as he listened that it was worth while to be a minister if a man could preach like that. Today, said Dr. Bradley, some of the conditions are changed. "I stand in the pulpit and Dr. McLean sits in the pew." But the profound respect engendered for that stalwart servant of God on these Pacific shores, as he listened that day thirty years ago, he said, had never changed nor waned.

Helen Gould was accustomed to say that her father was one of the best of men. In the home life there was manifest only the best side of the man. In business there was another side that came most to the knowledge of those who came thus into association with him. A few days ago Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago, a daughter of John D. Rockefeller, said: "My father is a much-persecuted man. It seems the more remarkable, inasmuch as he is not an enemy to anybody in the world. He is one of the most genial, great-hearted men in this whole world. He lives in the clouds with his God rather than with worldly things. It is his greatest pleasure to promote happiness among those with whom he comes in contact." Would, then, that Mr. Rockefeller could come in contact with the men working for $1.60 a day in one of the great business enterprises which he controls! It is evident from this statement by Mrs. McCormick, from the life led by Mr. Rockefeller, and from what is seen in many other lives, that lessons in ethics are needed. Such books as the one by Shailer Mathews, reviewed in our columns this week, would plant some good seeds in the minds of such people if they should read them.

Father Yorke of Oakland is hardly a safe man to be abroad. Quite frequently he makes some astounding and highly unwarranted utterances. The most recent is that while attending the meeting of the Catholic Education Association in Milwaukee. It was there that he said: "The conviction of Schmitz was by a jury of capitalists. As an instance tending to show the character of the jury I need cite but one fact." And then he proceeded to tell of the juror who went home and whipped his wife, and presented him as a sample of the rest in character. This was despicable. There were some fine Christian men on that jury; and it was not a jury of capitalists either. Father Yorke has magnified their possessions just as he magnified the crowd that welcomed Schmitz home from Europe —when he stated that 5000 waited from seven in the evening till one in the morning to greet him. The majority of them waited in bed. Then, too, it is strange that Father Yorke shouldn't have sense enough to know the reading public everywhere would know that the following from his lips was a "whopper": "The whole thing out there is politics, or a determination of certain wealthy men to get Mayor Schmitz out of office and make it impossible for him ever to be a candidate again. Schmitz is popular in San Francisco. He has been elected three times, the last time after he had been indicted by the grand jury. There really was no evidence disclosed at his trial, when he was convicted, that was not already known." Were we not familiar with Father Yorke's utterances when at home we should think that he had been incorrectly reported in the East.

ONLY TWO NEGRO DELEGATES AT THE SEATTLE CONVENTION.

Only two Negro delegates were in attendance at the Christian Endeavor convention in Seattle. It is said that the Negroes residing in Seattle ignored the convention. The two who came from a distance were the Rev. Dr. W. T. Jones of Richmond, Virginia, and the Rev. Dr. W. H. Brooks of Washington, D. C. Distance had something to do with this attendance. The unpleasantness which arose over the refusal of one of the Seattle hotels to entertain them kept many away. Usually there are about an hundred Negro delegates.

While in Seattle Dr. Brooks wrote the following poem which was read by him at a meeting in one of the churches:

"I see the lambs of the fold,
You've sought and striven to keep,
But brother, tell me where
Is the Master's lost black sheep?

The Shepherd gave his life,
'Mid sorrows dark and deep,
To bring again to the fold,
And home, his lost black sheep.

Go, as he bids you, then,
And glory you shall reap—
Go, bring to him his own;
He loves his lost black sheep.

Think not the fleece's hue
Can ever render cheap
What, in his sight, hath worth
Like the blood-bought lost black sheep."

These colored brethren from Richmond and Washington had no complaint concerning the treatment accorded them while in Seattle; but it is evident that there is among the Negroes in Seattle and in different parts of the country considerable feeling against the local C. E. committee.

CITIES WITH GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

All the larger cities on the Pacific coast are cities of great expectations, and reasonably so. In the not far-distant future there will be several that will have a population of a million each. Which city will lead in population no one can tell at present. The editor of a paper at Eugene, Oregon, assumes, however, the role of a prophet and says: "Thirty years ago I predicted that Portland would be the metropolis of the North Pacific both in point of population and importance as a seaport; and I think no one can say my prediction has not come true. I now believe that Portland is destined to be the largest city on the Pacific coast, San Francisco not excepted." Doubtless Seattle will question emphatically the declaration that Portland is, now, the leading city of the Pacific Northwest. Each has had a remarkable growth during the last half dozen years, and each will in the next few decades climb up very closely to the half million in population. In Los Angeles there is a not inconsiderable number of people who cherish the belief that their city will reach even the million mark as early as 1925. There is no doubt that the Owen's river water project, the bringing in of water for the city and the surrounding country from a region two hundred and fifty miles distant, will give Los Angeles a great uplift. A city the size of Los Angeles that can attempt so great an enterprise is justified in anticipating great results.

But what shall be said, in the midst of these anticipations, concerning the cities on San Francisco bay? Great advancement will be measured here also. San Francisco, cleansed of her corruption, chastened by her hard experiences, will ere long take her old position of supremacy and leadership, and together the cities of the coast will move on to their exalted destiny. Not many years hence the combined cities on the east side of the bay will have a population exceeding that of San Francisco. Then will come a tunnel under the bay, and eventually some such union as will forever put Greater San Francisco at the head of the procession on the Pacific coast.

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS AT THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

It was a Canadian, the Rev. Dr. Wilson of Toronto, who, at the Christian Endeavor Convention in Seattle, stirred up some enthusiasm for Vice-President Fairbanks as the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. At one of the sessions in one of the churches Dr. Wilson made an address in which he said:

"I am proud to be in this great country and proud to be able to see and talk to your honored Vice-President, who, I hope, will at the next election prove to be the worthy successor of the great man who now occupies the Presidential chair. Charles Warren Fairbanks is adorned with every attribute to make him fit for the greatest office in the gift of the American people. He will make a great President and fill the office as worthily as he does the office that he now holds."

A minister who occupied a seat on the platform began to applaud, and the large audience joined heartily. As soon as this ceased the Rev. Dr. Dille, who was presiding, arose and remarked:

"Our brother from across the border may be accused of injecting politics into this Christian Endeavor meeting, but if to indorse a man for the presidency who believes in the purity of the home, the overthrow of vice, the destruction of the saloon and the purification of American citizenship, is to be called politics then I am perfectly willing to have this meeting go on record as supporting Charles Warren Fairbanks for the presidency."

The Seattle times says: "This sentiment was tumultuously applauded by the audience, and the Vice-President smiled sweetly."

In the address which Mr. Fairbanks proceeded then to make, there was no reference to anything political. It was on Good Citizenship.

According to all accounts Mr. Fairbanks captured the convention and the people in general while he was in Seattle. The Times, a Democratic paper, says: "Mr. Fairbanks has been pictured as reticent, non-magnetic and ministering. He has, evidently, been misrepresented. He gave many evidences of possessing a sympathetic nature."

The day Vice-President Fairbanks spoke in the great convention tent on Our Country President Clark of the Christian Endeavor Society in introducing him said:

"Mr. Fairbanks is a good man, or else he would not be occupying the position as the second man of our nation as he does. Mr. Fairbanks is a Christian man. Christian men, I am glad to say, have occupied the Presidental chair of our country for many years past and the destinies of our natioin have been in the hands of men who have stood on the side of God. It would be possible on this occasion, continued President Clark, to incite a political demonstration, but from what I know of Mr. Fairbanks, I know that nothing of this nature will occur."

At a meeting of Methodists in Seattle during the convention Mr. Fairbanks spoke of the hope long entertained by him of a union between the Methodist churches North and South. A few weeks ago at Chattanooga, at a conference attended by the leading Methodists of the South he said:

"I have never allowed the opportunity to pass without raising my voice in favor of the accomplishment of this great purpose. It has seemed to me that the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, were too broad and generous in their purposes to be confined to distinct and separate fields. The field of their endeavor should be the entire United States, and they should, as a united body, enter the foreign missionary field. The alignment of the two great bodies of Methodism along an old-time sectional division is not in keeping with the progressive spirit of our great Church. Sectional prejudices have died away. Sectional hates are buried and, in God's providence, buried forever.

"It is gratifying to observe the increasing friendly relations between the different branches of our Church. We are coming more and more in fellowship with each other and to sympathize with each other. I believe it is the part of good Methodism, yes, of good Americanism, for us to bring about an organic union between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. I understand full well that the way is not free from difficulty and that the end so devoutly to be wished is not immediately at hand, but I have faith in the good judgment of the great body of our Church. I believe that we shall in the exercise of a catholic spirit work out the great problem of ultimate union, and that the two great branches of Methodism will be merged so that their jurisdiction and their potential influence will be as broad and comprehensive as the limits of the great republic. I want to see Northern bishops going South and Southern bishops going North. I want to see our bishops and ministers interchanged between the North and South without regard to any old-time divisional lines. I may not live to see this, but I have faith to believe it will in God's good time be accomplished. I believe in every movement which will tend to knit the different sections of our country into more perfect union and to strengthen more and more that fraternal spirit which should forever exist between them."

If Mr. Fairbanks can be prominently instrumental in bringing about such a union as the one he longs for it will be a great achievement—the greatest of his life. Better this than to be President!

Don't wait for some work to turn up, but go and turn up some work. You may work with praying, but you can't pray without working.—J. Hudson Taylor.

THE WORLD OUR COUNTRY.

Gradually, everywhere, people are coming to a realization of the fact that the world is their country. The old Greek philosopher, Seneca, realized this and said it. The thought was embodied in the teachings of Jesus and in the declarations of Paul. It is coming to the front more and more every year, and eventually will shape the destiny of mankind. Recently there was in Montreal a meeting of the American Institute of Instruction. The superintendents of this Institute, the president of the National Education Association, and others, were appointed to prepare and present a report on peace teaching in the schools. It was as follows:

"Neither industry, commerce nor national politics can now be successfully conducted without a new world-consciousness, a broader sympathy and a sense of international obligation to protect, rather than to exploit the weaker races. The rising generation needs to be taught a new point of view regarding these matters.

"At the International Congress of Teachers in 1905, at which eighteen nations were represented, an entire day was devoted to the theme, 'What can the schools do to spread the peace idea?' The result was definite and practical recommendations, including the special celebration in the schools of May 18, the anniversary of the opening of the Hague Conference. Beginning the celebration in this country with the action of the school authorities in Massachusetts, and Ohio in 1905, five other States, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Kansas, joined with them in 1906 in authorizing the schools to hold special exercises on May 18. This year other States have done likewise. We trust that in all States next year, the schools will devote part of one session to teaching the principles for which the Hague Conference stands.

"To present properly the new and encouraging international viewpoint care must be taken not to confound international war with civil war—a problem for each individual nation which it may take longer to solve. The achievement of international peace should be shown as the most hopeful of all reforms, in spite of the stupendous growth of military budgets in recent years. The same peace between nations can soon be assured as that which exists between Ohio and Indiana or between Chicago and Philadelphia. This is no Utopian dream and involves no change of human nature.

"Had the last generation been instructed properly in the spirit of international justice and of the brotherhood of man we should not see today our government spending in time of peace as much annually for armaments as upon all our public schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and our total bill for militarism would not annually reach the stupendous sum of two-thirds of our national income.

"We recognize the new industrial and commercial conditions which the limitation of time and space and labor have wrought by means of inventions, and we are preparing to meet these new conditions by industrial training and business courses. But are we equally recognizing the need to prepare the rising generation to meet the new problems of organization which the vast intermingling of races and the complex political and commercial relations of the twentieth century will create? The new internationalism must inspire a larger patriotism—one that declares our

country is the world and that our countrymen are all mankind."

Years ago John Ruskin had a vision of what is sometime to be when he wrote:

"Put off, put off your mail, O kings,
And beat your brands of dust!
Your hands must learn a surer grasp,
Your hearts a better trust.

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet bar
A noise is in the morning wind
And not the note of war.

Upon the grassy mountain paths
The glittering hosts increase—
They come! They come! How fair their feet!
They come who publish peace.

And victory, fair victory,
Our enemies' and ours!
For all the clouds are clasped in light,
And all the earth with flowers,

Aye, still depressed and dim with dew;
But wait a litle while,
And with the radiant deathless rose
The wilderness shall smile.

And every tender, living thing,
Shall feed by streams of rest;
Nor lamb shall from the flock be lost,
Nor nursling from the nest."

There has been improvement since then; but the world is yet far from the desired goal. Instruction is needed as well in our own land as in other lands. Accordingly The Pacific Presbyterian hails this instruction in the schools.

THE MORNING COMETH.

There was great rejoicing in San Francisco, and far more widely, on Wednesday of this week when it was announced that Dr. Edward R. Taylor, a pioneer citizen of high standing, had been selected as mayor, and had consented to act, notwithstanding the fact that it necessitated considerable personal sacrifice.

Dr. Taylor's utterances as he enters on the duties of the office have the right ring. We put the following first, because it is **first**, and should be first: "The first essential to good government is perfect order, and I shall employ every arm of the law to the end that such order shall prevail."

Being asked in this connection as to his attitude toward unions, Dr. Taylor replied: "As Mayor I know no union man nor any organization man, but every man as a man. Every man looks as tall to me as every other man. I am opposed to all class legislation and class government."

With such a man as mayor we may look for violence to cease in San Francisco; it will not be safe, as it has been in the very recent past,— even the last few days—for gangs of desperate men to mob and murder openly on the streets of the city men whose sole offense has been that they would not yield to the dictates,—yes, the tyranny—of a class.

The following also by Dr. Taylor is worthy of emphasis: "I am going to do the best I can for the city without regard to partisan politics; and, so far as I am concerned there will be no partisan politics." And this also: "Had any pledges been exacted of me by those who tendered the office, I would not have considered the tender for the one-thousandth part of a second."

The people of San Francisco ought to give profound thanks to God that such a man as Dr. Taylor has come to direct in municipal affairs. The coming of such a man is only to help. And if through him order cannot be brought out of chaos we shall begin to despair of San Francisco. But we believe that God's chastening hand is about to be withdrawn; that the lesson is being learned. May it be so learned that the city will never again be cursed by officials seeking only the things of self!

And now let the prosecution press on in its work and send all grafters, whether business men or officials, to San Quentin for periods so long that whenever San Quentin is thought of men will shudder at the shadow of the least temptation to walk in their footsteps.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD AGAIN.

Soon again it will be "President Garfield." Not, however, of the United States, but of Williams College. It is especially appropriate that a son of the man who said that a log in the wilderness with Mark Hopkins on one end and himself on the other would be college enough for him, should become president of the college the destinies of which Mark Hopkins directed for so many years: Professor Harry Garfield of Princeton University has been chosen to succeed the present president, the Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins, and will enter on the duties of the position at the end of the next academic year. Mr. Garfield is forty-four years old, and has attained success and distinction both in law and in business. In 1903 he was invited to take the chair of politics in Princeton University which Dr. John H. Finley vacated in order to take the position of president of the College of the City of New York. It was a work which appealed to him, and he accepted the call. Now, he turns from that to the larger work—that of the presidency of one of our great historical colleges.

THE JAPANESE IN HAWAII.

The Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder writes as follows in the **American Missionary**:

"Hawaii's immigrants are almost entirely from the poorer farming class. Yet they show a marked tendency to rise. Two of the largest wholesale Japanese establishments in Honolulu are run by men who came here as 'coolies.' In fact, outside of the banks and some five large mercantile houses which are branches of Japanese firms, practically all the large and small business concerns are captained by ex-'coolies.' Outside of Honolulu all over the islands one meets with prosperous Japanese shopkeepers, nearly all of whom came over as contract or other laborers. One of the ablest evangelists of the Hawaiian Board emigrated to Hawaii in the same capacity. He became a Christian, then returned to Japan to study and is now a most successful, devoted missionary. A physician well known among his countrymen in this city arrived years ago as a contract 'coolie,' saved his money, crossed to San Francisco, earned a medical education, returned to the islands, passed his examination and is a successful practitioner.

"It is doubtful whether any other race immigrating into America can show in the first generation a larger percentage of men who have risen from the poorest

estate to large competence than can the Japanese of these islands.

"A great, generous, over-prosperous giant like the United States ought to be ashamed of itself for legislating against such a people."

A LOOK INTO SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts From Well-filled Store-houses.

Anecdotes And Illustrations.". By R. A. Torrey. Mr. Moody is quoted as saying to one of his able associates, who ranked high as a Bible expositor: "You don't put enough windows in your sermons. No one can do it better; but you get so interested in your subject you go on and on with argument and proof text, until the audience is weary. You should wake them up; let them see out and in through a window—use pointed illustrations." This volume of anecdotes and illustrations will show what use Dr. Torrey made of "windows" in sermons. Both in its suggestiveness and in the furnishing of material for illustrations it will be of value. The following shows the many means God uses to bring people to the life in Christ: "When Mr. Moody visited New Haven in 1878 I was a student in the university there. The ripest scholar in the university at that time, if not the ripest in America, was President Woolsey, ex-President Woolsey of Yale University. One night a young man went up to hear Mr. Moody preach, and President Woolsey sat on the platform; and when they sang the gospel hymns President Woolsey, himself a gray-haired scholar, joined in singing the hymns with all his heart. That young man said: 'Well, if one of the greatest scholars in America can sing those hymns in that way, there certainly must be something in it.' And he was converted, not through Mr. Moody's preaching, but through President Woolsey's singing." [F. H. Revell Company, New York, 75 cents net.]

"The Simple Things of The Christian Life." By G. Campbell Morgan. Dr. Morgan writes in this volume in his usual instructive and inspiring way on The New Birth, Holiness, Growth, Work and Temptation. In the article on Growth we find the following: "Some years ago a member of one of my former congregations, a Christian woman of refinement and of great consecration, went to stay in the home of her sister in the country, where she had stayed for many years. Her sister was a woman of the world, engrossed in worldly pleasures and interests. When my friend was leaving the home after a stay of two weeks her sister, taking her by the hand and looking into her face, said: 'I do not understand your religion, but I will tell you one thing; it has made you far easier to live with.'". Am I easier to live with? Here is one of the tests of growth. In the article on Temptation, Dr. Morgan says: "I have no sympathy, no patience with those who say the young should not be ambitious. They ought to dream dreams, and see visions, and climb mountains, and fight battles, and strive for success. God so made them. But the enemy comes and says: See, that is a rough and rugged road to the temple of fame. That is a hard and difficult hill. You will be long years toiling up it. Come with me, and I will show you a short cut. Know that voice for the devil's own. He is the prime inventor and patentee of short cuts. The man who would be rich by a short cut is devil-led find him where you will. The man who would get his kingdom by half a moment's homage to some whispered evil suggestion of unrighteousness is devil-led. That is temptation, and its principle of appeal is always the same, the attainment of a right end by a wrong method. [F. H. Revell Company, New York, 50 cents net.]

"Life On The Uplands." By John D. Freeman. It has been said that the author of "Life on the Uplands," which is an interpretation of the 23d Psalm, does for the Psalm what Henry Drummond did for the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. In his opening chapter Mr. Freeman says: "Had David done nothing more in his lifetime than teach mankind to say 'The Lord is my shepherd,' he would have conferred an inestimable boon. In this single sentence he has given to the world a conception of God that floods the spiritual imagination with ruddy light. It is a great rose window set in the temple of truth, through which the whole radiance of the eternal streams in and falls with softened splendor on the minds of men." The author makes an entity of the psalm by preserving in his treatment of it the figure of the Good Shepherd throughout. "Shepherd life as, David knew it, was a life essentially emotional and devotional. Shepherdhood, as David exercised it, was a relation at once so affectionately solicitious and so ingeniously resourceful as to be akin to motherhood. For the sheep of eastern lands live in their shepherd. He is the center of their unity, the guarantee of their security, the pledge of their prosperity. For them, pastures and wells and paths and folds are all in him. Apart from him their condition is one of abject and pathetic helplessness." It was as a shepherd that the realization came to David that though he was a helpless creature, in the great world-wilderness, he was neither forsaken nor forgotten. "He too belonged to a tended and guarded flock. His own life, like that of his dependent sheep was 'a life in love.'" Through many a troubled day of his checkered career David must have carried that precious thought in his heart," says the writer. "In his poetic nature it was the seed of a song. And it must often have come to the verge of its unfolding. One day, we know not when, but it was a blessed day for the world, a special inspiration smote him and the seed burst into blossom. On that day he gave the world this perfect lyric of religious trust, a lyric which has sung itself into the hearts of a thousand generations, and will sing on until its music melts away and blends with the harmonies of heaven." [A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, 75 cents net.]

"The Teachings of Jesus In Parables." By George Henry Hubbard. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," so quotes the author of this volume, and continues: "The universal love of a story is the magic touch of nature that brings together all classes of men and holds with equal attraction the old and the young, the wise and the unwise, the rich and the poor. Hence the stories or parables of Jesus have been in every age the unfailing source of most popular gospel preaching. When abstract truth palls upon the conscience or fails to reach the understanding, the parable arouses attention, quickens feeling, and spurs to action. There is that in the parable itself which will hold the attention and stir the soul even

when the exposition of it is most commonplace. This is no excuse however for slovenly work. The rather should we give the parables our best thought and our most earnest study, since they will repay us so richly." This is what the writer of these studies has done, and an exceedingly helpful book is the result. Here is a thought worth heralding: "Every fruitless disciple is a parasite in the kingdom of heaven, sapping its divine life and giving nothing in return. One cannot live a useless life without injuring others as well as self." And in an age when the spirit of commercialism, the increasing disposition to demand material reward for every service, the custom of carefully balancing work and pay is undermining character, the following is important: "The best service is never adequately paid in this world. The president of Harvard College receives no larger salary than the chef of one of Boston's leading hotels. The best men in public office, whether municipal or national, have ever been those that have accepted the trusts to which they were chosen at great personal sacrifice. * * * He who limits his work by the pay he receives, though he adjust the balance never so accurately, is a public malefactor. Men may call him honest, but he cannot escape the judgment of God, who calls him unfaithful. This is the penalty of such measured service—loss of joy and satisfaction in the work itself, deterioration of skill and power, and a general lowering of the whole tone of mankind. He only can escape the moral and spiritual decay that result from commercialism who resolutely exalts the ideal of duty above reward, who is supremely conscious of the debt he owes to the world, and suffers himself to forget what the world owes to him. Not to win applause or to accumulate merit, but to discharge the soul's indebtedness, is the ruling motive of every true life." In the article on the Parable of the Talent, writing of the loss of power to develop character the author says: "And that is the certain result of faithlessness. Look where you will you may see the law at work with terrible regularity. A muscle is unused. What of it? Merely that no valuable work is accomplished? No; far worse than that. The muscle perishes. The musician neglects his art. Day after day passes and he leaves his instrument untouched. Friends wait in vain for the sweet tones that have so often delighted their ears. The symphonies are not rendered, the oratorios are silent. The weeks are impoverished; but that is a trifle. The worst is yet to come. At length he seeks the organ once more and runs his fingers over the keys. Alas! Where is his old-time skill? The hands have forgotten their cunning. The joints are stiff and awkward. The artist has degenerated into a blunderer. No less sure is the operation of law in the higher realm. Moral power unused deteriorates. Character is paralyzed by inactivity. Not only do we wrong our Maker and our fellow men when we fail to exert a true and helpful influence in the world, but we ruin ourselves by destroying our moral power." [The Pilgrim Press, Boston; pages 307, $1.50 net, postage 18 cents.]

When General Kuroki was in Boston some time ago a question was put to him as to his views regarding the rumors of war between America and Japan. General Kuroki, smiling, replied that if America challenged Japan to war, the latter country would take to flight.

THE CHURCH AND THE CHANGING ORDER*

In the new book by Professor Shailer Mathews, of the chair of historical and comparative theology in the University of Chicago, we have one of the most important publications of recent times. Unquestionably there is a changing order. What shall be the attitude of the church to this changing order? What shall be its part in bringing about the new order? What its relation to that order? These stand among the great questions of the day.

Professor Mathews well says: "The relation of the church to the various intellectual, religious and social phases of the crisis is more than an academic question. It is a matter of life and death for both the church and the new social order. No man who faces it honestly can treat it flippantly. He will not view it with that myopic optimism that besets the most cautious of us, but neither will he, after the fashion of religious demagogues, condemn the church as an outworn institution. Christianity is no dying faith. It is splendidly vital. The church is not moribund. It faces dangers, but they are born of its strength quite as much as of its weakness. It is not as completely in touch with its age as it should be, but it can be brought into closer union with the other forces that are making our new social order."

This volume is an able effort to bring the church more into touch with those forces, and should have wide circulation and reading.

In considering "The Church and Scholarship" and "The Church and the Gospel," the author shows that there is danger that the church become indifferent to scholarly procedure and lose largely its influence with the scholarship of the world and the educated classes. He says, however, that there is already discernible a danger that in the persons of some of its "modern" representatives "it shall mistake negation for scholarship and dubiety for illumination." The position is that "a theology may be liberal and scientific and not be unevangelical," and that in loyalty to the gospel on this basis lies the hope of the church.

Accepting to considerable extent the conclusions of historical criticism Professor Mathews gives attention to the allegations that the gospel has been destroyed by such criticism, saying: "This charge has a measure of justification. If the conclusions of certain radical critics are the legitimate and the only results of the critical process, one may very well abandon any attempt at preaching the gospel in the New Testament sense of the word. But these conclusions are not likely to prevail except among those who live in the highest altitude of the anti-supernaturalism. It is not that the method employed by men like Schmiedel and Van Manen and Schmidt is incorrect. It is the only permissible method. The real difficulty lies in the fact that such critics use as criteria of their normative processes certain pre-suppositions and ingenious guesses are to what things are not and cannot be. One may follow their method as long as it is genuinely comparative, but when it comes to a choice between on the one hand a risen Jesus possessed, not, it is true, of ordinary flesh and blood, but of genuinely

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***"The Church And The Changing Order." By Shailer Mathews.** MacMillan Company, New York; $1.50 net.

objective reality, and on the other hand a belief on the part of the apostles in a risen Jesus which was merely the product of hypnotic suggestion, the church must choose the former. Criticism itself suggests the choice. For, except in the case of such of its phases as are controlled by certain phases of philosophy, the tendency of criticism is toward a larger recognition of the historical aspects of the New Testament."

Passing to "The Church and the Gospel of Brotherhood," the thought is: "The church can prepare men for heaven only by teaching them how to live upon the earth. The gospel of the risen Christ is also the gospel of regenerate men building the eternal life into a fraternity that must some day include all social relations. For the heart of eternal life is aggressive, privilege-sacrificing love like that of Jesus himself."

"To make men Christians is to make society fraternal. Economic oppression must vanish from a Christian society as slavery and branding vanished. He must violate his Christian nature who seeks his own things rather than the things of others."

Professor Mathews is careful to state that "genuine religion in our modern world is not an affair of a community, but of the individuals of a community." "Regenerate men are the only material out of which to construct a regenerate society," is one of his expressions. And he asserts that there is "need of a sturdy insistence upon the sinfulness of sin." In this connection the following is worth quoting: "The pulpit has partly abandoned attempts to arouse moral discontent in the human soul and has been giving prominence to congratulatory descriptions of men as the sons of God. Admirable as this hopefulness regarding humanity may be, it will be a sad day for society if its moral teachers undertake to widen the strait gate and broaden the narrow way. The changing attitude of the church toward customs and ideals it once frankly condemned may be due to a clearer sense of the legitimacy of much that gave attractiveness to Greek culture, but it is not sufficient to base all appeals for repentance and restitution upon the joy of living. Society needs to be convinced afresh of the elemental distinction between evil and good as redefined by the changing condition of our ever more complex life. Knowledge is not virtue and art is not righteousness. A social order devoted to either must be steadied by ideals that are drawn from the fundamentals of the gospel of Jesus for which the church stands."

In the consideration of "The Church and Social Discontent," there is asked the question, "How shall the church meet an attitude of mind that, unless changed, threatens the further extension of at least Protestant Christianity?" Then come such thoughts as these:

"The church must now train its members to conceive of morality in terms of the relation of an individual to society itself. Under the individualistic concept of morals and religion a man might be a good church member and be honestly desirous of the salvatioin of other men's souls, and yet see in business and politics fields of activity which lie outside of the truth and ideals which he professed in his church relation. Such men were not and are not necessarily hypocrites. They simply may not have been trained in the real content of the truth they profess to hold and the regeneration they profess to have experienced. But it is the fault of the church, if from this time on they do not either become conscious of this hypocrisy or repent. The church, if it would stand for fraternity, must insist upon this socialization of privilege. Until it faces this duty, it is idle to expect to be treated seriously by those who do not share its privileges."

The author proceeds to state that the privileges of social life are largely in the hands of church members, and that so to inspire these privileged Christians with ideals of love and sacrifice as to lead them to extend these privileges would be one of the most effective ways of allaying discontent and forestalling radicalism. "Will the church dare undertake such preaching of self-sacrifice on the part of the winners in life? is a question asked; and the remark is: "The answer to this question will not come from the pulpit as much as from the pews. For it is a question whether the men who employ the minister will permit him the freedom of the true prophet of God." And herein is found one of the dangers to the church—that of ceasing increasingly to be of any significance in an age of transition.

It should be noted that the author sets forth not only the demand that the church shall inculcate self-sacrifice as the duty of those of its members who belong to the privileged classes, but that it shall also stimulate a discontent with merely materialistic ideals on the part of those among whom discontent is as yet almost the only evidence of an awakened idealism. In other words, "It must seek to Christianize discontent by making genuine Christians of the members of the discontented classes."

In a chapter on "The Church and Materialism" it is said: "To bring spiritual idealism into the production of wealth is just as imperative as to bring it into the distribution of wealth." If it should be said that the individual is powerless to further the spiritual ends in an environment that is tyrannically materialistic the word is: "But it is precisely to such men that the call of Jesus must be brought by the church. Calvary may mean to them the bankruptcy court. The cross may mean to them penury and the contempt of former business associates."

In discussing the materialism and commercialism of the age, it is said: "Materialism is not to be guaged by income. It contaminates the wage-earner as truly as it contaminates the millionaire." And while it is shown to be incumbent on the church to assist in every legitimate way labor's struggles for the good things of life, it should combat that tendency to gross living and those sordid estimates of life which so greatly threaten the masses.

Evidently Professor Mathews has a vision of an age when there will be real fraternity and brotherhood, and he would have the church lead in ushering it in. In a closing chapter he asks: "Will the church inspire its members with this passion for spiritual realities? Will it train up men and women who will place wealth and physical pleasures in the true perspective of the good things of life? Or will it choose silence or academic generalities or indiscriminate denunciation as the easier alternative? Will professedly Christian men and women praise the martyrs of the sword and of the fagot and forget that the gospel calls for witnessing against the idolatry of creature comforts and the allurements of animalism as truly today as in the days of Domitian and Decius? Is it too much to hope that the disciples of the Prince of Peace shall show as much loyalty to his cause as the unhappy Russian revolutionist devotes to his? Will

the church grow tolerant enough to insure a united front against its real foes—materialism, sensuality, greed, class hatred, merciless struggle for wealth?"

No one can follow the writer of this book through its two hundred and fifty-five pages and fail to realize that "today as never before there is a call for heroes in full sympathy with the scholarship, and the discontent and the hopes that possess the new age, yet filled with faith in a God of justice and love."

What is needed in our land today is a social life in which honesty and kindliness shall not be a hindrance to any legitimate success in business, in politics, or in any avenue in life.

It is important also that a large element in our midst be brought to realize that "the welfare of society will never be furthered by making religion an anesthetic for social unrest."

To these ends Professor Mathews in this book makes valuable contribution. We close our review with this comprehensive word as to the church: "If it is to bring sanity into the social movement, it must get into touch with that movement. Preaching by itself will accomplish little. The church must put the spirit of brotherhood and sacrifice into every one of its members, and particularly into those who are in touch with the unprivileged masses. A Christian employer or a Christian member of a labor union is a point of contact between the church with the changing order. Christian ideals must be incarnate in Christian men before social forces will be Christianized."

INTEREST INCREASING AT MOUNT HERMON.

Interest in the Bible Institute at Mount Hermon is increasing every day. Besides the regular class work last week the people were privileged to hear several notable addresses by Rev. S. E. Wishard, D.D., of Los Angeles, "The Hero of Presbyterian Home Missions." His first short address was made at the dedicatioin of the new Tabernacle, and was deeply impressive. On the morning of July 4, occurred the raising of a handsome new flag which had been given by ardent friends of Mount Hermon. Mrs. Dr. Fleming, of San Jose, presented the flag, which was received for the Association by Rev. Hugh Gilchrist, D.D. Rev. Joseph Boyd, D.D., of Ventura, made a stirring patriotic address, which was followed by the raising of the flag by little Lelia Culter, of San Jose. Dr. Wishard then delivered a notable address upon "Some National Problems," pointing out many of the duties and dangers of American citizenship. On Sabbath, Morning Watch was conducted at seven o'clock by Rev. F. K. Baker, of Santa Cruz. Sabbath-school was followed by church services in the Tabernacle, where Dr. Wishard preached a soul-stirring sermon on "World-wide Evangelism," taking as a text "All power is given unto Me," "and ye shall receive power," "and ye shall be witnesses." At seven o'clock on Sabbath evening, Rev. Hugh Gilchrist, D.D., led a delightful twilight service of song. Scripture recitation and prayer on the hilltop above the Tabernacle. Following this, the senior Prayer Circle met for an hour of solemn, devotional service, while the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor convened in the hotel parlor. The latter service was led by Harry Hollidge, President of the C. E. Society in the First Methodist Church, Oakland. The meeting was a stirring one, greetings being presented from various churches whose representatives were present, and reports being given by those who had been attending the State Convention at Long Beach.

Mrs. C. R. Alden is conducting the Morning Watch devotions for this week. Rev. A. B. Pritchard, D.D., of Los Angeles, continued his Comprehensive Bible Studies on "The Progress of Revelation."

Missionary Studies, under the leadership of Mrs. E. R. Wagner of San Jose, Miss Beatrice French of San Jose, and Mrs. H. B. Pinney of San Francisco, occupy two hours daily. Rev. T. F. Burnham, of Vallejo, gives another study in "The Great Hymns of the Church," on Saturday morning.

Rev. W. B. McElwee, of Fresno, is here with his model of the Jewish Tabernacle, which is exciting the interest of old and young.

Prof. Garrett and daughter of Hanover, Indiana, arrived this week to visit with Mrs. Hugh Gilchrist. Prof. Garrett has been a leading instructor in Hanover College for more than fifty years.

Crowds are daily increasing, and several hundred additional visitors are expected by the end of this week.

Mary McCrae Culter.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco.—The Rev. Dr. Hemphill of Calvary Presbyterian Church is at his ranch near Paso Robles and is gaining in health and strength.

Anderson.—The Presbyterian and the Methodist churches have arranged for union Sunday evening services during the summer, alternating between the churches.

Redding.—The Rev. H. H. Coontz who was called to the work at Redding recently has declined the call, preferring to continue in the lecture field. A call has been extended now to the Rev. Mr. Mason who occupied the pulpit recently.

Monrovia.—A farewell reception was given the Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Fisher on Monday evening July 1st, about to depart to their new work in South Pasadena. They were presented a purse containing $40 and a beautiful cut glass vase.

Lindsay.—A new modern church building has just been completed at Lindsay and is ready for dedication. This is one of the new and most promising fields in the San Joaquin Presbytery. It is the center of a rich and rapidly growing orange settlement. At present the church is without a pastor.

Los Angeles.—The Olivet Presbyterian Church, Highland Park, has bought a lot on Avenue Fifty-eight and Ash street. The location is a choice one in a fine residence section, and well situated for the work of the church. Dr. Berry is to be installed on the 21st by a committee from the presbytery.

Coalinga.—F. Z. Nesbitt, recently with the Madera church has accepted a call to this new, self-supported field. He began his work on the 14th. The Madera Daily Tribune of recent date says: "During Mr. Nesbit's stay of nearly two years he has shown himself

to be an earnest church worker and a public spirited citizen."

Fowler.—The Fowler Church held its quarterly communion service on July 7, and received 12 new members, bringing the present enrollment up to 285. Of the twelve received on the 7th, eight were heads of families. During the four years of Dr. Mobley's pastorate 198 members have been received. On the 8th of July the pastor left for his summer vacation.

Oakland.—Rev. Dwight E. Potter alternated with Colonel Booth of the Salvation Army in addressing a series of noonday meetings held in the First Presbyterian Church of New York City in June. The meetings were for business men and were the effort of the National Bible Institute, led by Don Shelton, who resigned recently his position with the Congregational Home Missionary Society to take up Institute work. Before going East Mr. Potter was appointed secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions for the western district and Pacific coast, a territory including ten states. In his official capacity Mr. Potter will attend the students' conference of the Young Women's Christian Association to be held in Colorado in August, and in September will attend the missionary institutes to be held in Colorado and Wyoming. He expects to return to Oakland about the middle of October.

MOUNT HERMON NOTES.

On the evening of July 10, the Mount Hermon people gathered in the Tabernacle to listen to the report which Rev. Hugh Gilchrist, D.D., Business Manager, brought from the recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Mount Hermon Association in San Jose. For the benefit of the strangers present, Dr. Gilchrist gave the fellowing brief history of Mt. Hermon.

The Mount Hermon Association was incorporated Dec. 20, 1905, with names of thirty-one stockholders upon its papers. This little Association possessed practically nothing—no money, no land, no influence. They had before them an untried, unproven subject. Their only capital was the strong belief that the Mount Hermon movement was from God, and for His glory.

In the subsequent fifteen months, earthquake, fire, problems of survey and water rights, troubles in the commercial world, landslides, and unprecedented rains, combined to delay the work, so that up to eleven weeks ago matters looked very discouraging for the season so near at hand. In spite of these things, the Directors believed that God's call was still, "Go Forward." Thus matters stood eleven weeks ago.

Since that time, over $14,000 dollars have been expended in improvements and in paying off running deficiences. Sales of lots amount to $14,000, of which $9,500 are still due. There are now three hundred and seven stockholders. Up to July 1, 1907, there had been realized $37,000 from stock and land sold, with $9.500 additional still due; bringing the amount of sales almost to $47,000. The original cost of the property was $41,000. Payments on the purchase price of the property and on permanent improvements amount to $39,000.

Besides these gains in dollars and cents, Mount Hermon has tried and proven her subject; has made a record for herself; has won a large body of enthusiastic friends, and has acquired a strong influence in the religious life of California.

To accomplish a still larger work, there are three things to do:

1st. To pay off an indebtedness of $9,000.

2nd. To increase the value of the property by making many improvements which will be urgently needed before the opening of another season.

3rd. To make arrangements for placing the Association upon a practical and working inter-denominational basis.

These three things are to be worked out within the next twelve months, and if the Managers are as successful as they have been hitherto, all will be accomplished by the time for the opening of the next season at Mount Hermon.

The Association is extending invitations to evangelical denominations to unite in producing certain chosen events in the Summer Assembly of 1908. The events are:

1st. A Bible Institute.

2nd. A Musical Festival, or Jubilee Week.

3rd. A Christian Leaders' Conference.

It is the purpose to invite F. B. Meyer, or some other great teacher, to be present in the Bible Conference; to have present a musical leader of highest note for the Festival; and in the Conference to bring together the strong men of the Coast.

Mary McCrae Culter.

The information which gradually comes to light and finds its way into the Oriental papers indicates the presence of a considerable rebellion in progress in China. According to the Seoul Press of last June 6th, the outbreak in Kwang-tung seems to be dynastic and revolutionary, the object aimed at by the leaders being the overthrow of the Manchu rule, and the establishment on its ruins of a republican form of government. The principal leader is generally believed to be the well-known revolutionary, Dr. Sun Yatsen, whose indefatigable efforts for effecting a working union between his followers and the members of the more powerful secret societies in the Yang-tze basin have recently been a matter of common knowledge. It was also widely rumored some time ago that he and his lieutenants were busy secretly importing large quantities of arms and ammunition into South China. Some reports put the number of rebels as high as 30,000. They are armed with modern implements of war and just how far it may extend cannot be stated. The war does not seem to be directed against foreigners but as it spreads it will attract a vast horde of brigands to its banners and there may be another boxer uprising. Every sign points to an omnious movement in China.

General Booth recently visited Japan. He was given a great ovation by the Japanese. He had the honor of an interview with the Emperor. He was greatly honored and in a farewell address expressed his high appreciation of the Japanese people. He said: "I could not refrain from expressing my congratulations upon the development of commerce, industry, and education. But you must remember that there is always a dark side as well as a bright side, and that inside of this development in science, industry, and fine arts, there prevail ignorance, poverty, and several sorts of social evil. I see the brightness of the future of Japan, and at the same time, I cannot overlook the many dangers which Japan will meet with in the course of time."

A VISIT TO A TIBETAN MONASTERY.

Grace E. Agar.

In December some of us missionaries went to the Tibetan monastery, with its 500 monks, in Chone City. We wanted to see their religious dance. We were kindly received, far differently from ten years previously when the missionaries were driven out with sticks; we were taken up a dark winding staircase to the upper veranda of a temple and the door locked behind us to keep out the crowds. We found a small group of rich Mongols with their wives in gorgeous red silk; a Turk in his Russian clothes of "devil's skin" (so-called here), and some friendly Tibetan priests with their close-cut hair and red robes, who served us with tea and explained the dance as we looked down upon it. Suddenly we heard the deep, dismal bellowing of trumpets, clash of cymbals and thud of drums! Two of the guardian gods of the city ran down the steps of the monastery to the court. They glared at each other as they ran; they danced, keeping step, swaying an arm, twirling on one foot, frolicking restlessly to and fro. Tibetan and Chinese Buddhists prostrated themselves reverently before the monsters. A little child of our party cried with horror at the sight. The priests on duty kept back the crowd with sticks and trumpets; drums and cymbals sounded continually.

The gods were two ordinary Tibetan priests, wearing yellow dragon masks, graceful silk dresses red boots, big hats with high metal ornaments. These were soon summoned in by the hurried beat of the drum and cymbals to make room for other pairs each wearing different colored masks and dresses embroidered with gold, costing $800 each. Soon into the court came two wearing deer and yak masks,—the gods over these animals. They were followed by a masked stout old man assisted on each side by a servant. He represented a Tibetan priest who in ages past saved by his saintliness the Empire of China from falling into the hands of another dynasty. He ranks as one of the chief saints. Though grown almost helpless with age he resolved to worship to the last, and assisted by servants he painfully prostrated himself before the gods.

Finally along the veranda were spread mats and the Tibetan priests in red robes and yellow helmets seated themselves in long solemn rows and their low voices droned monotonously like a mammoth hum of bees as they chanted to the sound of drum and cymbals. Look at these long rows of Tibetan monks—the religious leaders—held in great reverence by the people, but men of gross immorality and idleness; the only class among Tibetans who can read. One or two sons of nearly every Tibetan family become priests. At six or so years they go to the monastery, their consciences to be seared in these hot beds of idleness and vice. They finally become priests and live by what they can make by chanting for the sick or at funerals, etc.

May the young people in our churches look at these long rows of red robed figures—dying souls—and may God call out those who will come as heralds of the gospel to these and the other classes among Tibetans.!

After the chanting a figure of barley dough was made and thrown on the ground for evil spirits to eat; it would appease them and keep them from injuring people for a while.

We prayed that at this time a blow would be struck at Buddhism in the hearts of those who would finally be saved in this city; that Satan, the "strong man", be bound in their hearts.

A great general quarrel occurred at the monastery that prevented the annual ceremonies of one day. There was a great falling off in interest, not many attending the religious dance this year compared with that of year previous. Oh, may God work here! May He call out a people for himself among Tibetans! Our missionaries preached on the street to the crowd and sold books, assisted by two Chinese Christians.

At the missionary home, many guests were received at this time; every sleeping place for guests was occupied. In the morning we found that one hardy Tibetan had taken his rest upon a board out in the yard, but they think little of this, many sleeping in the snow in their sheep skin garments, their arms for pillows, when out on the road.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." **"Go"** doesn't mean **"stay at home."** if you are able to go, does it? "Behold I come quickly." Yes, this is our hope out here on the missionary field; it uplifts us and cheers us to know Jesus is soon coming back again, and it urges us on, for we know the time is very short. Our dear Chinese Christian woman leans upon this truth in her troubles—"Jesus will come and at any moment."

Money for missions will not please God, will it, if he asks for **you yourselves** to go to the mission field, and if it is given instead of **yourselves**?

Taocheo, China.

Humanity has two supreme efforts in which it is engaged. Its first object is to educate itself and the second is to govern itself. The struggle from rude hieroglyphics to the modern printing press is the story of humanity's education. It has been a long and fierce struggle against the grotesque shadows of superstition and dense clouds of passion and ignorance. The spirit in man refuses to remain in the forest or a part of the forest. He fights darkness, passion, animality, following every ray of mental light toward the open fields of intelligence. There is an insatiable instinct in the soul, a craving for intellectual acquirement, which cannot be hushed. To be is to think. The joy of knowing, and the joy of acquiring, and the joy of a life illuminated with information compensate for all the struggle and effort to educate. The great educators, Plato, Virgil, Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, Milton, Browning, Tennyson, have added "the light of life" to the world. Education refines the blood in our veins, tones down the savage passions of the soul, and enlarges and enriches the volume of human life. Education is of vast importance in a free republic. The educational convention in Los Angeles last week was of large meaning to the whole country. The character of the American citizenship will not be much beyond the standards of the American public school teacher. Education is more than mere cunning ferreting out the secrets of the natural world. The immortality of the soul, the sense of direct responsibility to God, the nice adjustment of personal conduct to the world of people about us, the fixing and maintaining of a high, moral standard are all counted in the process of education. Self-control, self-inspection, self-adjustment are attributes of a modern education. Education is not the development of sheer tricks and astounding freaks, but the development of character and genuine manliness.

The Home.

SUNDAY VISITING.

"John White and family 'Sundayed' at George Brown's."

"Mrs. Charles Jones entertained the Smith family last Sunday."

Such are the most frequent news items in our local papers. What is the significance of these items? Usually they mean that certain persons did not attend church, but spent Sunday in social visiting.

There is no command in the Scriptures in so many words prohibiting visiting on the Lord's Day. No doubt some kinds of visiting are by implication commended. We ought to comfort and assist the sick and the needy on that day as well as other days. This our Saviour clearly showed by his example. It is still more important to help others in a spiritual way. But the larger part of the visiting that is done on Sunday is of a worldly kind and often involves much extra labor in preparing meals. Does such visiting make for the health and righteousness of the people? Is it not often the case that those who entertain on Sunday find themselves more weary than they do with their ordinary work? Is it right thus to use the day that God ordained for rest and worship? Are those of us who are entertained obeying the law of love in thus burdening others?

"The Sabbath was made for man." It was made for his highest good, but is such use of it for his highest good? Do people find real rest in this way?

There is another aspect of the matter that deserves serious consideration. Under the direction of the Holy Spirit the apostles founded churches. In accordance with the plans of Christ churches have been organized in our own time. These churches our Lord intended should sustain public worship. They are not for the purpose of furnishing entertainment, but all the people should meet together at least on the Lord's Day to worship God. All should join in the public prayer and listen to the reading of the word of God. We are commanded "not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is." There can be no doubt that Sunday visiting diminishes the church attendance. What does the Lord think of it? If all should visit on the sacred day there could be no churches. If there were no churches our civilization would pass away and property and lives would be insecure. Ought we not, then, on the Lord's day to be found in the Lord's house? Is it right for us to shirk our part of the responsibility of maintaining the services of the sanctuary? Is it right for us to discourage the preacher by our absence? Is it in accord with the commandment, "Thou shalt love they neighbor as thyself," to say nothing of the first commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"?

The tendency of social visiting on the Lord's day is towards the destruction of the churches, and when that shall have been accomplished the bulwarks of our freedom and the pillars of our civilization will be no more. Not only is there a loss to society in diminished attendance at church, but those who remain away lose more than they know. Their souls are not fed. They lose the moral strength that they might have obtained by spending the day in the services of God. They begin the labors of Monday with a weakened moral and spiritual vitality. It is true that some who do attend church are morally weak just as some who attend school never become thinkers or scholars. But those who absent themselves from the house of God to engage in social visiting dishonor their Maker, injure their neighbors and miss rich spiritual blessings. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple."—G. B. Hopkins.

ON BEING BORN POOR.

"Do you know what's bothering me now?" said a man who has made himself rich and is fast getting richer. 'It's wondering what is going to become of my boys.

"I have four sons, all young, and all wholesome, natural youngsters, but if I keep on making money the way I'm doing now I don't know what's going to happen to them when they grow up. There's nothing like being born poor to give a man a real start in life, with his feet firmly planted on the ground, where they ought to be, and he learning to rely on himself.

"I was born that way, and I've always been grateful for it. If I had been born rich I think I should have been more or less of no account. I had to get out and hustle and work to get along, and the habit of work has never left me since, as I hope it never will.

"But how is it going to be about my boys? They may come to think that they don't have to work, which would be the ruination of them, or would at least put them out of the running with self-reliant, able men.

"I'm send them to public school, of course, and there they learn a heap of things besides what they get out of their books. They learn for one valuable lesson that there are other people in the world besides themselves and that there may be plenty of people smarter than they are, and that they've got to work if they expect to keep their end up.

"Boys are democrats. You can't put on any lugs or airs if you expect to get along with the boys in a public school, and I hope my boys will profit by it.

"But I suppose in time they'll go to a private school, and then if they want to they'll go to college, and there, what with their money, unless they should turn out to be hard-headed young men, they will come to train with other young men with money, and so get separated from the bulk of their fellow-students and begin to live by themselves; and I can't imagine anything happening to a young man worse than that, his getting away from the mass of his fellowmen.

"My boys have never known what it is to be poor. They have always had what they wanted, and unless I should fail or bust up, or something, which I don't expect to do, I don't see why they shouldn't always have things, because as long as I had anything I should be sure to keep them. That's human nature.

"And, you see, there's the trouble. They've got somebody to lean on, and a man that doesn't have to isn't apt to put out his own strength. The only way in which a man can ever amount to anything is by work, hard work.

"The man that doesn't work dwindles and comes to be of no account. And I do hope my boys will want to work. I don't care what they do if they'll only work at it, and work hard and faithfully. I think

they're handicapped as it is; honest Injun, I think it would have been better for them to have been born COMMON TWO .....
poor, but I hope they'll turn out to be men."—New York Sun.

The Quiet Hour.

NEW BLESSINGS.

John G. Whittier.

For still the new transcends the old
In signs and wonders manifold;
We need but open eye and ear,
To see God's mysteries always here.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

FRAGRANT LIVES.

The flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said: "I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers." And the crocus said: "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower; I am the first one." And the lily of the valley said modestly: "I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God." And the trailing arbutus said: "Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?" And all the flowers cried out: "No you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer." And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: "Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod and blooms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know that they are all God's flowers?" All they that take this life of God, and, answering it, come forth from worldliness and darkness and selfishness to give out light and fragrance and love, they are God's flowers. There is not one of us who cannot bring something of this life to our fellowmen; no matter how arid your life is, no matter how dull it is, no matter how poor it is, it is possible for you to be the giver of life to your neighbor—life to your neighbor.—Lyman Abbott.

TRUE RELIGION.

Religion is not something outside of us; it is something within us. It is not for God alone; it is for man and for man as much as for God. Indeed, we reach God only through our work for man. Religion has nothing mysterious about it; it did not drop from cloudland; it is a parfectly natural phenomenon. It issues forth from within. It flows from the good heart; it is the giving hand, it is the righteous deed, the loving act, the good life showing itself in all conditions and circumstances of man's varied and varying existence. Religion does not mean worship alone. It means worship plus the desire to match the Being whose greatness and majesty instinctively draw from us the prayerful word, which should not return empty, but bless him who uttered it with the inspiration of that life to whom it is poured forth. Religion is not simply a matter of rite and ceremony; it is a matter of rite and conduct. Its whole content and intent can be summed up in the words, "Walk before Me (God) and become perfect." Man in his endeavor to match infinity is living out the true purpose of religion.—The American Israelite.

Young People.

HOW TO WIN SUCCESS.

"How shall I win success in life?" the young man asked; whereat
"Have push," replied the Button, "and a purr-puss," said the Cat.
"Find out the work you're sooted for," the Chimney Sweeper said,
Just as the Match and Pin remarked, "And never lose yur head."

"Aspire to grater, finer things," the Nutmeg cried; and the Hoe
Said, "Don't fly off the handle," and the Snail remarked, "Go slow."
"Be deaf to all that's told you," said the Adder. 'Mid the strife,
"I've found it best," remarked the Heart, "to beat my way through life."

"Select some proper task and then stick to it," said the Glue.
"Look pleasant," said the Camera, "and tied-y," said the Shoe.
"Have nerve," exclaimed the Tooth; the Hill remarked, "Put up a bluff."
"And keep cool," said the Ice; whereat the young man cried, "Enough!" —Nixon Waterman.

WHY THE EVERGREEN TREES KEEP THEIR LEAVES IN WINTER.

One day, a long, long time ago, it was very cold; winter was coming. And all the birds flew away to the warm South to wait for the spring. But one little bird had a broken wing and could not fly. He did not know what to do. He looked all around, to see if there were any place where he could keep warm. And he saw the trees of the great forest.

"Perhaps the trees will keep me warm through the winter," he said.

So he went to the edge of the forest, hopping and fluttering with his broken wing. The first tree he came to was a slim silver birch.

"Beautiful birch-tree," he said, "will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?"

"Dear me!" said the birch-tree, "what a thing to ask! I have to take care of my own leaves through the winter; that is enough for me. Go away."

The little bird hopped and fluttered with his

broken wing until he came to the next tree. It was a great big oak-tree.

"O, big oak-tree," said the little bird, "will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?"

"Dear me," said the oak-tree, "what a thing to ask! If you stay in my branches all the winter you will be eating my acorns. Go away."

So the little bird hopped and fluttered with his broken wing till he came to the willow-tree by the edge of the brook.

"O beautiful willow-tree," said the little bird, "will you let me live in your warm branches until the springtime comes?"

"No, indeed," said the willow-tree; "I never speak to strangers. Go away."

The poor little bird did not know where to go; but he hopped and fluttered along with his broken wing. Pretty soon the spruce-tree saw him, and said, "Where are you going, little bird?"

"I do not know," said the bird; "the trees will not let me live with them, and my wing is broken so that I cannot fly."

"Yu may live in one of my branches," said the spruce; "here is the warmest one of all."

"But may I stay all winter?"

"Yes," said the spruce, "I shall like to have you."

The pine-tree stood beside the spruce, and when he saw the little bird hopping and fluttering with his broken wing, he said, "My branches are not very warm, but I can keep the wind off because I am big and strong."

So the little bird fluttered up into the warm branch of the spruce, and the pine-tree kept the wind off his house; then the juniper-tree saw what was going on, and said that she would give the little bird his dinner all winter from her juniper berries. Juniper berries are very good for little birds.

The little bird was very comfortable in his warm nest, sheltered from the wind, with juniper berries to eat.

The trees at the edge of the forest saw it all.

"I wouldn't take care of a strange bird," said the birch.

"I wouldn't risk my acorns," said the oak.

"I would not speak to strangers," said the willow. And the three trees stood up very tall and proud.

That night the North Wind came to the woods to play. He puffed at the leaves with his icy breath, and every leaf he touched fell to the ground. He wanted to touch every leaf in the forest, and see all the trees bare.

"May I touch every leaf?" he said to his father, the Frost King.

"No," said the Frost King, "the trees which were kind to the bird with the broken wing may keep their leaves."

So North Wind had to leave them alone, and the spruce, the pine and the juniper-tree, kept their leaves all winter. And they have done it ever since.—Ex.

A TRUE HERO.

It was hot. We were thirsty and tired; even the ears of our donkeys hung flapping about their faces as we slowly scuffled along through the dust of an Arizona desert toward a Zuni Indian pueblo. We could see it in the far distance, a black, square hill outlined against the horizon.

Soon we came to little patches of potatoes, watermelons, beans, onions, cantaloupes—in fact, all sorts of garden vegetables. After having lived several months on "surveyors' stores," tinned stuffs, and smoked meats, we were glad to see the gardens.

A queer village it was—just one great house, looking for all the world like a lump of mud on the end of a shingle. It was four stories high, with not a window-pane in any one of its three hundred rooms.

The Zuni Indians made us welcome, and brought jars of water to us, for washing, drinking, and cooking purposes. And water is the most precious thing in that region for hundreds of miles.

As soon as we had rested a little while, we started to look about, and almost the first person we met was a young Indian dressed in uniform—not quite a soldier's uniform, but very much like it. We approached each other, and, after shaking hands, he addressed us in English, making us welcome to Zuni, hoped we would find it convenient to stay a long time and asked us to make his home our headquarters while we were in that vicinity.

In traveling this wide world over, I have never come across a braver man than that Indian. Amid poverty, squalor, and lack, he was living the life of a Christian gentleman among his people, unashamed of his life or theirs; doing all that he could with skill and tact to bring them to better things, both in their methods of work and in their spiritual life. He was a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He loved his people with a surpassing love. They were poor, ignorant, dull, superstitious, lazy, dirty. He was a highly-cultured gentleman, and here he was giving them, without any hope of pay, the fruit of long years of toil and study in learning the laws and lessons that have made the white man what he is.

He had one room in his home fitted up with the conveniences of civilization, white curtains at the windows, a fine Navajo rug on the floor, a brass bedstead, books, pictures, bric-a-brac, a guitar, a sewing-machine, chairs, and a table. His days were spent in the fields, teaching his people how to cultivate their soil in the best way, how to care for cattle, how to work in wood, wool, and iron, and, as he had opportunity, he read to them from the Bible and other good books—all the while himself living the higher life. It was slow, discouraging work; the customs of centuries cannot easily be altered.

It takes a braver man to live a life like that than it does to face a cannon, but when the victory is won for the right, as it surely will be, it is a victory of peace, which always counts for more than the bloody victories of war.—Stanley DuBois.

"ABIDE IN ME."

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs a hand divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine!

Abide in me! there have been moments pure
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power,
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be!
Fulfill at once Thy precept and my prayer,
Come and abide in me and I in Thee.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

HUMAN CHARACTER.

Beautiful is the lily when, springing from its vigorous stalk, it lifts its pure white face to the sun; but when its stem bends with weakness, its face is wrinkled and its whiteness fades into a dirty, yellowish tint, it is a pitiful, repulsive object. It is even so with human character. When it is adorned with the graces of the spirit of Christ, and stands erect in its righteousness, and is radiantly white with the purity which springs from the root of faith, then it is indeed a thing of beauty in the eyes of both God and man. But if unbelief, like a worm at the root of the flower, eats away the strength of its faith, if it becomes crooked through unrighteousness, if its whiteness becomes spotted with the stains of transgressions, then, alas! its beauty perishes and it is like a wilted flower, an object to be pitied and condemned. Be careful, therefore, O Christian, of thy faith in these days of daring unbelief! Thy beauty, thy strength, thy life, depend upon thy faith.—Daniel Wise, D. D.

BEYOND TODAY.

"If we could know beyond today,
As God can see;
If all the clouds should roll away,
The shadows flee—
O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me."

Somebody of a psychological turn of mind once asked Lord Roseberry: "What is memory?"

"Memory," Roseberry replied, promptly, but somewhat pensively, "memory is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."—Philadelphia Record.

THE TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayer;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made;
In future task before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest; rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our royal dream of thee.
God of our fathers! make it true.

O land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free.
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.
—John G. Whittier.

There is drudgery in life—plenty of it—but it need not be a weight to keep us down. It may be transformed into wings, wherewith to soar into the Heavens, and into the presence of the Almighty.

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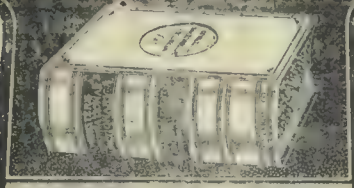

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The ZAYANTE INDIAN CONFERENCE, July 18-20 is in the interest of the 17,000 California Indians; the little remnant now left of 200,000 seventy years ago.

The BIBLE LEAGUE, July 21, 22.

The GREAT WEEK, July 23-28. The Morning Watch, a half hour with the Bible at 7-7:30 each morning, under the direction of Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose. The Second period, "Inner Truths of the Great Book," Rev. J. B. Orr of Santa Cruz, Rev. Thomas Boyd, D.D., of Fresno, and Rev. W. F. Harper of San Jose, the Interpreters.

The third period of the five days of this week

FIVE ADDRESSES by Rev. Bishop William M. Bell D. D. on the general theme,

"WORLD MOVEMENTS OF OUR TIME"

The distinguished visitor now in America Rev. GEORGE SOLTAU, D. D., one of England's greatest Bible Teachers and Evangelists, brings The EVANGELISTIC MESSAGE for the Week.

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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WATCHFULNESS.

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
  And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient at our Father's time,
  And his appointed way?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
  Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
  Of silent prayer may make!

We gird us bravely to rebuke
  Our erring brother in the wrong;
And in the ear of pride and power
  Our warning voice is strong.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
  Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
  Forgetful of thy pain—

Bend o'er us, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
  Our souls should keep with Thee!

—John G. Whittier.

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CONCERNING BOOKS.

One who was a lover of books wrote: "God be thanked for books! They are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers enter and take up their abode under my roof!"

Several of our readers tell us that we have been giving them of late interesting and valuable looks at some of the new books. One reader says that he always gets from our notes on the books valuable thoughts, and that they are well worth reading simply for the things which we quote therein.

It is not possible for such a paper as the Pacific Presbyterian to give large attention to the new books, for they are so numerous. But we study to make that part of our work as servicable as possible under the conditions. Some weeks we cannot give space to book matter at all. At times we have short notices or reviews; at other times, something more extended. These variations, as well as all others in the paper, are due to the limitations under which it is edited and published.

This week we give more than two pages to what we call "suggestive incidents in the life of Bishop Joyce," and comment thereon. We believe that all who read those pages will say that they are well filled. It is life that helps life, and with the lives of very many we come into acquaintance only by means of the printed page.

George Macdonald has said: "As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other, you will find what is needful for you in a book." And one of our old English poets wrote:

"This books can do;—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise;
Their aid they yield to all: they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone;
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings."

TRYING TO BE GOOD TO SAN FRANCISCO.

God is trying to be good to San Francisco. Whether the people of the city will allow him to be, remains to be seen. But God is good to people, it should be noted, no matter what their attitude toward that which he proffers them. Therefore, let the thought in its expression be: God is endeavoring to lead San Francisco into the ways of life; is endeavoring to give to her that which is good, that which will be for her welfare; in other words to bless her—and to make her a blessing unto others. Doubtless the Infinite Father has been grieved over the city's waywardness, and has said as Christ said when he wept over Jerusalem: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not."

The city of San Francisco has been in the terrible plight in which all the world has seen her to be for several months because the eternal laws of right and of God have been violated widely by her citizens.

The voice of God has been heard from time to time but it has not been heeded to the extent to which it must be heeded if the city is to be cleansed and placed where it can do the part which it is called to do in the advancement of the kingdom of righteousness and brotherhood upon the earth.

Last week a man who believes in righteousness entered on the duties of the mayorality. We believe that God is speaking through him now to the people of the stricken city. We like all that the new mayor has said so far. It is narrated in sacred writ that because of the hardness of their hearts some of the sins of the Israelites were "winked at"—overlooked for a time. Doubtless the new mayor will have to do likewise; but his heart evidently is right, and he will strive hard and wisely to direct the municipality toward those things which make for real abundant life.

His utterance last Saturday on prize-fighting has the right ring. Stating that he was opposed to prize-fighting and the prize-fight trust, and that he would do everything in his power to prevent the holding of professional boxing contests, he continued in that connection: "I should not like to be misunderstood on this question. I have never attended a prize fight myself, but I have no fault to find with the man who does. I can understand how men vital and alive can be attracted by an exhibition of the physical mastery of one man by another. It's a primary and elemental instinct. Personally, however, I am opposed to prize fighting because I believe the public has no assurance that the contests they pay to see are contests in fact. I believe there is no honesty in the game as it is played in and around San Francisco. I think no executive of a municipality has a right to decree against popular sport or amusement, but I do think that it is the duty of an executive to protect the public against palpable swindles."

Some of us of course would go farther than that, and censure the men who attend prize-fights of any kind. But it is something on which to congratulate San Francisco that she has a mayor who declares himself as Mayor Taylor has.

And what he says concerning the labor unions is excellent:

"I believe that labor unions have done good—more good than evil. I don't believe in all the methods they employ, but it is something for a man to assert

himself. The time was not so long ago when the boss was absolute and discharged a man at his pleasure. I believe that a country is better off with unions than without. Like everything else, they are human institutions; but because they may have called some strikes that were unjustified, that is no reason why they should be condemned, any more than it would be a reason to condemn all churches because some church members have embezzled money. The labor unions can make themselves a power if, instead of constantly preaching shorter hours, they were to advocate as insistently for better service. If they were to do that the closed shop would become at once a necessity."

When some one said to him the other day that it was asserted that he was not a man to feel any sympathy with labor, he replied: "It is a mistake. I am a practical printer. I worked at it for years, and some of the time I worked twenty hours a day."

"Twenty hours a day!" That is good! In all probability Dr. Taylor has worked twenty hours a day at some of the things with which he has been busied since he quit the printer's trade. There are many workingmen today who need to be told that there are others besides themselves who are working long hours, and that the large majority of men in business are not being wafted to success on flowery beds of ease. The bringing of more workingmen to a realization of this fact might have a tendency to lighten the burden and strain of thousands of men in business who make no more than many of the men in their employ make.

How refreshing to have a mayor of whom it was said by one of a certain element, "What does he know about politics! There's a hundred boys south of Market street that know more politics than he ever dreamed."

We are reminded of what a Pullman car porter said not long ago concerning the man who is called "the business mayor of Scranton," Pennsylvania, and who is succeeding in his endeavor to make Scranton a well-governed city by giving a business administration instead of a political administration. The story runs that the mayor a few weeks after his election took the train for New York. The porter, an old acquaintance, showed him his place in the car, with the accustomed words, "Here's your seat Mr. Dimmick." On the return trip, which happened to be in the same car, the porter said: "Here's your seat Mr. Mayor,,—with a lingering emphasis on the title; and a little later, in explanation of his attitude and greeting on the other trip: "I didn't know you was our mayor, Mr. Dimmick. Folks said it was you, but I said, 'No, it ain't. **Our** Mr. Dimmick's a gentleman. He goes round tending to his own business. He ain't no politician.'"

That is what Dr. Taylor did for years and years. He went about attending to his own business. And now, at the most critical time in San Francisco's history, he has been called to lead in directing her destinies.

In the situation in San Francisco there is much that is highly significant. When the man who now officiates as mayor was sought for by the messengers of those who desired to appoint him to that position he was found finally browsing in a book store. Historians dwell on the summoning of the old Roman hero Cincinnatus from the plow to lead at a critical time in the life of Rome. When the news of the conflicts at Concord and Lexington came to Israel Putnam the Revolutionary hero, he was in the fields, arrayed in tow blouse and leather apron, aiding men in his employ in the building of a stone fence. He mounted a horse and rode at rapid speed, without stop, to Cambridge an hundred miles distant and thus entered on his heroic career in that great struggle for liberty. And it was to no self-seeker, but to the magnanimous Washington, that the colonies looked when a commander-in-chief was needed for the Revolutionary forces. It has been well for the world and for the nation that they had such men to whom they could turn, and to whom they did turn, in dark and trying hours. No one who seeks mainly the things of self is thought of at such times—nor should be thought of at any time.

We rejoice that a man who in his earlier years was a printer and editor, later for a brief time a physician, and then lawyer and dean of a law school, and withal a poet—and successful in all his undertakings, has been chosen as mayor of San Francisco. Surely it is significant and suggestive. The incident has its lessons. To what extent will they be learned? What will be the profit therefrom?

Evidently the new mayor is a man of God. We have heard nothing as to his church affiliations—whether he has any. It has been said concerning him: "The Bible, Shakespeare, Emerson and Howison are the influences to which Dr. Taylor gives chief credit for his own philosophy. He once said to his students, 'Three books I always have at hand—a King James version of the Bible, a Shakespeare, and Howison on Limits of Evolution.'"

From Dr. Taylor's poems we quote the following on Resolution:

O heart, thou wilt not fail.
O heart, thou canst not fail.
Let every ruthless foe
Deliver blow on blow,
Let every venomed hate
Its keenest hunger sate,
Till all the ambient air
Seems breathing but despair;
Yet thou shalt march straight on,
Nor yield, nor bend, nor fawn,
Till victory's land of light
Looms large before thy sight.

One entitled "The Soul" reads—

"Who is it dares disturb my rest
In this luxuriant poppy field,
Where languorous airs within my breast
All rare delights of music yield?"

To this question the answer is:

"I am thy soul!—Up from thy bed,
And sweep the film from out thine eye,
So that by consecration led,
I may be saved that's like to die."

Yes. God is trying to be good to San Francisco! Will San Francisco be good to herself by letting God be good to her? It isn't San Francisco's first chance. It is to be hoped that it may not be her last chance.

GLIMPSES OF A USEFUL LIFE.

Suggestive Incidents in the Life of Bishop Joyce.

The biographies of men who have attained to success and usefulness in life are of much value. We have read with considerable interest that of the late Bishop Joyce of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in a volume of 280 pages, written by W. F. Sheridan and published by Jennings & Graham of Cincinnati for one dollar net.

Didn't Wait for the Parlor Car.

Bishop Joyce began his ministerial life in Indiana, in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, but before he had advanced to more than a local position in that church transferred his relations to the Methodist. Writing concerning his conversion and entrance into the membership of the United Brethren Church, his biographer says: "Any other church might have had this choice young man had it been as alert and passionate in its quest of souls as was this little United Brethren society, holding evangelistic meetings in the heat of midsummer in an Indiana school house. The incident calls to mind the saying of Hugh Price Hughes that 'the people belong to any church that has the apostolic aggressiveness and the sanctified common sense to go for them.' It is also an illustration of the character of the work done in winning the West for Christ. Those denominations that did not wait for the parlor car or even the railroad, but pushed their way out, over bad roads and through the forests, secured the choicest families of that region for their communions."

Circuit Riding Experiences.

When young Joyce had been assigned a circuit by the Northwest Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and began preparations for going to enter on the work his father gave him a horse, a saddle and bridle, and two dollars and a quarter in cash. Thus equipped,—with Bible, hymn book and book of discipline packed with other belongings in saddle-bags he started for his appointment distant 150 miles. "It took three days to make the journey. Several times on the way his horse was fed while the rider went hungry, because it was important that the horse should be able to carry his load to the end of the journey, and there was not enough money to furnish plenty for both. So young Joyce omitted his own noon meals, and would sing the hymns of Zion to enable him to forget his hunger."

The salary of the young pastor was $100 and board for the year—the latter to be obtained by "boarding round." This small salary he supplemented by teaching school. On this circuit he met the young lady who later became his wife. When they were married in 1861 he was on another circuit, but the salary was only $100; there was no parsonage; the salary was paid in depreciated state bank currency, and its actual value was only $65, so the newly married minister and his wife "boarded round" the first year of their wedded life, moving six times during the conference year. Much of that year he preached four times each Sunday—having twenty appointments. The following year he was given a circuit with four appointments and received the "princely sum" of $450.

A Clue to Character.

We pass by the experiences in his life as a pastor and mention an incident in connection with his election to the bishopric in 1888 which is a clue to character and has its lesson. "After the election it developed that some delegates had adopted a unique method of arriving at one qualification for the episcopacy of men whose election was being advocated. They called on Dr. Joyce and asked his opinion of one or two men who were being prominently mentioned. Dr. Joyce spoke highly of them. The delegates then went to the other men and asked them their opinion of Dr. Joyce as an episcopal possibility. These brethren spoke disparagingly of the doctor, declaring it would never do to elect him. The outcome was that these men lost the votes of this group of delegates, while they were all given to Dr. Joyce."

A Genius for Making Friends.

It is said that all along through his career Dr. Joyce manifested genius for making and holding friends; that he had the faculty of drawing people to him with silken cords, and then of binding them to him with hooks of steel. The biographer says that we may not know just how that full witchery was wrought out, but gives the following incidents explanatory:

"A young lad in Lafayette, Indiana, comes along with his daily papers on Christmas. Mr. Joyce, the Methodist minister, was to him no more than any other customer. But when the paper went to his home that day, into his hand Mr. Joyce slipped a bright new dollar, with a cheery 'Merry Christmas!' And the boy went bounding down the street to finish his route and carry the news to his mother. Eighteen or twenty years afterward when Dr. Joyce was pastor of a Cincinnati church, that boy, now become the head of a railroad company, sent word to Dr. Joyce 'that he was never to pay a cent of railroad fare on any part of his lines, and that he could have anything on that railway except the roadbed.' At Greencastle another poor boy came trudging in from work one evening, to be told by his widowed mother: 'Brother Joyce was here awhile ago and left this for you.' And she put into his hand a crisp five dollar bill. 'He says this is to pay your admission fee to the preparatory department of the University—that he wants to have the pleasure of paying your first fee.' Every other dollar of his whole course through college and seminary that boy earned. But that first five dollars looked the biggest and the brightest of any that he ever handled before or since. And there was never a day after that that boy would not have done anything on earth for 'Brother Joyce.'

"A young man in an Indiana town, ambitious, but with no adequate opening in the town, writes Dr. Joyce about it at Cincinnati. And Dr. Joyce in the midst of his heavy and responsible pastorate, has time to go out and find a situation on a daily paper for the lad, and he begins a career of usefulness and success in the newspaper world.

"A teacher's health breaks down in her work in an Indiana town. She is the daughter of a deceased preacher of Dr. Joyce's old conference in Indiana. He sends for her to come down to Cincinnati, arranges for her entrance to a hospital, secures special rates for her and looks after her as tenderly as a father during the months of her illness. He was Great-Heart all the way along! When some one spoke about his doing so much for the poor, he replied: 'I have been poor myself, and I am going to help every struggling person I can.'

"An incident in the St. Paul pastorate at Cincinnati further illustrates this quality. In his round of visiting one day he called on one of the St. Paul members. Her only child was dying from scarlet fever. The neighbors were afraid to go near. There was no servant in the house and the woman was in despair and wild with grief. Dr. Joyce went to the cellar, found kindling and coal, made a fire in the grate, then went out and found a friend to go and help the mother, and ordered groceries and other things for the comfort of the home. The next day the precious child was buried. The mother never ceased her expressions of gratitude for her pastor's timely help in those trying hours of her life."

More than once, as a pastor, it is said, he was seen carrying baskets of food to some needy family or individual. At the close of one of his city pastorates a farewell reception was being given to Dr. and Mrs. Joyce in one of the finest homes in the city; people were there in large numbers. But before the conclusion of the reception Dr. Joyce asked to be excused, saying that he had an errand to do before leaving on the early train the next morning. Afterwards it was learned that he went away from this place of elegance and compliments to make a parting visit to a poor family in a distant and wretched part of the city, where he left a gift of five dollars to aid in their emergencies.

Dealing Strenuously With Delinquents.

From the pages recounting his life as a bishop we take the following:

Committees of laymen were always received with kindness and given a fair hearing. Yet a course was pursued which was calculated to make churches careful about whom they appointed to represent their interests. He was accustomed to ask church committees two or three questions which sometimes proved embarrassing. Such as: "Do you attend regularly the services of the church, including prayer-meeting? Do you have family prayers? Do you stand by the preacher in his revival work? Do you take the church paper?" If the committee could not answer these questions with some degree of satisfaction, the bishop would decline to hear them, telling them kindly but firmly that they were not proper persons to be entrusted with the selection of a pastor. This did not mean that the church would go unrepresented, for the presiding elders rarely failed to do the most ample justice to the church's desires. Often, of course, committees could answer his questions in the affirmative, in which case the bishop heard them fully. He frequently had prayer with these lay committees before separating. At a conference in the Central West a committee representing a strong church called on the bishop to make certain representations concerning a new pastor. At their head was a prominent physician. A conversation substantially as follows ensued after the committee had been introduced, the bishop asking: "You are Dr. Blank?" "Yes, sir." "Does this newspaper paragraph refer to you?" At the same time handing the physician a clipping which told how the doctor had won a progressive euchre prize a few nights before. The physician's face flushed, and he acknowledged that he was the man referred to; also that he did not have time to attend either the prayer-meeting or revival services. The bishop courteously but decidedly declined to hear the doctor as to the new minister. As a matter of fact the church got the minister they were after, but it was not through the committee, but through the regular authority, the presiding elder. A pleasing aftermath of this incident is that the physician has never since been known to touch a card.

A Merited Rebuke.

At a conference in the Far West a church was asking for the removal of its pastor. Inasmuch as the preacher's revival and benevolence report was exceptionally fine the bishop inquired especially as to the action of the church. He learned that the fourth quarterly conference had taken action against the preacher because of the influence of the most wealthy layman in the church, who had been offended by some public utterance of the preacher on civic matters. Bishop Joyce sent for the layman, and a conversation substantially as follows occurred: "You desire a change of pastors?" "Yes, sir." "Is not your present pastor a man of good character?" "O yes, bishop, he is an excellent man." "Doesn't he preach well?" "Yes, there is no complaint about his preaching abilities." "He has had a good revival this year, hasn't he?" "Yes, he has taken in quite a number of people." "How about his benevolent collections? aren't they well up?" "Yes, I understand they are. But you see, bishop, he has offended some of our people by indiscreet utterances. And the official board thinks, for the sake of harmony and the good of the church, we ought to have a change." "Do you know anything about the club-house in the suburbs of your city?" The layman stirred uneasily. "There is a great deal of gambling there, is there not?" "Well, there is some card-playing there, with perhaps an occasional bet." "You own some stock in the club-house, don't you?" "I own some little stock along with business men generally in the city." "Do you not own a majority of the stock?" "I said I own some of the stock." "Won't you please be explicit, and tell me whether you do or do not own four-sevenths of the stock in this club-house?" The layman acknowledged that he did. Bishop Joyce went on: "My brother, do you think that a man who owns the majority of the stock in an institution that carries on gambling as a part of its equipment is the proper person to dictate the appointment and removal of pastors in the church of God? Your minister is going back. And I advise you to either change your mode of life, or in all honesty withdraw from the church which your course is dishonoring."

Of course the wealthy layman went away angry. But no sober-minded man will doubt that a like course of procedure on the part of the appointing powers would save some ministers from crucifixion at the hands of godless lay officials; would give other ministers courage to deal with cases of outbreaking evil, and would by these means furnish the whole church a moral tonic and the world a token of sincerity on the part of the church which are very much needed.

Where Christ Himself Would Fail.

Bishop Joyce himself, says the author, told this incident: "Once there came into my room at a certain conference, for private interview, four very influential looking church officials, desiring a change of pastor, because, somehow, they hardly knew why, their present pastor, there but one year, had failed to have success. To each of my questions as to his scholarship, preaching, ability, piety, pastoral fidelity, social quali-

ties, and personal appearance, they said, "He is number one.' 'Well,' said I, 'brethren, there is another side; let us inquire into it.' And upon interrogation I found that not one of them ever read a church paper or had family worship or attended class or prayer-meetings, or Sunday-school, and but seldom even the regular Sunday services. And yet scarcely ever missed any club or lodge or social function. 'Well, well,' said I, 'brethren, having heard your confession, I must say I am not surprised that he has had no success; for with such a strong four-horse team pulling back hard with the world, I could not succeed; neither could a Wesley or a Paul; and even Christ himself, as your pastor, would in a measure fail to hold converts and draw sinners. Let us all get down here, alone with God, and pray over this matter?' And the Lord seemed to mightily help me as I held that persecuted pastor and these unfaithful officials before the throne. Soon they sobbed and cried to God for mercy. And, as we arose, bathed in tears, they said, 'Dear bishop, we will take back all we said about a change of pastor, and will earnestly seek for ourselves and others a change of heart, and do all we can during the coming year to hold up, encourage, and help our pastor to succeed.' Well, blessed be the Lord, soon a wonderful revival came down on that charge, and as a natural consequence a unanimous, most earnest petition went up to the next conference for the return of their much-loved pastor. Thousands of charges are in the same condition. Let none but the sinless hereafter cast stones at pastors. And go, all ye faithful, and seek first a change of heart, and pastoral success and all other blessings shall be yours."

However, let none think that Dr. Joyce became an autocrat in the episcopacy. It is said of him by one who knew him long and well that his heart was as tender as woman's love, and that to the preacher he was kindness incarnate. But this is needed to give a correct picture: "He understood and sympathized with the preacher and his family, yet he never failed to recognize the material and spiritual welfare of the church. He was as devoted as any father could be, but when firmness was needed he was immovable." And yet, "again and again when importuned for something he could not give, he has spent hours, when he ought to have been asleep, in sad and painful sympathies over conditions he was powerless to change." His biographer says that election to the episcopacy has seriously affected more than one man, that investment with such power is a strain upon humility. "Many a man has grown arbitrary and self-sufficient by the exercise of such authority, and by having to hear chiefly adulation and flattery—or at least praise. But with Dr. Joyce's election to the episcopacy there came, if anything, added humility and patience." And this from Holland is quoted:

To honor God, to benefit mankind,
To serve with lofty gifts the lowly needs
Of the poor race for which the God-man died,
And do it all for love—O! this is great!"

Such a man belongs to no one denomination. He belongs to the world; and that many may learn the lessons his life can teach we devote to that life the space we are devoting to it this week.

Thoroughly evangelistic in spirit and method when in the pastorate, he became an evangelistic bishop. He prepared his sermons not only with the desire to interest his congregations, but also with the view that his hearers might be led to the all-important decision." Bishop Foss writes of him: "He came nearer than any other man I have ever known to being an exhaustless magazine of evangelistic dynamite." And his every influence with young men going out into the work of the ministry was that they might go out not to be professional preachers, but soul-winners.

Of course Dr. Joyce worked hard and too unceasingly. "And his ending was like him," wrote Bishop Goodsell when he heard of his departure: "A ride until midnight Saturday night, broken sleep, a sermon attempted, a moment's hesitancy and confusion, a struggle to finish his sermon, then acquiescence in the sudden finishing of his work, and then increasing paralysis, weakness, and at last death. We may not know where he is. The only place to which so good a man can go is to the home of God."

Grand man! Useful servant of God! The Christian world should be grateful to the United Brethren pioneer workers in Indiana who didn't wait for the railroad or the parlor car; grateful also to the little United Brethren college at Hartsville, known but little outside the state,—where he was educated, chopping and sawing wood for his support; and gratitude is due also the Methodist Church for zeal in developing a system and a work which gave field for his and other high achievement.

SEATTLE LETTER.

The Christian Endeavor Convention.

Ideal weather, with days warm but not hot, with nights cool and restful, was the order for the twenty-third international Christian Endeavor Convention. Everything about the convention came up to expectations except the attendance from outside the state. Five thousand will cover the number of delegates who registered, while as many more came on C. E. tickets. Canada sent the largest delegation that country has ever sent to a C. E. convention. Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts and the District of Columbia were well represented. California made a fair showing, but many of her church leaders were conspicuous by their absence. Alaska, Africa, China, India, Russia, Mexico, Japan, Hawaii and Great Britain were represented by one or more. It was a beautiful sight to witness the coming together in Christian fellowship of these representatives from the ends of the earth. It never looked more beautiful to see brethren dwell together in unity than it did to see these black men, red men, brown men and white men conferring together concerning the things of the Kingdom. Seattle easily cared for them all. Her principal business streets and blocks were gay with flags and bunting and C. E. emblems. The white and green, the C. E. colors, were everywhere. Electric lights illuminated the walks leading to the big tent and made circles of light around the outside of the tent, and were worked into various C. E. monograms. The new moon that looked down upon the scene from out the western skies must have thought it a pretty sight.

The program was full, rich and varied. The platform addresses were of a high order, and have never been excelled, so Dr. Clark affirmed, at any C. E. convention. He added there was enough unused talent present to provide full programs for a dozen conventions.

Music was a prominent feature. Prof. Howe, Ply-

mouth's efficient chorister, led a chorus of 200 voices and an orchestra of 100 pieces. The "Messiah" was rendered on two occasions, each time before an audience of ten thousand.

Evangelism received much attention. The noonday meetings in the Grand Opera House were largely attended. At the Sunday afternoon men's meeting in the tent 4000 men were present, and a hundred went forward at the invitation of the evangelists. These meetings were in charge of Mr. William Phillips Hall, "the millionaire evangelist," of New York. Rev. James A. Francis, national Baptist evangelist, was the speaker. He is good.

A marked feature of the convention was the presence of the Japanese delegation. As the thirty little brown men and women, mounted the platform at the closing session, waving their Japanese flags and singing their Japanese songs, the great audience was wild with enthusiasm. Sunday afternoon 200 Japanese held the first Japanese C. E. national rally ever held under Christian Endeavor auspices. It was a unique sight. Not only Japanese ministers and missionaries were present, but Japanese business men, and brown boys and girls and mothers with their dark eyed babies. Japan is geeting ready for that international C. E. convention in Japan. Is it to be in 1912?

It was to be expected that the coming of the Vice-President would bring the crowds and awaken the echoes, and it did. Before an audience of 10,000 Mr. Fairbanks made a splendid address that will be heard the world around. He won the hearts of all. Amid great cheering and the waving of flags and banners he was made an honorary member of the United Society. In the rapid and hearty handshaking that followed the address, when thousands of Endeavorers took the Vice President by the hand, or at least touched the tips of his fingers, Mr. Fairbanks unbended in most cordial fashion. He is a good mixer, and is far from being the stern, stiff individual his portrait might suggest.

One is impressed in attending a C. E. convention with the possibilities the organization has of bringing together the different nations and races of the earth and getting them acquainted so that they will respect, and even love each other; of uniting all Christian forces to combat and conquer giant evils, and of making righteousness in its practical application to society popular and aggressive. An organization big enough to command the attention and presence of the nation's second executive, and to enlist the co-operation of a score of the nation's most brilliant and talented speakers, has untold possibilities in it. Christian Endeavor is not a spent force by any means. It is not on the wane. Some of its earlier methods and accessories have gone. The throngs at its conventions are not so great as in other years, but are great enough perhaps for wise handling. The movement still has in it life and vitality. It still has a mission, and its operations are to move on a broader scale than ever before. May it increasingly unite the Christian hosts of the nation and the world, and lead on in the cause of world-wide missions, world-wide peace, world-wide fellowship, good citizenship and temperance and the training of the young in Christian service, and in all that has to do with advancing the Kingdom among men the world around.

One needs to be hydraheaded to see and hear even half the good things at such a gathering. But some things seen and heard seem to stick. Here are a few of them:

"When I had brown hair I used to call only believers of the Campbellian faith 'my brothers,' but now that my hair is white I can call even a Congregationalist 'my brother.'"—Rev. B. B. Tyler, pastor Broadway Christian Church, Denver.

"There are 316 Christian Endeavor members among the Nez Perce Indians."—Silas D. Whitman, a Nez Perce Indian, named after Marcus Whitman.

"Give my people a chance. Instead of building houses for us, teach us how to build our own houses. Instead of giving us clothes ready made, teach us how to make our own clothes. Give us a chance, give us a chance."—Rev. Edw. Marsden, Indian missionary from Alaska.

"Our nation's great leaders (we have no rulers) have been men of simple Christian faith, and whenever storm and stress have come, they have held to that faith as their sheet anchor."—Vice President Fairbanks.

"Four things you must do: Pray, plan, push, praise."—Rev. C. H. Hubbell.

"Don't dig your grave with your teeth by eating too much."—Rev. W. T. McElveen.

"Some of you may not know that you are treading on historic ground, that right here in old Plymouth Church years ago, Biblical criticism discovered that the word "Selah" in the Psalms is only another rendering for "Seattle."—Dr. Van Horn, in his words of welcome.

"The four things that are reeciving new emphasis in the Christian world today are: The Lordship and Kingship of Jesus Christ; the divine authority of the Scriptures; the practical test for Christian faith; the unity of the Protestant denominations."—Dean Willett, of Chicago University.

"When away from home the Britishers are never so much at home as when they are under the folds of Old Glory. My people no longer look upon the Star Spangled Banner as a foreign flag."—Rev. John Pollock of Ireland, as, amid great applause he kissed, first the Union Jack, and then the Stars and Stripes.

"Oklahoma is a state soon to be And when she comes into the Union she will come with a law forever prohibiting the manufacturing and sale of intoxicating liquors within her borders. No saloon will stain the forty-sixth star in the constellation of the states."—President Oklahoma C. E. Union.

"Take out of the republic the Christian church, blot out of the hearts of our people love of the Christian religion, tear down the sacred altars from sea to sea where the millions worship, uproot the Christian Endeavor Societies and their allied organizations engaged in promoting Christian work—and night would come."—Vice President Fairbanks.

"I wish you God-speed in your work, because the Christian Endeavorers are working for the things that are vital to the soul, and I believe they can do much that is of the very greatest value to the cause of good citizenship."—From President Roosevelt's message to the Seattle Convention.

Seattle, July 18. C. R. G.

Webster's International Dictionary has long been a great favorite in this and other lands. It is in all probability more generally used than any other dictionary. It holds a large place in the estimation of eminent scholars, and in the average home and office it undoubtedly leads all others.

INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

By Rev. Jonathan Edwards.

This convention, held at Seattle, July 10-16, was probably the greatest religious gathering ever held on the Pacific coast north of San Francisco. It was great in many respects; in the preparations made for it, in the royal welcome and cordial treatment given the delegates, in number and quality of attendance, in the eloquent speeches and powerful sermons delivered, in the evangelistic spirit and enthusiasm sustained, and indeed in all that goes to make such a convention impressive and memorable. I will only attempt to refer to a few special features that impressed me. The first meeting at the tent, holding about ten thousand people, made one feel that he was in an atmosphere that was uplifting and heavenly. Dr. Mathews' address of welcome was especially warm, thrilling and eloquent, and the others by the Mayor and Governor were equally fitting and cordial. The annual address of Dr. Clark as President was worthy of the author, a man of world-wide repute and influence, and it made a deep impression. The noon evangelistic meetings at the Grand Opera House were an important feature of the convention. They were a great success from the beginning to the end in attendance and results. Mr. Wm. Phillips Hall, designated as the millionaire evangelist, presided at these meetings. He reminded one both in appearance and fervency of D. L. Moody. He knows how to pull in the net successfully. Rev. J. A. Francis, of New York, was the preacher, and his sermons were scriptural, rational and searching.

The junior meeting on the afternoon of Thursday was unique, and one long to be remembered. The exercise, "Building the Christian Endeavor Bridge," was ingenious in conception and delightful in execution. Much credit is due the children and those who trained them. Among the great addresses are those of Drs. McElveen, Willett, and Thomkins, on the Training of body, mind and soul. Those given by others on the same subjects were equally good according to reports. Every time Prof. Wells appeared on the platform he elicited hearty applause, and gave evidence of his versatility.

All spoke of their denominational rally as the best of all. The one held at Plymouth Church more than crowded the building and the exuberance of spirit manifested was a surprise to some. Dr. Smith Baker's speech was superlative. There were 15 such rallies held. The greatest attraction perhaps, was Vice President Fairbanks.

He appeared on Friday evening, and the vast audience gave him a most enthusiastic welcome, and he made a most pleasing and impressive speech. It was manly, statesmanlike and Christian. The two addresses I heard from Rev. Dr. Francis, of St. Petersburg, Russia, were a great treat. The same thing can be said of Rev. Chas. Stelsle, Superintendent of Church and labor of Presbyterian Board. He is one of the coming men, and is doing a grand work for the kingdom of God in the world. It would be well for all the denominations to imitate the Presbyterians in creating a like department with a similar man at the head.

There are thousands like myself who are especially thankful to the managers of the convention for providing such a grand and inspiring entertainment as the Oratorio of the Messiah. It was worth traveling hundreds of miles for this alone. The soloists and chorus of 600 did sing magnificently, so that one hardly knew whether he was in or out of the flesh. The men's meeting on Sunday afternoon, when over 100 were hopefully converted was one of great power.

At the Congress of Nations held at Plymouth Church, 10 minute addresses were given, packed with information, and overflowing with fellowship, by representatives from China, Japan, India, Africa, Europe, Mexico and the United States. The last meeting was the crowning one for enthusiasm—State after state responded to the roll call, and with banners and song marched around the platform.

Among the Churches.

Palo Alto.—The church at Palo Alto has had an offer of $12,000 for its old site and has decided to sell.

Santa Cruz.—The two additions to membership at the communion service on the 7th make 31 additions since the first of June.

Riverside.—The Rev. Dr. McKenzie of New York City, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, spoke in Calvary Church, Riverside, on Sunday, July 13.

Alameda.—A site for a new Presbyterian Church in West Alameda has been secured on the corner of Seventh street and Haight avenue, and steps will be taken ere long for the erection of a house of worship.

Santa Rosa.—Fifteen persons came into the membership of the church at the communion service the first Sunday in July. Seven of the number were young ladies from the Sabbath-school, who united on confession of faith.

Redding.—The Rev. A. S. Mason, of Forest River, North Dakota, has telegraphed an acceptance of the call from the Presbyterian Church, and that he will enter on the work by the first of September. Among the things leading Mr. Mason to California is the fact that his parents reside at Corning.

San Bernardino.—The Presbyterian and Congregational churches are holding union services during the summer months—Sunday mornings and evenings, and the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. The Presbyterian pastor, the Rev. J. H. Speer, has charge of the services the first few weeks, and the Congregational pastor, the Rev. Mr. Price, the last. The first subject at these union meetings was "Christian Unity." In August Mr. Speer goes East to visit relatives in Pennsylvania.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. J. Wilson Lundy, '86, of Stockton, gave his entertaining and instructive lecture on "Old Ireland" at Mt. Hermon on Friday evening, July 12th, to a very large audience. Many beautiful stereopticon views added to the interest of the lecture.

Rev. William E. Parker, Jr., '05, has returned from the sea voyage which he took for his health. He is not improved sufficiently to resume his labors. It is feared he will be compelled to resign his pastorate at

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Olivet Church, San Francisco.

Dr. Landon was at Novato on Sabbath evening last, preaching and conducting communion services for Mr. Sidney McKee, one of the students who is supplying that field for the summer. The people have become very much attached to Mr. McKee and are enjoying his ministry. He was born in China, where his father was a missionary, and educated in Occidental College.

Rev. Robert A. Crichton, '06, of Healdsburg, is rejoicing over a son who was born about three weeks ago.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The cadets of Calvary and Howard Presbyterian churches, San Francisco, have been camping at Healdsburg.

At the International Christian Endeavor Convention in Seattle the Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker of Los Angeles was elected for the third time a trustee of the United Society.

The **Palo Altan** says of the Presbyterian church building, on which the work of construction is in progress, that it will be "the prettiest and most substantial building in Palo Alto.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Berkeley has adopted resolutions commending the Rev. G. H. Wilkins for the stand taken by him against the saloons in the University city.

The Woman's Occidentatl Board of Missions will commence soon the erection of a building on the northeast corner of Sacramento and Prospect streets, San Francisco. The plans are for a three story brick building, to cost about $48,000.

The **Republican,** of Truckee, California, in its issue for July 3, says: "Rev. W. K. Guthrie, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, accompanied by his wife, passed through Truckee Monday on a tour of the Sierra Mountains. They are making this trip on horseback. They left here for the northern part of the state making for Siskiyou county."

This is a week of trial for Pilgrim Church, Oakland. Their beloved pastor, the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks, presented his resignation last Sunday with the intent of accepting the hearty call from the church in North Berkeley. Of course the Pilgrim people were filled with sorrow when the announcement came, and a most determined effort was made at once to persuade him to withdraw his resignation. It is not likely, however, that this will be done. Dr. Brooks is in his eighth year as pastor of Pilgrim Church. To both pastor and people it has been a delightful relation, and it will be as hard for him to break away from Pilgrim Church as it will be for the people to see him go. But, in the North Berkeley field, in so close proximity to the University of California, there is opportunity for large service and far-reaching influence, such as is not afforded in many fields on the coast. It has seemed to friends of Dr. Brooks since this call came to him, that he has exceptional qualifications for leading in such a work as is opening up before the North Berkeley church, situate as it is, and that in the call there is surely the voice of God. In all probability they in Pilgrim Church who are so strongly attached to him who has served them so delightfully these eight years, will recognize this after the first few days of surprise and sorrow, and both in sadness and in gladness will relinquish their pastor for this work to which he has been called.

The present writer has had opportunity to hear but one of the lectures thus far at the Summer School of Theology—that by the Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Adams on "The Pastor a Specialist." Slipping in for a few minutes at the beginning, the intention was to slip out soon to go about necessary work in the preparations for this week's issue of the Pacific Presbyterian. But somehow it wasn't easy to break away. Dr. Adams never talked more interestingly in our hearing than he did in that lecture Tuesday afternoon. The time was, he said, when the pastor was the whole thing in the church, and nearly that in the community. He was appealed to and questioned on all manner of subjects and things. But today he is more on a level with the rest of mankind. To succeed now he must specialize—must make himself in the work to which he is called what no one else is or can be. To this end he must say "this one thing I do." There is enough in a pastorate to take any one man's time and tax all his energies. Among the things incumbent on the pastor is to work with those with whom no one else can work, the cross-grained, the cranky, and transform them into effective forces in the life of the church. The need for studying their parishes and adapting themselves and the methods of work accordingly was presented forcibly to the pastors in attendance; and it was shown in a graphic manner that the pastor should be trained to solve problems and to meet emergencies. The successful fisherman studies the ways of the fish and all that has to do with the art of fishing. Mention was made of a pastor who for five years worked tactfully to bring a man in his community into church fellowship; and a few months afterward that man was seen to draw his check for $5,000 in aid of church work. In considering the preaching it was said that in this the minister must be strong. The day of the sermon is by no means past. The day of some sermons has passed. But there will always be place for the gospel sermon; and the man who gets inspiration and material therefor, not from the cloister, but from contact with men and things in the work-a-day world will have a message to which people will hearken and by which their lives will be moulded.

A WEEK IN LOS ANGELES.

Luther once said that if he had not been a preacher he would have chosen to be a school teacher. Had he visited the crowded Auditorium in this city this last week he would have been proud to have put on the badge of the National Educational Association and at least enrolled himself as an associate member of that great body. The scene, night after night, was an inspiring one; the papers, as public addresses, were, many of them, disappointing. Bishop Conaty was an exception; and he might have taught the average teacher how better to command his voice when he has a large audience to address. The Bishop is a

natural orator, and he discussed in a masterly manner on "The Personality of the Teacher." His active membership in such a body is itself significant; and he brought cordial expressions of good will from the Catholic schools to all others engaged in the honorable vocation of teaching. He did not hesitate to say, "Fifty years ago, general education was thought to be the panacea of all the ills of the social body, but the results are not of a character to warrant confidence. Positive religion alone can made a man moral and keep him in the way of morality. The teaching profession has the character of a priesthood of truth; for it aims to teach the truth of life, and to search after and find the knowledge which satisfies the human intelligence; and nothing but the truth of God can give that satisfaction.

President Wheeler, of Berkeley, made a noble plea for the common school: "The children of the rich labor already under disabilities enough without being isolated in private academies. Their separation is also a loss to the community, and the creation of a fixed class caste is a detriment and peril to society." He uttered a strong protest against the present rigid system of grades: "The school exists for the child and not the grades. The old one-story ranch house in which we lived happily around a court has been transformed into an eight-story tenement house, and too much of our time and strength has to go into merely climbing stairs."

The Sprague Memorial Hospital.

What has interested me most of all in this short vacation is a visit I made to the Sprague hospital which is just completed in Pasadena. It is a very beautiful building, thoroughly equipped, and stands for much more than the ordinary hospital to one who knows its history and the character and the motive of the generous donor. Mr. O. S. A. Sprague was one of the prosperous merchants of Chicago and well known as a broad and public spirited citizen. Secretary Gresham wrote but a short time before his death, "You are the most popular man in the city, and deservedly so." When President McKinley was in Chicago, Mr. Sprague was present at his reception. President Harper in introducing him said: "President, I do not want you to think this reception is wholly for you—Mr. Sprague has just returned from California" President McKinley was characteristically very glad "to share the honors. But when Mr. Sprague had won a commodious fortune in Chicago he was suddenly compelled to give up his active business and make his quiet home on one of our foothilltowns in Southern California. Few business men could so gracefully accept the situation and find so much real enjoyment in their books and quiet home-life. But these last ten years have been years of seclusion and much severe pain. It was natural that a nature like his should think of other sufferers and that he should find his reward for long and patient vigils by supplying lasting health to those who would appreciate it most. The hospital is a memorial to his wife, Mrs. Lucia Atwood Sprague, who died a few years since. One enters the elegant hall of the hospital and there looks down upon him that face as always expressive of sympathy and hearty welcome. The few years that the family resided in Sierra Madre they entered into the life and activities of that little village. Mrs. Sprague united with the church, and no stranger in those days, however lonely or needy, but found a warm helper in her. No nobler or more appropriate monument could be erected to her memory than the hospital planned and builded and completely furnished in every part by her loyal husband and children.

E. E. P. A.

THE SPIRITUAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

By Mrs. M. F. Williams.

There has been a remarkable awakening of the American people the past year, of all types of religions, regarding the personal responsibility for the spiritual training of children.

Citizens have become alarmed and conferences have been held in Boston, Albany, Brooklyn, New York and Washington. Crime is steadily on the increase through the length and breadth of our nation.

The recent study of religious conditions in Greater New York under the federation of churches, shows that the unchurched, Protestant, Roman and Jews are on the increase.

A movement has been inaugurated to reach the unchurched masses. On Sunday mornings there assemble in Majestic Theater Jews, Gentiles, Catholics, Protestants, pagans and infidels, and a gospel sermon is preached. These meetings are well attended, fully eighty per cent being men.

Secular education is not meeting the needs of youth. The nation is educating the bodies and minds, but not the souls.

Germany has solved the problem by the requirement of some form of religious instruction to be given at the schcool at an assigned hour each day by instructors representing the three great religions of that country—Romanism, Lutherian, and Judaism, these being appointed and paid by the churches.

France recognizes the importance of truly religious education by giving a holiday on Tuesday in order that the children may attend the churches for instruction by the priests.

Several conferences have been held in New York City, led by the prominent men and women of the Grace Lutheran Church, at which Father McWilson of the Paulist Fathers, Bishop Green, Rabbi Mandes and Dr. North urged upon the board of education the dismissal of children Wednesday afternoon on written application by the parents to attend their own church for religious instruction.

A WARNING.

There have been about 20 men and women canvassing Ventura county for a few months in the interest of what they call "the Jesus way." With smooth tongue and groans they seem very pious at first, but when you cease feeding them they turn on you with all their vileness. They claim to have the only true way of salvation; they abhor fine clothes and cleanliness. Their headquarters are near Oxnard, but have spent nearly six weeks in Fillmore and vicinity. You will find them a worthless, lazy, disturbing, insulting crowd, and all Christians and others will do well to have nothing to do with them. For further information write Rev. John Ainslee of Oxnard, or Rev. W. C. Scott of Fillmore.

W. C. Scott.

THE MOLDING OF CHARACTER.

Monsignor T. J. Capel, in a recent lecture on, "Woman's Responsible Share in the Molding of Character," said: "There is no land where there is greater strenuousness than in America. It may be a merit, but at the same time it is most certainly a demerit, because it destroys the peaceful atmosphere needed for thoughtfulness and opinion. The result of it is that men and women are so absorbed that unfortunately they are deteriorating." Not in beauty, the speaker said, sizing up his audience, but in physique. While there is deterioration there is also a progressive intellectual element, but the thought was that the deterioration is making more headway than the progressive educational element.

He held the press to today partly responsible for this, and said that publishing of evil deeds that have occurred certainly tend to deteriorate.

Another reason for the deterioration is the literature that is read today. The libraries, he said, have books on scientific subjects on their shelves, but there is little call for them. The books that are read most are novels of the cheapest kind, which the lecturer thought would make admirable kindling for fires.

Nothing tests a nation so much as the home life. The glory of the home is the glory of the nation. In history when you find a nation deteriorating you will find a country where the home life is being destroyed. Nothing in America has appeared so strange to him as the lack of homes. Living in flats and eating in restaurants is scarcely compatible with what is called home life.

The duty of instructing the family belongs to the parents. If the educatioin is to be carried out as it should be, the character of the child must be developed. This includes teaching it religion. The mother's duty is again intensified. It is upon the mother that the duty of molding the character falls.

There is a difference between education and instruction. To instruct means to build in, and to educate to draw out. To instruct a child in the true sense, then, is to build in knowledge so that it can carry out a purpose put before it.

In defining character, the speaker quoted from Horace. The best definition he said he could give character is a question of a finished or polished will. The three elements that enter into character are self-reliance, obedience to law and conscince, and duty to the Creator and ourselves. Character is self, not reputation. Character comes from within, reputation from without. The expression, "What a character he is," means he is unique. It is sometimes expressed as individuality or personality. Character does not touch refinement that friends think so much of. Accomplishments have nothing to do with character. Reputation before the eye of the world is the outward reflection of the character within.

The speaker then told what a mother can do toward molding of character. A child has only one seedtime, but he may have many harvest times in life. A child's imagination shows itself first and then its memory. A child grows up in its mother's arms and that maternal love never wearies or tires. No mother, say of six children, ever gave part of her love to each, but her entire love was concentrated on all. Keeping this in mind it is easy to realize the importance of the mother in building up character.

He thought the American people give too much freedom to the young people, and said that in the moments of freedom they read the press teeming with abominations, and expose their minds to infectious moral distase. It may be old-fashioned to say a mother must choose the company for her daughter, but he still thought it a good rule, as the one true confessor of the daughter is the mother.

In the molding of character, he said in conclusion, the mother can be made the comforter of boys and girls. The sister also plays an important part and can do much toward toning a boy. She can be a power and a help to the mother. Another weak point in the lives of American people is the want of reverence for authority. In the formation of character the child should be taught reverence. The parents have a divine right to nurse and take care of a child. There is nothing nobler than that which a mother has to do in the formation of a character.

THE GREAT SEA.

The Columbia with one hundred and eighty-nine passengers was struck last Saturday night at midnight on the Mendocino coast by the steam schooner San Pedro heavily loaded with lumber and sunk in eighty-six fathoms in five minutes. In the midst of it all the brave Captain Doran lowered the boats and saved all but sixty-nine passengers. He himself saying, "God bless you all" went down with his ship. The explanation is simple enough: a dense and impenetrable fog prevailed, the passengers were asleep, the San Pedro tore a great hole in the side of the Columbia. Five minutes is a short time in which to lower the life boats and get the passengers aroused and transferred. If reports are at all trustworthy Captain Doran's conduct was most commendable. All the world says in reply to his farewell words: "God bless him!" In his brave conduct mankind is enriched. The awful gloom of such a disaster is illuminated by such deeds of heroism. After all mankind is great. An elderly and a saintly wife of a sea captain sat in her little home by the sea and used to say to us, "O how I love the sea!" Her husband and son had gone down in a terrible storm. The story was one of heroism. There is something almost supernatural in the struggle of the ship in the storm. Think of a Captain rising up out of the limitation of humanity and matching his strength against the confusion, the darkness, the wild energy of the sea, heedless of his own life, his own family, and in those awful moments saving a hundred lives and losing his own. Man after all is great! God bless the Captain, all the Captains on the great sea! And God be merciful to the sorrow-stricken hearts! Life is a great tragedy. Some go down in the sea but a great multitude daily go down with the flush of an accident and many more gradually go down the long slopes of a lingering disease. Thank God for immortality and eternal life.

FOR SALE.

A new house on College Ave.; well built, moderate price; 9 rooms, hardwood floors, sun porch. Inquire of owner. L. M. Foster,
2425 Hilgard Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

A Chicago paper thinks that our convicted and duly sentenced mayor will hardly win in the next election. We should not like to see him loose in the arena. Comparatively few of those who voted for him in the last election had any confidence in his integrity. He was a part of the machine.

The Home.

LET IT PASS.

"Has it been a weary day?
Let it pass;
Lots of others on the way—
They will pass;
Soon the skies will start to lighten,
All around begin to brighten—
And misfortune cease to frighten—
Let it pass;

Does the world the wrong way rub you?
Let it pass;
Did your best friend seem to snub you?
Let it pass;
Chances are you were mistaken
None is ever quite forsaken,
All for naught your faith was shaken—
Let it pass."

SOME HEALTH RULES.

The New York World inaugurated a contest relating to health rules, and the first prize for the ten best rules was awarded to Robert Spilman, Montreal. The rules are as follows:

1. Think healthy thoughts.
2. Breathe deep, and always through the nose.
3. Drink plenty of water between meals.
4. Eat moderately—masticate thoroughly.
5. Work hard, and bathe often.
6. Relax both mind and body one hour every noon
7. Associate with healthy people.
8. Study the "Law of Thought," and apply its teachings.
9. Relax every limb and muscle before dropping asleep.
10. Sleep in a cool, clean, well-ventilated room, eight hours at least out of every twenty-four.

If people would take less nutrition and drink more water, there would be less rheumatism, gout, eczema and neuralgia in the world. The most frequent cause of these derangements is an excess of nuttritive materials. The blood is surcharged with salts which are not needed in the system.

The doctors are trying to remedy these diseases by giving something to eliminate the salts, such as purgatives, diuretics, and solvents of various kinds. The rational way, however, to cure such affections is to stop the cause. Drink more water, eat less meat and concentrated foods. This shuts off the supply of urates in the blood.

Those who take active exercise in the open air every day require a greater amount of nutrition. Not only do they use up the nutritive materials in muscular exercise, but the amount of oxygen inhaled because of their activities thoroughly oxidizes the urates, and changes them into urea. If the blood is loaded with urates, they are very likely to srystalize, especially in those portions of the body where the circulation is the least and the temperature the lowest, such as the elbows, ankles, the toes and fingers.

Drink more water, eat less food. This is a prescription which is worth more to such people than all the drugs in the world. Shut off the source of urate poisoning, and the effects of urate poisoning will disappear.—Medical Talk.

The Quiet Hour.

DO THOU THY WILL.

Do thou thy will with me!
I am convinced that thy mysterious ways
Lead ever up to goals of peace. I see
In looking back o'er discontented days
When I rebelled at paths thou led'st me in—
I see how for my good it all has been.
Do thou thy will.

Do thou thy will. I find
That when I wept because some barrier stood
Between me and my longings, I was blind;
For thou hadst placed it there for my own good,
And when in chosen paths I colud not go,
It was to guard me from some needless woe.
Do thou thy will.

Do thou thy will. I feel
The calm of realms toward which my feet are led
Across my fevered, restless spirit steal.
The blind rebellion of my heart is dead.
Or in the valley or on the heights above,
The hand that leads me is the hand of love.
Do thou thy will.

—Independent.

GUIDO'S SAINT.

Guido, being asked where he found the model for a great picture of a saint, called a poor old servant, worn and wrinkled and trouble-worn, and said, "Behold the man!" The master, skilled and wise, had seen the glory behind the veil, the saint behind the servant.

It is indeed consoling. What if God is at least as keen as Guido! What if there is a possible saint in every one of us! What if it needs only a master eye, a master-hand, to bring out that saint on some high day of grace! We are all very ignorant when we begin here, and have everything to learn, and life is full of snares, anxieties, sorrows, temptations, mixed with feverish joys; and the saint in us is there, at best, as a dream. But what if our struggles, our toils, our very failures, all help to evolve the saint? Did not one say of those who stand nearest the throne of heaven, that these were they who had come out of great tribulations?—Light.

STUDY OF THE SEA.

From a Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

Mrs. Emma Williard, who wrote the popular song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," wrote with perhaps greater wisdom than she knew, for the sea is God's cradle for humanity. The whole world is rocked in safety and abundance and comfort on the lap of the sea. There is not a spot on the globe, high or low, that does not receive some blessing from the sea.

What a wonderful illustration of the sleepless providence of God who created the earth and the sea, and has made this world the home of mankind, and is

forever looking after His children and causing all things to work together for their good.

We cannot study the sea without having suggested to us that stirring figure which we use so often, in which human life is compared to a voyage, and our destiny becomes the port toward which we are sailing.

Job in his day of trial, speaking of the rapid passing of human life, declares that his days up to that time had "passed away as the swift ships." The writer of the Book of Proverbs, in his graphic and wonderful picture of a wise woman and her resources for blessing others, says: "She is like the merchant's ships."

We are all voyagers, sailing toward the future. We carry different cargoes, and sail under different flags, and the port we have in view and our hopes concerning it differ widely indeed.

Once when Christ was on earth He was in the ship with His friends, and when the storm arose and they were greatly frightened and they besought His interest, He spoke peace to the waves, and they marveled that the very wind and the sea obeyed Him.

Is Christ with you in the ship? If He is not, He is not far away, and if you will call for Him, He will answer.

I doubt not I speak to some who are in the midst of the storm. With you, as with the early disciples, the winds are contrary. It seems to you as though shipwrecks of your fondest hopes and plans were certain. Oh, my friend, across the sea of your troubles, of your sorrow—yes, even of your sins, Christ comes walking today, and He is saying to you through the message of His word, "Lo! it is I, be not afraid!"

Young People.

THE WAY TO THE HOUSE OF NEVER.

By Grace Stone Field.

Have you ever heard of Wait-a-bit way,
Where idle children loiter and play?
A street that is ever winding down
Where stands the house of Never.

Alonc the road there are signs galore,—
"In just a moment," "Not now," "What for?"
And many beside that at last you'll find,
Though by devious paths they twist and wind;
And lead to the house of Never.

Now Never's a dismal, dismal spot,
Its inmates a hapless, hopeless lot,—
So if you are wise you will seldom stray
(Though it seems a perfect primrose way)
Down the lane that leads to Never!

WHERE JEWELERS GET GOLD.

Sources From Which Come Material Used in Their Work.

Refineries, old jewelry and banks are the sources from which the jewelers draw their gold supply. From the refiner the gold comes to the factory in the form of buttons or granules. The refineries take the waste of the jewelry shops and the sweepings, and by burning off the material portions and proper treatment of the residue recover the gold that otherwise would have been lost. That this saving of even the infinitesmal particles of gold dust is worth the time and labor is attested by the number of refineries here, says the Attleboro Sun. The output from the refineries alone amounts to figures in a year that would enable an ordinary man to retire from active work with a fortune.

The government, however, provides the greater part of the raw gold for the use of the manufacturer. For a long term of years there was a steady drain on the gold coin in circulation, caused by the using of the coin by jewelers as raw material. The fact that the government turned out a coin that after passing through the government assay office was of 22 karat fineness, only two karats below the pure gold standard, and which also had been worked over, the silver and copper forming the alloy thoroughly mixed in the gold before the coin was minted, made the gold coin particularly inviting to the jeweler.

There was no trouble to the manufacturer when the gold coin was used, as the alloy had always been combined with the metal and all that was necessary was, if needed, to alloy sufficiently to bring the gold down to the point required.

Then, too, it did away with considerable bookkeeping and tying up of a considerable amount of money by the small manufacturer in the raw material. There was some difference between having $40 or $60 represented by two or three double eagles in stock and having a bar or brick of gold worth from $200 or $500, according to size.

It meant working with a small stock, it is true, but considerable space can be filled by a $20 gold piece, and the government was a never-failing source of additional supply. Later the government made up the pure gold in brick or bar form, and it is in that shape that the greater bulk of the supply is now found.

Thousands of dollars pass between the banks and the manufacturing jewelers in New England in the form of bars of gold, the banks handling the bars for the benefit of their customers. The bricks vary in value according to weight from $200 to $500, and come with the government assay office stamp as a guarantee of purity and fineness marked upon them.

The handling of this valuable supply, however, is not conducted with any ostentatious display of guards in going to and from the banks. A $500 bar of gold can be stowed safely away in the coat pocket, wherein it is comparatively inconspicuous, although a trifle weighty.

The United States subtreasury sends a considerabl amount of gold bars direct to the manufacturing jeweler. The express companies often have a large fortune in their care, transporting bricks to the value of many thousands of dollars to the large establishments.

The amount of old gold that finds its way into the jewelry shops would be astonishing if the total could be ascertained. It is impossible to obtain definite figures relative to sources of supply, but one manufacturer stated that there is a large amount of old jewelry utilized each year, he himself handling old jewelry valued in the thousands.

The imperishable nature of gold, with its steady standard of value, is exemplified in the disposal of stolen jewelry by thieves to "fences," as the receivers

of the proceeds of burglaries and robberies are styled. A few hours in a crucible after the stones have been wrenched from ring or brooch find the golden circlet or elaborately designed breastpin melted into a shapeless, unrecognizable mass that is easily disposed of through any one of many different ways.

THE CATERPILLAR'S NAP.

One day last fall, when Madge was playing in the garden, what do you think she found? A great, big green caterpillar that seemed fast asleep. Madge was afraid of it, so she called Uncle Ted. He lifted it up on a stick and put it in a pasteboard box and carried it off with him to the attic.

"What did you do that for?" said Madge when he came back.

"The caterpillar is sleepy, and so I have made it a bed, and by and by it will weave itself a blanket," he said.

"Oh, uncle! Can it, really? How can a caterpillar make a blanket?"

"It weaves it, dearie, something as a spider weaves its web. It will take a good while. You must watch and be patient."

Madge went nearly every day to look at the caterpillar, for her uncle had put a piece of glass over the top of the box, and after what seemed to her a long time, one day she saw some fine threads from the creature to the glass. Every day there were more threads, until at last Madge could not see the worm at all.

"He has covered himself all up, uncle. Is the blanket finished now?" she asked.

"Yes, and now the caterpillar will sleep all winter, and when he wakes in the spring, I don't believe you will recognize him."

After awhile Uncle Ted went up to the attic and lifted the glass cover off the box and found the caterpillar snugly wrapped up in his homemade blanket fastened tightly to the glass. So he stood the glass against the wall on the mantel in his room and there it stayed all winter.

But one day in April, a strange thing happened Madge had just gotten out of bed when she heard Uncle Ted calling her from his room. "Oh, Madge, come here as quickly as you can." So she ran just as she was in her little white nightie. And there on Uncle Ted's mantel was a lovely yellow butterfly.

"Oh, Uncle Ted, how did it get here? Did it fly in your window?"

"No, dear! It crept out of its winter blanket."

And then Uncle Ted showed her the cocoon, as he called the blanket which the caterpillar had made. There was a hole at one end, and out of that the ugly, green worm, now changed to a fair-like insect, had crept to spend its second summer floating in the air and sipping sweets from flowers.—McCall's Magazine.

SIGNS OF DETERIORATION OF CHARACTER.

When you are satisfied with mediocrity.

When you do not feel troubled by a poor day's work, or when a slighted job doesn't haunt you as it once did.

When you are satisfied to do a thing "just for now," expecting to do it better later.

When you can work untroubled in the midst of confused, systemless surroundings which you might remedy.

When you can listen without a protest to indecent stories.

When your ambition begins to cool, and you no longer demand the same standard of excellence that you once did.

When you do not make a confident of your mother, as you once did, or are ill at ease with her.

When you begin to think your father is an old fogy.

When you begin to associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and whom you would not want the members of your family to know that you know.—Ex.

ACCORDING TO THE MATERIAL FURNISHED.

There was a certain woman, a member of a fashionable church, who was prominent in all social and charitable reforms and movements, who dreamed she died and went to heaven. St. Peter passed her on to an angel who was to escort her to the place prepared for her. As they passed along the streets, lined on either side with such mansions as called forth her strongest exclamations of admiration, she began to wonder which of these was hers. They came to one more beautiful than the rest and she could not repress the question, "Whose house is this?" "Robert McChesney's," answered the angel. "Robert McChesney, our gardner?" "Yes." "Why," said the woman, "he will not know how to act in such a place as this; he was only a poor man on earth, and while he was an honest, good worker, he never saved anything, and his wife even took in washing. My husband said, though, that he might have been rich, but he gave away nearly all he earned." "Yes," said the guide, "while he was poor in earthly goods, there never was a day but what he sent up some good deed or kind act to add to his mansion here, and we always build according to the material sent up, and this home is the result of Robert McChesney's treasures laid up in heaven." They passed on to where the streets were narrower and houses plainer. They paused before a small and very plain cottage. "Whose house is this?" the woman asked. "Yours," replied the guide. "Mine! Why I can not live in such a place. I had an elegant home on earth, kept three servants and entertained elaborately. What would my friends think to find me in such a house? I would be ashamed to be found here." "Woman," said the angel, "we always build according to the material sent up and we have watched carefully all these years, and this is the very best we can do with the material you sent us."—J. Lutes.

The press informs us that "Mrs. Russell Sage has given $125,000 to the Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged and Indigent Females in the city of New York. The home of the association, at One Hundred and Fourth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, is being extensively enlarged. When an addition is completed two hundred and seventy women can be accommodated instead of ninety as at present." Only women of sixty years and over are admitted to this home. Mrs. Sage has long been identified with this charity.

A TRUE HORSE STORY.

On Madison Street one day I paused to pat the nose of a beautiful horse which stood by the curb, and commiserate his misfortune, for this beautiful animal, though sleek of coat and shapely in body and limb, was apparently suffering most excruciating torture. His head had been checked inhumanely high, and the cruel bit, drawing tightly in his mouth, disfigured an animal face of unusual charm and intelligence. I was just fancying that the horse had begun to understand and appreciate my words of sympathy, when the lady who sat in the carriage holding the reins fumbled in her pocket, produced a lump of white sugar, and asked me to give it to the horse.

"He is very fond of sugar," she exclaimed, "and I have quite won his heart by feeding it to him. I always carry sugar in my pocket while out driving, and give him a lump at every opportunity. I never knew a horse to be so fond of sugar. Will you please give him another lump?"

"Certainly, " I replied; "I see that you are quite as fond of the horse as he is of sweets."

"Yes, I think everything of him."

"Then why do you torture him?"

"Torture my Prince?"

"Yes, that is just what you are doing. Do you know that he poor animal suffers agony because his head is checked so unnaturally high? His neck is drawn out straight, producing a most ungraceful angle, he holds his head awkwardly, the bit is hurting his mouth, and that graceful curvature of neck and carriage of head which are in his nature are now entirely lost. Why do you check him so high?"

She didn't know. She was not aware that high checking was a source of pain to horses, nor that it destroyed their natural beauty. She was amazed at the discovery.

"May I trouble you to unloosen his check?" she asked.

When the strap was unsnapped the horse immediately lowered his head, straightened the cramps out of his handsome neck, shook himself to make sure that he had actually been released from bondage, and then looked round with such a grateful, delighted expression in his intelligent eyes that his mistress declared no more checking straps should be used upon him.—Chicago Herald.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

An interesting story of a dog has been told by a gentleman who was traveling in France during the late war with Germany. He met one day some wounded soldiers returning to their regiment, and observed one of them who had a little dog, an iron-gray terrier, evidently English, following at his heels, but only on three legs. In an earnest manner the man told him how the dog had been the means under Providence of saving his master's life. He had been struck by a ball in the chest when fighting near Ham, and lay on the ground for six hours after the battle was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was getting weaker and weaker. There were none but the dead near him, and his only companion was the English terrier, who prowled restlessly round him, with its master's kepi (military cap) in its mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier felt sure his only friend had deserted him.

The night grew dark and the cold intense, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more and more painful. His limbs grew cold, and feeling a sickly faintness stealing over him he gave up all hope of life and recommended himself to God. Suddenly, when it had come to the worst, he heard a bark which he knew belonged to only one little dog in the world; he felt something lick his face and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles till he reached a roadside inn. The people had heard the cannon all day, and seeing the kepi in the dog's mouth, and noticing his restless movements, followed him. He took them straight to the spot, faster than they could follow him with a little cart, just in time. When the friendly help arrived the man had fainted, but he was saved. There were tears in the man's eyes when he told the story. The dog had also been touched in the leg by a ball in the same battle, and had since been lame. He had got him when a puppy from a sailor at Dunkirk, and called him "Beal."—From Young Folks' Catholic Weekly.

Hum was a dear little humming bird. Grandma found him one cold, wet autumn morning under the grapevine by the back porch. She brought him into the warm sitting room and gave him some hot milk to drink. Soon he opened his little bright eyes and looked around, but he did not stir. He lay in grandma's hand as if dead, and soon she put him in the bay window among the flowers. Then he came to life pretty quick, I can tell you. May put some sweetened water in a saucer under the big geranium, and he soon began to sip it just as he got the honey out of the bright flowers, darting his little tongue in and out so quickly we could hardly see it. He soon learned that we were his friends, and was as happy as could be flitting about among grandma's flowers in the sunny window. Even the tiniest thing that has life has some affection.

All through the cold winter he lived there and amused us with his quaint little ways; but when spring came he grew uneasy, and one day when a beautiful little green and gold humming bird was flitting about in the garden we let him go free, and they went the best, for we never saw him again, although we watched among the flowers in the garden all through the long summer days.—Frank H. Sweet in Epworth Era.

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Christian Leaders' Conference, August 5-9, 1907.

TEMPERANCE.

Monday, 7:30-9 P. M.
Meeting of Special Committee on Temperance.
Hour of Prayer and Fellowship.
Tuesday, 9-12 A. M.
Half hour with the Word, Rev. Wm. Thomas, Oakland.
The Present State of the Temperance Movement as Shown by the Facts.
Rev. E. L. Rich, Watsonville.
Rev. J. R. Knodell, Oakland.

THE PRESENT ISSUE.

Subject Introduced by the Special Committee.
Tuesday, 7:30-9 P. M.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS.

By a pastor, Rev. M. W. Harkins, D.D., San Jose.
By a Rescue Worker, J. C. Westenberg, San Francisco.
Wednesday, 9-12 A. M.
Half Hour with the Word, Rev. J. F. Kellogg, Salinas.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND SOCIAL ORDER.

By a District Attorney, Geo. B. McNoble, Stockton.
By an Editor, Irvin Martin, Stockton.
Wednesday, 2-4 P. M.

A PEERLESS CRIMINAL.

Rev. E. S. Chapman, D.D., Los Angeles.
Wednesday, 7:30-9 P. M.
Report of the Special Committee.
Second Subject:

THE LORD'S DAY.

Thursday, 9-12 A. M.
Half hour with the Word, Rev. E. S. Van Ness, Oakland.

THE LORD'S DAY AND RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

Rev. Thornton A. Mills, Ph. D., San Jose.
Lessons from the Recent Campaign to Secure a Rest-Day Law.
Rev. E. D. McCreary, D.D., Berkeley.

EXPLANATION: The great question before the Conference is: "Shall the effort for statutory enactment be renewed, or is a period of public education first necessary?"

PROPOSITION presented by Rev. Wm. M. Bell, D.D., Berkeley.
Thursday, 7:30-9 P. M.

THE LORD'S DAY AND THE MORAL STRENGTH OF OUR NATION.

Rev. George McCormack, D.D., Salinas.
Rev. C. F. Reid, D.D., Oakland.
Third Subject:
Friday, 9-12 A. M.
Half-hour with the Word, Rev. Hugh W. Gilchrist, D.D.

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE CHRISTIAN FORCES.

Address, Rev. Frank S. Brush, D.D., Alameda.
Address, Rev. Frederick W. Clampett, D.D., San Francisco.
Friday, 2-4 P. M.
Practical measures proposed by the Committee.

For full information address, REV. HUGH GILCHRIST, D.D.
San Jose, California.

All Regular Trains Make Connection at Santa Cruz for Mount Hermon.

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

VOL. V. BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 1, 1907. No. 31

University Library
Stanford

A MORNING PRAYER.

By Lucy Larcom.

Like this clear sunshine, let Thy love
  Shine down on me to-day.
Shelter my soul, Thou brooding Dove,
  Like these warm skies, I pray.

There is no brightness on the earth,
  No glory in the sky,
No peace in rest, no joy in mirth,
  Except when Thou art nigh.

Then, Lord, all day be near my soul,
  And look me through and through,
Till every wish owns thy control,
  And every thought is true.

Thou art in all that thou hast made.
  O, let me see thee there!
Dear Lord, be thou my sun, my shade,
  My Savior everywhere!

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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"Keep a task in your hands; you must labor;
By toil is true happiness won;
For foe and for friend and for neighbor.
Rejoice, there is much to be done,
Endeavor, by crowning life's duty,
With joy-giving song and with smile,
To make the world fuller of beauty
Because you were in it awhile."

It is urged sometimes against church union that the large bodies would be unwieldy. A writer in the Christian Advocate of Nashville says that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is no more unwieldy today with 1,650,000 members than it was when it had only 400,000; and that the Methodist Church, North, is no more unwieldy with its 3,000,000 members than it was when it had only half that number.

The Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, superintendent of the Bethlehem Institutional work in Los Angeles, will publish ere long a book entitled "The Better City." It is a sociological study of a modern city, the outcome of many years of study of civic conditions and of practical experience. The Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell of Sierra Madre, a man of note in the literary world, having read the manuscript, wrote to Mr. Bartlett: "I am sure that your book will do immense good, and will help to bring about the better city."

A true Christianity always speaks for itself. A correspondent of The British Weekly, writing concerning the welcome which was given General Booth wherever he went in Japan, even where a stranger, says: "They have welcomed him because they have seen in the life and action of his few Japanese followers the very incarnation of the message of love to all men which they believe Christianity ought to convey." Of course there were in the welcoming throngs not a few who knew what General Booth had been to mankind.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the noted gospel singer, is passing the closing years of his life, in total blindness, but his influence for good goes on. Sankey's life will go on down the ages in the lives of thousands whom he was instrumental in bringing into the life in Christ. Perhaps Gipsy Smith is one of these thousands. Once when Moody and Sankey were holding meetings in London they drove out into the country and came upon a gipsy camp. A lad came up to their carriage; Mr. Sankey laid his hand lovingly on the lad's head and said: "God bless you. May the Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!" That boy is now the noted evangelist, Gipsy Smith. Who can measure the influence of that loving touch and those words of blessing and prayer as the hand of this consecrated man lay upon the gipsy boy's head? Consider the words both on the man-ward and the God-ward side. It is said in holy writ that the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much in its workings. If it be said that the action and the words had no effect upon the boy, that other things seemingly led him into the gospel ministry, what as to the influence on God? "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you!"

A layman who attended a layman's banquet not long ago, in the interests of the laymen's missionary movement, remarks: "The kind of laymen's banquet I should like to attend would be one in which the solid business and professional men of the city would come together and consider how they could the next day apply in the best manner the principles and teachings of Jesus in their daily work." This man says that we have a beautiful religion to preach, but that in the living of it we are found so wanting that the Chrstian nations are not very far ahead of the non-Christian. And he declares that among his associates and acquaintances he finds that the church members are not as a general thing any less selfish than are those who are not church members. In business, he declares that they will drive as sharp a bargain as the men will who are not. Perhaps this layman has had exceptional experiences. We happen to know Christian men who will not drive sharp bargains. But there is no doubt that very many Christian men are not as circumspect in this respect as they should be, and bring reproach on the cause of Christ. Christian men everywhere need to pray every morning, as they start out for the work of the day, that God will help them in all their dealings to consult the interests of the other fellow.

The failure of the jury to convict Louis Glass of the Pacific States Telephone Company of bribery, as charged by the grand jury, is a disappointment to a large number of people. And there is wide-spread rejoicing that the prosecution has no intention of allowing the matter to halt here. Some one high in official position in the telephone company is guilty of bribery. This is beyond question. Who is the guilty party? Or, if more than one, who are the parties? This, the prosecution is endeavoring to ascertain. It is to be hoped that it will be able to do so, and that such an example will be made of the guilty men as will stand long time as a warning not only to the people of San Francisco but to people near and far. The interests of mankind require it. Not only, therefore, is it to be rejoiced in that Louis Glass is to be tried again, but that other of the telephone officials are being more deeply investigated than they have been heretofore. It seems incredible that money could have passed from the treasury of the telephone company, as it did pass, for corrupt purposes, and all of certain high officials not have had knowledge of it.

As we understand the relation of the Pacific States Telephone Company to the San Francisco supervisors, it will never be possible for the men at the head of that company to stand before the world as they stood formerly. If those officials did not know what was being done, it was because they did not want to know, and morally this was reprehensible. The law may not be able to lay hold of them; but no one can do as they seem to have done and fail to be stamped either as fools or knaves. Business is not carried on in any such manner, and the business world knows it. And woe will it be for San Francisco if men on whom suspicion rests now so strongly all over the country are ever again accorded that recognition and influence which were theirs theretofore. Bribery cannot with impunity be winked at or condoned, no matter what the mitigating circumstances. If men cannot get what they want, or what they think they ought to have, without buying public officials, even those who are known to stand ready to be bought, they must in the interests of the right go without it, or stand condemned before man and God. It is the right that is supreme in God's universe, and men everywhere must conform or be ground, as it were, to powder.

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

L. M. F.

It has been given to Arizona in its most level and desolate territory to have within it this wonder of our country. As if to bestow especial honor upon a part of our land long passed by and despised; this great desert plain, the home of wandering tribes of Indians, has had cut through it by the resistless river this Titan gorge, and now it can never fail to be a place of interest, for within its rent bosom it holds the Grand Canyon.

It is much to know that in our own land there is a canyon which compared with all other canyons of the world is worthy of this name. A wonderful, majestic, peerless exhibition of nature's handiwork. So deep that mountains upon which the snow lies for many months of the year might be set down in its depths, and their tops would only be even with its rim; so vast that the area of three of our new England states is exceeded by it.

If we ask how long this wonder of creation has been waiting there ready to give its lessons of inspiration and humility to the human mind and heart; we are told that its age must be reckoned, not by the fleeting generations of men, or even by the slow moving centuries, but by the incomprehensible geologic periods of time. Our country's history is as the swing of a pendulum on the clock which measures the cycles since the great river began to wash and bore, and sculpture out in the heart of the desert this unspeakably magnificent piece of nature's handiwork.

I have seen the picture of an Indian sitting just below the edge of the canyon and gazing across its vast depths, and as I looked upon it, thought how fitting that one of a race that has come down to us from the prehistoric ages should be the human figure that gave added interest to the grandeur of the scene.

You look over the ocean or across the plains and the horizon that your eyes see is made by the power of your own vision; so one who can look farthest back into the past may know that far beyond the time limit which his mind can grasp stretch the geologic ages in which this canyon has existed.

Through these countless years it has been a place crowned with loneliness. No stirring, heart-breaking sounds of war! no peaceful, joyous sounds of industry; but the winds that rush through its innumerable caverns, and the mighty river fretting and dashing in its deep bed, have filled it with their ceaseless music.

We shall never know its full history, but we have reason to believe that after the attempt of the Spaniard to enter it in the 16th century it is only in very recent years that the eye of civilized man has gazed upon its grandeur and beauty. The Indians had known it before; the trail that for seven miles from the rim to the brink of the rushing river, winds down its steep and zigzag way, is an Indian trail; and the traveler may turn from looking upon the rocks with their ever changing shapes, and see the rude heap of stones which marks an Indian's grave.

This lonely canyon, with its intricate windings and many tributaries, the home of the clouds and mists and storms, like many a lonely place in our own and other lands, had its history of heroic deeds.

As Sir John Franklin, in 1845, started out with his enthusiastic volunteers to brave the dangers of the Northwest passage, risking and losing his life at last in that awful struggle with the ice and cold; so in a humbler enterprise, but with kindred spirits did Brown and Stanton with their brave helpers launch their boats on the swift reaches, awful rapids and whirlpools of the Colorado, which had cut its way down 6000 feet into the bowels of the earth. Here on the morning of July 10, 1889, as they were guiding their frail boats down the unknown current, a terrible whirlpool upset the boat which held Brown and his companion, and in a few moments the angry waters drew that heroic leader down to death. His companions, undaunted, awed and fascinated by the great canyon, still kept on their way.

What if we have not looked upon this scenic glory of our land? We may still be glad that this wonderful canyon is a part of the heritage of our whole people. The dweller in the city, the toiler in its broad and narrow streets, is made more hopeful as he thinks of the country, with its green meadows, babbling brooks and wonderful trees and flowers; the country that his children may visit and grow strong as they eat the wholesome food and breathe the pure air. So may each reader rejoice as he thinks of this magnificent and glorious canyon, and dreams perhaps of seeing it, or beholds in his imagination the privileged ones, who in the future will go down into its depths, or stand upon its edge and gaze enraptured upon its peaks and domes and pinnacles, and see far down, like a band of silver, the great river, rushing on its way to the sea.

Let one who knew it in storm and sunshine, and amid the dangers of exploration tell how he came to look upon it: "After living in it and with it for so many weeks and months I lost all thought of the great chasm as being only a huge rock mass, carved into its many intricate forms by ages of erosion. It became to me, what it has ever since remained and what it really is—a living, moving, sentient being!

"The Grand Canyon is not a solitude. It is a living, moving, pulsating being; ever changing in form and color, pinnacles and towers springing into being out of unseen depths. From dark shades of brown and black, scarlet flames suddenly flash out and then die away into stretches of orange and purple. How can such a shifting, animated glory be called 'a thing?'

It is a being, and among its upper battlements, its temples, its amphitheaters, its cathedral spires, its arches and its domes, and in the deeper recesses of its inner gorge, its spirit, its soul, the very spirit of the living God himself lives and moves and has its being."

THE GERMS OF GREAT IDEAS.

An Account of Some of The Benificent Organizations Originating at Andover.

In a recent number of the Boston Transcript a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary of fifty years' standing calls attention to some of the influences for good which have originated there and radiated from it. The article was in part as follows:

When it was founded it was doubtful whether a charter could be obtained from the legislature. It was then an annex to Phillips Academy, which already had a charter. The difficulty of obtaining a charter in those days can be seen from the fact that Amherst and even the American Board of Foreign Missions had to ask several times for their charters. One reason possibly for the oppositioin to charters at Andover Theological Seminary was a general and strong antipathy to orthodoxy in New England at that time. The very air was charged with the spirit of religious controversy.

About that time Rev. Dr. Griffin was invited to a professorship there and accepted, but was afterwards compelled to resign even before he had occupied the place, because of his being called to the pulpit of the Park Street Church. His successor was Dr. Porter, who was most of his life an invalid and consequently most of the meetings of the faculty and other bodies were held in his study, which became truly memorable. In 1812 there was established in that room a weekly meeting for consultation which because of the strength of the men that attended it became a real power for that faith in New England and assisted a great deal in its rejuvenation in this section of the country. There were seven regular attendants—Dr. Porter, Professor Stuart, Samuel Farrar, treasurer of the seminary, and a lay theologian, Dr. John Adams, father of Rev. William Adams, D.D., or New York; Dr. Johnathan Edwards, pastor of the South Church of Andover and Mark Newman, its senior deacon. Occasionally Dr. Griffin of Boston, Dr. Pearson of Andover, Dr. Worcester of Salem, Dr. Morse of Charlestown and Dr. Spring of Newburyport visited it.

"Here," as Professor Phelps remarks, "started germs of great ideas." It was in a conference in Dr. Porter's study, that the subject of American missions to the heathen took visible and tangible form which led to the formatioin of the American Board. Judson, Nott, Newell and Mills, the pioneer missionaries, were in the seminary. Their petition to the General Association of Massachusetts for support in their resolve to preach the Gospel to the heathen was drawn up by the advice of the Andover men in council, which sent two of their number to advocate it before the fathers at Bradford. Undoubtedly the group behind the haystack at Williamstown had their purpose deepened by the inspiration which came from Dr. Porter's study. There was originated the monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world, which grew into the American Board and assisted in its formation. The fact that out of small beginnings great works grow is too patent for repetition, but it may be interesting to know that at the first meeting of the formation of the American Board there were just six persons present.

In 1813 one of the vigilant band in Dr. Porter's study found a little religious book which interested him in its abundant materials in a compact and portable form. The thought occurred to him that religious literature might be made cheaper in cost and more widely circulated. Out of this grew the New England Tract Society. Andover was its seat until 1825, when it became the American Tract Society and was removed to New York.

Professor Stuart was then at the outset of his career as father of Biblical literature in America. He prepared a manuscript Hebrew grammar and taught his own printers to set up Hebrew type.

Attention was later called to the necessity of aiding young men preparing for the ministry, and a conference was held on the subject at Andover, which later resulted in a meeting in Boston at which four Andover professors were appointed to draw up a constitution for what turned out to be the American Education Society, by which thousands of young men have been helped in preparing for the ministry.

The idea was then suggested to circulate religious news in the secular press. There was then no distinctly religious paper. This idea has grown in these latter days to be a really great business, but it was necessary first to have a religious paper and the first religious paper in the world began in the Andover conclave. It was called the Boston Recorder and is represented now by the Congregationalist.

The American Home Missionary Society for the aid of feeble missionaries and to supply ministers for the struggling West also originated at Andover and the plans were matured in a single evening.

Temperance, in the sense of total abstinence, also began there. Dr. Justin Edwards, pastor of the South Church in Andover, formed "a society for doing good." This received cordial endorsement from his colleagues in Dr. Porter's study. Those seven men were the first to sign the pledge of total abstinence and out of this gathering grew the American Temperance Society. Professor Phelps says very truly: "The men of the Andover Conference are entitled justly to all that has been claimed for them. The vital points in the claim are two: First, that they were consciously original in the great ideas which they conceived; secondly, they were the practical pioneers who first put those ideas to use in institutions which have lived to create history."

Nor does this seminary feel that its work is done, or that its work is simply teaching young men to become ministers. It is earnestly advocated by some of those more deeply interested in the work at Andover that young men be trained there to work as missionaries among the foreigners who are now coming in such vast quantities to this country. These immigrants can best be reached by those who can speak their own tongue. To teach these languages and to train men to work among these peoples is certainly practical and important work. Already this work by Protestants is having encouraging results. This is seen in the city of Worcester, where a French minister is doing splendid work. His wife is the daughter of the famous Rev. Dr. Charles Chiniquy, whose record of forty years among his French countrymen is well known to all students.

Let Andover in this or some other great work continue true to its traditions and history.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Notable Indian Council at Mount Hermon.

A distinct sign of the advancing kingdom of Him who is no respecter of persons was the council of Indians and their friends last week at Mt. Hermon.

The beautiful streams and groves, the hospitality which welcomed Indians to the same comforts whites had, the presence of Mr. C. E. Kelsey, who is judiciously spending the hundred thousand dollars Congress voted for land, the unusual eloquence of Mrs. Annie K. Bidwell who is the incarnation of practical Christian kindness to the Indians on her consecrated domain, the intelligent enthusiasm and eloquence of Mr. Spinning who has forgotten more about Indians than most of us know, and the genial wisdom of Mrs. Dorcas I. Spencer, conspired to make the program attractive from beginning to end. I might write of others, but will rather advise interested friends to send to Mr. Hermon, if they cannot come themselves, for the free report to be prepared.

The pathos of the Indian brothers' speech, whether given in broken English, or patiently through an interpreter, was marvellous. It is but partially apparent in the appeal below, but enough to show that the seed-sowing of the California Indian Association has not been without fruit. Read the appended acorn, friend, and share our hope that the pitiful descent into extermination of 250,000 Indians who once owned these fair California valleys is ended. Through them our Saviour speaks to his brethren and pleads that his red brethren have the gospel chance to rise.

The Appeal of Twenty Indian Guests at the Mount Hermon Council.

To the President and Government of the United States, and to the Governor and People of California:

We, the Indian delegates to the Zayante Indian Conference, representing the seventeen thousand Indians of California, after having held an Indian Council, desire and earnestly ask the following things:

1. We want land for homes. By the coming of the white people into California, our lands have been taken from us and we have been driven from place to place. We were kept by law from taking up good land until all good land was gone. Our land, our woods and our streams from which we got our living were taken from us, leaving us to suffer and perish through hunger and cold. In our younger days we have seen many people in our tribes. We have seen our old people suffer and our children die. Now we are few. Therefore, we want lands and homes, that our people may not perish from the earth.

2. We want protectioin from the liquor traffic. In the early days we did not fight among ourselves and kill each other. But now, the white people have brought liquor to us and it is ruining the Indians of California. We are told that there are laws for our protection against liquor, but we seldom get the benefit of these laws. The white man's whiskey makes a bad Indian. We ask protection from the liquor traffic and the punishment of both parties, the white man who sells and the Indian who buys. We do not know of an Indian who keeps a saloon. We suffer from the white man's trade.

3. We want education. We need common school education for our children. We need industrial education for our young men and young women. We need education for all our people, especially for the twelve thousand Indians who have no reservations. The Government schools we now have reach but few, and most of the public schools of the State do not admit our children. We want to become intelligent, Christian citizens.

4. We want field physicians. Disease gets among us without our knowing what to do. We have no Indian doctors, and white doctors often refuse to take care of Indians, or will only do so if paid too much big price.

5. We want legal protection. We are told that the laws of California make no difference between white men and Indians. But we do not find that the laws help us. The courts do not often decide in our favor, even when we are right. Some judges and lawyers do befriend us, for which we are grateful, but in general our people do not get justice.

(Signed)

Sherwood Jack, "Mah-mo'-sa," Sherwood, Cal.
Tom Wheaton, "Hah-mo-sa," Tule River, Cal.
Captain Jack, "Teh-chew," Hopland.
Captain John Dennison, "Chah'-pi-doca," Upper Lake.
Captain Jim Bucknell, "Gahl'-bill,' Upper Lake.
Captain Tony Metlock, Potter Valley.
Captain Jim Sherwood, "Kah'-du-tull'-a" Sherwood.
Captain Tack, "Kay-bay-low," Hopland.
Frank Manuel, "Wy'-o-kay," Hopland.
Joseph Miguel, Morongo.
Captain Ed Sweetzer, 'Yeh'-ky," Laytonville.
Captain Charley Boone, "Ahn'-jaway," Guedaville.
William Benson, "Kahl'-ka-nahl," Ukiah.
Sam Garfield, "We'-yah-lids," Tule iver.
Joe Passador, "Pah'-sha-do," Hopland.
Rafael Thomas, "Kah'-bay-oo-ey," Hopland
Ed Posh, "Posha," Santa Rosa.
George Vicente, "Kahl'-mo-ko," Upper Lake.
Maggie Lafonso, Chico.
Frank Miguel, Morongo.

A Convention of Hope.

All signs show that the temperance battle is geting on to victory as did the campaign for freedom. If there be an interested Christian who is despondent about it I urge him to get to Mt. Hermon for the convention for Aug. 5-7. The hopeful ones will be made hot with enthusiasm and the enthusiastic will be made serene and radiant with the sense that God is in the movement and that men may wait His leading with faith and hope. Prof. C. S. Nash, D.D., Doctor Chapman, Rev. J. R. Knodell, Rev. M. W. Harkness, Rev. E. L. Rich with others, are guarantees of an inspiring program. I appeal to business men to come. If you cannot come in person send some worker whose judgment you can trust. Send some earnest Christian Endeavorer, for these shall live to see a redemption of which we have dreamed. The God who means that America shall stand by her birthday promises to men of all colors and all nations means to break the power of the Rum Demon who would dethrone humanity everywhere.

The effort to raise $150,000 for the rehabilitation of the Baptist churches of San Francisco has succeeded. John D. Rockefeller gave one half of the amount.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE HOME.

Rev. M. A. Matthews, D.D., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Seattle.

Miss B—— is one of the most charming old maids in the United States. She has a commission to the crowned heads of the world, in the interests of peace. While crossing the Atlantic recently, some one asked her, "Miss B——, why do you not marry?" She replied, "Why should I marry? I have an elegant home, and it has all the manly or husbandly accomplishments necessary. I have a parrot that swears, a tomcat that stays out all night, and a billy-goat that chews tobacco." Her sarcastic reply contains an epitome of the condition of thousands of homes, and behind its sarcasm and wit there is a deep philosophy. There are too many homes presided over by profane husbands, negligent fathers, and intemperate men. The strenuousness of present conditions has reduced the home either to a hospital or to a boarding house. Men seek it when sick, or frequent it when hungry.

If it were possible to teach humor, a chair for that purpose ought to be established in every college, and everyhome should prepare pupils for that department. Humor is one of the absolute cures for anger. If in the midst of your heated discussion, and while your temper rages, you are trained to see the ridiculous side of the situation, your anger will cool, your frowns will disappear, and smiles will light up the anger cursed face.

Humor dispels fear, quiets excitement, and insures the reign of good judgment. It is an infallible rest cure, and a never failing panacea for diseased natures. The tired nature will respond when appealed to by the humorous and ridiculous, and after a hearty laugh will feel refreshed and ready for work. Melancholia is cured by the sunlight of humor, and even legitimate sorrow is lightened by mirthful atmosphere.

Into the home, all the conditions of disease, sorrow, and depression go. Therefore mirth, wit and humor should follow these enemies into the home,—conquer and drive them from love's citadel.

Would it not be a good plan to cultivate the imagination to see the ridiculous side of life,—the humorous side of problems? Three good, clean jokes told at the dinner table, are worth more than all the prescriptions for indigestion. The country is being cursed has value or merit. If our homes would discard them, and humbugged with breakfast foods. Not one of them and put a good, laughable cartoon at the breakfast plate of each member of the family, predigested-breakfast-humbug-foods would give place to a healthful breakfast; and, men would be prepared for an honest day's labor.

There are hundreds and thousands of cases of nervous prostration,—so called by the afflicted females—that could be cured by weekly visits to a clean comic opera. Music has its charms and therapeutic power. Mirth and humor have as many charms, and as much healing power. If music has cured its thousands, wit humor and mirth have cured their tens of thousands.

No father should permit the evening to pass in his home without producing an hour of good, solid fun for his wife and children. That hour of fun will be worth more to his tired wife and growing children than all the tonics in all the apothecary shops of the city.

Every man owes to his neighbor a smile, a song, and a hearty hand-clasp. If possible, he should stop long enough to produce sunshine in his neighbor's soul, and happiness in his neighbor's heart. Little do we know the sorrows that may depress, and the good that a humorous story, well told, would do the passer-by. Stop long enough to make every sad heart laugh, and you will have turned the world into a concert hall.

Recently I conducted the funeral of an actress. She was a noble woman, and for five long years suffered untold agonies. Yet night after night she went before the footlights and made the audience laugh, and sent it away happy, burdenless and refreshed, while she retired to her room, depressed from pain and suffering. If the great crowd to which she had administered the tonic—good humor, could have cheered and comforted her occasionally, her burdens would have been lighter, and her pain would not have been quite so severe.

Laughter makes us forget, for the time being, the pains and pangs of disease. Husbands should give to their suffering wives the tonic of an evening's enjoyment. Children should fill the home with the mirth and music of their natural, buoyant natures. Let every home become the theater of good cheer and of sparkling wit, elevating humor, and inspiring repartee.

LESSONS FROM A FORTY YEARS' PASTORATE.

By Rev. E. S. Hill, D.D.

A Paper Read at a Recent Ministerial Association.

When one begins with the avowed intention to talk about forty years, it becomes a serious question about the audience, and to the audience. It is easy to find people willing to talk forty years if they may talk about themselves somewhat. Some men have been at it longer than that, but nobody tries to find them. The trouble is to find people willing to forego the pleasure of spinning their own tow, to listen to the hum of your wheel. Therein lies the offense of egotism, that it crowds out so much other egotism.

But to begin seriously, the average pastorate has the three essential dimensions—length, breadth and thinness. Still more seriously: forty years means the wearing out of at least half a dozen bodies. How many black coats with long skirts, each of these bodies has covered itself with, is another question. How often has the gray matter, supposed to be involved, somewhat, in a preacher's work, been exhausted and renewed? This must occur at least once a week, for the heads that turn and toss on preahcer's Sunday night pillows seem very empty. Sometimes re-reading the sermon preached forty years ago, creates the feeling that not so very much brain was used up in it. The reason the preacher's head rocked on the feathery billow, was lack of ballast. He had not sense enough to go to sleep. He found peace, and the power to sleep by hearing other men preach sermons as poor as his, or poorer, and learned that his grief is common, and the misery that loves company finds itself in a crowd. Forty years does not go back to the creation of the world, but it strains the mind about as hard to recall it. So dim, so blurred, so unreal, so impossible a great deal of it seems. That young fellow, so new, so like the color of the leaves; and this old man, so gray, so autumn-struck,—can they be in any relation to each other? Do the processes of evolution involve annihilation?

If the wrinkled face, telling of all the chisels that have struck it, could look into the face it was forty years ago, would the two recognize each other? Then the work—the old man sees the work of the young man he once was, and says, "Did I ever do that? Is it possible that I said that?" He mourns no more his vanished years, except that they left traces in their vanishing. "Let no man despise thy youth." You will do that yourself after awhile. The young man, which this old man once was, once looked at such an old man as he might some day be, and wondered if he should ever be like that. May be the house of the soul, changed every week of years, did not change oftener than the soul itself. Am I the man I was forty years ago?

That must be one of the other times when I was in the world.

What is involved in forty years of life in the pastorate? For one thing, preparing and preaching 4500 sermons, or some of them preached without much preparing. Some of them make whole chapters of soul history for the preacher.

How long it took to beat up the bush and find live game of thought, a theme that would come out of cover and unfold itself, a subject alive in the preacher' mind and heart, that can furnish words that are spirit an. 'e to the hearers.

Hunting texts that can be caught in the grip of developing thought, and, like a hare, willing to be cooked after it is caught.

The theme just beyond reach, like angels hov. ɜ around, and refusing to hover in. Then to work it .o form for delivery, and then work it over again, and again, till about time for the second bell, and the preacher puts on his hat, to keep the rest of his brains from getting away. Then to preach it, with a feeling that you have not the right hold of it, and then, too late for anything but regret, or for use in some better day, find just what was in the text. Then in the evening preach about Esau's pitful petition for another blessing. But those sermons had history in other souls.

I know a preacher who burned up 500 of them at once; they were so heavy he could not afford to pay freight on them over the mountains. As these children of his brain were pushed through the fire to the molock of oblivion, they cried to him, each with a several voice, claiming that they had not been in vain. The text, next Sunday, was "especially the parchments," and the preacher told the story of some of those sermons; told how at the close of some of them men and women stood up for Christ, and he described them so that the people knew who was meant, and it was a tender, glad, sad time.

Brethren, never speak lightly of a sermon, however light it may be. It is your best hearing of God's word, and of the need of him, that cries from men's hearts to yours.

The prayer meetings, the delight and the grief of the pastor, the hope and despair of the church, and the young people's meetings, church meetings, socials, and so on!

Then, the care of all the churches, councils, associations—local, state and national—missionary meetings, great and small, if put together make no small showing.

The calls made, and much worse, and many more, the calls not made. No pastor ever made enough. It is the universal fault with "our pastor" in all the churches, always has been, always will be.

"I am glad you found your way. I did not know but you had forgotten where we live." You go away almost sorry you had not forgotten.

"Glad to see you; you have so much to do, so many to look after, I don't see how you can get around among so many of us. We try to do as well as we can and every morning we speak to God about you, and hope you may help those who need help more than we do."

You remember both those calls, and their name is legion. The sick room calls, the death watches where you tried to pilot a soul into the regions which faith had revealed to you. The sadness of it all, and the more than mortal gladness when the dying eyes were the mirrors of beauties you could not see, and the light in them was from somewhere beyond the sun.

And the sorrows, sadder than death, that ache to utter themselves into the ears of the man who will not tell about them to anybody but God. The atonements, the reconciliations, all the 10,000 scenes in the life of the heart-man, in the pastorate, what a list of them come on the flood tide of memory over the sea forty long years wide. The weddings, binding wreaths of joy from vines and flowers of love, and giving benediction to the vows that mean so much if they are kept. I know a preacher, a very poor preacher, closer to me than breathing and nearer than hands and feet, who bade 730 pairs of well or ill-assorted people love each other better than anybody else, and behave themselves acordingly, so long as they both should live. And that preacher watched some of them till about a hundred of their children came to be married by the "same minister who married father and mother." And the benediction seemed more sacred for the fact that it had held so well in the first case.

One preacher, who has had a gift, very inconvenient sometimes, of seeing the funny side of things, has seen too much of weddings, and seen too much in them to ever write a funny book about them.

The funerals, two thousand of them, and not one without some sort of heartache! And in the late years, in ripened friendships, some of them cut ligaments that were full of nerves of pain!

The sentiment, or rather lack of sentiment, that makes light of the funeral, is a sad mixture of selfishness and silliness.

Some men sprout beards before hearts are developed

To bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort those who mourn, to show the angel clothed in white, sitting in every empty tomb; to hold up the lamp of immortality full of light that lies about the great white throne, to throw its brightness on the black cloud of sorrow, and keep it from turning to despair; it is a work for which the pastor needs all his heart and a good head. How a wise, kind preacher can bind hearts to him, in life-long friendships, and get holds that help draw men and women and children into the Kingdom!

Te preacher too selfish to think about death and sorrow is too cheap a man to earn his penny in God's vineyard of men. Death is one of the facts that no artificial gaiety can rub out. And the gate that leads out of life is covered with children from the other side, the children of the Kingdom, waiting with holy glee for a newcomer. Yes, and the light in dying eyes, the gladness of the new seeing, is to one man at least, evidence of the reality of the unseen, stronger than all the books can teach. I knew a man, above forty years ago, whether in the body or out of the body, he hardly knew, with three, four, five funerals a week, with a wedding or two, extra occasions which somehow delight in inaptness, and Sunday closer and closer ahead; but if he had his life over again he would hope that nobody would turn from him in their sorrow to save his strength.

The revivals! Forty years ago we believed that if Christians prayed enough, and got the stumbling blocks out of the way, and really went to acting like Christians, and held up the preacher's hands while he held up the cross, that sinners would come to the Christ who had such followers.

I believe it yet. The reason we do not have revivals is because we do not want them enough. Let it stand at that and think it out.

According to your unbelief be it unto you. Then, men are not led to Christ by telling them how many things are false which their fathers thought were true. It is better to have been stupid than to be so now. More Christian means more Christians—always has, always will.

Times and thoughts have changed in forty years.

Then, Bushnell was a heretic. He believed that God sent His Son to show sinners that the door of mercy was open, and that the heart of God was aching for them to come home. Ordination was refused to Bushnellites, and instead of it, hands were laid on the nape of the neck of those who believed that the object of the atonement was to show love that should draw love from men in return. The stones that were hurled at that saintly face, a wiser generation has built into his monument.

The world is waiting for a book, to tell how the heretics of each decade of the last one hundred years became the guardians of the orthodoxy of the next ten years.

One lesson to learn in forty years is that the temple of truth is not easily destroyed. The morning breezes of heresy die away when the sun shines with blazing heat, and the winds from the wide sea of thought come in ahead of the tides. Uzzah's sin was also a mistake, and the ark of God will keep the center of gravity above the base; and the lowing of the kine that draw it, is prompted by eternal and indestructible instincts.

When the youngest of us have been dead forty years there will still be new ideas, and old men will be troubled about them; and some of them will be worth adopting, and some will be old follies reincarnated in wind bodies, and the truth will live, gaining permanence by reason of excellence, and the gravitation of oblivion will take care of the rest. There will be men just as careful as we are, just as careful as our fathers were before we got careful, and there will be boys who do things to make old men jump; and some will think the thing they think they see, is new to the world because it is fresh to them in their freshness.

Over and over again
Our old world rolls on its way,
With much the same sort of men
In ours and our father's day.

How about the life pastorate?

Is it practical? Is it feasible? Can it be? and ought it to be?

How can a man stay with a church forty years, and not be very much of a man at that?

It is easy. Just go and not go away. That is all there is in it. Not quite all—be willing to stay, and let it be known that you are willing to go. The most unpleasant thing to hold is the sticky thing. Don't show an interest in being settled and unwilling to move, but go about your business, ready to quit when it is best for the church.

"No matter about me" is a good motto for a pastor to have stuck all over him. Don't exchange with every pastor who is getting loose in place and likely to move. "Don't use a church as a stepping-stone to a better one.

I have seen an evil under the sun: a young man fresh from the seminary take a small church because he could not get a large one, with the unconcealed purpose of getting one as soon as possible.

The more perfectly the pastor identifies himself with the church, makes all interests common, seeks nothing for himself, the firmer his hold will be.

Dno't resign to force the people to some movement of yours. They may be as resigned as you are. Forbear threatening. Be fair, frank, loyal to your people, and have a wife who can hold her tongue in more languages than you ever learned at school.

Never preach old sermons, but if you are forced to, tell the people about it: they know it anyway; get credit for frankness. Preach every Sunday as though it were the supreme opportunity, and get as far into the secret of truth as possible. Shun officialism, or ex cathedra utterances or ultimatums. Be the personal, trusted friend of everybody in your parish.

See things from the other man's point of view. Imagine how you would like the things you want people to like in you. Remember that a preacher is only a man, unless he is something less; that his interests are no more important than a layman's.

Is the long pastorate desirable?

One whose chief quality is its length ought to lose its chief quality.

Will people get tired of the same voice? That depends upon how tiresome it is. Will they hanker for variety? There is range of truth, and enough changes of garment for it, if one has a mind live and large enough to manage them. Can the long-time pastor reach men in the line of evangelistic work as well as a stranger?

The stranger can say, and do things, which are not prudent in the pastor, nor decent in the evangelist, and the people pass it over, because they do not care for the stranger. If the pastor has the confidence of his people as a Christian, he can put the weight of his life back of his words, and move men as no stranger can. And the pastor can hold his own catch better than that of a stranger. If a man can make people love him forty years, and not depend upon their affectionate patience to the neglect of effective work, it is very well. Many pastorates are too long. There have been many notable instances of churches keeping a pastor through friendship, through the seeming impossibility of telling him his work is done, to the hindrance of the work of the church. There is no rule that must not adapt itself to individual conditions.

How does it all seem when you get through? How does it look as you look back? First, a sense of wonder that work so imperfect, a relationship so full of contingencies, so effected by personalites, can last so long. The sense of neglected, or only partly improved opportunities, fills one with a sense of unfitness to be classed with the messengers of the cross, the shepherds of God's flock.

What might one not have done if one had always been equal to the occasion? If always, the beauty of the gospel, and the need of men, had been clear and forcible, how much more might have been done. The personal equation has to be calculated. The limitations, both mental and moral, which fence us all in, are a part of the basis of self-judgement.. How much there is of a man, or how little, is a legitimate plea in mitigation of self-condemnatioin. Could he do better if he could try it over again?

But there are rights even for preachers who say "no matter about me."

There are some results. Every minister has the right to be fair to himself. What has been done under your eye, and your guiding, propelling hand?

Has the church prospered? Give God the glory, and share the comfort of it with him. Have souls been saved? Maybe they are jewels for your crown. Have Christians grown under your care? Be glad for it, and count interest to your credit for what you have tried to do for them. A pastor may need to lie in the dust, but he does not need to stamp on himself.

If one has taken more than a thousand people into the church, and led many of them in from the outside, he need not glory, but he may rejoice; he may be glad and grateful, with a thankfulness a sweet as love. He will remember being on his knees with souls wrestling, the old self with the new, the worse with the better, the lower with the higher, as Jacob wrestled with Israel, and remember that he tried to be the angel of God to add a touch in favor of the Israel in man, to disable the Jacob, and then he went rejoicing when the supplanter was sent limping away, never to get the hip-lock on the prevailer with God and man again.

The memories of meeting with the children of the Lord's Supper, the one hymn sung every two months for more than thirty years that "the bonds that unite all the children of peace" might grow in sweetness until the chorus is repeated of "Home Sweet Home," at home.

Hands sprinkling water on the heads of little children, on youths and mature men and matrons, and gray heads seem to ache sometimes to do it again.

And, Oh! brethren, when memory is about all there is left; when the backward look takes in the estate of life; when the abdicated throne is past resuming; when one can give love divided with the past, and only that; when the played-out old preacher goes by and no one cares; and in the midst of his anecdotage talks on and on about the preciousness of his life, be patient, and now be thankful for the end of a talk that set out to consume forty years.

SPEAK LOW TO ME.

Speak low to me, my Savior, low and sweet,
From out the halleujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet—
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth
To lose the sense of losing! As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"Detroit has more saloons, in proportion to population, than Chicago. There is one saloon in Detroit for every 235 persons—1,700 saloons, Chicago has 7,300 saloons—one for every 285 persons. Detroiters spend half as much for intoxicating liquor as for food The city has 400 more saloons than it has groceries. Detroit has about one two-hundredth part of the population of the United States and consumes one-eightieth part of all the beer brewed in the country. At five cents a drink the total amount paid over Detroit bars in one year for beer alone would be $16,800,000. There are many saloons which make no pretension of closing at the legal hour or on Sundays and holidays. But there is an understanding with the police."- Free Press.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles, Immanuel.—The church will be closed for repairs and renovation during the month of August.

Los Angeles, Highland Park.—The Rev. W. B. Gantz, of Hamilton, Ohio, is supplying the pulpit. Mr. Gantz is a friend of President Baer of Occidental College, and is spending a few weeks on the coast.

San Bernardino. —The Spanish Presbyterian church is taking on new life under the efficient ministry of the Rev. Domingo A. Mata, the pastor of the Spanish Presbyterian church of Los Angeles, who has charge of the work at present. In the next few weeks a permanent ministry will be established, as the church is looking for a suitable man, with good prospects of securing one. The preaching of the pure gospel to the Mexican-speaking people in this valley is an important and promising work, and should have willing and liberal support.

San Francisco, First.—Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D.D., formerly pastor of the church, who has been ministering to the congregation of the Rutgers Riverside Presbyterian Church in New York City for the past five years, addressed a large audience on Sunday, July 28th. Many of those in attendance came from a distance to hear and greet their former pastor. Taking his theme, "The Place of the Sanctuary in Human Life," from Psalms 73, 17, "Until I went into the sauctuary of God, then understood I their end," the speaker commented upon the old question arising in Joseph's mind, and which had risen in the minds of sages long before, "Does God care and will he move?" pointing out the cause of the doubt in a wrong viewpoint. As with the painter and the master-builder, whose work requires to be viewed in the proper relation, so the sauctuary was the only view-point of God's providence in relation to human life. As from the high Sierras the beholder could look out upon ever widening diameters of vision, so the sanctuary was the mountain top upon which mankind could clear their eyes from the dust of the world and view spreading diameters of experience and usefulness. The sermon was replete throughout with vivid imagery, portrayed with a force and vigor which showed that the speaker had lost none of his old-time power. . . The church has purchased a large lot directly opposite the present location, and has received the promise of an organ from Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Its insurance was also satisfactorily adjusted, and together with the large rental for its burnt site, makes the future outlook very bright. The rapid rebuilding of that section has drawn back many of the old congregation, and the field seems a most promising one for further endeavors.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. F. P. Berry was installed last week as pastor of the Olivet Church, Highland Park. The charge to the pastor was given by the Rev. G. C. Butterfield; that to the people by Dr. Hugh K. Walker; the prayer of installation was by Dean Ward of Occidental College, and the sermon by the Rev. Dr. R. F. Maclaren. Dr. Maclaren said in the course of his sermon: "The time is coming, and I believe coming very soon, when a great light will shine into the world. All things will then appear at their true value. The artificial and unjust titles and distinctions of the world will disappear and the worldly ideal of success will be brought into contempt. Christ who once was despised and crucified has promised to come again and the light of his glory shall fill all the earth. It is the great duty of the Christian minister and preacher of righteousness to awaken the people to prepare for the coming day and to teach that only those are living worthily who are walking as children of God and children of the day. Not long ago a great steamer was returning from Europe freighted with a great company of passengers. In mid-ocean there was a fearful storm, machinery was broken, leaks were sprung and there seemed not one chance in a hundred that any could be saved. Some were in the first cabin and some were in the steerage, some were proud aristocrats and some were common laborers, but all- class distinctions disappeared in the time of peril. A large number met in the cabin to pray. There were Roman Catholics among them returning from a pilgrimage to Rome, and high churchmen who had never prayed without a liturgy, and Presbyterians and Methodists, and all bowed down together and all joined in the same prayers, and when they were saved they all rejoiced together. If tonight the sign of the Son of God should appear in the heavens who would welcome it and be prepared for the glorious day? Not the rich, the proud and the worldly-wise, but only those who in these dark days have loved the Savior and walked with Him and lived according to his Golden Rule."

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Baptist churches of San Francisco have at present a resident membership of about 800.

The Rev. W. S. Wilson and wife of Marysville are spending their vacation in Mendocino county.

The Negro Baptists of San Francisco will build a house of worship which will cost from $20,000 to $25,000.

The Rev. J. B. Stone, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Livermore is in Missouri for a few weeks' visit with his parents.

Occidental College received recently a deed for business property in Pomona, the income from which is $4,500 a year. The property comes from the late Mrs. Jane Rutan who left it to John A. Gallup to be turned over to the college at his discretion. Occidental has now received more than $40,000 worth of property from Mrs. Rutan. It is thought that a chair will be endowed in honor and in memory of her.

The presence of President Mackenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary at the Summer School of Theology has been of much value. His lectures have been characterized throughout by ability of a high order, and have been thoroughly interesting. We understand that they will form in part a book which will be prepared by him ere long. Statement to this effect a few days ago received hearty welcome by all of those who heard it and had listened to the lectures.

The Rev. George H. DeKay reached San Francisco on Wednesday, bringing with him from Tahiti the Rev. J. K. Harrison, who is now in the Roosevelt hospital Berkeley. Mr. Harrison was very weak all through the ocean trip, keeping his state room all the time. He is at the present time in a very weak condition physically and mentally and his recovery is very uncertain. The hearts of people widely will go out to the wife and children in these days of suspense and sorrow.

We find the following note in the San Bernardino Sun, written by the Rev. James H. Speer the pastor of the Presbyterian Church: "The services on the lawn of the Presbyterian Church are growing in popularity and interest each week. People driving by stop and often remain through the entire services. Some sit across the street in the park, where they can both see and hear. It is cool and delightful. A more comfortable place could not be found to spend the evening. Accept our invitation to 'sit on our lawn Sunday evening.'"

The Rev. Sidney Kendall died recently at Long Beach, California. The Evangel of that place says concerning him: "He was a vital and stimulating force in the life of this city. His service to Southern California in behalf of a purified social life is well known. It made history. Through his writings and public addresses he performed an incalculable service to the country at large in educating the public conscience and awakening men to action. We are the poorer for his going." Mr. Kendall was the first pastor of the First Congregational Church of Long Beach, but had not been in the active and regular work of the ministry for several years. He passed away at the age of 51.

Some of the readings from "Ian Maclaren" by the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie at the meeting in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Monday brought tears to many eyes. Dr. Mackenzie stated that the characters in "Ian Maclaren's" books, "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and Auld Lang Syne," are types of character still to be found in Scotland. There was, he said, however, another side of Scottish life, and for getting at that at its worst he suggested the reading of "The House With Green Shutters." Speaking of the author, Dr. John Watson, Dr. Mackenzie said that his fame as a writer did not lead him away from the needs of his people and a loving oversight of them. "God give us shepherds as faithful as John Watson!"

The Long Beach Telegram for July 22, says: "There was a splendid mass meeting of the leaders of the young people's society of the Presbyteries of Southern California at the First Presbyterian Church, this city, yesterday afternoon. The two speakers were Dr. John Willis Baer, president of Occidental College, and Mr. Von Ogden Vogt, who is now secretary of the Young People's department of the Presstrongbyterian Board of Missions. Both of these men, who are strong characters nationally, were at one time secretary of the World's Christian Endeavor Union. The meeting assumed the nature of an informal conference among the young people of the local societies looking to their betterment and to discuss means of work."

In all probability Pilgrim Church, Oakland, will succeed in its endeavor to persuade the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks to withdraw his resignation as pastor and continue with the church. Several things conspire to lead Dr. Brooks to incline to do so. The matter will not be decided fully until Wednesday evening, and this note is written Wednesday forenoon, and the paper sent to press in the afternoon. This we desire to state: The decision of Dr. Brooks to remain was not brought about by any offer of additional salary. No such offer was made. The present writer remarked the other day when he learned that such offer was contemplated by some of the people: "Don't do that; if you do, you will lose him sure! First, get his decision." We are sorry for you,—North Berkeley! But so runs the world. That some may be glad others must, sometimes, be sad.

OBSERVATIONS.

Vacation finds me at Lake Tahoe. Beautiful for situation is this body of water, whose elevation is sixty-two hundred feet, and whose encircling mountains are many of them capped with more than the ordinary amount of snow. Evidently the past winter was a heavy one, which accounts for the almost unprecedently high water of the lake. But even though the latter modifies somewhat the shore line, lessening to some degree the beach and preventing the lounging thereon so attractive to some in the summer outing, the region is marvelous in its attractiveness and more are coming every year to enjoy the pleasures which it affords. The sky is well nigh cloudless, the sun bright and warm. The air dry and cool, and the landscape one of which the beholder never tires.

Several are the resorts inviting the seeker of rest and recuperation; some of them given to formality and style, others quite democratic. Among the latter is Lakeside Park, on the southeast shore of the lake, near the line dividing California from Nevada. Here for a fortnight we have been sojourning, finding the change from the seacoast delightful and beneficial. The Park has nearly a mile of waterfront, affording an attractive beach in ordinary seasons, not a little so during this summer of high water. The grounds have a gentle incline eastward till they come to the quite precipitous mountains; are wooded with fir and pine, with such openings here and there as contribute to the attractiveness of such a location. Water is abundant in the hills and piped to the centre makes possible much artificial beautifying which doubtless will come in time. Through the Park runs the county road from Placerville to Carson, once the overland stage route, over which were carried Horace Greeley and other celebrities. Just within the gate is the log cabin, removed from another location on the road, in which the famous editor of the Tribune is said to have slept. It is used now as a Social Hall. In similar quarters guests may find comfortable beds, or if they prefer, have a room at the hotel, or occupy a tent, or camp by the water's edge or higher up by the towering cliffs. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill are the genial proprietors and are desirous of making their guests as comfortable as mountain life will permit. The former being expert in music as in other lines is ready to do his part in the Social Hall, where many gather every evening, and never refuses to respond when about the camp-fire the audience request one ore more of his wonderfuully pleasing banjo accompaniments.

Boats for fishing are available, and with little expense one may pass a morning on the lake with varying success. If disposed to expend a dollar and a quarter, the thing to do is to put yourself in the care of "Bill Fillmore," a Washoe Indian, who spends his summers here, and is well acquainted with the haunts of Tahoe's speckled beauties. Seldom does one fail with such leadership.

If you are an explorer, trails in well nigh every direction invite you. Lakes higher than Tahoe are above you—Castle, 7425 ft.; Heather, 7800; Gilmore, 8100. Altitudes still beyond beckon you upward. Tallac Peak 9,715, Job's Peak 10,637, Freel's Peak 10,847 You may climb afoot, or ease yourself with a horse. Some well known readers of these pages grow eloquent as they relate their adventures on Freel's Peak, where laying themselves down for the night, the camp-fire had to be re-inforced from time to time in order to modify the arctic breezes fresh from the frozen lake at their feet. But this did not daunt them, for the last the writer heard of them they were off on a two days' trip that they might from Tallac Peak have one of the grandest sights allowed the children of men.

Others not so strenuous prefer their days in the quiet of the shady nooks, one the veranda, in the summer house, or busy with one of the games which the management has so wisely provided—tennis, croquet, or shuffle board. Here much interest and not a little excitement were manifest as young and old sought to win the palm of victory! At times Berkeley opposed Oakland, Germany warred with America, preacher contested with layman, man contended with woman, the former as gallant in the matter of the score as in other ways.

Observer.

ANNOUNCEMENT OR BROTHERHOOD CONVENTION

The date and place of meeting for the next convention of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America is just decided. The place is Cincinnati. The union of men's clubs has sent a cordial and vigorous invitation. The dates are November twelve to fourteen next. There will probably be no other National Brotherhood convention for two years.

In addition to addresses on current Presbyterian enterprises, there will be ample exchange of practical information about the work successful organizations are doing. Central in each day's program, will be the hour of quiet prayer and contemplation. Another important feature will be the reception of Cincinnati business men, planned to afford ample time for meeting the flower of Presbyterian manhood from all parts of the country .

MONEY MADNESS.

That is what Secretary Garfield of the Department of the Interior says is the matter with the age in which we live. Fifteen years have made a great change in the life of the world. Higher ideals have been shamefully neglected, and practically ignored. Education itself has yielded to the pressure of commercialism and abandoned the curriculum of moral philisophy of twenty-five years ago and taken up the rankest utilitarian idea. In economic progress we have changed from the individual to the co-operative method. Corporations have almost supplanted the individualistic system. The massing of corporations into trusts has caused the trouble. Mr. Garfield frankly says that we hear too much about rights and too little about duty. Duty is greater than sheer abstract rights. The first thing to consult is duty. He touched very forcibly upon the fact that corporations are without the clear sense of duty. Corporations will do things which the individual members of the corporation would not think of doing. President Tucker of Dartmouth once pointed out that business has been to a great extent impersonalized. The manager of a corporation acts for the corporation and without the slightest twinge of conscience because he regards himself as an impersonal part of the corporation. Mr. Garfield makes a plea which we most heartily endorse: "The members of a corporation cannot escape the responsibility of the acts of the corporation. It is this lack of conscience that discredits the corporations and disintegrates the social and political bonds of government." Secretary Garfield is an optimist. He thinks that the labor and capital troubles will be amicably adjusted. He concludes: "We are a people of home and are founded on the principle that the family is the center of all good. We have the individual ownership of land. We have conditions better and different than ever have existed in any other land. I am confident that with the spirit we have, that we will find the way out of our difficulties, and when we work not work alone for the accumulation of the dollar for the dollar's sake. That is the great evil. I do not believe in a great attack on wealth and the rich man, where these men are public citizens, who have followed the principles of duty and responsibility in their dealings, and have used their wealth for the use of the public good as many of these men are doing today." On the whole his speech was remarkably strong. His value set on morals, on conscience in business was refreshing.

"IS MANUFACTURING AND SELLING LIQUOR IMMORAL?"

The above question is asked and answered by the Wine and Spirit Gazette. The editor tells us that God made the vines, that the Bible approves drinking wine, that Daniel was an exception among the "chosen people," Paul wanted Timothy to "take a little wine" that George Washington drank wine, that the founder of Vassar College sold beer, that a pioneer minister adjourned his Sunday service to sip wine and gossip, that the Jews represent religion and morality, that the people in states where liquors are sold are just as good as the people of Kansas, Maine, North Dakota, Georgia, Alabama or any state where Prohibition prohibits. This is a great argument. This attempt to sophisticate the subject is not new. These wily beguilers have been often exposed. The "Wine and Spirit Gazette" should know also that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" and again, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The advocates of this black degeneracy are too plausible. Satan knows the scriptures and once quoted them to the Savior. Satan could be rebuked for his insolence, but a whisky dealer is so much harder, tougher, leathery of conscience that he cannot be rebuked.

The millennium dawn is about to come to the Congo Free State. The charges of Mayor Lamari have aroused all Europe and America. The Belgian government has decided to take over from that most atrocious tyrant the world has seen in a thousand years, King Leopold, the management of the Congo Free State. The Roman hierarchy can stand for a good deal but the villany, the savage butcheries of this greedy, old despot were too much for the hierarchy.

The Home.

All sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere . —Emerson.

THE VACATION SEASON.

The ideal manner of life is to have a season of rest and relaxation every day. Nothing is more desolating than month after month, year after year, of hard, consecutive work, so consecutive that its burden is never lifted from the mind nor its pressure from the body except during the few hasty hours of sleep. Happily that kind of labor is becoming less and less common. Nothing is worse than such slavery, we are ready to say. Yet stay. Is not the absolutely idle life even more disastrous to happiness and to character? A perpetual vacation, an aimless existence, a lifelong pursuit of the phantom amusement—it might appeal to a childish fancy as better than a life of unremitting toil; yet all who stop to think know full well that work is better. Work develops children into strong men and women; perpetual play makes men and women children again—without childhood's innocence and joy.

Our world is not yet well adjusted. There are still many who play all the time and all too many who must work all the time. But labor is ever more and more fruitful. As machinery multiplies, man's productive power increases and his time becomes more valuable. In a very large proportion of the departments of manual toil men are now paid by the hour. And in many of them a laborer earns as much in an hour as his grandfather did in a day. The labor unions are contending stoutly and unremittingly for shorter hours. Sometimes they overreach themselves and do their members more harm than good by forcing them to work less than they would prefer, yet the main point of their contention is sound.

Our ideal should be so to order our lives that our work shall never drive us to the point of exhaustion. A few hours of open-air recreation if not every day at least once or twice every week will keep our bodies wholesome and make them efficient servants for our minds. A frequent change of intellectual interests, the reading of books and the pursuing of studies somewhat aside from the main line of our work, will keep our minds fresh and prevent us from falling into intellectual ruts or mental stagnation. If our work is itself congenial and our hours short, it may well be that with such care of ourselves we shall find no need at all of a special vacation season but be able to go on cherfully year after year mixing work and play in their due proportion through all the seasons. But people who are situated so as to be able to do this are sometimes so thoughtless as to contend that no vacation is necessary.

There are many and great advantages doubtless in living so as to be above the need of special vacations. In the midsummer season, when many are forced to go away to fight insects, sleep on comfortless beds, be continually dressed "for company," and face the numerous other ills of hotel life, it is soothing to be able to stay at home and be comfortable without feeling that one's health is endangered by it. Then, in the run of the year, much more work can be done by him who keeps steadily at it and who is so situated that he can keep himself always at his best. It is not simply the actual loss of the vacation period which counts, but also the working for a time before one gets away on a low plane of efficiency and the delays and interruptions that result from the going and coming. All this cuts down the total of the year's product.

But as society is as yet organized, special vacations are for many an absolute necessity. A very large part of humanity—a majority, perhaps, of both men and women—work too hard. Either they do not know how to adjust life's harness so that it will sit lightly, or they are the victims of an industrial situation over which they can exert no control. Their work is monotonous. It is either mentally or physically exhausting. Their hours are long, leaving no time for wholesome recreation. If they are to avoid degenerating into mere machines or developing serious ailments of mind and body and going into decay before their time, it is absolutely essential to them to get quite away from the daily grind, to break completely the fierce monotony.

To the mountains or to the seashore, therefore. There is no help for it. Nature is a great restorer. Change of scene and of surroundings, even at the cost of physical discomfort, is good medicine. Tent life to those who have the knack of minimizing its crudities and of getting at its real joys, and who are so situated as to secure it under favoring conditions, is far better than hotel life. Railway travel in midsummer, with dust, smoke, and cinders pouring in at the open windows, is uncomfortable. Long trips should usually be avoided. (The electric cars are going to change all this.) But go nevertheless; go somewhere. If you are growing nervous and irritable; if you fail to sleep readily and soundly at night; if you find the world taking on a gloomy look; if the ordinary duties of your workaday world are getting "on your nerves," it is time you had a rest and a change.

Let employers who have control of their time and who can take a bit of recreation at any season or on any day try to look at life from the point of view of their employees. They may feel no need of a vacation. Why should they? Their hours are short. Some days they do not come to the office at all. Business trips frequently take them out of town. But what of the stenographer and the cashier? What of the head bookkeeper and the manager? What even of the porter and the watchman? Let these hard workers during long hours, every day at their posts for the same grind of tasks, have a little time off on full pay—a week, a fortnight, a month. It is good business, and, better still, it is good morals. It is to practice the golden rule. It is to show the spirit of Christ.

We urge, too, those who are so fortunate as to get away for a vacation not to allow themselves to make of it a period of either mental or physical dissipation. Too eager a pursuit of pleasure may be quite as exhausting as work itself. And Christians should not make the vacation season an excuse for backsliding. Communion with nature ought to bring us all the nearer to the God of nature. But the atmosphere of many a summer resort is very far from being a Christian atmosphere.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

The Quiet Hour.

THANKFULNESS.

Lord for the lofty heights
  That we have known;
For the sweet, tranquil hours
  With thee alone;
Lord, for thy loving care
When storms beat hard,
And for thy chastening love
  When life we marred;
Lord, for the wicked plans
  Defeated, crushed;
For all unlovely thoughts
  By conscience hushed;
Lord, for the simple joy
  Contentment lends,
And the sweet charity
  Of Christian friends—
For these, O Lord of light,
  Whom nations bless,
We lift to thee our hearts
  In thankfulness. —G. A. Pursell.

FORGET SELF.

The really healthy man is not always thinking about his health. He eats his dinner and goes to his work without thinking whether his dinner will digest or not.

There is some analogy in this to spiritual things. The healthy Christian is not always thinking about his spiritual condition. He asks God for grace and strength, and then goes to his work without worrying about his condition. He doesn't stop to think whether he feels right or not. He has such peace of mind that he scarcely thinks about it, just as the man in good health generally thinks of something else than his health.

And for a person to get in the way of thinking about his health does more harm than good. It aggravates trifling aches and creates imaginary ills. Many little things will set themselves right if he will go on to his work and let them alone.

This, too, is a spiritual truth. Self-examination is a duty at times, but it can be overdone. There can be too much of it. If a Christian wants peace, let him forget himself and go on to his work. If he wants to feel more of the joy of salvation, let him go out and bring some one to Christ, and then he will know something of the joy of his Lord. The joys of salvation consist not simply in being saved, but also in saving others.

To mourn over our sins to the neglect of the work given us to do, is morbid, not healthy, repentance. The spirit of the gospel is to forget self, our sins as well as our desires, and give ourselves to the service of Christ.—Ex.

A CURE FOR ANXIETY.

Small annoyances are the seeds of disease. We cannot afford to entertain them. They are the bacteria—the germs that make serious disturbance in the system, and prepare the way for all derangements. They furnish the mental conditions which are manifested later in the blood, the tissues, and the organs, under various pathological names. Good thoughts are the only germicide. We must kill our resentment and regret, impatience and anxiety. Health will inevitably follow. Every thought that holds us in even the slightest degree to either anticipation or regret hinders, to some extent, the realization of our present good. It limits freedom. Life is in the present tense. Its significant name is Being.—Charles B. Newcomb.

NOTHING SMALL.

"There's nothing great
Or small," hath said a poet of our day;
And truly I reiterate: "There's nothing small,"
No pebble at my feet but proves a sphere;
No chaffinch but implies a cherubim;
No hum of lily-muffled bee but finds
Some coupling music with the whirling stars.
  Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only those who see take off their shoes;
The rest sit round it, and eat blackberries.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Young People.

HOW WILD THINGS GET THE NEWS.

By D. Lange.

The dwellers of the forests and fields are well informed about the news in their immediate neighborhood. Men tell each other what they saw; if the animals could talk they would tell each other what they smelled and heard.

The sense of smell is the great news-gatherer for such small woodland creatures as mink, weasel and fisher. They can look ahead only a few feet or even a few inches in the brush or grass, where they generally hunt or are hunted, and their sense of sight has remained dull. Even larger animals, such as foxes, wolves, wild and domestic dogs, depend on the sense of smell to a remarkable degree, and this sense is so highly developed that no man would believe it if we had not all observed it. A dog or wolf knows by scent not only that some other dog or wolf has called at a certain corner, but he knows even what particular individual among his acquaintances has called.

A small pug that I used to keep in the house lived on terms of permanent war with a mongrel farm dog. Whenever I had touched the mongrel or been near him, the little house pug would bristle and bark at the scent of his enemy, as soon as he sniffed at my hands or clothing. My spotted fox terrier sometimes passes me at a distance of a few rods without recognizing me by sight, but I cannot lose him if he finds my tracks. He follows me as readily when I wear rubber boots as when I go out in common leather shoes. My water spaniel once cornered a rabbit near an old fence. The wind was coming wrong for the dog, and he gazed about within two feet of the rabbit without seeing him. At last the rabbit made his escape by jumping right over the dog. Even the largest game animals like deer and moose depend much more on their noses and ears than on their eyes for getting the news of the woods. Again and again I have quietly rowed toward a big bull moose. His small eyes

stared at me, but he could not make out what I was. But never did I approach close to one which got my wind. At the distance of half a mile his nose told him that I belonged to a dangerous gun bearing race.

Several kinds of birds act as purveyors of the nows to the four-footed animals. No sooner does the crow spy a hunter, than it begins to utter a loud "Caw, caw, caw!" Every wild creature understands that language as meaning, "Something strange," which is the same as something probably dangerous. The blue jays have similar habits, and scream at the sight of any intruder on the woodland dwellers.

Certain danger calls of animals are well understood by young and old. After a buck has caught the hunter's wind and has uttered his sharp snorting whistle, no experienced hunter will wait for any deer to show themselves. In the language of the street, "They are onto him, and the game is up."

Animals gather much news by watching others of their kind. One day I saw many moose, and rowed a race up the chain of northern lakes. The next day there was not a moose to be seen on any of the lakes of the whole region; they all had learned of the news and stayed in the silent forest.

On a canoe cruise in the wilds of Minnesota I chanced upon a fine buck and his doe. The doe saw me first, and was watching with tense interest. Then the buck looked up at her from his feeding. Immediately he knew that she saw something dangerous. He also looked in my direction for a minute, and then both disappeared among the cedars.

When a man does not move, an animal's eyes are often unable to differentiate him from his surroundings. I was watching a pair of muskrats that dove for roots and ate them on a willow stump. Whenever both rats were under water, I walked rapidly forward a few steps; but while they were munching their roots on the stump, I stood motionless. This manoeuver I repeated until I stood on the open bank within twenty feet of them. At last I threw a stick at one of them. The minute I moved it saw me, and plunged like a stone. His noisy plunge conveyed the news to his mate, and neither of them was seen again.

One late summer evening I was sitting on a high railroad bank. While quietly watching the marsh below, a bit of wild life rarely seen by naturalist or woodsman displayed itself under my very eyes. Three minks came running out from under a pile of old ties. For twenty minutes they played there. A train clattered past; but they paid no attention to it. I was silhouetted against the sky, and quietly watched them through my glass; however, as I did not move they saw only a harmless stump in me. After twenty minutes they scampered back to their home under the ties.—Washington Star.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

There was a blacksmith, once, who complained: "I am not well, and my work is too warm. I want to be a stone on the mountain. There it must be cool, for the wind blows and the trees give a shade."

A wise man, who had power over all things, replied: "Go thou, be a stone." And he was a stone high up on the mountain side.

It happened a stone cutter came that way for stone, and when he saw the one that had been the blacksmith, he knew it was what he sought and he began to cut it.

The stone cried out: "This hurts. I no longer want to be a stone but a stonecutter."

He had his wish, but as he went seeking suitable stones he grew tired, and his feet were sore. He whimpered: "I no longer want to cut stone. I would be the sun; that would be pleasant."

The wise man commanded. "Be the sun." And he was the sun.

But the sun was warmer than the blacksmith, than a stone, than a stonecutter, and he complained: "I do not like this. I would be the moon. It looks cool."

The wise man spake yet again, "Be the moon." And he was the moon.

"This is warmer than being the sun," murmured he. "For the light from the sun shines on me ever. I do not want to be the moon. I would be a smith again. That, verily is the best life."

But the wise man replied: "I am weary of your changing. You wanted to be the moon; the moon you are, and it you will remain."

And in yon high heaven lives he to this day.—Congregationalist.

THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers a-flutter. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say, "Why" when they are told to do anything.

The elder said, "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty; I will keep that one."

The elder overheard her and called, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterwards I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.—Morning Star.

"He's true to God who's true to man, wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath all the beholding sun.
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all the race."

FORGIVE CLEAN.

"O, yes, I forgave her," she said, "but I thought she ought to know how badly I felt about it, and I was pretty cool to her for a few days."

Now, forgiveness is not forgiveness unless it is absolute, and goes so deep into the heart of the forgiver that it makes it kindly, sweet, compassionate, pitiful, and eager to help. To say we forgive, while we still feel one trace of satisfaction in distress or dismay of another, is to speak an untruth.

It is almost safer not to "forgive" than to forgive in that half-way fashion; for at least unforgiveness is honest, and makes us ashamed of ourselves so long as we harbor it.

There is a sort of so-called "forgiveness" which partakes of Pharisaism. It seems to be given grudgingly in order to clear the conscience, and its effect it to make one less noble, and also to retard the repentance and improvement of the one thus forgiven. It is almost an insult.

If we only had to forgive once in a lifetime, it would not injure ourselves and others so much to leave unhealed wounds in our hearts; but we are called upon to forgive to "seventy times seven." Think what hearts would be like at the end of that time with "seventy times seven" unhealed, ranking sores within them!

"I have to forgive clean as I go," said one who made Christ his pattern. To "forgive clean as one goes" is to help to purify and sweeten the life of the one who forgives and the one who is forgiven.—The Wellspring.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said. "I am better today." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other, that it had a rose.

Two children, looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue," and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee; one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," said one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."—Ex.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.
Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of Eternity.
—Ebenezer C. Brewer.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much." Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest, and 'cause he's helpless. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."

Mothers do lots of things which other people do not have time or the will to do. Surely God will not do less. Mothers have time to listen to what children have to say. So does God. Does God answer children's prayers? Why, of course!

The other day as I sat reading, my eyes fell on a little story of the great organist Mendelssohn. I thought how we could imitate him. We could play on the souls of people and make music resound in their lives.

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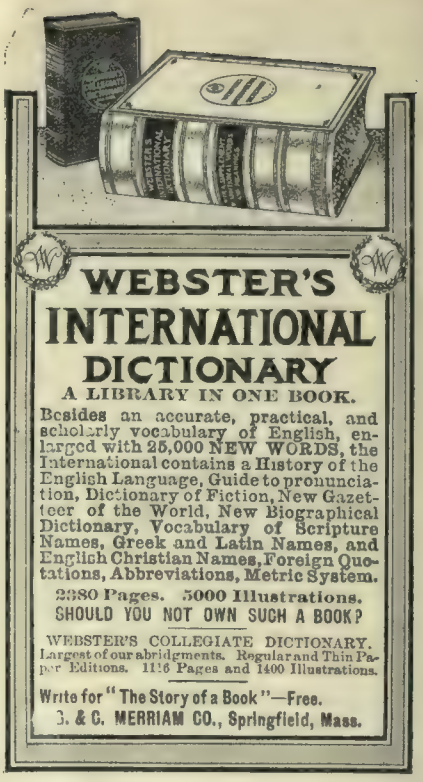

For Things Doing at Mount Hermon Watch this Space

Christian Leaders' Conference, August 5-9, 1907.

TEMPERANCE.

Monday, 7:30-9 P. M.

Meeting of Special Committee on Temperance.

Hour of Prayer and Fellowship.

Tuesday, 9-12 A. M.

Half hour with the Word, Rev. Wm. Thomas, Oakland.

The Present State of the Temperance Movement as Shown by the Facts.

Rev. E. L. Rich, Watsonville.

Rev. J. R. Knodell, Oakland.

THE PRESENT ISSUE.

Subject Introduced by the Special Committee.

Tuesday, 7:30-9 P. M.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS.

By a pastor, Rev. M. W. Harkins, D.D., San Jose.

By a Rescue Worker, J. C. Westenberg, San Francisco.

Wednesday, 9-12 A. M.

Half Hour with the Word, Rev. J. F. Kellogg, Salinas.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND SOCIAL ORDER.

By a District Attorney, Geo. B. McNoble, Stockton.

By an Editor, Irvin Martin, Stockton.

Wednesday, 2-4 P. M.

A PEERLESS CRIMINAL.

Rev. E. S. Chapman, D.D., Los Angeles.

Wednesday, 7:30-9 P. M.

Report of the Special Committee.

Second Subject:

THE LORD'S DAY.

Thursday, 9-12 A. M.

Half hour with the Word, Rev. E. S. Van Ness, Oakland.

THE LORD'S DAY AND RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

Rev. Thornton A. Mills, Ph. D., San Jose.

Lessons from the Recent Campaign to Secure a Rest-Day Law.

Rev. E. D. McCreary, D.D., Berkeley.

EXPLANATION: The great question before the Conference is: "Shall the effort for statutory enactment be renewed, or is a period of public education first necessary?"

PROPOSITION presented by Rev. Wm. M. Bell, D.D., Berkeley.

Thursday, 7:30-9 P. M.

THE LORD'S DAY AND THE MORAL STRENGTH OF OUR NATION.

Rev. George McCormack, D.D., Salinas.

Rev. C. F. Reid, D.D., Oakland.

Third Subject:

Friday, 9-12 A. M.

Half-hour with the Word, Rev. Hugh W. Gilchrist, D.D.

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE CHRISTIAN FORCES.

Address, Rev. Frank S. Brush, D.D., Alameda.

Address, Rev. Frederick W. Clampett, D.D., San Francisco.

Friday, 2-4 P. M.

Practical measures proposed by the Committee.

For full information address, REV. HUGH GILCHRIST, D.D.

San Jose, California.

All Regular Trains Make Connection at Santa Cruz for Mount Hermon.

PIACFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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VOL. V. BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 8, 1907. No. 32

THE BETTER AGE.

By William Cullen Bryant.

When after days of dreary rain, a space
Of clear, soft blue, between the parting clouds,
Opens on the drenched fields and dripping woods,
The tillers of the soil are glad, and say
The storm is overpast; for well they know
That in this clear blue spot begins the reign
Of sunshine. Broader shall the opening grow,
As through the throng of clouds the western wind
Goes forth, a conquerer, and scatters them
And sweeps them from the glorious cope of heaven.

Thus, in the works of mercy that engage
The minds and hands of thousands, we behold
Signs of a blessed future. They who watch
Beside the sick beds of the poor, who seek
And lead the erring back to the right way,
And heal the wounded spirit with the balm
Of pity, and hold back the cruel hand
That smites the helpless; they whose labors win
The outcast hater of his kind to feel
The power of goodness and shed penitent tears,
Are God's elected agents to bring in
The better age. With gladness and with thanks
We number mercy's triumphs, and our hopes
Go forward to the train of glorious years
When all the clouds of strife that darken earth
And hide the face of heaven shall roll away,
And, like a calm, sweet sunshine, love and peace
Shall light the dreariest walks of human life.

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THE MUSIC THAT CARRIES.

Just the other day we came across a poem entitled "The Music That Carries." It was written for a lad; perhaps not for any special lad, but for lads in general. But it is as well suited for men as for lads,—and for women and lassies also.

We thought, as we read the stanzas, of a man whom we met not long ago who was making it unpleasant for all with whom he came in contact by his almost constant whining over the responsibilities and cares which were upon him in his work in life. The first note when any one encountered him was a wail. And we wondered, as we read, how close we had come at times in our mingling with others to the things which the poem says unmake and mar. We quote it. Let the reader reflect. Undoubtedly among our many readers there are some who have come dangerously near a failure to sound out the music that carries.

"I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
  As I've toiled with the men who failed:
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
  And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell
  As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
  But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
  Oh, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
  And they hearkened to that instead.
Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
  Of the rise of the Christmas star—
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
  But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard at all, my lad,
  Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
  Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep hold of the chord of laughter's bell,
  Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
  But the lilt of a laugh rings far."

But aside from the effect which the wail or the moan has upon others in the way both of impression as to the wailer and in their influence, there should be considered the effect which it has on the wailer himself.

Another of our poets has written:

"Keep a smile on your lips; it is better
  To joyfully, hopefully try
For the end you would gain than to fetter
  Your life with a moan and a sigh.
There are clouds in the firmament ever
  The beauty of heaven to mar,
Yet night so profound there is never
  But somewhere is shining a star.

Keep a song in your heart; it will lighten
  The duty you hold in your hand;
Its music will graciously brighten
  The work your high purpose has planned.
Your notes to the lives that are saddened
  May make them to hopefully yearn,
And earth shall be wondrously gladdened
  By songs they sing in return."

We presume there are persons who think that they have more of the worries of life than most other people have. But this may arise from the fact that the others are not airing their troubles all the time. Inasmuch as we are quoting poetry and poetry often sticks in the mind when prose will not stick, let this by Celia Thaxter be noted:

"Because I hold it sinful to despond,
  And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
  Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
  Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed,
  That God's love doth bestow—

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
  No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall,
  Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
  To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
  God gives me every day."

In some of the trying experiences of life certain words by Sidney Lanier have been helpful to the present writer. They were written at a time when the struggle was for him a hard one—and were not intended for any but loving eyes: "The poetry is good poetry, the music is good music, and beauty dieth not, and the soul that needs it shall find it."

The aim of every soul should be the making of good music; it is this that carries and dieth never. And there is no music in a wail . Sidney Lanier knew this, and he didn't wail in the most trying experiences of his life. Nor did Robert Louis Stevenson in those of his brief career.

If any of our readers are wailers and this article, as it is thus far, fails of a cure we recommend a book published recently entitled "Nerves In Disorder." Or perhaps this mixed prescription will answer for some:

Fix the mind less on money and money-making, less on the pleasures of society, less on worldly rank and fame; and, especially, less on tickling the palate with indigestible and excessive quantities of food. Further advice, to suit all special cases, free, whenever consulted!

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW UPHELD.

Undoubtedly there was wide-spread rejoicing over the announcement that Judge Landis, of the United States District Court, at Chicago, had imposed a fine of more than twenty-nine million dollars on the Standard Oil Company for violation of the law forbidding the taking of rebates from railroads. It will not be accepted as excuse for this violation of the laws of the land that Rockefeller and his associates have done only what many others have done who have not been thus dealt with. A beginning had to be made somewhere, and Judge Landis has made a good one. The fine is not excessive. It was only up to the limit; and that is as it should be. The one great need in this country at the present time is that the people should be brought to realize that they are expected to obey the laws. It is a critical time, and Judge Landis would have been recreant to duty if he had not imposed the heaviest fine possible. It is to be regretted that the penalty could not have been imprisonment as well as fine. Our government will break ere long on the rocks of anarchy if men everywhere are not brought to realize the majesty of the law and to bow thereto.

Judge Landis is right in the declaration: "The men who thus deliberately violate this law wound society more deeply than does he who counterfeits the coin or steals letters from the mails."

Widely today men in the great business enterprises of the land are, in the conduct of their business, violating the laws of God. Gradually more of the laws of God are getting place among the laws of the land; and if men will persist in breaking them; if they will not or cannot ascend to the plane of the enlightened conscience of the new age, then let them not only be mulcted as Rockefeller and his associates have been, but let the prison stripes be put on them and their final days be passed in their rightful place. It is the voice of the people; we believe it to be the voice of God.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, THE SINGING PILGRIM.

By W. W. Davis.

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy."

Like Mozart, Phillips early displayed rare talent for music, and his singing as a child was a surprise and delight to his friends. Poverty for a time prevented suitable encouragement, but as soon as he was able, he cultivated his voice, took lessons under Lowell Mason and others, and was soon in the midst of a musical career as teacher, choir leader, assistant in revivals, song writer and publisher.

One day in 1865 after reading Pilgrim's Progress, he sent the following passage to Mrs. E. M. Gates, New York, "Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate, and lo, as they entered they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them." With this text, Mrs. Gates wrote a hymn of four stanzas of which this is the first:

"I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll."

On receiving the verses, Phillips says, with my little boy on my knee, Bunyan's book in my hand, I wished that I too, was entering the Celestial city with Christian and Hopeful. At this moment of inspiration I turned to my organ, and with pencil in hand wrote the tune.

This song became very popular, was much used at revivals, and was a great favorite of Mr. Phillips. It was sung at the funeral of his own dear boy who sat on his knee when he composed the tune, and Sankey sang it by a sort of sad poetic fitness when the body of Mr. Phillips himself, his dear friend, was lowered into the grave at Fredonia, N. Y., in the summer of 1895. "Home of the Soul" is the title by which the song is commonly known.

Humphrey Davy said his greatest discovery was Faraday. It was after listening to the wondrous songs of Phillips that Ira D. Sankey felt an impulse to adopt the career of a singing evangelist. Sankey said the voice of Phillips had that rare quality of earnest pathos and deep feeling that thrills the heart of the hearer. Oh, if I only could sing like that, he murmured.

It was a winning voice, and Phillips may be called the pioneer of our gospel singers. He was the first to put sacred truth into a melodious form to impress the multitude and send the message to the heart. His pure notes, now like a clarion call, now soft as a mother's lullaby, produced an effect in religious services that had rarely been witnessed in any generation.

For ten years no professional traveler was so active. As his fame spread, his services were sought at home and abroad. He became known as "The Singing Pilgrim." He traversed Europe, Australia, Ceylon, India, the Holy Land, Egypt, everywhere with his genial presence and glorious voice holding the story of the cross to the common heart of humanity. Thousands of concerts were given all over the United States.

Once during the war Phillips sang before the Christian Commission in Washington. Seldom were so many historic Americans gathered at a concert. Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Garfield, Blaine, General Howard, Bishop Simpson. The song, "Your Mission," was so impressive that the following note was handed to Seward who was chairman: "Near the close let us have 'Your Mission' repeated by Mr. Phillips. Don't say I called for it. Lincoln."

This reminds me of another Washington incident. After Jenny Lind had sung in her own inspiring style the "Star Spangled Banner," the patriotic soul of Daniel Webster was so roused that he arose in the midst of the great audience, enthusiastically waving his hat, and in a moment all were on their feet; and

the applause was deafening. Jenny bowed her acknowledgements at the splendid ovation.

"How soon we are forgot," said Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle, drop out, and some other fellow catches the crowd. I have been loking through several late Sunday-school song books and cannot find one of Phillips' pieces. Before me is a group of portraits from "Christian Herald" of 1897, entitled "Famous Gospel Singers of To-day," and here are their names:

In the center, Ira D. Sankey, surrounded by James McGranahan, W. J. Kirkpatrick, J. K. Burke, George C. Stebbins, Hubert P. Main, John R. Sweeney and E. O. Excell. Not the face of Phillips, who just two short years before, 1895, had joined the choir in Beulah Land.

"And now 'tis silent all,
Enchantress, fare thee well!"

THE WORK IN SOUTH PASADENA.

A South Pasadena correspondent of the Pasadena News writes as follows: "The Presbyterians of South Pasadena are busily engaged in putting up their new church on the corner of Fremont avenue and Center street. The building is a large frame structure, and will be capable of seating about six hundred people It is placed on the back of the lot, for although the present building will be used as an auditorium as soon as completed, it is in reality only the Sunday-school room. As soon as the size of the congregation justifies an extension, a large auditorium will be erected in front of the present building. The church, which now occupies a small chapel on Center street, has been helped financially by the First Presbyterian church of Pasadena, which when it tore down its old church to make room for the new one donated its large Sunday-school room to the South Pasadena church. This donation has saved a great deal in the cost of construction. This part of the church, when completed will cost about $3,000. The frame work of the building is all up and the work is progressing rapidly. The Rev. C. M. Fisher has been secured as pastor of the church and he will take an active part in all the church work. He now lives in Long Beach, but as soon as the hot weather is over, he will come to live in South Pasadena and take up the work in earnest. Under the greatest difficulties the church has still been increasing in strength and it is hoped that, with the removal of these difficulties, the growth will be still greater."

AN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON SABBATH REST.

An International Congress on Sabbath Rest will be held at the Jamestown Exposition on Sept. 25 and 26. For a basis of discussion a statement of principles has been issued, to the effect that the Sabbath, or weekly day of rest, is of divine origin; and that although the State should not interfere with the religious observance of the Sabbath, yet the weekly day of rest is a civil institution, maintained by law and custom and vitally related to the well-being of individuals, families and societies.

On the list of speakers are the names of Judge W. N. Asaman of Philadelphi, ex-Governor John D. Long of Boston, Senator Ralph Smith and John Charlton of Ottawa, Canada, the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnson of Montreal, Rev. Dr. Ira Landrith, ex-moderator of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Rev. William H. Roberts of Philadelphia, moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., the Hon. G. W. Ross, of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, and officials of a large number of Sabbath observance organizations of the United States and Canada. Similar conferences were held in connection with the expositions at Chicago in 1893 and at St. Louis in 1904.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

Great Progress in Mission Work by Means of Literature in Dialect and in English—Native Religions Giving Way to Christianity.

A representative of the American Tract Society writes from Chung-king:

"West China presents a number of fascinating problems to the student, and of all these the question of evangelizing it is the most fascinating and puzzling. Beyond all cavil, religious literature, must play a very prominent part in the work. A missionary at our recent annual meeting emphasized this in the strongest way possible. He said, 'I simply could not get on in my district without the Tract Society's literature. Thank God, we have such splendid ammunition!'

"The spread of education is bringing a tremendous demand for literature dealing with foreign learning. The fact that a book tells of foreign ways and customs now insures it a ready sale, while not so very long ago it would have insured its rejection as being unworthy of consideration by a scholar. One hears now of complete sets of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (in English) being sold to Chinese, about thirty large volumes to a set, the whole costing over $100 gold. Truly times are moving. Great numbers of Chinese firms are entering the race and selling enormous quantities of educational books.

"Two things are apparent. Education is more highly prized than ever, and the Chinese mind is receptive to Western knowledge as never before. When one hears of Chinese (non-Christian) newspapers saying, 'Down with the idols. The Christian religion is the best,' one feels like exclaiming, 'What next?'

"One phase of this movement has, I think, hardly been given due weight. This Western learning has been a great factor for enlightenment. It has swept away dozens of superstitions which were more or less bound up in Buddhism, Taoism, etc., and thus has made these religions lose their hold upon the popular mind.

"These facts are not only causing the old religions to totter but they loudly call for a hearing to be given to the 'foreign' religion. The old religions have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and it is not strange to us, with our knowledge of the restlessness of the human heart and its hunger for peace and satisfaction that the Chinese, having satisfied themselves that our learning is based upon truth, should carry their inquiries into the sphere of religion, begin to study religion in real earnest and consider the possibility of its being the future religion of China.

"There is no doubt that the mission schools are held in very high esteem. The revocation of the edict which ruled out of the examinations scholars from mission schools has, no doubt further emphasized the fact that the very best education of the empire is

Christian. Complaints are made that the official schools have poor teachers who are really not qualified to teach foreign subjects. The Japanese seem to be cordially hated and the students cannot stomach the inordinate conceit of the Japanese professors. At the Chentu University four Japanese professors have had to leave in the short space of two years.

"Another encouraging feature is the fact that more interest is being taken in the education of girls, and that such education as there is is almost entirely Christian. Mission schools for girls are overflowing, and many have to be turned away for lack of accommodation.

"In short, we must now look on a great movement toward Christianity as certain in the near future. The picked men and women of the province will be those who have passed through our schools and many of them will be out and out Christians.

"Already the upper classes are more sympathetic and cordial toward the foreign missionary. Christian literature has helped largely to bring about this change of attitude, and Christian literature is indispensable if we are to cope with such a huge movement. We must be prepared for very big things, our cords must be lengthened and our stakes strengthened to deal with a rush of millions toward Chrstianity. I believe that the West China Religious Tract Society has a splendid future before it, and we again make an urgent appeal for help from our brethren across the seas."

LESSONS FROM THE SYCAMORE TREE.

A Part of a Sermon by the Rev. William Rader in Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco.

Text, Luke 19: 10—"For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

Zaccheus is no stranger to us. We know how this little man behaved when Jesus visited Jericho. We know, too, that he was a publican, a tax collector under a Roman administration, a position which placed him in many temptations. The collector of Roman duties paid the government for the privilege of collecting the taxes and then indemnified himself. There was the temptation to over-charge.

Whatever might have been the character of Zaccheus, he was under popular suspicion and was regarded as a grafter. He did not enjoy a good reputation in and around Jericho, and when Jesus came that way, and went home with him, the people were shocked because he paid such marked attention to one who was a publican and a sinner.

The purpose of this narrative about Zaccheus is found in the text: "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." Herein is the philanthropic aim of the mission of Christ. The first important matter for consideration in this, passage is this phrase, "The Son of Man." Sometimes it is "The Son of God" that is used in the Gospels. Here Jesus describes himself as "the son of man." It is a significant and comprehensive name used on this occasion no doubt to correct the bigotry and racial narrowness of the witnesses of the friendship between Jesus and Zaccheus. The "Son of Man" is a title "Son of God indicates his nature—Godward. They are both universal terms. "Son of Man" designates him as the Messiah of humanity. It is a term from which has been eliminated all racial distinctions. As the "son of man," Jesus belonged to no nationality, yet involved all. He was the universal man, the head of the race, the unclassified. Man, larger than any human type, neither Jew, nor Roman, nor Greek. He was the "son of man," racially, as colorless as the snow on the high peak. Therefore he had the right to associate with whom he pleased.

The second step in the interpretation of this passage is the expressed purpose of his mission. He came to seek and save that which was lost. Here we have in one pregnant sentence the mission of Jesus Christ to the world. Here is the legitimate aim of the church—to seek and save that which was lost. He did not come to establish a church, nor to found a state, nor to discover treasure. He came to seek and to save. This was precisely what his followers needed to learn. He gave them an object lesson in his treatment of Zaccheus. Christ was a spiritual detective. Everywhere he went he looked for the lost. In the smoking flax he found the glimmering spark and blew it into a flame. The bruised, crushed reed he would not break, but tenderly bound it up. He came to save. Down into the slums and up into the mountains he goes—this Jesus of salvation, seeking and saving; sifting the wheat from the chaff, extracting the gold from the rock, recovering the good in men. He looked for the good. He found it. He was not a prophet of despair but of hope. Michael Angelo pausing by a block of marble said, "I see in that an imprisoned angel, and I will make it free." He emancipated the angel. Jesus seeing Zaccheus up in the tree saw in him an imprisoned man and he liberated him.

Observe this word "lost." In the history of theology that word stands like the crater of a volcano, out of which the lava of wrath has poured. Think of what Jonathan Edwards and John Knox have made this word express! Think of what the painters have made it describe! I mean to think of the lost in terms of the present. Men are lost here and now. Some are lost to themselves. Helen Keller is a brilliant girl, all in all, the most brilliant in America; but when discovered every faculty was dumb. She who never saw a star, or heard a bird, or spoke a word, is at least, partially redeemed. She who was completely lost to herself, and to the normal human relations has been found. What lost men and women in this life! Sometimes the ship is overdue, and men seek in vain for the craft, lost in fogs and winds. Sometimes the ship strikes a rocky shore after losing its way and the waves beat it to pieces. A child wandered away into the sage brush on one of our Western deserts and the night came on and the people of the desert searched under the stars for the missing child. How the parable of the lost coin repeats the lessons of the lost! The woman lights the candle and seeks everywhere for the coin. She is Christ seeking in dark places, in distant lands and at home for the coin stamped with the image of the King. Read again that immortal parable of the Shepherd seeking the lost lamb. There he comes with the pathetic thing all bloody and torn. He holds it in his arms.

"And none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night,
That the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost."

Men are lost in every realm of life—in Wall Street, where they have money, in the saloons where they

have drink, in the slums where there is poverty, and at home where there may be spiritual blindness.

How did Jesus recover the lost? What was his method? How did he win Zaccheus? He loved him back into the light. Have you observed how a mother loves a child out of weakness into strength? Have you counted the hours which measure the immeasurable love that turns weakness into the perfection of strength? Helen Keller's personality was opened by the strong white bar of a noble love. Miss Sullivan did it. Dame Nature uses the same method. Witness the growth of a flower as it pushes its little life up through the soil. The dew is Nature's kiss, the beams the loving caress, the wind whispers of love, "and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Were the rain drops bullets and the sun beams swords, do you think the earth would yield the increase? Love was his method. Zaccheus was despised by every man in Jericho, but the Lord loved him. He did not scold him from the tree into the Kingdom, but he loved him out of darkness into light, and this is God's way. It must be "our way." We cannot compel men to be good by law, but we may love them, nurse them, develop them into Chrstian character. Love that boy of yours into manhood. Love your neighbor out of the shadow into the sun. There is good enough in everybody to keep us steadily at the beautiful business of helping others by discovering and developing the good in them by the faith "that works by love." In this way Jesus saved Zaccheus.

We must not overlook the tree and the place it has in the spiritual interpretation of this incident in Jericho. In the annals of Christian experience this sycamore tree has become historic. Other great trees stand in history—the Charter Oak, the tree under which Penn smoked the pipe of peace with the Indians; the trees beneath which Washington prayed at Valley Forge, and the famous Appomatox tree, to be remembered in connection with the sword Lee proffered to Grant. This sycamore afforded a point of view for Zaccheus. It gave him the advantage of outlook from its branches. He saw the Christ. That is your sycamore tree whence you gain a glimpse of truth. The application then of the sycamore tree to which Zaccheus clung to the agencies which afford a view of Jesus Christ is plain. The creeds have served this purpose and whatever may be said against them this must be conceded, that they have given multitudes a point of view. That old gnarled, knotty but hardy oak tree, "the Apostles' creed," has given many the advantage of a better apprehension of the Lord. Let it stand.

> Woodman, spare that tree,
> Touch not a single bough,
> In youth it sheltered me,
> And I'll protect it now."

The sycamore is your particular denomination and your particular denomination is that which gives you the best view of the truth as it is revealed in Jesus Christ. That is your church which best interprets the truth to you, and it is your duty to belong to that particular church. Climb up as high as possible. Had Zaccheus sat down on the roots, he would not have seen Jesus. This tree symbolizes the vital experiences of life which may disclose the Christ as he moves along life's crowded streets. Sometimes it is a great book, or a great sorrow, or a great joy. The sycamore tree may be that particular angle of life which lifts you above the commonplace, or sets you apart, and from which you may see him as he comes. Your tree may be a high redwood, or a scrub oak, keeping close to earth. Find your point of view, secure a moral advantage. Gain a perspective.

The main thing is to get up. This is the chief thing in the experience of Zaccheus in Jericho. He climbed. He went up. He lived for a golden moment above the throng. Here is the lesson and its spiritual appeal. Because we live low down among the baser things of life, down among our prejudices and narrowness, our ingorance and sins, we do not see the glory of the Lord. Oft has he passed, but we are not big enough to see his wondrous face. Up, up, this is the sermon of Zaccheus. If you are not seeing the Christ it is because you live too low. You have not found the sycamore tree. Find it and climb up above the lower things of life to the higher things of God. See, Jesus calls him down! See, he goes with him to his home! for "the son of man has come to seek and to save that which was lost."

THE MINISTRY OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

By Bishop E. R. Hendrix.

The greatest event in the history of the world was the coming into it of two little children some six months apart. The chiefest of the archangels, the mighty Gabriel, was sent to announce their coming and to leave the names by which they should be called. The happy mothers, Elizabeth and Mary, poured out their hearts to each other and before God in songs of holy joy. When the two sons were born they were welcome children, and here were two Madonnas in place of one. The prenatal influence of such messages as each received from the archangel touched each heart to the very core and prepared the way for devout and grateful motherhood! How much each child owed even before its birth to a brave and uncomplaining mother, who deemed that her body was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and reverently awaited the Divine will with prayer and praise! They were to be worthy mothers of God's supreme gifts to men, the forerunner and the Christ. Neither John nor Jesus could have been without a human mother, and such mothers. Nor could the mothers have been without the ministry of such children both before and after birth. The ministry of a little child begins before it is born. It makes possible mother-love.

The making of a mother is the crowning work of creation. It is not the giving birth to a child that makes the mother. It is the ministry of the child, the calling out of the deepest affections, the devoutest prayers, the holy vows, the high resolves, that makes the birth of a child the rebirth of the woman. As all the bloom of the flower is simply the blush of approaching maternity telling of its continued life in its offspring, so woman's beauty of face and form tells of her robust life, not as maiden or wife, but as mother. Woman finds herself with her child in her arms. Every mother is a possible Madonna. It is the little hand of a child laid upon a mother's breast that finds her heart. It is the searching eyes of a child that can find a very heaven in a mother's eyes. Surely the ministry of a little child that gives the world a new mother with all her wealth of courage and tenderness and unselfishness is the holiest and most fruitful min-

istry in the world. The seed of the woman restores hope and peace and faith and love in the dark firmament. A little child is the world's greatest artist and sculptor, filling the earth with Madonnas.

Not only does the ministry of little children regenerate womanhood, it creates manhood. As men have listened to the mute appeal of beauty and innocence they have heard a new gospel, the gospel of unselfishness and helpfulness. Self is no longer the supreme object. Though the man has never heard of Froebel, he, too, says, "Let us live for the children." A baby's hand touches chords that vibrate for none other. A mother's lullabys are sweeter than any lovely maiden's song. The home is more sacred now with its little weak, helpless life appealing to strength and patience and self-sacrifice and promising love without limit. Our hard natures, grown harder in dealing with men, are now subsoiled by the simple faith of our children. We dare not betray that trust or leave to them a dishonored name. "I could not endure the thought that my children would come to despise me," was a strong man's breaking point with strong drink, and the beginning of his Christian life. A little child's simple blessing at the table or his evening prayer at the father's knee, in the absence or sickness of the mother, has left a memory that no antagonisms of trade, no ambitions for professional success could destroy. It is preserved like a fossil fern underneath the superincumbent weight of countless ages. If the child makes the mother, the mother makes the father, rich in sympathy and tenderness as in strength and courage. Now, for the first time, fit for a seat in Areopagus or Sanhedrin, his ripened nature responds to all that is best for the family and the state.

Suffering, too, has a new meaning to the man whose child is burning with fever. Men unused to weep are broken by the sight of the first coffin that, though smothered in flowers, bears a little child away. The gates of pearl open wide to the gaze of a father whose child has been borne thither in the arms of Jesus. After he himself has done all and failed, he is content that the Good Shepherd should take the little lamb to himself. That is a hopeless skepticism that can survive the burial of one's own dear child. We need a heaven for our little ones. Earth has failed to be a nourishing mother, and human skill has broken down, but the God who gave can take them to his own loving arms forever. His own Son has said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

What, too, have not children done for organized society, if in fact society is ever organized without their presence and needs? How different the life and laws of a mining camp before children have come to claim protection and moral and intellectual training. A little child shall lead these rough and reckless men who are unwilling that their children shall grow up without the Sabbath and the school. It is often a child's hand that thus lays the cornerstone of a church and bolts the door of the saloon and the gambler's gilded palace. Let an outrage be committed on helpless childhood and new laws find their place on the statute books. A state is measured by its provision for the protection and education of its children. If the parent fails, the state may for its own protection as well as that of the neglected child see to its well being. The safety of childhood is a measure of the state in every age. A government that affords no proper protection to childhood is a failure. The cry of a helpless child has called men to arms like a war trumpet. Christianity gives no new affections, but leads to proper exercise of those we have. Men are humanized by a great affection or a great sorrow, and nothing like a little child's cry can humanize a selfish race. Said Southey, "Call not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love." For such love is sure of its return.

In nothing is the twentieth century nearer the first than the place which children are beginning to have in literature. Christ rediscovered childhood. He noticed and recorded the play of little children in the streets of Jerusalem. He pointed to their simple trust as the model of faith to all who would enter the kingdom of heaven. He spoke such pure words about the marriage tie that mothers wanted his touch and blessing on their little ones, small enough to be taken up into his arms. His entrance into the city called out the children with their hosannas, the "perfected praise," which comforted his lonely heart. Greek art had no place for children. As with the Romans, infants were valued as they might make soldiers. Even Shakespeare found no place for children in his art, modeled so largely after the Greek school. Rome almost deified the holy mother, but failed to see the many Madonnas in the world. Luther set the example for modern literature, as he began to write for his children. Wordsworth and Longfellow have helped to make sacred "the children's hour." Dickens lives in his little Pauls and little Nells with their "God bless us everyone." He interpreted them to us as they helped to interpret God to him. He said, "I love these little people, and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." The absence again of children from the world's literature would be a sign of degeneracy.

"God divided man into men that they might help each other," said Seneca. It was a noble sentiment, the best perhaps ever given us by the old Roman. But after all at bottom is perhaps the military idea of legion and phalanx, the locked shields and the unbroken battle line. A nobler sentiment is, God divided men into men and children that they might help each other. The child does as much for the man as the man does for the child. Who can say which most influences the other? It is this unconscious influence of the child that suppresses passion, that checks vice, that stays waste and teaches provident economy for our children, that delight to see them get on their feet, and that lives one's life over again in their efforts for success. It is this that helps to make the family the unit of society and children the teachers of the race. If he was the greatest of teachers who said, "I have learned much from my teachers, more from my associates, but most from my pupils," then he is the noblest and wisest of parents who has been apt in learning the true mission of childhood with its messages of the simple life and its true-hearted sincerity. It is because the Bible has been given to us by a Father that it will ever be the sacred heirloom of the home where we record our children's birth and translations. Our Lord's strongest, tenderest appeal to men as justifying his own ministry of infinite pity in a world of infinite pathos was, "Which of you that is a father?" His strongest passion was the final one as he sought ever the glory of the Father, and dying, cried, "Father, glorify thy name." God's greatest and final revelation was when he "spake unto us in a Son."

Kansas City, Mo.

Among the Churches.

Sausalito.—The Rev. Evert Jones has entered on the work at Sausalito.

San Francisco.—The Rev. Dr. I. C. Easton and Mrs. Easton, of Washington, D. C., are visiting in San Francisco. Dr. Easton was pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church some years ago.

Los Angeles.—A decision was rendered a few days ago in the probate court of this county which deprives the Occidental Board of Foreign Missions of a legacy of nearly $15,000 left by Helen Peabody of Pasadena.

Templeton.—The church building has been thoroughly renovated, and presents an inviting appearance. The church is prospering under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. McClennan whose influence for good is felt widely.

San Jose.—The Rev. Dr. Thornton A. Mills, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church has under consideration a call from the First Church of Schenectady, New York. His church in San Jose is urging him to remain. The church in Schenectady recently built a fine house of worship at a cost of $70,000.

Berkeley.—The First Presbyterian Church worshipped last Sunday for the first time in the building now in process of construction. The services were held in the Sunday-school room, and will be held there each Sunday until the auditorium is completed. The Sunday-school room accommodates about 500 persons.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Los Angeles Times states that the Highland Park Church is likely to call to the pastorate the Rev. Mr. Ganz of Hamilton, Ohio, who occupied the pulpit for several Sundays recently.

The Rev. W. S. Lowry, formerly pastor at Fort Bragg, has returned to California from Washington, to take up the work of pastoral evangelist in the presbyteries of Oakland and Benicia. Mr. Lowry's headquarters will be in Oakland, to which place he will soon move his family which has been in Los Angeles for some time on account of the educational advantages there.

The corner stone of the new Occidental Board and Chinese Mission building in San Francisco was laid on Wednesday of this week. The building is to be a three story structure, constructed of pressed and clinker brick, and will cost $52,000. There will be on the first floor an auditorium with a seating capacity of 300. The principal address at the ceremonies on Wednesday was given by the Rev. E. K. Strong. Addresses were made also by Professor Landon of the theological seminary, and by the Rev. Graham Lee and Dr. Sharrocks, missionaries. The Chinese consul was present and spoke also. It is worthy of note that Mrs. Ng Gow Wing, the Occidental Board's first Chinese convert in San Francisco, was also in attendance. Her speech in laying the corner stone was suggestive and highly significant. Mrs. H. B. Pinney, the president of the Occidental Board, led in the conduct of the ceremonies.

The Rev. J. K. Harrison has had loving and skillful attention at the Roosevelt hospital in Berkeley during the last week, but his recovery is not thought possible at this writing. Such is his condition that he has not at any time given any sign of recognition of any of the members of his family. Once on the voyage home he recognized Mr. DeKay, and said in response to a question, "You are DeKay;" and at another time he put his arms around Mr. DeKay's neck, and drew him to him in an affectionate embrace as he lay on his bed. Mr. DeKay reports a pleasing incident on the return trip from Tahiti: Passengers on the steamer, Mariposa, learning of Mr. Harrison's illness voluntarily raised a purse of nearly an hundred dollars which was placed in Mr. DeKay's hands for his benefit. We understand that this movement originated with the captain of the steamer who had become much attached to Mr. Harrison on his voyage to Tahiti.

A brief history of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento has been written and published by Mr. A. C. Sweetser, a charter member of that historical church—the pioneer church in the capitol city. The work was done at the request of the California Church History Society. The Rev. J. A. Benton, who was the first pastor, reached Sacramento on the 14th of July, 1849, and held his first preaching service on the 22d. On the 16th of September a meeting was held for consultation with regard to the interests of religion in the new city and it was unanimously voted to proceed to the organization of a Church of Christ which should include Congregationalists and Presbyterians. The name which was chosen was the First Church of Christ of Sacramento. Work was commenced on a building in August 1850, and in March 1851 Mr. Benton was installed as pastor by a council composed of pastors and delegates from the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, the First Presbyterian and the Howard Presbyterian of the same city and the First Presbyterian of Marysville. The Rev. S. H. Willey was moderator, and the Rev. J. H. Warren was scribe. Mr. Sweetser gives in an interesting way the history of the church down through its more than half a century of existence. He states that in 1856, the city having had considerable growth, all the Presbyterians except two withdrew to organize the First Presbyterian Church; and that on the 7th of October 1857 the General Association of Congregational Churches of California was organized in Sacramento. We note that among the 27 members received in 1849 there was only one woman. Women were at a premium at that time in California. Do we hear some one remark as he reads this? Women are always at a premium!

The Pomona Times for July the 24th says: "The good people of the Presbyterian church of this place, led by their active and consecrated pastor, Rev. T. T. Creswell, have been making history very rapidly within the past six months. Encouraged by the exhortations of Mr. Creswell some months ago, the membership determined to do what for several years past they have felt was a necessity: build a larger and more modern house of worship. With this in mind the committee purchased for the sum of $5,000 the corner lot at Holt avenue and Gibbs street. Here for the last two months excavation and foundation work have been in progress. Thursday was the crowning day

of the achievement and according to invitation a large concourse of people gathered to witness the ceremonies of the cornerstone laying, and hear the addresses by the Rev. Mr. Creswell and President John Willis Baer of Occidental College. Dr. Baer is a magnetic speaker of singular eloquence and power and for the space of three-quarters of an hour held his audience under a magic spell. But the practical part of the exrcises were not lost sight of and at the proper time the pastor in a most pleasing manner presented the financial interests. The people responded instantly and generously, for when all the pledges and cash contributions had been gathered up it was found that the total was close to $24,000, whereat there was great rejoicing among the workers. The growth of the church under the leadership of Rev. T. T. Creswell is evidenced by the evolution of the building project. In the beginning the committee figured on expending $15,000 on a building, but while the plans were under consideration the congregation grew so rapidly that the plan was abandoned as inadequate even for present needs. Then plans involving an outlay of $25,000 were considered. This too was laid aside for the same reason, and now the structure in course of erection it is estimated will cost $40,000."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D.D., of New York, recently visited the Seminary. He spent one night in Montgomery Hall and enjoyed again the twilight and early morning views from Seminary Mound.

The Seminary church held its quarterly communion service on Sabbath last. Four new members were received, three of them on profession of faith. Mr. John H. Kemp was ordained an elder.

The August number of The Assembly Herald has a fine picture of Rev. Ng Poon Chew, '92, and his family. The article accompanying it says he "has become famous both in church and state, on account of his power to present the Chinese questions which are agitating the public mind. * * He is the founder and editor of the first daily Chinese paper published in this country, and is exerting a wide influence for good among his people and ours."

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., of Christian Endeavor fame, has an article in a recent number of The Interior on "Presbyterian Progress in South America." In it he speaks as follows of the work of Rev. Webster E. Browning, Ph.D., '93: "One of the best institutions in all South America is the Presbyterian college, the Institute Ingles of Santiago, under the able and inspiring leadership of Dr. W. E. Browning. Here are gathered over a hundred boys from some of the best families in Chile, Bolivia and Peru, while Argentina and other countries are often represented. It is a school of high grade and large intellectual acquirements, which, at the same time, has achieved the somewhat unusual task of maintaining undiluted its religion and evangelical tone. Though most of the students are from Catholic families, they all know when they come to the Institute Ingles that the Bible will be read and studied, that morning prayers must be attended, and that the influences of the school will be distinctly Protestant and evangelical. This school is likely to do for the cosmopolitan races of Chile and Bolivia and Peru a work comparable to the great work of Robert College of Constantinople, or the Syrian Protestant College of Beirut."

Rev. James Curry, D.D., '75, is supplying the Westminster Church of Sacramento during the month of August.

A SERVICE AT SEA.

Three Sundays at sea on the long voyage between San Francisco and Tahiti have added somewhat to an already quite varied experience in preaching in unusual circumstances, and some account of such a service may be of interest to friends who asked me to write something about it.

One of these services took place when the "Mariposa" was "acting up" in such a way that the greater part of her sixty-five cabin passengers felt to be scandalous, and only about fifteen attended.

That whole service was a model of brevity—it took just twenty-six minutes. The preacher knew just when to quit; he had a good deal more in him, but—that wasn't the place for it.

Today, however, the seas were calm, the weather cool and the service delightful. The pulpit was a board laid across the railing of the main hall and covered with "Old Glory." On this lay a large pillow over which was spread the church flag, a white cross upon a red background.

The Rev. W. T. Renison, of St. Paul's Church, of San Francisco, conducted the service, using an abbreviated form of the beautiful Episcopalian service, and I preached from John 7:17. One rarely gets such a mixed congregation. Among the thirty-five persons present were Jews, Catholics and Protestants; High Church and Low, Unitarians and Trinitaritns. There were two lawyers (one a district attorney), two or three doctors, several business men, a member of the "Century" editorial staff, school teachers, and—always at such a service—the big-hearted, genial Capt. Lawless, whose request for divine services comes from a sincere delight in such. The music wasn't of the highest order, for not even the young business man, accustomed to pipe organ, could do much with the piano that reminded one more than anything else of the coaloil cans that the native Tahitians used as drums in their dances. But the old familiar hymns were sung heartily,—"Old Hundred," "Holy, Holy," and "Sun of My Soul." Reverence and courteous attention marked the whole service, and it did us good.

And thus did we afar out upon old ocean, find with the dear ones at home

"place where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat."

May the dear Lord and Savior of us all bless all our services this day. Geo. H. DeKay.

At Sea, July 28, 1907.

A FAREWELL TO A CHINESE.

A Farewell Reception.

It took place at the Congregational mission in Oakland. It was extended to Mr. C. S. Chan, a Christian brother who has been an instructor at the University of California under Prof. Fryer of the chair of Oriental Languages and Literature. The little room in which the mission school assembles was crowded,—

room, entry-way, and possibly the stairs. About one-half of the audience were Americans interested in the work. There were addresses by the superintendent of the Sunday-school, who, like every other earnest Christian that comes in contact with our Christian Chinese, "loves them," as he said; by Rev. Jee Gam and his son, Mr. Luther McLean Jee, and by Mr. Chin Toy, who read in Chinese a fine address, beautifully inscribed and richly bound, expressing to Mr. Chan as he now starts for his native land, the appreciation and good wishes and prayers of his brethren.

Mr. Pond Mooar Jee seemed to be master of ceremonies as he certainly was master of song. Mr. Fong Sing rendered a fine solo, and the Misses Lamont gave us one of their sweet gospel duets. But the greatest interest gathered about the account of himself which Prof. Chan (as the brethren, against his protest, call him) gave of himself. Beginning at a time when, eighteen years of age, he was teaching a school in China, he told us that then he became convinced that the One revealed in Christ was the true God, and that he must worship Him alone. His father hearing of this, was greatly incensed, and used the despotic parental government usual in China to bring his son back to the old way. It could not be done. Indeed the greater the pressure brought to bear upon him the firmer became his conviction and more impossible a denial of it. At length the day came when the whole nation renders its annual homage to Confucius, and he, instead of joining in that worship, spoke to his pupils of the true God and led them to kneel in prayer to Him. This broke up the school, as he feared that it would. But he had counted the cost, and leaving all behind him went to Canton to study. Then came the Good Shepherd's leadership, under which he was sent to this country at his own expense, as a student, afterwards to become secretary to the Chinese Ambassador, Wu Ting Tang; then to be sent to San Francisco as private secretary to the consul, and afterwards to the University, where he used his leisure hours for study at the Agricultural College. Now he returns to China to be connected with the Board of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, with headquarters at Mukden; but, wherever he is and whatever else he does, to be a witness for Christ and His gospel messenger. Thus the list lengthens of Chinese Christians who return from California to occupy posts of large responsibility and wide-spread influence, leavening with the Christian spirit and the eternal life the vast "measures of meal" in China.

THE REST CURE.

One of the exchanges says: "Mr. Asquith, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, urged the anxious financiers of London, to make a thorough trial of the rest-cure. It would be a good thing for all of them. They ought to lock up the Stock Exchange for a week or ten days, and the publication of foreign quotations should be sternly suppressed. **Above all, none of them should look at a newspaper.** If politicians as well as brokers could occasionally have an interval of retirement of that sort, Mr. Asquith was certain that they would all 'come out with restored nerves and a clearer sense of perspective.' " That is precisely what the Christian Sunday is intended to supply. Sunday newspapers are the curse of modern civilization. Sunday is a day of rest in the system of grace.

LAW CONCERNING EXEMPTION OF CHURCH PROPERTY FROM TAXATION.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

So many inquiries reach us concerning the law of California relating to the exemption of church property from taxation that we venture to quote the constitutional amendment passed in 1900 and the statute passed by the Legislature, 1903. The following is the constitutional amendment:—

"All buildings and so much of the real property on which they are situated as may be required for the convenient use and occupation of said buildings, when the same are used solely and exclusively for religious worship, shall be free from taxation: provided, that no building so used which may be rented for religious purposes and rent received by the owner therefor shall be free from taxation."—Cons. Amendment 1900.

A good many churches ask if under the above law socials, lectures, and League entertainments for which a charge is made at the door, can be held in the church without incurring the necessity of paying taxes on the church property. We give as a general answer that the law was not intended to limit the general uses of the church buildings. The case was argued in the committee that colleges and schools might have religious exercises in connection with the school and claim exemption from taxation, hence the words "solely" and "exclusively" were inserted. The suggestion that such a law would exclude socials, choir practice, lectures, etc., came up after the amendment had passed the Legislature and was before the people. The words "solely" and "exclusively" are used to limit tax exemption strictly to the church and real property dedicated to religious worship and are not a restriction in any sense upon usages and customs of the religious corporation responsible for the services held in the church.

In 1902 a general proposition was brought before the state board of equalization and by that board referred to the attorney general asking the question whether church property rented and producing an income to the trustees should be exempt from taxation. Of course the attorney general decided at once that under the proviso in this law such church property was not exempt from taxation. From this so-called decision the press of the state unfriendly to the churches published a great deal of nonsense about socials, lectures, etc. One church actually paid its taxes in order to be free to have entertainments. The assessors became very officious and when they heard of a social or lecture in a church they exercised their natural right to be mean and put on the taxes in an arbitrary fashion. A considerable number of the churches are laboring under the impression today that the assessor has the right to put on or take off the taxes according to his own notion. As a matter of fact he never possessed any such a right at any time. The county attorney, the city attorney, the tax-collector and all the political contingency ran to and fro and mostly "fro" and confusion ended in some law suits but in every case we urged the churches not to go to law, but pay the tax and let public opinion crystallize and we believe every case was withdrawn. The whole matter came before the Legislature of 1903, and was definitely settled by the following enactment:—

"That any person claiming property to be exempt from taxation under this section (see above) shall make a return thereof to the assessor annually, the same as property is listed for taxation, and shall accompany the same by an affidavit showing that the building is used solely and exclusively for religious worship, and that the described por-

tion of the real property claimed as exempt is required for the convenient use and occupation of such building, and that the same is not rented for religious purposes and rent received by the owner therefor.

—Enacted 2-12-03.
—Stats. and Amendts.

A few days ago the Santa Cruz board of supervisors according to reports, were determined to put a tax on the churches. It is perfectly clear that the representatives of the churches, the president or secretary of the board of trustees duly authorized by the trustees or quarterly conference, should go to the assessor's office and having the proper affidavit give in the property. He does not have to consult any lawyer or officer at all. The whole matter by the statute is in the hands of the board of trustees.

WOMEN IN EUROPE.

In one of Emil Reich's books he discusses the weakness of certain European countries as determined by the treatment accorded women. According to the Springfield Republican, "For fourteen years Mrs. Jeanne Schanel and other women have been working to change the unjust French law that gives men the right to their wives' earnings, and the Senate has just passed to its second reading a bill to give the control of their earnings to the women. According to French law, as it stands today, all that a woman may earn, by hand or brain work, belongs to her husband, and he may take it and spend it as he pleases. It is to be hoped that this unjust law is to be repealed at last. In Norway, whose women, by the recent action of the Parliament, now have full parliamentary suffrage they have had a vote in the regulation of the liquor traffic since 1895, and Norway now consumes less liquor per capita than any other nation in Europe except Finland. The women of Finland are everywhere respected as man's equal, and receive their university degree with the rest of the students, shoulder to shoulder with men. When the degrees are given there is a great rejoicing; an enormous throng witnesses the proceeding, and perfect good fellowship exists between the men and women students, as they are crowned with their hard-earned laurels. The university was opened to the women in 1885. They vote and hold office. They are members of the parliament. Edith Heyer the writer in the Republican says, "One beautiful thing that impresses about woman's active business life in these northern lands is that the home and fireside have never been neglected, and the Finnish mother, ever since the antique epic of the land, Kalevala, exalted the sublimity of maternal love, has held place in the hearts of her husband and children." Women have as much right to the world as the men. God has intended that both should enjoy it. There is considerable reactionary talk but women go marching on.

GREEK PEONAGE.

When in New Orleans some months ago we noticed the large boot-black stands, all supplied with Greek boys. Upon inquiry we were told that a regular system of peonage prevailed in that industry in that city. We now see that war on a supposed system of Greek peonage has been opened by the Government. Proprietors of Greek shoe shining parlors, ice cream parlors, and restaurants, who lure boys from Greece to America and keep them here in practical slavery, will be called to account. Evidence involving several Chicago Greeks has been forwarded to the District Attorney by the Bureau of Immigration at Washington, and indictments against offenders are promised by Federal officials. In addition to the information submitted by the Washington officials, a mass of evidence, it is said, already has been gathered in Chicago by United States immigration inspector.

The entire system through which thousands of boys are said to be sold into slavery will be presented to the Federal grand jury. We venture the hope that this wicked system will be broken up.

KOREA'S NEW CONDITION.

The conditions in Korea are pathetic and appeal to the sympathy of mankind. Japan is on trial in a new role. That conditions in Korea demand the interference of Japan must be conceded. Is Japan wise enough, good enough, to arouse Korea from a sleep of ages, equip her in modern, western civilization, set her face to the future and preserve her complete autonomy? The convention has been signed between Japan and Korea giving Japan almost complete control in the internal management of Korean affairs. Marquis Ito is governor general of Korea. From a sentimental standpoint this is pathetic, but it must be remembered that so long as Japan is doing things in Korea the responsibility should be fixed. It is now incumbent on Japan to see that Korea is not exploited by the Japanese in any unfair and unjust manner. Those nearest the situation and who have had opportunity of meeting personally the Japanese officials in Korea vouch for the good intentions of Japan. We are also bound to say that in a general way Japan has shown a good disposition toward the surrounding nations.

The removal of the Korean Emperor who has cumbered the Korean ground for nearly a half century will be approved by all mankind. Nothing can be said concerning the Korean situation of an ultimate nature. The world will have to wait a little while and give Japan a chance.

The Home.

THE CLOSING DOOR.

"Keep thou an open door between thy child's life and thine own."

There was once a little girl (her best and sweetest name was Little Daughter) who had a dear little room, all her own, which was full of treasures, and was as lovely as love could make it. You could never imagine, no matter how you tried, a room more beautiful than hers; for it was white and shining from the snowy floor to the ceiling, which looked as if it might have been made of a fleecy cloud. The curtains at the windows were like the petals of lily, and the little bed was like swan's down.

There were white pansies, too, that bloomed in the windows, and a dove whose voice was sweet as music; and among her treasures she had a string of pearls which she was to wear about her neck when the king of the country sent for her, as he had promised to do some day.

The string of pearls grew longer and more beautiful as the little girl grew older, for a new pearl was given her as soon as she woke up each morning, and every one was a gift from this king, who bade her keep them fair.

Her mother helped her to take care of them and of all the other beautiful things in her room. Every morning, after the new pearl was slipped on the string, they would set the room in order; and every evening they would look over the treasures and en-

joy them together, while they carefully dusted away any specks of dust that had gotten in during the day and made the room less lovely.

No matter what little Daughter was doing, she was happier if her mother was near; and although she sometimes ran away into her own room and played by herself, she always bounded at her mother's first call; and sprang into her mother's arms gladder than ever to be with her because she had been away.

Now, one day, when the little girl was playing alone, she had a visitor who came in without knocking, and who seemed at first very much out of place in the shining white room, for he was a goblin, and as black as a lump of coal. He had not been there more than a few minutes, however, before nearly everything in the room began to look more like him and less like driven snow; and although the little girl thought that he was strange and very ugly when she first saw him, she soon grew used to him, and found him an entertaining playfellow.

She wanted to call her mother to see him, but he said, "Oh, no; we are having such a nice time together, and she's busy, you know." So the little girl did not call; and the mother, who was making a dress of fine lace for her darling, did not dream that a goblin was in the little white room.

The goblin did not make any noise, you know, for he tiptoed all the time, as if he were afraid; and if he heard a sound he would jump. But he was a merry goblin, and he amused the little girl so much that she did not notice the change in her dear room.

The curtains grew dingy, the floor dusty, and the ceiling looked as if it might have been made of a rain cloud; but the child played on, and got out all her treasures to show to her visitor.

The pansies drooped and faded, the white dove hid its head beneath its wing and moaned; and the last pearl on the precious string grew dark when the goblin touched it with his smutty fingers.

"Oh, dear me," said the little girl when she saw this, "I must call my mother; for these are the pearls that I must wear to the king's court when he sends for me."

"Never mind," said the goblin, "we can wash it, and if it isn't just as white as before, what difference does it make about one pearl?"

"But mother says they must all be as fair as the morning," insisted the little girl ready to cry. "And what will she say when she sees this one?"

"You shut the door, then," said the goblin, pointing to the door that had never been closed, "and I'll wash the pearl." So the little girl ran to close the door, and the goblin began to rub the pearl; but it only seemed to grow darker. Now, the door had been open so long that it was hard to move, and it creaked on its hinges as the little girl tried to close it. When the mother heard this, she looked up to see what was the matter. She had been thinking about the dress which she was making; but when she saw the closed door, her heart stood still with fear, for she knew that if it once closed tight she might never be able to open it again.

She dropped her fine laces and ran towards the door, calling, "Little Daughter! Little Daughter! Where are you?" and she reached out her hands to stop the door. But as soon as the little girl heard that loving voice, she answered:

"Mother, O mother! I need you so; my pearl is turning black and everything is wrong!" and, flinging the door wide open, she ran into her mother's arms.

When the two went together into the little room, the goblin was gone. The pansies now bloomed again, the white dove cooed in peace; but there was much work for the mother and daughter, and they rubbed and scrubbed and washed and swept and dusted, till the room was so beautiful that you would not have known that a goblin had been there, except for the one pearl which was a little blue always, even when the king was ready for the little daughter to come to his court, although that was not until she was a very old woman.

As for the door, it was never closed again, for Little Daughter and her mother put two golden hearts against it, and nothing in this world could have shut it again.—Mother Stories, by Maud Lindsay.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Brother,—you with growl and frown,—
Why don't you move from Grumbletown.
Where everything is tumbled down
  And skies are dark and dreary?
Move over into Gladville where
Your face will don a happy air,
And lay aside your cross of care
  For smiles all bright and cheery.

In Grumbletown there's not a joy
But has a shadow of alloy
That must its happiness destroy
  And make you to regret it.
In Gladville we have not a care
But, somehow, looks inviting there,
And has about it something fair
  That makes us glad to get it.

'Tis strange how different these towns
Of ours are! Good cheer abounds
In one, and gruesome growls and frowns
  Are always in the other.
If you your skies of ashen gray
Would change for sunny skies of May,
From Grumbletown, oh, haste away;
  Move into Gladville, brother.

—Nixon Waterman.

TAKE TIME TO CONSIDER.

A young mother who is given to punishing her children for disobedience, more often in anger than in kindness, was told the following incident by an older mother who chanced to be an unwilling witness when the young mother unduly punished her eight-year-old son for a slight act of disobedience. The older mother then said:

"When my boy Fred was about twelve years old, he had an attack of measles in the summer which left him weak and fretful. One very hot and trying day, a friend called to ask Fred to go with him to the beach. The distance was short and the road shady, and, thinking the outing might do Fred good, I consented to his going, cautioning him, however, not to go in swimming as his friend intended doing. When the boys returned, one look at Fred made me ask: 'Have you been in swimming?' He hung his head for a moment, then looked up and answered: 'Yes, mother. I was so warm and the water was cold and I couldn't help going in.'"

"Of course you punished him severely," the young mother interposed.

The older mother smiled gently. "I was tempted to do so in my momentary anger at having my authority ignored. But I held my temper in check and simply bade Fred go to his room, deciding that I would take up the matter with him when I felt calmer. I sent his supper to him, and, when I retired, stepped into his room and found him asleep. About the middle of the night, Fred called me, saying he felt ill. For two weeks he was very ill, indeed, and during this time, when I nursed him night and day, not a word was said about his disobedience. One day, when he was convalescent, he looked at me and said, 'Mother, I've been wanting to tell you how good you are not to punish me for going swimming that day, and you're so kind and patient, for all the trouble I'm making you, and I'll never, as long as I live, disobey you again.' He was a little fellow to make such a big promise. But he has kept it faithfully, and he is nearly twenty-four years old." Then the older mother added earnestly: "My dear, if you must punish, never do it in anger, and take time to well consider child-nature, before you punish in kindness."—Exchange.

HOW TO LIVE CHEAPLY.

One of the subjects talked and written about a great deal at the present time is how to live cheaply. Prices of all the great staples of life are high. Rents are enormous. Fashions are exacting. Wants multiply, while resources diminish. How to make strap and buckle meet is the problem which presses on hundreds of housekeepers.

It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation. How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Put convenience in the place of fashion. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence and inexpensiveness, which others will be glad to follow, and thank you for introducing. Infuse dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue and love into your simple and inexpensive home, and its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornments, and they will be happier in the cozy and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments. It does not follow that in order to live cheaply one must live meanly. The best comforts of life are not costly. Taste, refinement, good cheer, wit, and even elegance are not expensive.—Domestic Magazine.

We learn from the Reviews of Reviews that a gift of $1,000,000 has been made by Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of Philadelphia, for a fund to be devoted entirely to rudimentary schools for Southern negroes. All who have followed the work of the graduates of Hampton and Tuskegee are aware that dotted over the Southern States there are hundreds of small village and rural schools which receive little or no aid from the State school systems, but which in many communities form the sole educational equipment for the colored race. The gift of this fund which will be administered by Principal Frissell, of Hampton, and Principal Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, is most timely.

The Quiet Hour.

"It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought, and hold it there;
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From the new attempts to the old habit's track.
It is so easy to drift back, to sink;
So hard to live abreast of what you think!"

LIFE A DISCIPLINE.

We are here for the development of our spiritual nature. The web of our years is made of dark and sunny threads. The interwoven joy and sorrow, the losses and gains, the triumphs and failures,—all go to the building up of a finer, sweeter, more inspiring humanity. Now that is the only view of life that stands the test of reflection. It is not only the verdict of common sense or experience, it is also the teaching of philosophy, or profound reflection, and it is evermore the truth of religion, which means a serene confidence in the ultimate purposes of God. Life is worth living if we want to make it so. Far deeper than the day's events is the life of the spirit, a life that can be lived with high aims, with generous sympathies, and in the ever-deepening conviction that we are set here by God for a purpose; that with his aid we can live nobly, as disciples of Christ and as those who hope for another and more beautiful life hereafter.—Rev. George Latimer.

REGRET.

Regret for the right object is very precious, but so many people employ it wrongly. We find them adhering to the evil thought and regretting the good. Regret the days you lose, the hours you fritter away; regret the speech that wounded, the unjust suspicion the hasty judgment. But never regret that you followed your heart when it led you toward confidence, toward sincerity, toward kindness. Regret neither the tears you have shed, nor the service you have rendered the ungrateful, nor that you have kept your illusions, preserved your human tenderness, your hope, and even your grief. For all these things, it is well to live and die impenitent.—Charles Wagner.

THE BEAUTIFUL OUTLOOK.

God only knows the light that glorifies each and every life. He alone can see how the universal is illumined by the sum of the particulars. The least of us, and the most burdened, and the most troubled, has his vision, his divine compensation, his intimate, precious, cherished, hope and joy. Dip deeply into the fountain of any life, and you will draw up some of this sweet water of blessing. You will find that every soul has its inner joy, its hidden hope and comfort. However circumstances may change, the beautiful outlook always remains. God alone knows all these secret illuminations of innumerable lives. He alone knows; and he alone can see how life as a whole is made radiant by the joy that invests it from thousands upon thousands of individual peaks of vision.

We have known lives that seemed to us, from the outward view-point, darkened and cheerless and afflicted, lives that stirred our pity and appealed to our deepest sympathies. But ever, as we have drawn

nearer to such lives, and learned more of their hidden circumstances, we have found that they, too, had their visions, their secret, unimaginable joys and hopes and comforts, their blessings of uplift, unknown only to them and the infinite heart of the Father.

So we have had the thought borne in upon us again and again, as we have studied the problem of life: "Be not dismayed or disheartened by the sadder aspects of humanity; for after all you behold the life of men only in externals; you know little of its depths of inner experience, its peaks of spiritual outlook. Believe that everyone has his shining vision! Believe that there is some beautiful outlook for everyone. Look into your own soul—behold its vision! And trust that every other human soul has its vision also."—Zion's Herald.

Young People.

KIDS.

I wonder why some pas have none,
  And others have so many.
It seems the poor pas have the most,
  And rich ones haven't any.

The richest man I know in town
  Has just one small boy only;
But pa says, Oh! he pities him
  In that big house so lonely.

It seems to me't would be so nice
  If kids all come out even;
And when I asked pa why they don't,
  He said, "Be quiet, Stephen!"

Then fam'blies all'd have bills like pa,
  For us five kids together,
He says, would bust a cattle man,
  We wear out so much leather.

But when the circus comes to town
  Pa's glad he has so many,
For he has more fun takin, us
  Than if he hadn't any.

My pa says some day that he'll be
  Too old to go on workin',
And then he hopes that none of us
  Our duty will be shirkin'.

You bet we won't! We all love pa,
  But wouldn't it be funny
To have your father hangin' round
  And askin' you for money?

I've most a quarter in my bank
  To buy a bullet moulder,
But now I think I'll save it up
  For pa when he gets older.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

AGASSIZ.

Agassiz had the power of stirring to curiosity the most sluggish minds and awakening in them for the first time an interest in natural science.

Former fellow-workers at Neuchatel either accompanied or followed him to America, and a "scientific factory" was set up near the water front in East Boston. Its site was later changed to the banks of the Charles River in Cambridge, near the Brighton bridge, and it became the nucleus from which grew the great museum of comparative zoology.

Both the humble frame house in East Boston and the shanty in Cambridge were full of all manner of specimens, alive and dead. Snapping turtles, slippery eels, toads, frogs, bugs, snakes, crabs, a fox, guinea pigs, rabbits, and almost everything that walks or crawls found a home under the hospitable roof. Visitors had to be careful not to crush the life out of some favorite specimen.

Once a society woman, who had invited Agassiz to dinner, asked him at the table to explain the difference between a frog and a toad. Beaming with joy at the opportunity to impart real information and at not being taken unawares, Agassiz dived first into his right coat pocket and then into his left, and, bringing out a living specimen of each, then and there made plain to her the difference.

It is said that after his marriage he continued the practice of having as many object-lessons around with him as possible. A familiar Cambridge anecdote tells about his wife's calling in terror from her dressing-room, "O Louis, there is a snake in my shoe!" And Agassiz, also horrified, replied, "Only one snake! And where are the other six?"

SIR ROBIN THE BOLD.

This tale was told to me by an English lady, who saw the bird with her own eyes, and knows that every word is true.

In the busiest part of the town of Coventry, in England, at the corner of two streets where electric cars are running, and people are passing to and fro the whole day long, there is a large confectioner's shop. One cold morning last November, my friend was just about to enter this shop, when, to her great surprise, she saw a robin come flying down from the housetop opposite, pick its way between the people who were crowding the sidewalk, hop cheerfully up the doorstep of the shop, and disappear within. Of course she supposed it was a pet bird; but, when she followed Sir Robin inside the shop, the people told her they had never seen the bird before!

There he was, however, apparently quite at home, and happy as a prince, feasting on the abundant crumbs to be had for the taking. Customers coming and going didn't seem to distrub him in the least: it was as if he had taken a good view of the shop from his housetop before he came in, and so knew exactly what to expect.

When he had finished his meal, he made his way from shelf to shelf, till he found a dressing-room to his taste. Then, after preening his feathers and showing off his rich-colored little self to the best advantage (as all bipeds, feathered or unfeathered, are wont to do), Sir Robin proved his good breeding by paying for his entertainment with a song. My friend left him singing away and everybody listening.

About a week later she called at the confectioner's again, and there was Robin large as life, bolder and more at home than ever! He would take his bath quite fearlessly in a saucer of water which was placed for him every morning on the floor. He hopped about

the shelves all day, picking up the crumbs he liked best (for of course in such a place he had quite a choice), and even at night he remained in the shop. One of the girls told my friends she had tried to see if she could get him out one night, but he refused to go. It really looked as if Sir Robin had determined to spend the winter in his snug quarters.

So famous did he become that the Coventry newspapers talked about him and his curious ways, and there is no knowing how much extra business he might have brought to that shop (for of course everybody in the town wanted to see him), if it hadn't been for an enemy in the camp. This enemy was the confectioner's cat. When Sir Robin first stepped upon the stage, she had not welcomed him very warmly, —in fact, there had been some little unpleasantness between them. But afterward Puss seemed to understand that, whatever her own private feelings might be, she and Robin were expected to be friends,—or, at all events, to keep the peace.

Robin, for his part, was quite willing to have it so, and placed full confidence in Puss's good faith. For, knowing as he was, he didn't know how crafty a cat can be. And so it came about that exactly two weeks from the day that Robin entered the confectioner's shop Puss had the meal she had set her treacherous heart on!

Poor, plucky, trusting Sir Robin! That was a sad, sad ending to his little tale!—Arnott Chester, in the Churchman.

A BOY'S INFLUENCE.

A colonel in a southern camp overheard an excited soldier venting his rage in furious profanity. The man, red-faced and big of muscle, had been a local bully and law-breaker, and when the war broke out, he was given his choice to enlist or serve a term in jail.

The colonel was about giving an order to suit his case when the big fellow's arm was touched by a comrade, and a low voice said, "Please don't talk like that."

Wheeling around with another half-uttered oath, he saw a red-cheeked boy looking into his face.

"I beg your pardon, Little Piety," he said; I didn't know you were here," and he walked away, apparently more abashed than if an officer had silenced him.

The life of this little lad—"Little Piety"—in the army was told a generation ago, among the other pathetic stories of the war of '61.

The fair, delicate youth, bantered and pestered at first by his fellow-privates, became the favorite of his regiment by his brave goodness and his amiable ways. In his character, religion was something more than an adjective, and the nickname the men gave him in jest remained as his badge of respect and affection.

At the reunion of his regiment not long ago, the colonel, in his address to his few surviving comrades, recalled many vanishing names of the old muster-roll, and said, at last: "I wonder if you are thinking of the one member who was nearest to all hearts."

"We know whom you mean," the men answered. "We shall never forget Little Piety."

The colonel repeated the story, old, but always welcome, of their first great field engagement, when the slender young soldier, detailed on rear duty, begged to be sent to the front "with the boys," and obtained a reluctant consent; of the terrible battle, and the afterscene of human waste and death, "the sadness of which no life is long enough to outgrow."

"On the slope of a steep ridge skirting one side of the field lay a row of dead and dying men, mowed down in the rush of a heroic charge, and near the head of the line, with his white, girlish face turned up to the sky, we found LittlePiety.

"The boys would not bury him in the battle trench, but made and marked his grave under a live-oak, by itself, and sung over it the tune he loved, 'Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?'

"Several years later I was far from home, staying at a city hotel, and one day I had a caller, a large, well-dressed and handsome business man, who asked me if I remembered him. I did not."

"'You remember Little Piety?'

"'Yes.'

"'And the big ruffian who joined your regiment to keep out of jail, and whom the boy rebuked for swearing?'

"'Well, here is what is left of that same ruffian. I went into the army a desperado, and came out a man, and Little Piety's influence opened the way for me to do it.'"

NO WAR WITH JAPAN.

The New York World recently sent a message to Marquis Ito the leading statesman of Japan, inquiring as to his views of the situation between Japan and America. According to the Seoul Press, the Marquis "believed in the good sense and intelligence of both nations and was sure that the authorities of Tokyo and Washington would be able to solve the matter in a proper and amicable manner. His Excellency also declared that the friendship of the two countries based on political and economic interests would grow more and more intimate. The view of the distinguished statesman was clear and there was no room for doubt in its truthfulness. It was a great summing up of recent affairs between the two nations." These war promoters and all-around barbarians are enemies of mankind. There will be no war with Japan. There are a thousand and one reasons why these two nations should be friendly and only the bitter race hatred of a few degenerates on the other side of the question. There are no commercial, no economic, no diplomatic reasons for strife. No people have shown more good moral fiber than the Japanese. The American people have been able to render Japan great service. For Japan to promote war with America would be the act of ingratitude and a policy of suicide. Japan knows this. There will be no war with Japan unless both countries at the same time shall fall into the hands of irresponsible demagogues. A thing not likely to occur.

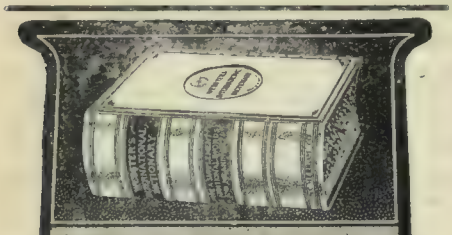
HOME COMING OF THE SWEDES.

According to the press, King Oscar wants to get up a Home-Coming boom. He wants all the Swedes who have emigrated to America to come back. That is a good spirit. The Swedes are good, quiet, peace-loving, industrious people and loyal to America. They have found a cordial welcome in America. The government is making a determined effort to correct the evil causing the Swedes to leave their own country. The committee in charge of the investigation is composed of one hundred prominent Swedes, including many members of Parliament and of provincial governments. Sweden is said to desire particularly the return of skilled mechanics, of which there is a great scarcity in the country, owing to the better opportunities for high-grade workmen in the United States.

THE LESSONS OF LIFE.

If we could read nature as Jesus Christ read it we should never look on a garden or walk through a field without picking up a living sermon and receiving a message from our Heavenly Father. The commonest things spoke to him great and elevated truths. He saw heaven mirrored in a flower, and heard celestial music in the twitter of a bird. Being himself divine, he discerned a certain divine meaning everywhere. The earth was covered with the footprints of the Creator; all things were bathed in the pure light which shone forth from his own soul. The dullest objects were clear enough in his eyes to reflect some thought of God; the most insignificant things were grand enough to point, like cathedral spires, heavenward. Would that it were given to us to read all things with the mind of Jesus, and to find in all the common paths of life suggestions of the Divine.—J. G. Greenhough.

Warm my cold heart, Lord, I beseech Thee. Take away all that hinders me from giving myself to Thee. Mould me according to Thine own image. Give me grace to obey Thee in all things, and ever to follow Thy gracious leading. Make me this day to be kind to my fellowmen, to be gentle and unselfish, careful to hurt no one by word or deed, but anxious to do good to all, and to make others happy. O Lord, forgive the sins of temper. Pardon all my hasty words and unchristian thoughts. Make me watchful, that I offend not with my tongue. Give me a meek and loving spirit, which is in Thy sight of great price. I would not live unto myself, but unto Thee. Keep me from sin this day, and all that may offend Thee; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—Ashton Oxenden.



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HOW IT HAPPENED.

A boy returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood on the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing the boy obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with cheap dirt—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled and said:

"Whew! I see the point."

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Tomatoes, gallon tins, 35c for ... .25
Soups, condensed, 2 10c tins.... .15
Young America Cheese, Baby.... .50
Pint Bottles Catsup, guaranteed pure, 25c for..... .15
Pure Food Jams, 2-lb. tins, 3 for. .50
Deviled Ham, 5c tins..... .04
Honey Amber, new, gal. $1.10 tins ..... .90
Honey Golden, new, pure, 5-gal. 60-lb. 3.50
Codfish, boneless, fancy select chunks, 4 lbs..... .25
Best California Flour, $1.55 sacks, 50 lbs. 1.30
8 lbs. Rolled Wheat or Oats.... .25
Pickles, 5-gal. kegs, $1.25 reg.... .95
Catsup, tomato, gal. jugs, $1.00....75
Eng. Brk Tea, high grade, lb.... .16
Covered Chambers, handles, $1.00 reg ..... .50
Ice Cream Freezers .. 10c per discount.
Oat meal Toilet Soap, 10c reg., 7 for ..... .25
Ready Mixed Paint, $1.50 cans for 1.25
Nails, 25 lbs., one or more sizes.. 1.00
Suit Cases and Trunks ..... ¼ off
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Green Wire Cloth, 18 to 48 in., sq. ft. ..... .02
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THE PURE IN HEART.

I asked the angels in my prayer,
With bitter tears and pains,
To show mine eyes the kingdom where
The Lord of glory reigns.

I said, my way with doubt is dim,
My heart is sick with fear;
Oh come, and help me build to him
A tabernacle here!

The storms of sorrow wildly beat,
The clouds with death are chill;
I long to hear his voice so sweet,
Who whispered, "Peace, be still!"

The angels said, God giveth you
His love,—what more is ours?
And even as the gentle dew
Descends upon the flowers,

His grace descends; and, as of old,
He walks with man apart,
Keeping the promise as foretold,
With all the pure in heart.

Thou needst not ask the angels where
His habitations be;
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair,
And he shall dwell with thee.

—Alice Cary.

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"There are nettles everywhere,
But the smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue in heaven is larger than the cloud."

A distinguished Japanese minister, the Rev. Miyagowa of Osaka, said recently: "There are in Japan more than one million people who have not publicly professed Christianity; but, who ordering their lives by the teachings of the Bible, require now only to be brought to a public confession of their faith." This estimate is indorsed by Professor Nakashima of the chair of psychology in the Imperial University. This, as well as many other things, shows that a new day has dawned for Japan, and that the Japanese are to play a very important part in the world's future. They need only the Christian religion wide-spread among them to give them a mighty influence in shaping the destinies of mankind largely in this and succeeding centuries.

In San Francisco for some time there has been an exhibition of the lengths to which certain elements in the union labor organizations will go. The street car strike was lost long ago. A few weeks ago when a member of the carmen's union dared to say so in one of the meetings of the union he was pitched forth into outer darkness as an object lesson to all others who might be inclined to manifest the venturesome spirit and utter their convictions. Intimidation has been the rule in this strike from its very inception, both as to those in the union who did not wish it to be nor to encourage it, and as to those on the outside who in any manner, in the least, ran counter to the will of the strikers. To such lengths has the union gone in its endeavor to control the actions of its members that extreme hardship has been imposed on many girls and women. Therefore it is rapidly alienating many of its members. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad!" So runs an old saying. The time has come when all labor unions need to pause and reflect. If they are to keep in any favor at all with the masses of the people they will have to make a most strenuous effort to show that there is not a labor union tyranny more to be dreaded than any capitalistic tyranny.

A strange thing has happened. The San Francisco Chronicle has admitted in an editorial that the situation of the California fruit-growers because of lack of help is "a very hard one." And the further statement is made that if this were not a year of short fruit crops the situation would be "desperate." The Chronicle says that "if union labor in the cities would become responsible for supplying good-natured white men, willing to work ten hours in the orchard at an agreed price for the season, and who will not get drunk, there should be no trouble." But the Chronicle knows, as all others know, that this will not be done. Nevertheless the Chronicle says that the exclusion league ought not to relax its opposition to Oriental immigration. The Chronicle receives its support more largely from the element that is crying out loudly against the Orientals, than it does from the fruit-growers. It would like to do something, or have something done, to relieve the situation of the fruit growers, which, though not desperate this year, is likely to become so very soon, but it hasn't the courage to venture any further than to make this admission and suggestion. Where would the business of the paper be in a short time if it should venture further? And it is well known that we are in an age now when their business interests are with most people the first consideration. This is so with many church people as well as with many outside of the church. Will the age and reign of Christ ever be ushered in if there do not spring up more persons ready to go even as the martyrs of the olden time went for truth's sake?

It comes as good news that the United States government will continue its war on the Standard Oil trust. It would be difficult to bring the masses of the people to believe that the extinction of this great monopoly—even to the utter loss on the part of the men at the head of it of the millions invested therein, would not be for the good of the nation. John D. Rockefeller said in a recent interview that he and others engaged in great business enterprises were but the servants of the people. "They can destroy us, or our business, or at least destroy our power of serving them. We would probably suffer the least." Unquestionably it is in the interests of the people that there should be capital in great business enterprises; but it is not in their interests that a business should be conducted as the business of the Standard Oil Company has been conducted. We have arrived at a period in the history of the world when, if business methods are not radically changed, it will be in the eyes of the people in general a disgrace to be called "a captain of industry." Too many of the "captains of industry" in recent years have accumulated selfishly. This is not to say that thousands of men of large means have not gained their wealth in an unobjectionable manner. But it behooves men in all great enterprises now to take heed to their ways, to see to it that in all their dealings they consult the interests of the other fellow. The world sees today as never before what Christ meant when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," and put this as the first and greatest of the commandments. The world must come in some way to stand on that platform. Men in the great business enterprises stand in position to help usher in that glad day. It will depend largely on their attitude, whether that day shall come through an evolutionary or a revolutionary process.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

Mr. W. R. Perks, a distinguished Wesleyan layman of England, visited not long ago the United States and Canada, and has given his impressions of America in an article in the British Recorder. While in Washington he had an interview with President Roosevelt, and writes concerning him as follows:

"Our second Sunday in America we spent at Washington. I was fortunate in having a very interesting interview with that most remarkable man, President Roosevelt, the strongest personality at the White House since the days of Abraham Lincoln. I am not at liberty to repeat what the President said. We discussed the recent Education Bill, and I endeavored to explain the real causes of its failure. We talked about the prospects and the constitution of the present British Liberal party; about the social work of the Methodist Church, and the possibilities of religious equality in Great Britain—about the abortive Irish bill, whose untimely fate I foretold—about railway policy, and industrial combines. As I read the finishing words of the President's speech in Indiana the following week, 'Let the man of great wealth remember that while using and enjoying it, he must nevertheless feel that he is, in a sense, a trustee, and that constant misuse, whether in acquiring or spending his wealth is ominous of evil to himself, to others who have wealth, and to the nation as a whole,' I recalled our talk in the famous room at Washington. Would that British Nonconformity had such a leader as Roosevelt! Were we led by such a man we should not see the humiliating spectacle of two hundred Nonconformist members of Parliament humbly and vainly knocking at the door of a reluctant cabinet whom they had put into power. If we had at our head a man of President Roosevelt's energy, boldness, and personal magnetism, the Methodists who will go to Washington in 1911 to the Methodist congress would be able to report that, after years of weary waiting, England at last has a free church in a free state."

It is worthy of special note that Mr. Perks found the colored Methodist church in Washington stronger numerically than the white, saying as to this: "The white church I attended in the morning presented a strange contrast to the colored one I went to at night. Empty in the morning; crowded at night. In the morning the singing lifeless; at night thrilling. The morning preacher an essayist; the evening one an evangelist."

Concerning music in the churches he writes:

"God preserve British Methodism from the 'quartet'! The Fifth-avenue Church spends, I am told, an enormous sum annually upon these four singers. They are certainly very accomplished performers. The music they sang was of a high order; but after all a Methodist Church is not a music hall. The finest singing I heard while away, and the largest congregations I saw, were at the famous St. James Church, in Montreal, architecturally, I suppose, one of the finest buildings Methodism can show, and at the large colored Methodist Church at Washington, where my boy and I were the only whites in a congregation numbering some fifteen hundred. At both these churches the singing was congregational and very attractive."

Writing concerning several of our great cities, Mr. Perks says that he found that there is nothing in New York, nothing in Chicago, nothing in Philadelphia, nothing so far as he could learn in any other American city, similar to the great mission halls holding two to four thousand people such as have in recent years been erected in England. "It is quite true," he remarks, "that there are small 'mission centers' in the poorer parts of New York, where the rich 'uptown' churches 'do mission work' on a small scale. The explanation, or I should prefer to call it the excuse for the absence of the great mission hall, given to me in New York, and also in Chicago, is that the city is deserted and the population too cosmopolitan. I walked on Sunday night through these 'empty' streets. The tramcars were crowded; the music-halls were open; tens of thousands of people thronged the roads; half the shops in the poorer streets seemed open; the saloons were doing a roaring trade."

MENTAL THERAPEUTICS.

[A few weeks ago a neurotic person, who had received great help in the mental healing work carried on in Emmanuel Congregational Church in Boston, a thoroughly evangelical church, gave account, in the Boston Transcript, of her experiences. We reproduce the article with the hope that it may call such attention to that work in Boston as will lead people widely to investigate it, to see whether there may not be in it that which will help sufferers elsewhere—and mayhap stop the trend in some other directions.—Editor.]

I purpose to tell of the work of mental healing done at Emmanuel Church during the past winter, from the standpoint of the patient. I had endured six years of mental suffering, of anguish so poignant that I feared to consult a regular physician, lest I be sent to a sanitarium, or even an insane asylum. Social affairs in a large measure were given up, since they tired me so much. I did find a new interest in planting a garden and a measure of physical health, while working among the plants and flowers truly brought "rest and forgetfulness of care." A naturally cheerful disposition and a strong sense of humor helped to lighten the load, but the trouble was there, and neither allopathy, homeopathy Christian Science nor "clairvoyant doctors" could make a cure.

Reading in the Saturday Evening Transcript one day in the early winter of the new movement at Emmanuel Church, I resolved to try it. Trial, I argued, could do no harm, and might do good. So I betook myself to Emmanuel Church on that rainy Sunday evening when the first lecture was given. I entered late, but the kindly glance that noted everyone, and saw even the least of us, fell on me, and I, an utter stranger, was called to come in from the door and was given a seat. First came the service of song, and to me the old familiar hymns, "Coronation," "Awake My Soul," and all the rest, sounded strangely sweet. My family had laughed at me, and jokingly said I went for the supper which was served at the close of the lecture, but when I came home without staying for the cakes and coffee they concluded there was some other attraction. The attraction was the lectures on mental therapeutics, and all that they taught, their interest and helpfulness; and the kind, sincere feeling of helpfulness which emanated from those in charge to all of us.

Then came the examinations by the physicians. I never realized how many of us there were until we gathered in our groups of four, alphabetically arranged for the examinations. Let me tell of that wonderful Thursday morning when we assembled, hun-

dreds of us, in the guild room of Emmanuel Church, and Madame Lucas sang to us the old songs, "The Cottage by the Sea," "Backward, turn backward," "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," and all the others that we sung ourselves when we were boys and girls, and life was sweet and joyous before us, and not crushingly cruel behind us. And then at noon time tea and cakes were served in a way that soothed. If the mental healing work at Emmanuel Church had done no more than give us—some of us old, some of us poor, all of us ill and nervous, and some of us enduring great sufferings—sufferings that cannot be told or described, and that would hardly be believed were told—that wonderful comforting, happy morning, it would yet have done much!

There was no charge. At first I wondered if I would feel like a charity patient, but by this time I hardly cared if I did. I happened to hear a bit of a question one morning about mixing up the lists of us with the lists of those who were to have Christmas dinners and Christmas baskets sent them, that touched my love of a joke; but they were speedily straightened out, and I ascended the stairs to the waiting physician. Here came the first thing that dismayed me, for although I had confessed to being afraid to lay my case before a specialist I found myself talking to a specialist, and why was I not afraid of him?

Ah, but I was getting better and the little leaven that I had received from each meeting was leavening the whole lump. I confessed to the doctor the hope that had grown in my heart since I had joined the mental healing classes and had received the spiritual help and comfort which was more than half—far more than half—of the means of cure, that I might sometime come back into the fold from which I had wandered and find there a refuge which so far in my life I had not found. And the doctor agreed with me that this would help me. But does any doctor know the awfulness of seeing things that should be unseen, of hearing voices that should be silent?

I do not know if I am right or wrong in thinking that about the troubles and sufferings of some of us, there was a touch of the occult, but at any rate, in harmony and suffering we have found peace and harmony.

One thing that impressed me deeply was the patience and sweetness and sympathy which we all received from the clergymen and doctors alike. Some of us were very dull and stupid, I fear. Many of us thought our troubles very interesting and loved to talk of them. I always dreaded to have my neighbor in the class become confidential. But in every case the doctor listened with patient and sympathetic kindness to the longest and most drawn out tale of woe, and some of those tales of woe seemed so very, very, real.

So the winter wore on, and Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, man and woman, we united in our short service of song, being given the privilege of choosing our own best loved and favorite hymns, and then listened to the helpful talk or sermon, after which came the "experience meeting." The guild room and then the chapel were too small to hold the half of us, and the great church itself opened its doors. And there was often not a vacant seat!

With the beginning of Lent there came a change in the programme. The Wednesday evening meetings came to a close for a while, and the class was held on Monday afternoons. It was at one of these that Dr. Worcester gave us the invitation which I firmly believe, nay, which I know, has meant the salvation of more than one of us. He did not intend to do any proselyting, he told us; each of us should hold to his or her faith; but if any among us had no home in any church, Emmanuel Church would receive and welcome us. And then I, and more than I, beheld at last the opening door to spiritual health and happiness. And now I, and more than I, go about our daily affairs with happy, smiling faces. No more are we troubled with anxious cares and unnecessary fears, for Dr. Worcester taught us how to lay our burdens down if that were possible, and how to bear them easily, happily, prayerfully, if borne they must be.

There were the wonderful Friday evenings in the study, when Dr. Worcester told us in exquisite thought, in language and tone that made listening a delight, of storied religions that have moved the world; when he told us of the divine forgiveness of sins, of the communion of saints and in simple directness applied these things to us and to our daily lives. As Easter approached there were baptisms for some of us and confirmations for more of us. And to us of the mental healing class came most gratefully the message in Bishop Lawrence's confirmation sermon, "When disaster overwhelms you, rest quietly, wait patiently and see how God works out your salvation."

Now let me sum it up. Here were men and women, all of them sufferers, many of them drifting alone, some of them homeless, friendless, almost penniless and of these many are now happy in the knowledge that they found a refuge and a home in the church. They have gone through baptism and confirmation. The cross has been marked upon their foreheads and they are sealed as "Soldiers of Christ."

In one of his closing lectures Dr. Worcester told us that if any one of us were ever in trouble, trouble of any sort, moral, mental, spiritual, social, financial; we might freely come to him for aid. Do you think any of us will ever forget that? And especially those of us who are so all alone in the world?

And he told us he hoped that we would remember him in our prayers, for prayer is such a sustaining force. And do you think any of us, those of us to whom Emmanuel Church through Dr. Worcester has brought such healing and blessing, will ever forget that?

TO RESTORE HOLY ROOD.

A Famous Edinburgh Pile to Be Saved.

It is said that $200.000 has been guraranteed for the purpose of restoring the venerable pile of the Abbey Church of the Holy Rood, adjoining the Royal Palace of the same name, a little outside Edinburgh.

An English magazine states:

Holy Rood dates from the twelfth century. The exact year is uncertain, but 1128 is generally accepted as approximate.

According to the legend King David I, who was hunting in the neighboring forest, was attacked by a stag, which had been brought to bay by the hunting party. He was thrown to the ground by the furious animal and was in imminent danger of death.

Suddenly a cross arose from the ground between the form of the beast and the monarch; and the stag, affrighted, fled. The cross remained upon the spot.

Its material substance ... a mystery to those who examined it.

The occurrence was looked upon as miraculous. In gratitude to heaven the King ordained that a shrine should arise on the ground adjacent. He decreed that it be called the Church of the Holy Rood, and gave it in the care of the canons regular of St. Augustine.

What remains of the Abbey is called the Chapel Royal. It is only a fragment of the old building, but is yet considerable. The portion formed the nave of the great abbey. Its walls are lofty, its windows tall, and its western door of generous proportions. The carving is rich, though not florid.

The tombs within the abbey walls include those of King David I., King James II. (of Scotland), King James V. and his Queen, Magdalen, Henry, Lord Darnley, and many other members of the Scottish nobility.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Star of Hope in the Mountains of the Holy Cross.

It is a sure sign of progress in a holy cause when the advocates of it who are led by their very heat of espousement into varied positions of seeming antagonism wake up to realize that they may be as strong in union as they are weak in isolation. That the beverage liquor traffic is the costliest crime of our day and the cruelist foe of American homes has been a point of agreement. That it is unconstitutional to legislate wickedness, that the doctrine of the great "Stainless Flag" discourse and the decision of Judge Samuel R. Artman of Indiana are the slogans of our new war cry upon the saloon has been manifested in a notable conference at Mt. Hermon, a new rallying place of Christians and reformers whose utterances are coming to have significant and up-to-date point. The resolutions appended below are not the opinions stated by a committee in advance. They grew to be the voice of a large and representative conference after three days of deliberation and prayer. Radical prohibitionists who were fonder of that party of principle joined forces with growing Salvation Army officers who admitted that they spent all their time pulling men out from the liquid fires of alcohol and then voted trustfully the ticket which they were sure the prohibitionists would prepare for them. Scratching republicans were numerous whose advice was steady to beat the liquor man of any party by the temperance man of any other party. The highest anti-saloon magnates of the coast, and our country has no higher, avowed their faith in the doctrines of good sense and harmony which ran in a flood of enthusiasm as clear and as beautiful as the bubbling waters of Zayante creek which flowed by the convention doors. The godly W. C. T. U. women were cheered in their faith that the day long sought for is coming. Quaker and Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist joined in the loud Amens. The cheery outcome of last year's conference was the plea for "A temperance leader in every church." Those who responded to that call have sowed the seed which, if we follow God's call, "Shall shake like Lebanon."

Resolutions.

Passed unanimously at the second annual temperance conference at Mt. Hermon, August 7th, 1907:

We who have been permitted to enjoy this second temperance convention at Mt. Hermon, August 7, 1907, make grateful mention to heaven and to each other for our rich fellowship and the notable harmony which is manifest. It is a clear sign that the Infinite Power above which works for righteousness is welding our varied opinions and our hearts. The time for strife between temperance organizations has passed. It is a real advance that we are ready with Judge Samuel R. Artman, of Indiana, and the veteran, Dr. Ervin S. Chapman, of Los Angeles, to brand the beverage liquor traffic as a crime which should be dealt with as a crime. It ought not to be named even as a business.

We plead with the thousand pastors throughout our State who pleaded with their people for a "stainless flag" to follow their burning words with the selection and endorsement of at least 'one temperance lead r in every church." If that leader may come to leader in every church." If that leader may come to faith of the faithful will be profoundly heartened, their judgment widened and ripened, and their courage and hope mightily refreshed.

We learn with profound gratitude that newspapers are multiplying in our commonwealth in which the economic selfishness, and cruel waste of the liquor traffic are being incontestibly proved to our sober taxpayers. We pledge generous and intelligent support and co-operation to these patriotic and prophetic editors whose forceful pens are fast bringing in a better day. We give them heartiest invitation to these conferences. We greet the partnership of the moral press with our holy cause as a high harbinger of hope, and, as the God of our fathers shall help us, we will be a committee of the whole to help sow the hills and valleys of our beloved California knee deep with temperance literature as the seed for virtuous citizens and happy homes.

We fraternally invite such saloon men as sincerely desire a respectable business to leave their sinking ships and quit the dangerous occupation which ruins their homes and threatens ours. That education in crime which David Starr Jordan, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln have deprecated in no uncertain language must die out under our flag, for God hath said "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," and "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

We recommend that a general committee be appointed to take up this subject as now developed by this conference and to push the work along the lines of this year's program.

Results.

The following committee was chosen: Rev. E. L. Rich, Watsonville (president); Mrs. Effie Whitman, San Jose (secretary); F. E. Caton, San Jose; Captain William I. Day, Salvation Army, San Francisco; Rev. Hugh N. Gilchrist, D.D., San Jose; Rev. E. S. Williams, Saratoga; Rev. George McCormick, Salinas; Mrs. Iowa Holsten, W. C. T. U.; F. R. Browning, Fresno; I. Martin, editor Record, Stockton; Rev. E. R. Bennett, Miss Whitney.

The other results will be what you and I, under the leadership of our Lord, may accomplish. The prayerful conference shows what may be done in the remotest school house, or humblest chapel, in a picnic held for a holy purpose, or on a large scale in our largest city churches. The princes of speech and

argument are comparatively few, but "A temperance leader in every church" may indeed sow California knee deep with literature which has the seed-thoughts of the next needed revolution of righteousness. The mightiest moral forces are at the command of the humblest worker who will light a room, pass kindly notices, win opponents, keep self out of sight, and enter in the consecreted spirit into this open door of hope. Any of the committee named above will answer questions, open the way to a large assortment of literature, and serve as the opportunity may present. Who lives to attend the next Mt. Hermon temperance conference may hope to hear reports which will gladden Heaven and make the redwoods ring.

THE TWO MOUNTAINS, OR THE CHOOSING HEART.

An Allegory of Personality.

Charles E. Chase.

Once upon a time in a country far from this, lived two beautiful boys with their beautiful mother. The boys were just alike in their appearance and manner. They were the same height and weight, had the same strength, the same speed; their eyes were the same color, the pink in their cheeks the same hue, and when they put their heads together in their mother's lap in the evening the golden hair of one was just like that of the other. And their voices were also the same. In singing or talking, whispering or speaking aloud, or even in whistling, there was no difference at all. Indeed so perfectly alike were these boys in every way that only their mother could tell them apart, and she only by what her heart said.

These boys also had the same pleasures, the same work and play, and went to the same school. Their clothes were made alike too, and their mother's kiss was as sweet, her smile as lovely, and her caress just as dear for the one as the other. And so they grew up together, one not faster than the other, nor larger, nor handsomer, nor with any visible difference at all. Then they became young men together, alike strong and brave and beautiful. And their mother loved them with one love.

Now a time arrived when they walked together by a wonderful sea. The roaring surf, the restless waters, the vast distance, held them as by the power of a strange spell. They could not go away if they would. Twilight came, then night. Where sea and sky came together the moon arose and a great wave splashed up in her face. But the moon was not angry at this; indeed not, for when she blinked her eyes and smiled, it was so beautiful that a great light fell everywhere like a silvery shower.

And still the young men stood together, each with arm about the other, their heads side by side, and their golden hair as the hair of one, looking out over the far, far, mysterious, wonderful sea.

Then a shadow fell, and a man appeared, dressed as a pilot, for such he was.

"Why do you look so steadfastly over the sea?" He asked one of them.

"I am looking at my future, and I cannot make it out," was the reply.

"True, my friend," said the pilot," the sea is the Future, and you cannot make it out."

Then said he to the other, "Why do you look so steadfastly over the sea?"

"I am looking at my future, and I cannot make it out," was the second reply.

"It is true, my friend," repeated the pilot," the sea is the Future, and you cannot make it out."

Then the young men stood apart and looked at each other, and at the stranger in wonder, for, until he came, they had been thinking, "We are looking at our future, and we cannot make it out." Then a wave from the sea of the Future broke, and as the spray fell over them they discovered a difference.

After this they went home for a time, still appearing the same, while their mother yet loved with one love.

But again the sea called, and when in obedience they ran to the shore, they found there two boats moored, and with them a pilot . Now the boats were just alike, their equipment and rigging exactly the same. One was not larger than the other, not broader nor longer nor had more sails nor better anchors, nor handsomer flags, and their provisions and medicines, instruments and charts, were in every particular, little and large, just the same.

"Whose are these?" asked one young man of the pilot.

"Whose are these?" repeated the other.

They are for you," the pilot made answer, "a boat for each one, on the sea of the Future."

"But may we not voyage together?" they asked in one voice.

"If you will and you dare," was the answer.

Then again a wave broke at their feet, the water rose to their knees, and the boats strained at their moorings, when each man, taking one for himself, leaped aboard.

Then one cried to the pilot, "Cast off my line and let me away!" And the other said in the same voice, "Cast off my line and let me away!" But the pilot would not, and though the strain was hard, the lines held.

"Stay now and listen," said the pilot. Then he told them many things, but to one not more than the other, many things of the sea, and at last this about the great mountain and the lowly isle.

Far away from here he said, and his voice was very clear, even in the midst of the surf's roaring, far away from here there rises from the world of waters a mountain great and high. It is grand and beautiful. The waves dashing against its base break into foam which looks like masses of pearls and diamonds draped around the border of its dark green robe. On the lower slopes grow graceful fronded palms while white marble and crystal facings make beautiful the heights. On the summit within a jewelled vault is stored gold in quantity sufficient for the purchase of all things. Here is the price of all treasures. Here the value of all lands and cities and all ships, all industries, and all arts. Here is the price a man can pay for the whole world. But in the language of the mountain, music, love, hope, and home, are words unknown. Whoever sets foot on this shore to ascend the mountain, must forswear these—must forget time and faith, must abandon hope and forfeit love. To him who will do this, who will scale the height and gain the summit, the magic key will appear. He must not touch it however, with his hand, lest it burn him, nor with his eye, lest it blind him. But with his heart he cannot feel it. Press this against the magic key, and instantly will the lock spring away, the door fly open, and the treasures of the mountain pour forth.

And, far, far away, at another point of the compass is an island, only a little one, just showing above the sea. Often the waves dash over it. There are no stately green trees upon it, no waving palms, no groves of spice, no jewels, and no gold. But hidden somewhere in this island is a shell, a lovely pearl. It is as, pure as an infant's heart, strong as a father, dear as a mother. It is the most beautiful of all things. Not in the sun, not in the moon, not upon any star, not of things present nor of things to come, is there any other thing so beautiful as this wonderful pearl. And whoever finds it shall receive a great gift. He may heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing, cheer the faint, feed the hungry, hold lights for the wandering, and though himself poor, he shall make many rich. Yet of land the pearl buys not a grave's room, of raiment not a lamb's fleece, of food not a sparrow's meal. And he who would have the pearl must cleave to it, and love the island, nor long for the mountain, nor desire any praise.

But if, when he has forsaken all, he shapes his course for the island and holds a true helm, he will come at length to the Isle of the Pearl, which is the haven where he would be.

Then when the pilot had spoken plainly and told them all, he commanded, "Make ready, Lay your course, Clear away!"

Another wave then broke and each man felt the foam dash to his face, when, for a moment, a great light covered the sea, and the mountain appeared, and the island. Then again was all as before, and once more the pilot cammand-all, he commanded, "Make ready, Lay your course, Clear away!" The sails then filled, the lines were cast off, and the boats, both at once, leaped forward to their long voyage over the deep.

The pilot watching for a moment each boat's gleaming wake, presently disappeared, while the mother in her cottage waiting, loved two sons with one love.

Part II.

Now after many days the boats were still on the sea, but, though they were built just alike, had the same burden

and the same sails, one soon passed far away from its mate. Bravely did it dash forth cutting a path for itself through the waves. No storm was too wild, too fierce for its strength, and no fear came to its pilot, its master. On, on, on, like a wild bird flying on swift wings to its home, flew this boat on its course. And he who stood at the helm and managed the sails, cried often "Blow, blow stronger, O wind" and to the boat as to a live thing would he shout, "Speed away, Speed away." And the wind did indeed obey, the sails did fill, straining and pulling at rope and yard stronger and stronger, day by day, and for long it changed not nor failed.

Once a storm arose, fierce and terrible, oh terrible, and then a voice came over the water, clear and strong, "Put about, put about, and come into the haven of Duty." And he heard it who sailed the boat, heard the cry, "Put about, come into the haven of Duty," but he would not, and sailed on. Braved he that storm, sailed on, found an even sea, and before a fair breeze sailed away, straight away, on and on.

At last in the voyage even no sails were needed at all, nor for the boat any care, as it now rushed on as of its own will and still true to its course. So went the strong free boat with its master, on and on, until there was seen on the crest of waves far distant a great brilliance. Now this was the light of the mountain, and, as it appeared, the boat leaped forth wonderfully, while the master, thereof made ready to land.

Then soon was the voyage ended. He that sailed came to the shore, made fast the boat, and then moved for ascending the mountain. But he could not, for it was now night, and a weariness such as came not on the sea, now controlled him. Therefore returning he made a couch on the deck and slept, and sleeping dreamed.

Now of the boat nothing was yet broken, nothing lost. Having sailed it could sail again. It had compass, sails, provisions, medicines, instruments, and charts. All things were ready. He who was pilot could be pilot again.

All night rocked the boat, a cradle on the sea of the Future, while he who slept well on the deck, dreamed of the mountain, the jewelled vault, the treasure, and of all power and dominion. So dreamed he until the morning, and then, waking, found by his side, another attired as a pilot, for such he was, whose right hand was at the helm, whose eye viewed the compass.

"Arise now," said the pilot, "for day breaks. Cast off the shore line and let us away."

"Ah, no, not away, but forward. I leap to the shore, and ascend," was the answer.

But the pilot restrained him, nor would let him depart until presenting three shells, each with a secret.

"What is the name of your secret?" said he.

"It is Faith," one made answer.

"Mine is Hope," said another.

"Mine, Love," said the third.

"Here then are Faith, Hope and Love," said the pilot. "Choose now, receive them, and sail away happy on the sea of the Future. Forsake them, and away to the mountain. Then the man in the boat took the shells in his hand, meditating, and would have commanded, "Set sail, cast away," but a light from the mountain flashed forth, fell in his face, even blinded him. Then he dashed the shells to the sea with great strength, and leaped for the shore.

Now the way was very steep, very long, for the mountain lifted its great dome far above the clouds. No song of birds, no cheer of comrades, no love of friend brightened the way. Yet it was light, and the brilliance of polished gold was ever on the path. He struggled alone on and on, up and up, until at last the sparkling lights of the jeweled vault were seen, then another effort, one more, with a hard pull and a long leap and the magic key appeared: key which hand must not touch nor the eye gaze upon, which the heart cannot feel. Against this key the heart was pressed, the lock fell away, the doors burst wide open, and all the vast wealth of the mighty mountain appeared. Then it was that he who came far and climbed high, heard the sound of many waters beside him, felt the cold dashing of spray and the beating of waves. For, behold, it came to pass in that day, that as he had climbed inch by inch, foot by foot, seeing naught but the path and the brilliance thereon, dreaming of naught but the jeweled vault and its treasures untold, so had the mountain, inch by inch, and foot by foot, settled down, down, into the midst of the sea. Then remembered he who came so far, and climbed so high, and struggled so long, the words of a pilot:

He that shall save his life shall lose it: what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Part III.

When the boats parted that one which came not to the mountain sailed away on its course to the island. Now it waited in calms, now rode joyfully before fair winds, now labored in tempests, now raced like a victor on favoring tides. But, as the days passed and the voyage lengthened, many great winds arose, adverse and strong. The sea was angry and very tempestuous, and he that sailed was sorely afraid. Then said he of his God, "What times I am afraid, I will trust in Thee," and so, even while the storm raged there came peace in his heart, a good quiet, and a song in the night brought him sweet comfort.

And still the storm remained terrible, oh, terrible, then over the waves came a voice calling, a voice mingled with the sound of music and dancing, "Put about, come into the haven of pleasure." Yet he would not, and kept a true helm for his course.

And soon from the night was another voice calling, "Help, help, or I perish." Quickly then was the course changed and the prow set to follow that call, for it was first in him to love mercy and rescue the perishing, who sailed for the isle of the Pearl.

Out of the deep then was one saved, a poor mariner, lost from his ship, storm-beaten and sore. Now he was one who had borne many strpes, who had yet many wounds, who had been forsaken, prisoner, solitary, rejected of men, and acquainted with grief, and who was now naked, hungry and sick. Oh how glad was he in the midst of the storm to find comfort. How glad to hear the words and feel the hands of a brother. To eat a brother's food, take his medicine, wear his clothes, and be all safe and warm in his boat. And, while the storm raged and the boat was beaten about, he, being warmed and fed, and sweetly comforted, fell asleep, and in sleeping murmured:

Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted: blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.

So he slept, he rested and was comforted. Yet the days passed, his sickness tarried, while he who sailed the boat ministered to him every day with gladness.

Thus sailed they on together, he that was well, and he that was sick, until at length a day dawned when a low-lying island appeared. Like a cloud it appeared on the rim of the sea. Yet they knew it was land, the isle of the Pearl, and in a few hours more the boat's keel ground on the beach to say that the voyage was ended. But he that called "Save or I perish," was dead.

Then came another attired as a pilot, for such he was, offering three shells, each with a secret.

"My secret is doubt," whispered one.

"Mine, despair," moaned the next.

"Pride," hissed the third.

"Now will you take these and depart," said the pilot, or will you cast them away and come to the island. And he that came with the boat cast them away with great strength, and immediately came to the shore.

And then was buried the dead in a good grave, with grief for his sorrow and joy for his rest; in a good grave, deep and wide, with a great stone placed over it, and upon the stone graven, **Out of the deep: unto God: Amen.**

Then he that came far through storms fierce and out of calms not a few, sought long for the Pearl in the island, and, after many days found it, found the altogether lovely, the perfection of beauty. Upon it was the odor of aloes and myrrh, the rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, and its taste was for sweetness like droppings from the honey comb.

And he that found it arose with very great joy, and beheld not the sea, nor heard the sound of its waves, for he was upon a mountain exceeding high, with trees of balm thereon for the healing of nations with cedars whose boughs sheltered fowl of all wings. For so had the mountain risen, hour by hour, day by day, as he who came labored long, hour by hour, day by day, for the Pearl of Great Price until he found it.

Then at last came and stood by him one whose name was the Morning Star, and loved him—and he remembered the words: **He that will lose his life shall find it.**

MINOR PALACES IN KOREA.

Rev. George Heber Jones, D.D.
(Missionary in Korea)

Among the eighteen palaces in Seoul, there are several which are today a name and very little more. Being imperial property, they are part of the heritage of the reigning House and guarded and protected by the Household Department. Some of the minor among these palaces have been diverted to other uses than that of imperial residences, though the old memories cling to them. Most visitors to Seoul notice the striking cluster of buildings constituting the Imperial Altar on the main road from the foreign quarter to the Japanese Settlement. This was formerly the Special South Palace or Nam-pyul Kung and erected by King Tai-jong (1400—1418) for one of his favorite daughters and her consort. This young man gave himself up to all sorts of debauchery and violence, so that the people execrated it as a veritable den of infamy.

After his death the palace was abandoned for a long time and was regarded as a haunted and evil House, but finally found a use through the following circumstances. Korea, from the days of the Dynastic Founder, had reverenced the great Ming rulers of China. Though nominally a vassal of the Mings, the yoke had sat lightly and Korea regarded the relation as a natural and honorable one. The Chinese envoys who came to Seoul to receive the marks of vassalage were treated as national guests, and special Halls existed for their entertainment. This was all changed by the overthrow of the Mings by the Manchus, so that they were regarded as unwelcome intruders and usurpers. For their entertainment and as a covert derogation to their dignity this haunted and evil House, the Nam-pyul Kung, was assigned, and from that time it became the guest House of China's envoys. During the invasion of 1592, this Palace was occupied by the Staff of the Japanese army. It is not reported that either the Manchus or the Japanese ever suffered from ghosts there. In 1895 Korea, having shaken off the Manchu Yoke, destroyed the chief emblems of Chinese control in and about the city. As the South Palace was conspicuously connected with the former regime, it was included in the list, but was made to mark the new independence of the country. As a Sovereign, independent and free, the Emperor was entitled to have his own Altar for the worship of Imperial Heaven, instead of having it done for him federally by the Emperor of China as in the past. This Altar, as the supreme badge of the Emperor's sovereign authority, was therefore erected on the site where Korea had for over two centuries observed the formalities of vassalage.

Next in interest to the Nam-pyul Kung, is the old "Mulberry" palace which occupied the large enclosure just inside the West Gate. This palace is known as the Kyung-heui Kung, or Palace of Splendid Happiness, a name with which its history stands in strange contrast. Its construction was due to the following circumstances. After the warriors of Hideyoshi retired from Seoul, the King, Sun-jo, returned to find his palaces in ruins, so he took up his residence in the palace of Prince Wul-san in what is now the foreign quarter of the city. An attempt was made to repair and re-occupy the Kyung-pok Kung, the so-called Summer Palace, but it was frustrated by the ghosts, hobgoblins, and other uncanny beings whose favorite prank was to relieve Koreans, who attempted to remain in the enclosure over night, of their top knots. After the death of Sun-jo, his son, the infamous tyrant Lord Kwang-hai (1608-1622), determined to erect a new palace at the base of In-wang San on what tradition claimed was the most propitious site in Seoul, and a complete set of buildings for royal residence was built there. For its great Gate a special title was written by the savant An Suk-p'ung, one of the most famous penmen of the time. It is said that he fasted and purified himself one hundred days in order to make himself worthy for his task. He then wrote the title board with its inscription of Heung-wha Mun or Gate of Rising Influence. So wonderful was this writing, that at night this title board was illumined by a light which burst forth from the characters and lit up the street below. This legend is commemorated in the name of the plaza in front of the palace which is called La cho-gai or Night Illumined Street. This continued until the coming of the Manchus, when one of their soldiers put a bullet into the title board perforating the character wha (influence) and its light went out forever. This title board still hangs over the main gate to the palace and can be seen from the trolley cars as they pass just before they reach the Korean theatre. It is also said that the writer of this title board suffered ever afterward from a swollen arm, so that he never again wrote a character.

Lord Kwanghai occupied this palace of Splendid Happiness, and it became the scene of his many mad deeds. Here he was dethroned and sent into exile, finally dying at the age of sixty-seven years, a prisoner on the island of Che-ju (Quelpaer). His successor, King In-jong, also spent a troubled and unhappy life in this palace of Splendid Happiness, until he was driven out by the usurper Yi Kwali, the "Three Days King." Tradition says that Yi was born with a mark on the palm of his hand of three bloody lines arranged like the Chinese character for "three." Once he tried to cut a scar through the center of these lines, changing them into the Chinese character for King. The scar bled profusely, and pressing the wound on paper it made the impression "Three Days King." Later in life he raised the standard of rebellion, surprised the King who fled south to Kong-ju, and occupied and reigned for three days in the palace of Splendid Happiness when he was overthrown and executed.

It was in this palace that Suk-jong, one of the most famous of the Line, was born and spent some troubled years until his removal to the East Palace. The usual explanation given for his abandonment of the Splendid Happiness Palace was that a certain geomantic tiger had his lair there, and, being displeased with the royal intrusion, had let loose a plague of man-eating tigers on the country that destroyed many lives, and to appease his tigership the King removed to the more beautiful grounds of the East Palace.

There is another explanation, however, which appears more plausible. The consort of King Suk-jong was Queen Min, but his favorite was the royal concubine, Madam Chang. The latter was a woman of great force of character and ambition, and plotted to supplant Queen Min. She succeeded in poisoning the King's mind against the Queen, so that she was divorced, disgraced and banished, and Madam Chang made Queen. Not content with this, Madam Chang sought to compass the death of the banished Queen by magic, and one day the King surprised her practising her fell rites in one of the apartments of the Palace of Splendid Happiness. In his anger he sentenced her to drink poison. She fought desperately for life, but unavailingly, so that in revenge she mutilated her son the Crown Prince. For this she was torn to pieces. It was after this tragedy that Suk-jong sought the East Palace with his banished Queen whom he called back to her high position, and the Palace of Splendid Happiness was abandoned to decay. In 1865 Prince Tai Won, father of the present Emperor, determined to reconstruct the old original palace of Seoul, the Kyung-pok Kung, as a residence

for his son who had entered the Line by adoption. Many of the buildings in the Palace of Splendid Happiness were torn down to furnish material for the new Kyung-pok, the major part being demolished for this purpose. This left the grounds open to all visitors, and in the early "nineties" the grounds were a favorite place for the foreign residents to stroll through. It was known as the "Mulberry" palace because, in 1887, in connection with the plan of the Government to create an experiment station in silk culture, the grounds of the Palace of Splendid Happiness were set aside for a mulberry plantation, and a number of trees planted. This enterprise failed and it is called "Mulberry" palace only by foreigners. Koreans call it by its historic name.

THE MT. HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The Story of its Inception by One Who was in at the Beginning.

California has its Northfield! We are beginning to realize that,---we who have kept track of the "something doing" in the Mt. Hermon columns of The Pacific and the Pacific Presbyterian.

At the invitation of the management, one more vision of Mr. Gilchrist's, our inspiring leader, was made real, when a group of women representing several denominations gathered at Mt. Hermon to organize a summer school of missions.

Just after sunset, July 30th, the train wound its way up the wonderful canyon of the clear Zayante, by the group of Big Trees, and through the charming little Felton Valley to drop our delegation at Mt. Hermon. What a welcome we received from those who had preceded us! What a turning over of our plans as we gathered at the tea-table! and then such rest as one can get only amid the fragrant redwoods, as we settled for the night, some in pretty cottages, some in tents, and some under the wonderful arching boughs of a genuine redwood circle! What more fitting type of affiliation could we find anywhere than these splendid family circles of the sequoia sempervirens?

Early in the morning we climbed to the auditorium, a great comfortable tent with a firm foundation, and white sides to be reefed at pleasure, giving us entrancing views of mountains and canyons and trees. From this outlook we could gaze far down upon the tops of the great trees, "the biggest living things in the world," as our pastor said last Sunday. Such a place for making visions world-wide in their compass! Miss Laura Richards of the W. B. M. P., set the keynote in the devotional service that morning—our lives hidden with Christ—and this was followed out in successive Bible studies each day.

Every day also we had our Mission Study class on Gloria Christi, or Modern Missions and Social Progress. It was a study in the triumph of modern missions, conducted by Miss Edith Parsons of Saratoga, a study with maps and charts and library that made us long that each church on our coast might immediately fall into line, for we must **know**, if we would sympathize, and then we are ready to pray and to give.

The remainder of each morning, and the Young Ladies' Round Table hour in the afternoon, were just packed with helpful suggestions.

We had the most inspiring missionary addresses, and a tent full of appreciative people to hear them. Mr. and Mrs. Cable from Korea made some of our pastors wish their lots were cast on the other side of the world; and Mr. and Mrs. Price from China, Ruk, Guam and Berkeley, with a view of the needs of the whole world, made us see things in their right proportion and touched our hearts and filled them with a great longing that our lives might be more true, our love more out-reaching, our help more effective.

Before we came down from the Mount, we took steps toward permanent organization. When we thought interdenominational too big a mouthful, a sister of the Christian church, a church so simple in its organization, had just the right word. So we are to be "The Mt. Hermon Federate School of Missions of the Pacific Coast. Mrs. H. B. Pinney, of the Occidental Board, is president, and Mrs. Geo. B. Smyth the secretary of this new Board of Directors. Next year we are to have a week for conferences, home and foreign; and you will all be invited, and will rejoice with us in this new co-operation, that the kingdom of God may hasten its coming.

SOME OBSERVATIONS IN TAHITI.

The little town of Papite, the only harbor on Tahiti, is usually a very quiet place. Very early in the morning, by day-break in fact, the market opens and people flock there for their daily supply of fish, meats, fruits and vegetables. About ten o'clock the stores close and business practically ceases until about four in the afternoon, when it is resumed for a couple of hours. But during our stay there it was unusually lively owing to the celebration of the fall of the Bastile—the French "4th of July."

The town was in holiday attire and natives were in from all the islands for a hundred and fifty miles around. A large part of the celebration consisted of native hymns (or concerts) and dances which took place in the public square in competition for prizes.

The native singing is something that one will never forget but he finds it difficult to describe. To me there was an indescribable charm about the weird, plaintive songs sung in perfect unison and with a heartiness that spoke of an inborn love of music. One is reminded somewhat of the negro camp-meeting melodies. It was the principal thing that held me at the native service in the old church on Sunday morning. The church was so seated that the congregation of 500 or more was divided into six sections. Five hymns were sung during the service, and each by a different section, or choir. Some one voice would lead out (there was no instrument) and immediately all the rest of that section would join in. And they sung the whole hymn; evidently believing as our own Dr. Adams does that they were written to be sung clear through. Pastor Vernier, who has been forty years on the field with only one visit to his native France, is only waiting the near completion of the fine new church when he will leave for a year in France. He promised me a visit in Berkeley, and I hope it may be shared at one of our churches. All around the island one finds the church, often Catholic and occasionally Mormon, but chiefly I think Protestant and practically Congregational.

One morning a friend and I who were wandering about like Riley's boy "jest lookin' for things," went into a large building to see what was doing there. We found it occupied as a lodging place by one of the

district hymenis (or choirs), who were just getting ready to go out to the square. Lined up on the floor they sang a hymn and then with bowed heads stood reverently while one old man led them in prayer. It was the best thing I saw on the island.

In contrast to this, looking in at another place from whence came sounds of revelry, we found nearly the whole ship's crew of waiters and cabin boys in drunken debauch with a few natives. When a native gets drunk he doesn't want to talk politics, nor fight; but he wants to sing and dance. And the dancing, like the singing is hard to describe. Either singly or in concert the hula-hula is "something different." And yet we saw but little drunkenness among the natives considering the occasion.

A native fakir from another island gave us an exhibition of fire-walking. In an excavation about two feet deep and some twenty feet or more square had been dumped a quantity of stones and these had been heated by a great fire that burned nearly all day. The stones were **hot**, we easily satisfied ourselves on that point. And the fakir walked slowly across them barefooted several times. It looked like a wonderful thing to do, but when I examined his feet I was not surprised. I think he could have walked on a red-hot stove, for they were as hard and horny as a horse's hoof.

If any of you want to get out of the world for a while, away from the telephone and street cars and the Schmitz trial and the strikes, where no one hurries and a "short order" restaurant is unheard of, where you'll rest just bcause you can't do anything else, go to Tahiti---"the vale of peaceful rest." But it did my soul good to get back where there's something doing. G. H. DeKay.

Among the Churches.

Covina.—The Christian Endeavor Society pledges $100 for the new church building.

Merced.—The pastor, the Rev. G. B. Greig, is spending his vacation this month in Southern California.

Vacaville.—The Rev. Dr. Curry occupies the pulpit of Westminster Church in Sacramento during August.

Presbytery of Santa Barbara.—Nearly all our ministers prefer the meeting of presbytery to be held at Mt. Hermon.—W. C. Scott, S. C.

Santa Barbara.—The Rev. W. C. Sherman of Sacramento occupies the pulpit during the absence of Dr. More this month—on vacation in the Yosemite.

Los Angeles.—The Highland Park Church has extended a call to the Rev. W. B. Gantz of Hamilton, Ohio. It is thought that the call will be accepted. Mr. Gantz preached for the church three Sundays in July.

Berkeley.—The Presbyterian church recently organized by those who went out from the First Church has taken the name St. John's Presbyterian Church. It is likely that the building which it is planned to erect ere long will be located on College avenue.

Camp Meeker.—A bazaar held the last week in July for the benefit of Mizpah Presbyterian Church brought the church more than $300. Final payment will be made now on the manse, and something will be used for the purchase of permanent seats for the church building.

Berkeley.—The First Presbyterian Church suffers great loss in the death of Mr. F. S. Page who passed suddenly into the life beyond last week at the age of 65. For half a century Mr. Page was prominently identified with church and business interests in this part of California. For many years he was a member of the First Church of Oakland.

Petaluma.—Our pastor, the Rev. Luther Davis, has with much regret found it necessary to resign his pastorate over us. He went to Pennsylvania to visit his aged parents and spend his vacation, but found their condition such (his mother being critically ill and his father in poor health) that he felt it his duty to remain in their vicinity that he might render them what encouragement and help he could in their declining days. In his short pastorate of only about eighteen months he had much endeared himself to his people, and his work seemed full of promise both to his own people and to the community at large, and expressions of regret at his departure are general. We are now hoping and praying for a suitable successor to carry on the work.

Alameda.—The mid-summer communion at this church was celebrated on Sunday, Aug. 11th, there being an attendance of one hundred and forty. An encouraging feature in connection with this number present is that it represents the average and rarely falls below it—a proof that the membership is very much alive to its duty and privilege in this respect. The pastor was assisted by Rev. John Hart, of the Reformed Church, in Neshanic, New Jersey, who, with his wife and daughter has been visiting relatives in San Francisco and vicinity. Mr. Hart occupied the the pulpit in the evening, taking his thought from the communion of the morning as based on Romans viii: 14: "But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." After pointing out that putting on Christ was not simply after the fashion of donning a garment, but went much further in assuming a character which dominated the whole life, the speaker went on to develop the thought of Christ's sacrifice when in the council of Heaven He said, "I come to do thy will O Lord." Personal emphasis was laid upon the different phases of Christ's character to be assumed by the believer, contained in a new consecration in behalf of the souls of men, a dauntless courage in the face of opposition, or winning meekness under persecution; a true humility under all circumstances, and an undying love for God's creatures. In striving against the lusts of the flesh, as spoken of in the last clause of the verse, we should reach up to and put on Christ as the crowning glory of our lives. . . . This church has recently undergone a spring cleaning and its appearance is as fresh and pure as on the day of its dedication over three years ago. The adult Bible class in the Sunday-school has been reorganized on "New Movement" lines, and is steadily growing in numbers under the able leadership of Rev. F. L. Nash, the first pastor of the church. Mr. Nash and his estimable wife still

live in Alameda, honored and loved of all. . . There has been quite a matrimonial stir among the younger element recently, necessitating the return of Dr. Brush from an outing on no less than three occasions to tie the knot for the insistent couples. . . The outlook in every way indicates a good future for this church.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Mr. Edward L. Seymour, '01, made a brief visit at the Seminary recently. He is superintendent of the government schools in Albay, Philippine Islands. He has spent his vacation in a trip around the world He sailed on Thursday last on the Manchuria, returning to his field of labor. He says his position gives him many opportunities of Christian work.

Rev. James M. Cornelison, '99, is rejoicing over continued success in his Indian church on the Umatilla Reservation in Eastern Oregon. At the time of the great camp meeting which they always hold about the Fourth of July, Mr. Cornelison held a series of religious services in which he was assisted by Rev. James Hays, one of the strongest of the Nez Perces Indian preachers. As a result seventeen, mostly young people, were added to the church. There have been in all fifty-four accessions since April 1st.

Dr. and Mrs. Moore are in Helena, Montana, enjoying a visit with their former parishioners. Dr. Moore preached two Sabbaths for the First Church, of which he was long time pastor. He was greeted with large congregations.

Mr. F. S. Page, whose funeral was held in Berkeley last Sabbath, is gratefully remembered here for the interest he took in all the work of the Seminary. At the examinations in April he served faithfully as a member of Synod's examining committee. He had not visited the Seminary before, but was so much interested that he returned to the commencement exercises.

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN.

The address of Rev. David Beaton of Chicago made at the ministers' meeting on August 5th, on the religious education of our children, was impressive almost to the degree of being appalling. I have had it much on my mind since, and wish that the influence of it might reach all the pastors and Christian people to whom they minister. The ignorance of the Scriptures and of the essential truths of Christianity, of the grounds of our faith and the real sources of spiritual life and power among our young people is as wide-spread as it is profound. If the students entering our great universities or even graduating from them, were to be examined in the evidences of Christianity, or the reasonableness of the Christian faith, or the vital facts of Christian life, there is reason to doubt whether five per cent of them could pass. And no adequate provision is made to secure it that those who are to enter in the future will know any more than these do. Yet these are the facts and the truths which lie at the very basis of our national character; they are essential elements in our country's life blood, as well as the means to personal salvation.

And we find fault with our Sunday-schools and cry out for different methods of teaching, for a higher grade of teachers, for this and that and the other in the machinery,—rolls and ranking and grading and what not, in order to obtain different results. But what method can be conceived, even in the hands of teachers most competent that could bring to pass such results with only 30 minutes once a week to do it in? It is a well-nigh universal fact that there is no study of the lesson by the pupils of our Sunday-schools in preparation for the class session, and no rebukes and no reward, so far as appears, can change this wretched condition. Whatever is gained must come in those thirty minutes, half of which must often be used in a vain effort to secure attention.

The facts call for something far more extended and far more elaborate than the Sunday-school can possibly afford. They call for daily instruction, provided with a painstaking and at an expense which the churches have not yet apparently dreamed of. For years I have coveted the privilege of giving thorough trial to a plan like this: to provide (on the church premises if possible) a bright, cheery school-room, fitted with kindergarten appliances for the littlest ones, and all the conveniences for study and recitation for older children up to their entrance on a high school course, and to find a teacher of the sort that are born, not made, rich in enthusiasm, in tact, in magnetic and spiritual power, who would take the littlest ones each of the school days of the week from one o'clock till two for kindergarten exercises—"milk for babes;" would take children of the primary grades who leave the public school at 2 o'clock for one hour thereafter; and those of grammar grade for the one hour following; making the exercises so attractive that the children will wish to come; will wish it so much and urge it so hard that the indifference of even some Christian parents would be overcome; and that courses of study would thus be pursued through a series of years with the results that our children would meet the dangers and the critical occasions of puberty fortified by a well grounded faith in Christ. Out of such schooling would come Sunday-schools worthy of the name; each session crowning the work and clinching the impressions of the work of the week preceding. Out of it would come such study of the Bble that its rich mines of truth and inspiration would be worked in after life and it would not be a dead book, but one instinct with spirit and life. Nothing less than this can possibly fill the gap so fraught with peril—necessarily existing in the scheme of public school instruction; but if it seems to be,—as in my case it was—an undertaking fraught with more expense than a single church could meet, let several churches in one neighborhood combine in it. Nevertheless, one tenth of the money often spent in useless and cumbrous ornamentation of church buildings and in sacrifices to fashion in the conduct of public worship, would not only provide the conveniences, but even endow the teacher's chair in such a school. What say others to such an undertaking?—W. C. P.

The Rev. David Beaton of Chicago is giving in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley this week a series of addresses, the object of which is to present the importance of religious education in our social and national life, and to create a deeper interest in the moral and religious training of the young.

The Rev. L. D. Rathbone will enter on the work of the superintendency of the California Home Missionary Society the 1st of September.

The Home.

THE HAPPY WIFE.

You ask me why I'm happy, when so many wives complain,
And say their husbands only live to give them endless pain.
My secret you demand to know, you've seen my happy look,
And you quiz me not a little, but—remember, I can cook!

When other wives are envious, and tell my husband dear
My gowns are very out of date, and at my wardrobe sneer,
I have no fear, I only smile, I care not how I look,
I know I've but to whisper: "Dear, remember, I can cook!"

And always when I'm begged by girls to tell them by what art
I captured such a handsome man, and won quite all his heart,
I merely say: "My dears, I'm sure that all the pains I took
Was asking him to dinner—for, remember, I can cook!"

And all you modern women who are anxious to be wed,
Be wise, throw up your arts and crafts, and learn to bake your bread.
For be certain that no husband will forget the vows he took,
If his wife will only please him by remembering how to cook.

WOMAN'S USE OF MONEY.

By Margaret Hamilton Welch.

The practical education which now more than formerly is being given to the American girl is still sadly lacking in one particular. She learns nothing at school or at home, either by precept or example, of the care of money. The girl leaves her father's home with no idea of the value of money, because, as a rule, both parents have withheld from her all teachings concerning its use. Often the mother is as ignorant in this matter as is her daughter. She needs money for various expenditures, necessary and unnecessary according to her good or poor judgment, and the head of the family furnishes it to the extent of his ability and usually without explanation as to whether it comes with ease or difficulty. A trait of the American husband, which is so common as to be fairly typical, is his dislike to deny the requests for money of the women of his family.

Marriage is usually entered into with a very imperfect understanding of the money basis of the new household. This arises often from a false and foolish pride on the part of the man, and wrong ideas, obtained through false education, on the part of the woman. In any other partnership the common assets of the firm are fully understood by all the members and the expenditures scaled accordingly. This should be the case with that closest and most permanent partnership—married life. Every woman should know the extent of the family income, should know its changes from year to year, and be prompt to adjust the household life accordingly.

Said an intelligent woman to me once: "I make it a rule of my married life to buy the things we need. They get paid for somehow and we have them. If you wait until you think you can afford a thing you will never have it." Three or four years after this remark was made the husband, who was in the employ of the government, was temporarily suspended pending investigation into an alleged misappropriation of the government funds intrusted to his care. The deficit was made right and the matter smoothed over, but that significant sentence, "they get paid for somehow," had an ominous sound in the light of the later happening.

The question arises, How shall girls of well-to-do families be taught the value of money? The allowance system is the first plan that suggests itself. This has its use and also its abuse. Too often it has a flexible and elastic standard. The girl has her allowance, indeed, but the indulgent mother or father adds to it so many "gifts" that the weekly or monthly stipend becomes useless for all purposes of thrift or adjustment of expenditure. Another possibility of the allowance plan is its tendency to cultivate miserliness, if not actual "sponging." Perhaps the girl will maneuver to save her car fare or to get a small treat at the expense of some one else, and the principle of selfishness is cultivated, to the deterioration of character. If an allowance is given, there should be a clear understanding of what it is meant to cover, and it should not be supplemented for this purpose. Above all, the girl should realize that saving her allowance of its legitimate demands at the expense of another's purse is an injury to her self-respect that she must not tolerate.

This lack of fairness and broad justice enters into more than the girl's expenditure of money. Often the wife shows parsimony to the detriment, at times, of her family's comfort. Money put aside to be spent in the household should be so spent. If care and good judgment can produce the equivalent of a dollar's outlay for fifty cents, no criticism can be offered; but the house mother must see to it that she gives her family fifty cents' worth of comfort where the dollar's worth is needed and provided for.

In every home the income which supports it should be thoroughly understood by every member of the family who will assist in disbursing it. The mother in particular, as the home maker, should know as carefully as she knows the contents of her linen closet how much money she may depend upon for the family's use. Following this, the next and most important matter is to set up the standard of living justified by the income and within a good safety margin. This should be carefully adhered to. It is another and a long and pathetic story, that of false home standards, and one which pervades all classes of society. The mechanic's wife goes to the installment house for lace curtains like those of Mrs. Over-the-Way, and the millionaire's wife sacrifices just demands in other directions to write, as her subscription to the fashionable charity, a sum as large as that which precedes it from the check-book of the multi-millionaire's wife. The relation between these false standards and the knowledge to women of the use of money is closer than is at first realized.

The question of cash or credit can only be touched upon in a general article. For women of moderate in-

comes cash payments are undoubtedly safer. The insidious temptations of an account are difficult to resist even by the best-intentioned buyers. Pay day comes and often brings with it a painful, if not disastrous, surprise in the amount of the total. At grocer's and butcher's it is a saving of time, perhaps, to have the bills rendered weekly. They can then be carefully looked over and mistakes rectified before they are out of the mind. Weekly settlements, too, are practically cash settlements. This general rule, of course, admits of modification in the case where an income is received quarterly or monthly. Even under these circumstances, however, the weekly or fortnightly presenting of statements of house accounts should be insisted upon.

Everybody, and particularly every woman, should keep a cash account, in which every cent paid out should be set down. If this is read over, and at short intervals, it would, in itself, be an excellent object lesson in the matter of leakages and the purchasing of non-essentials.

A single word concerning the "change pocket" of the head of the family. One man, in a burst of honesty, admitted to his wife that his change pocket would support the family if its leakages could be prevented. Dimes, quarters, half-dollars slip through it every day for things which are for the most part of no value to him and may be of positive injury, and which are not a whit of benefit to the family. It is only through the earnest, intelligent co-operation of the man spender and the woman spender that the family income can be properly and wisely disbursed.

Most persons, now, even the most conservative, admit that women are needed outside the home as well as within it. The present and growing perfection of the material domestic machinery gives the home woman a chance to bring her energy and her mentality to bear upon wider issues. She is the philanthropist, the sanitary inspector, the school board officer, the political scientist in many ways and she is constantly confronted with the fact that the principles of business underlie every department of her activity. The hospital or the asylum, the industrial school or the indigent home must all be conducted as business enterprises or they will not flourish. Over and over again the woman of today is confronted by a need for some knowledge of money, the mechanism of exchange, banks and banking, investments and the like, and she is wise if she relieve her ignorance of these matters promptly and as thoroughly as may be.

The Quiet Hour.

"Each lawless thought wll mar the plan,
Each wasted day will stint the man.
Wouldst thou excel? Let purpose run
A thread of gold from sun to sun."

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little friend?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!" The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly and you shall not go until you want to." And son the leaf stopped sighing and went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could pull it off. And so it grew all summer long until October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the little leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: "O branches, why are you lead color and we golden?" "We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for a holiday because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and began to dream—a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last forever.—Henry Ward Beecher in "Norwood."

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"He giveth quietness." O Elder Brother,
Whose homeless feet have pressed our path of pain,
Whose hands have borne the burden of our sorrow,
That in our losses we might find our gain.

Of all Thy gifts and infinite consolings
I ask but this; in every troubled hour
To hear Thy voice through all the tumults stealing,
And rest serene beneath its tranquil power.

Cares cannot fret me, if my soul be dwelling
In the still air of faith's untroubled day;
Grief cannot shake me if I walk beside Thee,
My hand in Thine along the darkening way.

Content to know there comes a radiant morning
When from all shadows I shall find release;
Serene to wait the rapture of its dawning—
Who can make trouble when Thou sendst peace?

—Emily Huntington Miller.

A PRAYER.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the mercy which crowns our days. We thank Thee for the sorrow which sometimes bows us down in grief. We thank Thee for the gentleness that overlooks our follies and still continues unto us our joys. These are the words we say. Thou hearest them, for Thine ear is open to every sound in the vast creation. Thou knowest that we mean them too. But are they aught to Thee? Help us to do better than speak these words, oh Lord, our God. Help us to make manifest our thankfulness by our constant acts of love to those who are about us, by our thoughtfulness for even those who never have a thought for us, or for Thee. So we may show the power in our hearts of Thy love. Amen.

Young People.

MOTHER GOOSE'S BALL.

Old Mother Goose, by way of variety,
Thought she would get into good society.
She sent out cards to a very grand ball,
To neighbors and friends, and kindred all.

The Man in the Moon dropped down the money,
The Queen of the Bees sent the jars of honey,
The owl and the pussy cat made the ice cream,
Te elephant's cake was really a dream.
A bright little starlet furnished the light,
And a bullfrog chorus sang half the night.

Miss Pig arrived first, in a smart red poke,
Mr. Mule in high collar was about to choke.
Miss Cow, in a hoop-skirt, was a strange sight,
Miss Duck limped along, her shoes were too tight.
Mr. Mouse paid court to a trim young hog,
Miss Cat led the dance with a poodle dog.

Mr. Billy Goat, receiving no card to the mirth,
Concluded to spoil it, or toss up the earth.
He routed them all with a ten bull blow,
They took to the woods, and they were not slow.
Bill ate all the cream, the can and the honey,
And finished the feast with the golden money.
When good Mother Goose got over her swoon,
Bill was dancing away in the light of the moon.

—Mary Cabell Richardson.

THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"Oh, Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school bell rings," and Harry, Kate, Bob and litle Peace crowded about their elder cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

"Very well," said Cousin Will, "I will tell you about some dangerous doors I have seen."

"Oh, that's good!" exclaimed Bob. "Were they all iron and heavy bars, and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there forever?"

"No, the doors I mean are pink or scarlet, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"What, that's splendid!" cried Kate; "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah! it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble."

"Why, what comes out?" said little Peace with wondering eyes.

"When the guards are away," said Cousin Will, "I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one opened and the little lady began to talk like this, 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! and did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?' 'Oh, yes,' said the other little crimson lady from the other door, 'and what a turned-up nose she has!' Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner, ran home and cried all the evening."

"I know what you mean," cried Kate, coloring. "Were you listening?"

"Oh, you mean our mouths are doors?" exclaimed Harry, "and the crimson lody is Miss Tongue; but who are the guards, and where do they come from?"

"You may ask the Great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare come out."—Southern Churchman.

A BOY'S PLUCK.

Boys very early manifest the peculiar traits of character which determine the course of their whole lives. When John Roach came to America, a boy about fifteen, he was penniless and found no friend on the continent who could help him, his uncle, whom he expected to meet, having gone to the South. He applied to the foreman of a manufacturing establishment for permission to learn a trade. The foreman turned him away, saying: "We require whom we undertatke to teach a trade to deposit fifty dollars as security that he will remain until his apprenticeship expires, and you have no money." The young man went away disappointed, but not discouraged. He went to a brickyard and carried bricks for fifty cents a day until he had saved fifty dollars, and returning to the foreman said: "Now I have the money, and am ready to deposit it with you if you will allow me to learn a trade." Again the foreman repulsed him because he thought so ungainly a youth could never be a mechanic.

The young man was again disappointed and chagrined, but not cast down. He went to the proprietor and told his story. The proprietor of the establishment was sure that a boy who could make such sacrifices and persist so long in his purpose to learn a trade ought, at least, to have a chance, and going to the foreman he ordered him to take the young man and give him a trial. He did learn a trade, and by industry and perseverance rose until he became the leading shipbuilder in America, and one of the wealthy and honored citizens of the nation. The pluck which he displayed in boyhood, rising superioir to obstacles and refusing to yield to discouragement, was one of the important qualities which carried him to success and made him a great and useful man. Those who have no noble qualities in youth are not likely to become noble men.

GOD'S LIGHT.

A little four-year-old inquired of her mother one moonlight night:

"Mamma, is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," replied the mother. "His lights are always burning."

Then came the next question from the little girl:

"Will God blow out His light and go to sleep, too?"

"No my child," replied the mother, "his lights are always burning."

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment which thrilled the mother's heart with trust in her God:

"Well, mamma, while God's awake, I am not afraid."

A WONDERFUL BLINDMAN.

Mr. Curtis Brown in the New York Evening Post writes a most interesting story of Dr. James Gale. Dr. Gale has just died having reached his 74th year. He goes on to write: "Mr. James Gale was probably the most wonderful blind man who ever lived. The victim of a terrible and crushing physical affliction in his early youth, he triumphed over it by sheer force of mind and character, and won for himself the proud but pathetic title of the "Blind Inventor," by which he was known all over England. That, however, conveys but a faint idea of his various claims to distinction. His many degrees included those of doctor of philosophy and master of arts. He was a fellow of the Royal geological society and the geological society and the chemical society. He made many valuable scientific discoveries. His inventions covered a wide range from rapid-fire, breech-loading rifles to electric alarm clocks. As a doctor, he once saved a millionaire's life, and was paid the biggest fee ever recorded in the annals of medicine—$250,000. He did a score of things, any one of which would have sufficed to win distinction for a man possessed of all his faculties. His greatest achievements were those which would seem to demand good eyesight above everything. The man himself was a greater marvel far than any of the wonderful things he did.

Dr. Gale lived in a modest four-story mansion in Adelaide road, Hampstead. The place is called "Galesmead," and on the door was a large brass plate, with the legend, "Dr. Gale, Consulting Electrician." On calling upon the doctor I was shown into a large back room, the table of which was covered by electrical and scientific apparatus. In a few minutes there was a quick step outside the door, and Dr. Gale came into the room. He walked over, shook hands without any hesitation or "feeling about," and looked at me in an inquiring way. His action was so perfectly natural, his light blue eyes seemed so expressive and clear, that no outward sign gave any indication of the fact that he was totally, hopelessly blind. "I have made it a principle all my life," he said after I had explained my errand, "never to allow any one to assist me. From the very earliest days—I lost my sight at 15 and now am more than 70—I have done everything that was possible alone.

"My boyhood was spent in the town of Tavistock, Devonshire," Dr. Gale continued, "and I attended the local school there before I became blind. For some years I had noticed that something was wrong with my sight, but I was so sensitive about this defect that for a long time I managed to conceal from my parents and teachers the nature of my trouble. I remember scheming to be placed at a certain position in the line in the class so that I could reel off from memory portions of my lessons. I could not see the print—everything was a blur to me; and I memorized word for word pages of various matter, reciting it perfectly when called to do so, as if reading from the book. Even in our games—such as leap-frog—I used to have to place white handkerchiefs on the back of my playmates so as to see where to jump. I concealed my trouble for a long time from my parents, and then the family doctor was called in. I doubt if my sight could have been preserved even with the most skilful attention, but whatever chance there was of it he destroyed by ignorant treatment. When I was taken to competent occulists in Plymouth my case was hopeless.

"What mental and physical agony I suffered during the gradual eclipse of my sight, no human tongue could convey.

"Nevertheless, when Mr. Butters, the Plymouth oculist, pronounced my final doom, I being then 16 years of age, it came as a most terrible blow, and for some minutes I could not speak; there was a great lump in my throat and a tear in my eye. Mr. Butters sought to comfort me by telling me that his own sight was failing, and that in a few months' time, he, like me, would be blind.

"'Ah yes,' I said bitterly; 'but you have seen the world, I have not, and never shall.'

"I remained thinking for a minute or two, and then, summoning up all the grit I possessed I said:—

"'If God will it, he knows best. What must be will be. And,' I added, putting my hand up to a tear that trickled down my face, 'God helping me, this is the last tear I shall ever shed for my blindness.' It was.

"My father did all he could for me," Dr. Gale went on. "When I became blind he gave me the choice of either having a couple of persons read to me and write for me or else of going to some institution for the blind. I decided to employ secretaries to read to me, and by this method—and by closely training my memory—I soon found that I was able to make progress in my studies. In those early days I was deeply interested in chemistry, and before many years I managed to master the subject fairly well, so far as it then went. On one occasion I was experimenting with some gunpowder. In order to deaden its explosive effects, I mixed with it some sand. To my surprise, I found that the explosive power of the powder was destroyed. In after years, when I wished to invent a powder that would be non-explosive, I made this childish experience the basis of my experiments, and was successful not only in inventing a nonexplosive powder, but managed to enlist the substantial interest of the British, French and other governments."

In consequence of his valuable inventions Dr. Gale received flattering recognition not only from Queen Victoria and the prince consort, but also from Napoleon III of France, the then czar of Russia and the rulers of many other countries, besides, as already mentioned, having degrees conferred on him by many learned bodies. It was not of these things, however, that he cared to talk when interviewed by your correspondent. "As an example of what a blind man can do," he said, "I may tell you that, with a onelegged man as my partner, I once played a game of bowls, or skittles, against two men possessed of their sight—and what is more, we won it. On another occasion I attended a shooting match, and some one asked me to try a shot. I brought down my bird to the wonder of every one present. I may tell you, between ourselves," (said the blind inventor in a stage whisper) "that the shot was purely accidental. On being asked to attempt to repeat the performance, I thought best to decline. On another occasion I remember riding one night with a party along a dark country moor. The driver lost his way, and the party were unable to decide which road to take. I said I could tell. Every one scoffed at the idea of me—a totally blind man—being able to know the

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way. But, though the sight was gone, my hearing had become so acutely trained that I could tell from the sound of the horses' hoofs on the road that they were not on the right track. Judging solely by the sound, I got out and led the horse back, putting them on the right road. By close observation I was able, after becoming blind, to cultivate my remaining faculties, and by doing most things for myself and allowing none to help me when it could be avoided I managed to acquire an independence which not all blind people attain."

He first became interested in electricity through meeting with a famous medical electrician who tried to restore his sight. After a few years under this practitioner's tuition Dr. Gale mastered the subject of medical galvanism and electrical therapeutics and decided to adopt the latter as a profession. "By studying all known electrical appliances," he said, "it was not long before I was able to begin a general practice and to give treatment electrically. I adopted the method of letting all currents of electricity pass through my own body. By this means I was able to tell just what sort of current my patients were receiving. By my sensitiveness of touch I was able to gauge electrical forces far better than some practitioner's in the same line, and it was not long before I had won a reputation among well-known doctors who used to send me their patients for treatment. By placing my ear over certain portions of the bodies of patients through whom I am sending charges of electricity I can hear peculiar sounds passing back and forth and it is partially by these sounds that I am able to tell whether a patient is healthy or not. I remember, on one occasion, a man was brought to me by a well-known doctor. I galvanized him, listened all over his body in my customary manner and then gave the opinion (privately of course, to his own doctor) that this patient would probably die within a few days. I was not surprised to learn that he died suddenly about a week afterward. I could not hear—on listening at various points on this man's body—the sounds to which my ear was accustomed, and I knew that something was radically wrong. By letting these charges pass through my own hands I am generally able to tell whether a portion of a patient's body is healthy or no. Unhealthy tissue has a sort of spongy feeling to my touch, while healthy tissue has not. In the latter there is a sort of elasticity which unhealthy flesh does not possess.

Be patient with your friends. They are neither omniscient nor omnipotent. They cannot see your heart, and may misunderstand you. They do not know what is best for you, and may select what is worst. Their arms are short, and they may not be able to reach what you ask. What if also they lack purity of purpose or tenacity of affection; do not you also lack these graces? Patience is your refuge. Endure, and in endurance conquer them, and if not them, then at least yourself. Above all, be patient with your beloved. Love is the best thing on earth, but it is to be handled tenderly, and impatience is a nurse that kills it.—Selected.

One Qualification at Least.—Client—"Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the Army?"

Lawyer—"Why?"

Client—"By the way you charge, there would be little left of the enemy."

THE MUSIC LESSON.

Ply away, dearie, ply away;
The little black notes some day
  Will answer what you please
  To your fingers on the keys,
When you ask them what they've got
    to say.

Dear little clumsy fingers now;
Dear puzzled eyes, go slow!
  But fingers learn to race,
  Never missing one its place.
And eyes to eat up notes by the row.

Ply away, dearie, ply away,
A little bit better each day.
  That's how people train
  Fingers, eyes, and brain,
A trained will's nod to obey.

TAINTED MONEY.

The big touring-car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust.

"Thim chug wagons must cost a heap av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin money."

"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much aboot."—Success.

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Tomatoes, gallon tins, 35c for ... .25
Soups, condensed, 2 10c tins.... .15
Young America Cheese, Baby.... .50
Pint Bottles Catsup, guaranteed pure, 25c for..... .15
Pure Food Jams, 2-lb. tins, 3 for. .50
Deviled Ham, 5c tins..... .04
Honey Amber, new, gal. $1.10 tins ..... .90
Honey Golden, new, pure, 5-gal. 60-lb. 3.50
Codfish, boneless, fancy select chunks, 4 lbs..... .25
Best California Flour, $1.55 sacks, 50 lbs. 1.30
8 lbs. Rolled Wheat or Oats.... .25
Pickles, 5-gal. kegs, $1.25 reg.... .95
Catsup, tomato, gal. jugs, $1.00....75
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Covered Chambers, handles, $1.00 reg ..... .50
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Ready Mixed Paint, $1.50 cans for 1.25
Nails, 25 lbs., one or more sizes.. 1.00
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THE WAITING.

I wait and watch: before my eyes
  Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears uprise
  Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
  I hear the day-sounds swell and grow;
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop, in swift advance,
  The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
  I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet
The threshing-floors of God to beat,
  And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair,
  The steps of progress wait for me:
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
  A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
  And yet not mine if understood;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
  And God shall make the balance good.

Oh power to do! Oh baffled will!
  Oh prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
  And good but wished with God is done!

—John G. Whittier.

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"The trouble, I think, with us all
  Is the lack of a high conceit;
If each man thought
He was sent to the spot
  To make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the world,
  How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked,
And each one worked
  To help his fellows along."

It doesn't speak well for Oakland and Alameda county, nor for our boasted civilization, that a deputy county clerk should die at the hands of a mistress, quarreling over money which she had loaned to him in order that he might enter the saloon business. Men of better character should be found in such positions. The time will come when better men will be placed there, else our nation will go down into oblivion. As we write this note we think of what we wrote a day or two ago under the caption of "Acute Degeneration."

That was indeed a cathedral-like gift which came recently from New York for Grace Cathedral which the Protestant Episcopal Church plans to erect on the hills of San Francisco. It was a check for fifty thousand dollars, and the request accompanying it was that it should not be merged with any other fund, but should stand as "the memorial trust fund"—the principal to be kept intact, and the income used under the direction of the Bishop of the diocese. With the Crocker block on Nob hill in San Francisco as a great cathedral site, and well-equipped churches dotting the city, here and there, it ought to be possible to say of her as it was said of old of the second temple that the glory of the latter house was greater than that of the former. Cathedrals and churches will fail of their mission if they do not bring into the city more of the presence of him who by his presence made the second temple more glorious than the first.

It is comforting to learn that there is to be found occasionally something that somebody has not appropriated to his own use, to the detriment of the public. A daily paper, mentioning the recent exploration of Crater Lake cave in Southern Oregon by Joaquin Miller and others, states that it belongs to the government. After decades of such grabbing as has been disclosed during the last few years, it is astonishing that even a cave should be left. But it appears that the "Marble Halls of Oregon" came into the possession of the United States government only recently, and from private ownership. One of the exploring party which went through what Joaquin Miller has named the "Marble Halls of Oregon" says that the "halls" cover about a township and contain not less than twenty miles of chambers, halls, and rooms, many of which have never been opened. "The interior is composed of solid marble, white as snow, and of solid stalactites." The indications are that this cave will upon full exploration be found to be one of the most wonderful in the world—and will further add to the fame of the Pacific coast as the wonderland of the continent.

Governor-General Smith of the Philippine Islands is a Roman Catholic, and it is his right to be such. Whether it is his right to be and do what he was and did on a recent occasion is a question. Not long ago in company with his wife the governor-general visited the shrine of the Virgin of Antipolo, a wooden image which was carried from Mexico to the islands by Spanish friars more than two hundred years ago. It is believed by many in the islands that the image possesses miraculous powers, and they adore it in way of worship. A Manila paper describes as follows the visit of the governor-general to the shrine: "The church bells were chiming when Antipolo was reached. Padre Chonco, curate of the Virgin's edifice, stood ready in ceremonial robes, to escort the governor-general and his wife to the altar, while the other members of the party remained farther back. When two pieces of tin were drawn aside by unseen hands, exposing to view the Virgin of Antipolo shining white under the dome, Governor-general and Mrs. Smith dropped on their knees. They remained in this devout attitude several minutes, while Father Chonco and his assistants filled the building with heavy incense and chanted in honor of the image to which thousands of people have made pilgrimages year after year that the lame might walk, the blind see, and the insane regain their minds. This being over, the Smiths and their companions were accorded the rare privilege of going behind the altar, where a closer view was had of the wonderful image." It is said that before leaving Antipolo, the governor-general and Mrs. Smith, signed at the request of Father Chonco a petition to the Pope, asking that the Virgin of Antipolo be made the patron saint of the Philippine Islands. The Northwestern Christian Advocate remarks concerning this incident: "Since the acquisition of the Philippines the Roman Catholic Church has used every means to convey the impression that it has established official diplomatic relations with this country, and in this effort it has been aided by Roman Catholic government officials. Such officials should be made clearly to understand that the nation is not to be hitched to their sectarian wagon. Governor-General Smith would not humble himself before such an image in America. He knows that his fellow Catholics in this country would not respect him if he did."

"CAN A MAN OBSERVE THE SABBATH IN CALIFORNIA?"

The foregoing question was asked in an editorial in a recent number of the Sunday School Times.

In that connection it was said: Perhaps the devil's claim that Sunday agricultural labor is a necessity never received a harder blow than when the rural readers of The Sunday School Times accepted the invitation to cite in these columns (issue of March 24, 1906) their experiences on this point. It will be remembered that the evidence of hard, cold facts was overwhelming: from readers in California, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Colorado, New York, Michigan, Iowa, and Ohio, the answer came, based on the actual experience of farmers, that Sunday-labor (apart from caring for the physical needs of live stock) is not necessary to practical success, and that it has more than once blocked the way to practical success. But certain California Christians have a practical problem all their own. Two of them have written to The Sunday School Times about. One letter puts the problem for both:

"I was much interested in the replies to the Sabbath question. What would you do if you lived under an irrigation system? The water is turned into the 'laterals' from the main ditch, and water-takers have to use it by turn. What if your turn came on Sunday? It is a necessity, and if I refuse to use it when my turn comes, I lose my right to the water, and must wait until next 'turn,' and partially or entirely lose my crop."

The Times continues:

California has no Sunday law. One of the special causes for thanksgiving set down by the Sabbath Observance Association of the United States and Canada at the time of the 'Lord's Day Week,' last April, was the fact that there was on foot a 'movement to organize California with a view of having reenacted a much-needed Sunday law for that state.' But in the meantime, what shall a God-fearing California farmer do? Is there any hope for an exercise of practical piety while matters remain legally as they are? An expert legal view of the situation suggests that there is. A California attorney, who finds time from his professioinal duties to serve upon the State Sunday-school Association, has this to say of the matter:

"It is claimed that people living in irrigation sections of California are of necessity compelled to violate the Sabbath. Is it true that a man refusing to use his share of water when his turn thus comes on the Lord's Day thereby is deprived of the water?

"I have not been able to find that any court has ever directly passed upon this question. Moreover, there has been no Sunday law in California since 1883.

"It seems to me, however, that section IV, Article I, of the constitution of the State of California, expressly invalidates any regulations or laws by which a man would be forced to forego the exercise of his religious rights or else suffer the loss of property; and certainly to deprive him of water under these circumstances would be a very serious financial loss. The first paragraph of this section reads as follows: 'The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall be forever guaranteed in this State.'

"To make a man irrigate his land on Sunday on penalty of being deprived of water for his failure so to do, it seems to me violates the foregoing provision.

"Section 62 of the Wright Act, as the law governing irrigation districts is commonly designated, contains this provision: 'In case the volume of water in any stream or river shall not be sufficient to supply the continual wants of the entire country through which it passes, and susceptible of irrigation therefrom, then it shall be the duty of the water commissioners, constituted as hereinafter provided, to apportion in a just and equitable proportion a certain amount of said water upon certain or alternate weekly days to different localities, as they may in their judgment think best for the interest of all parties.'"

The attorney says as to this: "An apportionment of water which compels a person to use it on Sunday if he uses it at all does not appear to me to be an apportionment made with due regard to his legal and equitable rights, especially in view of the foregoing provision of the constitution of the State of California

"It is quite probable, however, that any objection made to receiving water on Sunday would be disregarded and the objector would suffer considerable loss and be put to considerable expense before his position would be vindicated by a decision of the courts."

The concluding comment of the Sunday School Times is "So it would look like a first-rate opportunity for some hardy Christian man in the Golden State to tatke God at his word and confidently put this thing to the test. It ought not to surprise any one that it may call for some good, honest fighting to bring the right result to pass. The devil never yields easily. But he is being forced back, inch by inch, in this Sabbath-observance struggle, as recent events are proving. Some one will win the California victory against the devil; and it might just as well be one of the correspondents who have brought this question up."

"Take God at his word!" That is a good suggestion. There is a wide call for that in this day and age of the world. People are not doing it as generally as they should. It is the man who does it who will win in the long run—and the long run takes in not only the life that now is but also the life that is to come.

In some of the trying experiences which come upon Christians in the stress and strain of modern life, it is well that they pause and consider whether these are not such tests as came to the Man of Nazareth in the days of his temptation in the wilderness. Passing through them angels came and ministered unto him. So will they minister to all who overcome.

Oh, for men in every work in life who will do the right—what God has given them to see to be the right—let the consequences be what they may! The day is coming when men will so act. It was foreshadowed when Jesus told the disciples to pray: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

In view of what the attorney herein quoted has said it is not probable that any extreme loss would be suffered by persons bringing this Sunday irrigation matter to a decision in the courts. We believe with the Sunday School Times that here is a fine opportunity to test this matter—and for the very persons who have been writing concerning it. This much is plain. What they ought to do if the courts should decide against them would be for them to conclude later. But as hereinbefore said it is high time that more professing Christians were taking God at his

word. The Christian world is in great danger of forgetting what many of the heroes of the faith endured in the past in order that they might be counted worthy to live and reign with Christ.

ACUTE DEGENERATION.

The old geographies divided the nations of the earth into savage, half-civilized, civilized and enlightened, says the New York Christian Advocate. The division at present, it remarks, is not so easy, for the so-called enlightened nations contain an immense proportion of half civilized and savage people. To describe the City of New York as half civilized, the Advocate says, would be regarded as a slander, "but whoever might do so could adduce abundant evidence."

Then, in its issue for August the 8th, the Advocate, under the caption "Acute Degeneration", continues:

"Up to Friday last, during a few months, one hundred and seventeen women and girls have been assaulted, some of them as inhumanly as ever savages treated their victims.

"As the editor of this paper was returning to the office, accompanied by a friend, a few days ago, he saw a very large crowd in front of the Century building. A single glance showed that it was no ordinary crowd. It was quiet, and contained many persons whose dress at least would not suggest either poverty or riotous living. The crowd, which then numbered perhaps three or four hundred, in a very few minutes became more than a thousand. We crossed the street, mingled with the crowd, penetrated to the center, and there upon the pavement, a few yards from the entrance to his place of business, lay a merchant whose estate is valued at many hundreds of thousands of dollars—a gentleman accomplished in various ways, charitable and philanthropic. His name was H. S. Tavshanjian. There, in the middle of the day, an insignificant looking person rushed upon him and without a word shot him dead. The assassin fled, but was captured after he had shot a young man, inflicting a very serious injury—an injury that may make him a cripple for life. It turned out that this gentleman was an importer of oriental rugs and carpets. His establishment occupied one full story of the building. From where all had been quietness a few minutes before, the body of the merchant, the assassin, and the wounded young man were taken away—the body to his beautiful residence and broken-hearted wife, the assassin to prison, and the wounded young man to the New York hospital. A nest of blackmailers, revolutionists and conspirators of various types has been uncovered. There seems to have been a society among the Armenians named Hunchakists, originally formed to promote insurrection against the Turkish government, but it fell into the hands of villains and the decent Armenians seceded from it, calling themselves reformed Hunchakists. Between the original society and the reformed the most intense hatred exists. The former have been writing to rich Armenians, threatening them with death if they did not furnish certain amounts of money by a given time. The money secured by such frauds has been spent largely for personal ends, and several persons who have refused to contribute very large sums specified have been killed.

"The United States is cursed at the present time with the feuds of vendettas of every country on the globe. Our doors have swung open wide. Murderers flee from other countries to this. While there is more stringency in the administration of the laws concerning immigration than formerly, they are not by any means adequate to meet the emergency. The police of this city now appear to be utterly inadequate to meet the necessities. A number of years ago we could point to Chicago as an example of a misgoverned city. To do so now, would be a case of the pot calling the kettle black."

These are only a few of the things going to show that this great nation needs to pray in the words of the poet,

> "Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Fair though our outlook be in many respects, we have within us seeds of decay, and they are sown not only by those who come to us from other lands, but as well by those of our own blood. The ultimate nation on American soil will not be the one that today so highly vaunts itself unless it shall mend its ways and show herself fit to survive. As to peoples and nations, as well as to other things, it is to be the survival of the fittest.

SOME SUGGESTIVE STATISTICS.

Professor Charles J. Bushnell, of Washington, D. C., has compiled statistics which, in his opinion, show that our country is tending towards bankruptcy. This trend is attributed in part to the increase of the criminal and pauper classes, the cost of maintaining which is $6,000,000 a year. Ten millions of the people, one-eighth the population, he says, are now constantly in such poverty that they are unable to maintain themselves in physical efficiency; and 4,000,000 of them are paupers. In 1899—one of the prosperous years—18 per cent, or nearly one-fifth of all the people of the state of New York, had to apply for charitable relief; in 1903, 14 per cent of all families in Manhattan were evicted; every year about 10 per cent of all who die have a pauper's burial. The average wage of unskilled workmen throughout the country is less than the scientific minimum necessary for maintaining the average wokingman's family in physical efficiency. The last three of the United States censuses show that the insane in this country increased proportionately faster than the population. Dr. Bushnell also calls attention to the increasing use of intoxicating liquors as a source of national decadence. The annual consumption of intoxicating liquors increased in the last twenty-seven years from eight to more than twenty gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country. When it is remembered that two-thirds of all crime and disorder invariably is connected with drunkenness, it will be seen that this is a matter of vital concern.

Mills College opened for the year last week with an unusually large number of students. The institution, always popular, grows in favor with the passing years. It is a great work which Mrs. Mills has done in establishing and conducting this educational institution on the Pacific coast. It will stand ever as a fine monument to an earnest, well-spent life.

THE ULTIMATE NATION.

Once Babylon, by beauty tenanted,
  In pleasure palaces and walks of pride,
Like a great scarlet flower reared her head,
  Drank in the sun and laughed and sinned and died.

Where Tyre and Sidon teemed with ships aload,
  The wharves are idle and the waters lone;
And to the Temple that was His abode
  In vain Jerusalem recalls her own.

Brooding the bygone from her sculptured seats,
  In living rock her mighty memories hewn,
Along the Nile, wonder of water streets,
  Old fertile Egypt is a stranger's boon.

Mark Athens, breathed upon by breath of gods,
  With bards and sages to reveal her signs,
Leap like a flame above life's iron clods,
  To fall in ashes upon vacant shrines.

And Rome, firm-founded in a wide emprise;
  Her laws and legions, her imperial goal,
Avail not when her sometime honor dies,
  Smothered in shows that kill the mounting soul.

Such names of pride and power have been brought low,
  Lapsing alike into the cavernous years;
Out of the grayness of the long ago
  Their ghosts flit homeless and we guess their tears.

The destiny of nations! They arise,
  Have their heyday of triumph, and in turn
Sink upon silence and the lidless eyes
  Of fate salute them from their final urn.

How splendid-sad the story! How the gust
  And pain and bliss of living transient seem!
Cities and pomps and glories shrunk to dust,
And all that ancient opulence a dream.

Must a majestic rythm of rise and fall
  Conquer the peoples once so proud on earth?
Does man but march in circles, after all,
  Playing his curious game of death and birth?

Or shall an ultimate nation, God's own child,
  Arise and rule, nor ever conquered be;
Untouched of time because, all undefiled,
  She makes His ways her ways eternally?

Richard Burton in the Century Magazine.

SINGING RUBBISH.

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, who came recently from England to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, has been taking Americans to task, in a Chautauqua address, for the rubbish they are singing in their churches. The New York Mail comments as follows:

Dr. Charles F. Aked is right. Americans are singing a certain amount of rubbish, most of which is imported from England, in their churches, simply because they are accustomed to sing it. Dr. Aked, at Chautauqua, has been reminding us of this. A newcomer, he is looking at our life with a keen eye for little anomalies to which we have long been habit-blind. One of these anomalies is that, in a land which has produced scores, perhaps hundreds, of writers of good devotional or religious verse, we go on supplying old-world words to the airs we sing in our churches.

"You are afraid," says Dr. Aked, "to use the beautiful religious poems which your own writers have given to the world." Apparently we are. Who is aware of any singing version, for instance, of Whittier's "Eternal Goodness?" Or of Dr. T. W. Parson's exquisite "Paradisi Gloria?" Several of Emerson's and Lowell's hymn-like chants are nobly worthy of devotional use, though in truth neither of these two poets was very regardful of the "singing quality" in writing verse. Stoddard's "Mors et Vita" is religious in its suggestion, and thoroughly musical in its form. So is Helen Hunt Jackson's "Last Prayer" and Theodore Parker's "Higher Good."

Hymnologists could do much worse, in choosing words to set to sacred music, than take Sidney Lanier's "Ballad of the Trees and the Master," or Edward Rowland Sill's "Prayer," with its fine last stanza, beginning "Oh, love us, for we love thee, Maker, God!" Rev. Theron Brown and Hezekiah Butterworth have written some excellent religious verses, and so have Bishops A. Cleveland Coxe and George W. Doane. No doubt there are people who will be shocked by the suggestion, but several of Walt Whitman's pieces would make magnificent chants—among them "Come, lovely and soothing death," and "Darest thou now, O soul?"

Dr. Aked is on the right track, but he goes a little too far in saying that "in America most of the hymns are doggerel." Of course there is good doggerel and bad doggerel. Some hymns and songs probably are doggerel, like "Coronation" and "The Ninety and Nine," but they approach the sublime, nevertheless. One line will often lift up a commonplace poem into the empyrean. Nothing is rubbish if it serves a high purpose. The Negro "spirituals" are good poetry—to the people who sing them with emotion; and some of them, like the words of "Let my people go" and "Swing low, sweet chariot," are good poetry anyway.

THE IOWA FANATICS.

Accounts of the actions of these fanatics indicate that they differ somewhat from those who have at different times of late been manifesting themselves in a few communities on the Pacific coast.

We condense the following from the Methodist Protestant of Baltimore:

It seems incredible that people of ordinary intelligence can so misinterpret and pervert the simple rational and natural principles of Christ's gospel as to make them serve the ends of silly, heartless and inexcusable fanaticism. There is a cult in Iowa of which Mrs. Scott M. Ladd, wife of the Chief Justice of that State, is the leader. It claims hat its followers receive the power to speak strange and unknown tongues by a sudden and inexplicable inspiration, and are thereby at once fitted to go to distant heathen tribes and teach them in their own tongue. They go off into trances and awake with this new power. It is a pretty safe trick. Nobody knows, for example, whether it is the language of a wild tribe in the jungles of Africa, or the mere discordant jargon of a brain bewildered and debauched by fanaticism.

The account of the meeting held July 14, in Des Moines, also developed a mehod of celestial guidance in love affairs. A virtual marriage in heaven—is the latest addition to the many strange things in the cult that Mrs. Scott M. Ladd heads and fosters. A "power" so odd and mysterious as to baffle the best experts of the city wields its influence over the destinies of a sect that has no equal in the United States.

Suddenly jumping up in the midst of a stirring meeting, John Brewster exclaimed:

"O, Lord, lead me to Mrs. Clyde Miller, whom the

spirit tells me to marry."

"Glory!" shouted Mrs. Miller. "My heart has left my body, and it tells me to become the wife of John Brewster."

Within six hours a license was procured and within the sacred precincts of the mission-house the couple were married, while the congregation stood and shouted their blessings as the ceremony proceeded.

Mrs. Miller is, incidentally, the possessor of twelve different languages, gained through the "power" she received in meetings and at various other times and ways. But her experiences are no different than those of the thirty other disciples of the religious body.

Moaning and rolling on the floor, going into trances that last for hours and being able to speak with no apparent training the languages of foreign races, these, in brief, are some of the "manifestations" that come to the followers of Mrs. Ladd's queer mission.

Mrs. Lila Miller while in a trance became the wife of George Sturges. When she recovered she ran two blocks to the river bridge nearby and back, then sank fainting to the floor, muttering, "Oh, God, deliver me from this." Soon after she fell into a trance lasting three days. When she became herself she was able to speak the African language, and with her husband will go to the Dark Continent to do missionary work.

Pretty Ethel Wallace lay all night in the mission-house, which was silent and deserted. When the meetings were resumed the following evening she was still there. Her skirts were awry. The shirt waist was open in front. In the rear of the building snickering youths made indecent remarks about the sprawling figure.

Without warning she sprang to her feet. Her hands twitched convulsively and her face worked terribly in its shroudlike pallor. Then she began to dance. She screamed and dug her nails into her flesh until the blood came. With a shriek she sprang toward Dr. W. A. Guile, who had attended the meeting in an effort to prevent the terrible work, and would have scratched out his eyes had she not been prevented. Then with a sigh she sank to the floor in utter collapse.

Miss Prudence Van Gilder, a pretty music teacher, lay in a trance for thirty days. She was unable to speak in all that time. Food was forced through her locked teeth by a tube. Hundreds of people visited her. At the end of the month she arose from her cot. But when she spoke it was in an unknown tongue. No one could understand it. Two weeks later, while attending a meeting, she was again stricken. Her body was as rigid and hard as marble, and it required the efforts of six strong men to carry her slight form to her home.

Judge Ladd, who is naturally in a most delicate position, has issued the following statement:

"No one can more profoundly regret these matters than I do. While I believe in absolute freedom of thought and religious belief, I also indorse the sentiment that the latter should be exercised without infraction of law.

"Some are differently constituted than others, and, though most people enjoy their religion decorously, others must shout and indulge in physical demonstrations. No man should interfere with the latter, unless they interfere with the rights of others, and then the law may be invoked for protection.

"I have not lent the mission my support financially or otherwise, and if Mrs. Ladd has participated in rendering the place obnoxious to the neighborhood, or in treating children as reported, no one can be more determined to correct this condition than I am.

"I shall investigate the matter thoroughly, and I need not further assure the public of the rectitude of my purpose. It is an exceedingly delicate matter to me, and, as will be manifest from a little reflection, a subject I discuss only from a sense of duty to those who have trusted me so much."

It is not strange that persons here and there should work themselves into a frenzy over a fad or a hobby, and proclaim it with all the enthusiasm of truth, but it is unaccountable that such a frenzy should enlist followers, who soon become more frantic and more fanatical than the originators of it. Can it be that Dowieism, Christian Science, The Gift of Tongues people, Holy Rollers, etc., prove, not only the Americans like to be humbugged, but that many of them take pleasure in being humbugs?

COLLEGE TRAINED MEN AND RAILROADING.

A Demand for Them.

According to the New York Tribune, men with college training are to be in greater demand on the Pennsylvania Railroad henceforth. The management it is said is making special efforts to get apprentices who have a technical education.

With the tremendous New York improvements of the Pennsylvania and other extensions all along the line there is the increasing need for operating men and engineers of experience and judgment. New places of responsibility are being created which are especially suited to men graduated from technical schools.

The Pennsylvania at the start gives a college man sufficient pay to afford him proper support, but there is no "soft snap" for him. He has to begin at the bottom of practical railroading.

It is in the maintenance of way department that the trained man is needed most these days. First he is rodman in the office of a division assistant engineer or in the construction branch of the department. After serving his term as rodman he is sent to Altoona.

Altoona is the seat of the greatest railroad educational establishment in the world. The novice is put to work in the yards there, which are seven miles long and contain about 210 miles of tracks. He learns the intricacies of shifting, how to keep car records, to manipulate signals, to classify cars, and to do many other things.

Altoona yards are left for the road. The graduate has now become assistant supervisor, and is assigned to some stretch of the line. Steel rails, crossties, ballast, tie plates, nuts, bolts, ditches for drainage—all these have to be known thoroughly. Then, perhaps, the assistant becomes a full-fledged supervisor; after that come the grades of assistant engineer and superintendent. When the college man gets to be a superintendent he has qualified as a railroad expert.

For the college man trained as mechanical engineer there is a special course at Altoona. He becomes a "special apprentice." He goes through the shops—boiler, blacksmith, wheel, car, tank and all the rest. Part of the time is spent in the drafting room and part in the testing room. Three months the railroad student devotes to firing an engine on the road. After this experience his promotions begin and he can reach the top.

THE REFORMED JEW AND SUNDAY.

What the Change From the Saturday Sabbath Indicates.

A Chicago paper stated recently concerning Rabbi Hirsch of that city:

"His broad toleration led him in 1886 to adopt for Sinai Temple the observance of the Christian Sunday instead of the Saturday sabbath of the orthodox Jewish Church. Not many of his congregation took kindly to the idea in its material substance. Affection for the leader of the congregation, however, led his people to the acceptance of the idea."

A member of the Rabbi's congregatioin made correction of this statement, saying that the change was effected by the congregation before Dr. Hirsch took charge; and, continuing, he said:

The vital principles of Judaism are the opposite of those of the Christian Church (not of the teachings of Christ, but of the Christian Church; mark well the distinction). The founders of our reform movement in transferring the sabbath day from Saturday to Sunday were not actuated by any idea of making concessions to the Church, as they have so often been accused, but by their anxiety to give the modern Jew, who had lost his sabbath on account of the changes in economic conditions, a sabbath again; and as the Jew could only observe the sabbath spirit on the universal day of rest, this change was made. Let it be understood, however, that in making the change the Jew had no intention of making the slightest concession to the Christian Church.

"Reformed Judaism is as much of a protest to the fundamental spirit of Christanity as is its orthodox wing, although both are most heartily in accord with the teachings of the mild and gentle Jew of Nazareth.

"Our reform movement is not a road toward Christianity, as our opponents would have the world believe, but a road deeper into the sublime ideals of Judaism."

EARLY MORNING ON RUSSIAN RIVER.

What says the river on its way?
  See, here it sleeps, and there it wakes
And stirs, as fuller light of day
  The far-off Radiance nearer makes.

Deep where it sleeps the shadows lie;
  Naught but the Near is mirrored there;
In restful green of varied dye,
  The friendly trees its bosom share.

* * * * * *

Do quiet souls find truer joys
  Where homely duties closer press
For human hands' and hearts' employ,—
  Life's glare apart, and heat and stress?

But this too, says the river's flow:
  Where motion is, there, there, is light!
And flash and sparkle are the glow
  Of Something near yet out of sight.

Still trees and changeless banks are dear
  To weary souls when Might seems Right:
Earth's stir and onrush shall make clear
  What meant that word, Let there be Light

Though checkered, changeful, is the way,
  And Life a broken current shows,
Earth catches clearer Heaven's ray,
  And Heaven's secret sooner knows.

W. W. Lovejoy.

Guerneville, Cal., August 10th, 1907.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles.—The Olivet Presbyterian. Church, Highland Park, has arranged to purchase a location on the corner of avenue Fifty-eighth and Ash street for the building which it is planning to erect.

Berkeley, St. Johns.—A lot 114 by 120 feet in size has been purchased on the corner of Piedmont avenue and Stuart street on which a house of worship will be erected. A chapel which will be used eventually for Sunday-school purposes will be built first. This will be used for a while for the preaching services, until the main auditorium is constructed. The location is a fine one, in one of the most desirable residence parts of the city, and undoubtedly a strong and influential organization will be built up there in a very few years. Professor Paterson of the San Francisco Theological Seminary continues as acting pastor.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Presbyterians will have a church building soon at Columbia, Nevada, one mile from Goldfield.

It is said that the church building now in process of erection by the Presbyterians of Long Beach will cost more than $60,000.

The Rev. Dr. Spinning is occupying the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles during the pastor's vacation.

In the article by the Rev. H. F. Burgess, entitled "Some Missionary Experiences in the State of Washington," there is mention of the unique federation of churches at Sunnyside in that state, in which Presbyterians and Congregationalists are yet interested. The article by Mr. Burgess will be found to be one of considerable interest.

The Alhambra Advocate of August the 10th says: "Rev. B. V. Bazata, for many years pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city, came here on Thursday for a brief visit to his mother and sisters. He has spent more than two years in the Hawaiian Islands. It will be pleasing to many of his old parishioners to hear him once more. He is in fine health. His wife and baby are in Oakland at the home of her parents."

The California Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ will be held in Oakland next week, Bishop Bell presiding. The new church building in which the conference is to be held will be dedicated on Sunday September the 1st. We congratulate the United Brethren on all that they have accomplished in Oakland since they purchased the

property of the Fourth Congregational Church a few years ago, at the time of its change of location. It has been a most excellent work and the United Brethren Church is a great influence for good in Oakland. We welcome to our cities about the bay these earnest Christian men and women as they shall gather from different parts of the state next week and consider the interests of the kingdom of our common Master.

A Los Angeles paper says that the new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles and the lot on which it stands represents an expenditure of about $300,000. "The church has a frontage on East Colorado street of 250 feet, and on Madison avenue of 240 feet. It is of the Gothic style of architecture, and is composed of stone veneer on solid brick walls. There have been two varieties of made-stone used in the construction, the material and different colors having been furnished by the quarries at Sespe and Chatsworth Park, and both are excellent imitation of brown stone. The building is practically divided into two parts, the main section on the east side being devoted exclusively to the church proper, and the other is to be devoted to less sacred affairs of the congregation. There are three main entrances two on Colorado street and one on Madison avenue. The church auditorium, including three galleries, has a seating capacity for 1800 persons. There are two iron side stairways and two frnot stairways, leading to the galleries. The interior is finished in Oregon pine stained a handsome dark olive color. A large organ will be installed in the rear of the pastor's pulpit with an echo organ in the tower. There will be still another organ in the Sunday-school auditorium in the other main wing. Sixty feet from the floor is the dome, which is to be finished with stained glass, of which all the windows are being made. To the top of the church steeple the distance is 145 feet, which makes it the highest point on any building in Pasadena."

RESIGNATION OF THE REV. DR. CURRY AT VACAVILLE.

The Rev. Dr. James Curry closed a pastorate of four years and seven months at Vacaville on the last Sunday in July. He preached his farewell sermon in the forenoon of that Sunday and in the evening a union service was held in which the other churches participated.

Dr. Curry's sermon in the morning was in part an historical review.

The church is 34 years old, having been organized July 11, 1873. Since then there have been ten pastors, which would make the average stay for each one less than three and a half years. All of these ministers are still living. Rev. A. J. Compton, M. D., was in Eureka, Nev., one year ago. Mrs. Compton died a year or two ago. Mr. Ballagh is in Wickenburg, Ariz.; Mr. Beard is totally blind, has lost all his children but one, and lives with his wife in Los Gatos, Cal.; Mr. Edmunds was recently at Hillman, Wash., but not preaching; Mr. Ross has a church in Zanesville, O; Mr. McLean is at Clarinda, Ia.; Mr. Eldridge preaches in St. John's church, San Francisco; Mr Jones demitted, or gave up the ministry about 1903, and is now practicing law, while Mr. Strachan is in Arcola, Canada. Six of the ten are graduates of the San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, Cal.

The church has had fifteen ruling elders, three of whom still serve the church. Three of the charter members are still members of the church.

Since the organization of the church there have been united with it by letter from other churches 200, on examination 150, making a total of 350.

During the pastorate of Dr. Curry 24 have been received by letter and 28 on examination. This is a total of 52, an average of about 12 a year. During this time the membership has increased from 92 to 132, making a net increase of 40 members. The pastor has baptized 19 persons and officiated at 11 marriages and 28 funerals. The Sabbath-school enrolls 90 members.

During the present pastorate the church has raised about $10,000 for all purposes. Of this there has been given for the improvement of the house of worship, manse and grounds about $800, and for missions and benevolence about $650. An old church debt of about $1,300, that had been standing for a dozen years or more, has been paid off, and when the small amount due on current expenses for the past year is paid the church will be entirely free from debt. The various departments for church work are well organized and officered, and with the coming of a new pastor the church should continue to move forward in its good work.

In his farewell sermon Dr. Curry spoke of eight things necessary to the success of the work of the church: First, true Christian life and example; second, a morally clean town; third, better observance of the Sabbath; fourth, diligent care for the young people, who are more important than fruit, grain, pleasure, business or money; fifth, more earnest Christian work; sixth, more generous giving; seventh, loyalty to your own church, its services, work and pastor; eighth, sustaining the cause of missions, which was recently declared by a newspaper correspondent, who was sent by the proprietor of a great Eastern newspaper to investigate the work of missions in China, to be "the greatest work the United States is engaged in outside of her own territory."

In closing his sermon Dr. Curry urged his hearers ever to look to God for guidance, help and blessing, and to a daily study of the Bible, which is fitted to build them up in the true Christian life and secure for them an inheritance in heaven at last.

Thus was closed a faithful work of nearly five years; it was such as will abide.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Wicher has an interesting article in the June number of the Sierra Club Bulletin entitled "The Ascent of Asama-Yama." It is an account of mountain climbing he did in Japan while pastor of the Union Church in Kobe. It is illustrated with some fine views of the mountain.

Dr. Landon delivered a lecture on "A Yankee in Ireland" on Thursday evening last at Camp Meeker On Sabbath he preached for the First Church in San Jose. Their pastor, Rev. H. H. McQuilken, is absent on vacation.

Rev. F. W. Doane, '92, has done a splendid work at

Camp Meeker. While carrying on his arduous work in San Francisco, he has, during his vacation intervals, succeeded in building at Camp Meeker a very neat chapel and an equally neat and comfortable manse. There is no debt on either. The manse is furnished and is for the use, not of Mr. Doane, who has his own cottage, but of such ministers as may supply the church from month to month during the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Doane are both verv diligent and unselfish toilers in the Master's vineyard.

The President of the Board of Directors has appointed Dr. Landon, Rev. Geo. G. Eldredge and Mr. Chas. A. Laton a committee to arrange for the inauguration of Professors Moore and Paterson. No date has yet been determined upon.

Rev. William J. Sharp, of South Tacoma, Wash., who took the major part of his theological course here in the class of '03, was married on Wednesday, the 14th, to Miss Hattie I. Roberts, of Seattle.

The Interior of August 15th, gave Dr. Moore the place of honor, putting a very good picture of him on the first page. It also contained a very complimentary reference to Dr. Moore's life, work and qualifications for his present position.

Dr. Wicher occupies a page and a half in a recent number of the New York Observes, with an article setting forth some of the special features of the work done and to be done by this Seminary. It is illustrated with several new and very fine cuts of the buildings and surroundings.

SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

H. F. Burgess.

It is now eight months since I became one of the pastors of the Sunnyside Church Federation and the missionary representative of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society for Central Washington.

The Church Federation.

Six denominations federated into one organization in a community having a total population of about 4,000 seemed to me almost ideal. I had long deprecated the divisive tendency of our Protestant Christianity and I believed that here we had a practical demonstration of the fact that brethren of different creeds could worship together in the true Christian spirit of love and unity. The plan seemed to me quite in harmony with the proposed union of denominations to be considered at our National Council. The Sunnyside Federation of Churches, which is nearly as old as the town itself, has rendered valuable service. Several denominations thus uniting were able to put up a commodious meeting house long before the various churches could have built independently. Worship was centralized and the church-going habit promoted.

A gentleman from Pomeroy was driven into Sunnyside one Sunday morning, and seeing the streets lined with people and conveyances, he asked if there was a circus in town. He could hardly believe it when told that the people were only going to church, as usual. Moral influences and revival efforts were thus effectively concentrated.

The Congregational organization, being one of the smallest, found the Federation a very convenient arrangement. It enabled them to keep a pastor and still allow him time to fill another position with the Sunday-school Society, thus supplementing his income until such time as the local church should be able to assume his entire support and command the means to build a house of worship on the two valuable lots they have already purchased.

As the population increased, the Federated Church building was outgrown and had to be enlarged. Denominational zeal became more pronounced and the constraints incident to federation became more keenly felt. Each denomination in the Federation had its own pastor and church organization. All parties being co-ordinate, there was no head. Occasionally a prayer meeting had no leader appointed. Strangers complained of receiving no welcome. Denominational benevolences could not be brought before the congregation.

The Sunday-school could not use denominational literature of any kind. The Endeavor Society was deprived of such definite objects as come through our denominational boards. Pastors were delicate about offering help and counsel to young people who were not identified with their own people, and they were sometimes neglected.

The Methodists were the first to propose disintegration. They were joined by the Baptists and members of the Christian Church. These offered to sell their interests in the Federated property at 60 cents on the dollar. The three remaining denominations, embracing the Brethren, Congregational and Presbyterian, formed a new Federation for a period of time not less than three years and bought the property. The arrangement is generally regarded as temporary, for, as one man expressed it, "There are not many families which would care to occupy a house in common with several other families, with the constant danger of offending or being offended and the absence of privacy. Interests and opinions are bound to differ, more or less. Hence, as a rule, each family prefers to have some place all to itself which it can call home."

I have learned to include my church when I sing, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." A federation of the members of different denominations would doubtless be a success if they could all unite upon one pastor, but such an organization would be essentially a Congregational Church.

A Dark Mystery.

The founders of Sunnyside sought to build a town that should forever be free from saloons. It became evident that "blind pigs" were dispensing intoxicating drinks. Evidence was obtained and local convictions secured, but the county authorities refused to prosecute the offenders. The Sunday ball game was introduced, and there was open talk of saloons in Sunnyside. The indignation of the better element became so great that a mass meeting was called, over which I had the honor of presiding. A "Good Citizens' League" was formed, for the enforcement of law and order.

H. E. Nicolai, a very prominent and public-spirited citizen, who had been active in securing evidence against "blind pigs," was elected president. On taking the chair, he spoke of his enmity to the saloon and his determination to do all in his power

to keep it out of Sunnyside, though his life had been threatened.

About six weeks later, our community was horrified by the report that Mr. Nicolai had mysteriously disappeared, the night before, on his way home from town. Searching parties started in every direction, looking for some clue to his fate. A reward of $1,200 was offered for his body, dead or alive, but, to the present day, the mystery remains unsolved. The county authorities showed so little interest in the matter that a committee of our League waited upon them, last week, and obtained an appropriation, not to exceed $1,000, to be used in investigation.

Last week two of us went to Zillah, about 17 miles from Sunnyside, to stir up public sentiment. Our cry was: "No saloons under the Sunnyside Canal." A local League was formed, and within two days they presented the County Commissioners such a petition against granting the saloon license, which had been applied for by the neighboring town of Granger, that the license was denied.

The sacrifice of this human life has so thoroughly aroused the anti-saloon sentiment of this community, that, one after another, those who are saloon sympathizers are selling out and leaving town.

Preaching the Gospel to the Poor.

Being one of three pastors in our Federation, I have to be in Sunnyside every third Sunday only. The other two I devote to Sunday-school work in the outlying districts. My initiation into this branch of the service was a run-away, in which the deacon who drove and I narrowly escaped with our lives. I soon adopted horseback riding as the most practical way, within my means, of getting over the country. My first trip of this kind was to a land of homesteads. At nightfall I came to the home to which I had been directed, and found the house to consist of one room and a small lean-to kitchen. The family was composed of husband, wife and one child. The young wife seemed rather embarrassed, but I managed to secure lodgings with a bachelor on an adjoining place.

On another occasion, I rode thirty miles over ice and snow, in a bleak north wind, to Dead Canyon. There had been some mistake about the announcement, and when I reached the school house it was locked up, and not a soul in sight. Fortunately I had a companion with me. Not a human habitation could be seen, except a sheepherder's tent-house on wheels.

Finding no one there, we built a fire in the stove and made some coffee to drink with the lunch we had brought. When we had finished, we washed the dishes, swept the floor, and got fresh water. You are expected to take such liberties, but if you do not leave things as you find them, you may have to answer for it at the point of a revolver.

Traveling last winter was made unusually difficult in the Yakima Valley by the washing away of bridges. In going to the Wenas Valley I used to borrow a horse and sled of Brother Herbert, in the Natchez, and drive twelve miles over the divide. I had to return to the Natchez in the night, after the evening service, in order to catch the only train for North Yakima, next day. It was a long, solitary ride to cross those mountains alone, — miles, perhaps, at times—from a dwelling, and no other light than that of the stars feebly reflected by the snow. Sensation was benumbed when, long after midnight, I quietly crept into our good brother's parsonage, where the latch-string had been left out and a cosy nook prepared for me to crawl into.

The oldest settler at Barrel Springs tells me I am the only minister who has ever been there. From Black Rock, I tried to find my way home by a short cut. I lost the trail, and wandered about in the sage brush until after midnight. Fortunately, the moon was full, and at last I regained my bearings. In Horse Heaven, after organizing a Sunday-school, one Sunday morning, I was driven eight miles to another district, where a Sunday-school was already in progress. At the close, I preached to a congregation which exceeded the capacity of the schoolhouse. One man told me that was the second sermon he had heard in seven years. After shaking hands cordially with another man, I found he had left a dollar in my hand. He said he had never heard a sermon which did him so much good, before.

In the Rattlesnake Hills, I have organized two Sunday-schools. From one of these schools, the teacher of the Young People's class writes me as follows:

"Our Sunday-school has kept up splendidly. I have been especially pleased with the interest the young men took. For the first time for several springs they did not organize a Sunday baseball team. The leaders were at Sunday-school every Sunday, and they always appeared so interested. Once or twice, as I have been talking to them, the tears coursed down their cheeks. That seemed like interest to me."

"We are very grateful to you for your help in organizing the Sunday-school and hope to have you with us 'ere long to give us another one of those good sermons.' "

Does it not pay to do this kind of work?

Much of the wheat land in this region has suffered from successive crop-failures. In one of these places I heard a friend say: "No man in this community has one cent which can properly be called his own."

Pointing to some of our large wealthy churches, the cynic sometimes asks with a sneer: "Is the gospel being preached to the poor?" I answer "Yes. The poor may not often be found in those churches, but the contributions of those congregations go far toward supporting such work as that I am describing. They send the gospel both at home and abroad to hundreds of people too poor to sustain a preacher."

Our Home Life.

We are conscious of the contrast between life in a favored city like Oakland, from which we came, and life in a primitive settlement without even the conveniences of public lights and water. But we believe the best time to influence a community for good or for evil is when it is young and rapidly growing.

Our moving expenses being greater than we anticipated, we have been unable, thus far, to secure any means of conveyance suitable for our work. A saddle-horse I had several months for the keeping was sold, and the one I am now riding, a friend in Berkeley has promised to buy for me, in the interest of the cause of Home Missions.

Half an acre of ground goes with the house we are renting, and we have a good kitchen garden. Hearing, one evening, of a swarm of bees, unclaimed, we bought a hive and captured it. We have chickens, and the use of a cow for the keeping. Our haystack, like the widow's cruise of oil, has kept replenished for some time without expense to us. Some of our friends have placed a "Farmers' Phone" at our disposal, which we find very convenient.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

The laymen's missionary movement has in it the elements which are to redeem the world. This movement is incidentally and significantly interdenominational and international and therefore general and spontaneous. It is an endorsement of the missionary work full of meaning to the whole church both at home and abroad. This new impulse certainly came from above. The laymen who rise to the level of this movement will neglect no interest of the church at home. Their personal experience will be enriched and the church will be affectionately regarded. There is nothing which will take the selfishness out of us so absolutely as the study and practical promotion of missionary work.

The laymen have gone about the matter in the right way. They have been visiting the mission fields, seeking knowledge at first hand. They do this not as a fad but from a great primary desire to help save the world. They come home and talk in brotherhood, prayer-meeting and other meetings and lecture upon the observations made abroad. These laymen have had the good judgment not to effect a new organization nor attempt to discount in any way what is being done. They propose to increase the efficiency of the present board of missions and in every legitimate way arouse the church to the world's need of Jesus Christ. Mr. Robert J. Buchanan in his recent address before the San Francisco Preachers' Meeting stated the whole case in this sentence: "The Laymen's Missionary Movement is **not** a new missionary organization, but it is a vital stirring of the laymen to assist existing Christian enterprises." In fact it means that the emphasis on missionary work shall not be confined alone to the ministry. The ministry has carried this burden alone too long. To our feeling in this matter the movement has not come a moment too soon. With a **consecrated** ministry and a **concentrated** laity the present century will see the final triumph of the Gospel over part of the world. The world's sorrow with all the grotesque shadows of superstition, the world's wailing sign coming up continually from a heart smothered in bitter smoke of injustice and wrong will flee away before the rising sun of joy and the song from the heart made glad by the presence of Jesus Christ. This is a great millennium movement. The church, so long poorly equipped, a beggar trying to do the work of the world must now prepare for larger things. There must be an adequate leadership. We must also become more profoundly good and true and sincere. Money, influence, numbers and multiplied agencies will not save the world. The church, the glorious church of Jesus Christ, must always remember that with every increase of means and agencies and appliances must come deeper sincerity, more profound conviction, more of the sense of God in us and God with us in the work of saving the world. —California Christian Advocate.

"The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years."

A GOOD RESULT.

Under the operation of the new Pure Food Laws, baking powders now generally bear on the labels a statement of the ingredients. This is of utmost importance because of the harmful ingredients in many cases.

Royal Baking Powder is known to be the only baking powder made of Royal Grape Cream of Tartar, and this, no doubt, explains its greatly increased sale here.

Careful housekeepers are taking advantage of the protection which the Laws afford, and are examining all the reading matter on the back of the label before adopting any brand for use in the home.

When in place of the words Cream of Tartar the words "alum," "aluminum" or "phosphate of lime" appear among the ingredients, they heed the warning and avoid baking powders containing these substitutes.

The National Reform Association has set apart, by way of suggestion, the second Sunday in September, to be observed as a day of special prayer for public schools. We are informed that the suggestion has met with hearty approval by several of the ecclesiastical bodies of America. The suggestion appears exceedingly appropriate. The hopeful sign, foreboding good to the country, is the abiding and increasing interest in the welfare of the children of our day. And well it should be, for they are the invading army, never to be conquered. They will inevitably seize and hold with undisputed sway—so far as the present generation is concerned—sovereignty in Church and State. Will they be qualified in head and heart for this responsible position? On answering this question, multipjlied millions of voices will, on the second Sunday in September, go up to Almighty God in unison of spirit and oneness of purpose for divine watchcare over the more than twenty millions of American children in our public schools.

What is Whisky? has been the subject of a meeting by attorney general Bonaparte. He thinks "whisky straight" is all that is allowed under the pure food law. The "whisky blenders," the manufacturers are up in arms. They think the more the whisky is mixed with tobacco, Jamestown weed, brown sugar, tarantula juice, the bitter and more deadly it is. At any rate the question, what is whisky? must now be construed by the courts. It has been defined as "distilled damnation." It is the enemy of mankind.

Prohibition in Georgia is an important forward movement in the South. The South is not so completely under the domination of the Liquor Dealers' Association. More and more this is becoming the paramount question not only in the South but in every state in the union. The life of the republic depends on the proper solution of the liquor problem.

"Among the pitfalls in our way
The best of us walk blindly;
O man, be wary! Watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.

Help back his feet, if they have slid,
Nor count him still your debtor;
Perhaps the very wrong he did
Has made yourself the better."

The Home.

Use well the moment, what the hour
Brings for thy use is in thy power;
And what thou best can understand
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

MISTY-MINDEDNESS.

"She is the dearest woman in the world," lamented her friend, "but she is so misty-minded!"

It was only too true. The woman in question was warm-hearted, charitable and well-meaning in all the relations of life, but she was a trial to all who knew her because of her ingrained habits of inexactness, unpunctuality and of general vagueness of mind.

Misty-mindedness is the feminine counterpart of absent-mindedness. That masculine failing, however is usually the accompaniment of genius. The man who, with his head in the clouds, listens with upturned face to the music of the spheres cannot be expected to remember to pay his butcher's bill or order the coal.

Pasteur at a dinner party dipped his cherries one by one into his glass of water and carefully wiped them, explaining that they were covered with microbes, and then with a fine unconsciousness drank off the glass of water.

A famous archbishop, also dining out, forgot that he was not at his own table, and remarked loudly to his wife, "This soup is again a failure, my dear."

The great theologian, Neander, would walk to his classroom with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella, or wander through the streets of Berlin unable to recall the situation or number of his own house. A United States senator was observed not long ago, at a presidential dinner, to pull from his pocket in place of his handkerchief a huge blue woolen sock and unconsciously wipe his heated brow.

Such absent-mindedness brings only an indulgent smile, but feminine misty-mindedness is another matter. This does not imply genius, only indefiniteness. Its possessor may, and indeed usually does, go through life in gentle unconsciousness, but her friends live in an atmosphere of exasperation.

There is more than one woman who habitually rustles down the church aisle just as the sermon begins and says smilingly afterward to her pastor: "You must excuse my being always late. You know in the church which I formerly attended the service began at eleven, and it seems more natural to me to come at that hour than at half-past ten."

The wife of one of our most distinguished novelists has a most hospitable heart and frequently invites her friends to dine informally, but she then forgets all about the matter. When they appear in her drawing-room at the time named, she smilingly observes:

"Now did I ask you to dinner? Well, well, I'd quite forgotten it, but I'm delighted to see you. Just wait one moment while I put on my bonnet, and we will run around the corner to the restaurant and have a charming evening together."

A number of college girls became interested in settlement work in a city near by, and invited one hundred Jewish children to spend a day in the college grounds. A simple luncheon was prepared by the girls, consisting of milk and unlimited supplies of sandwiches. Unfortunately, the sandwiches were all made with ham, and a certain chill was thrown over the feast as one by one the conscientious but disappointed little Israelites opened them and laid aside the meat.

A young girls came to her aunt in despair with a beautiful cloth suit covered with tarry oil. "Never mind," comfortingly observed the elderly and experienced matron, "Vasaline will take it all out." The girl industriously rubbed the skirt well with the vasaline, but saw no improvement. In despair she called the aunt to look at the garment, now a mass of grease. "Mercy!" gasped her distressed relative. "Did I say vasaline? I meant gasoline."

Mrs. Deland tells of a woman who attempted to congratulate her on her recent book. "Oh, I do want to thank you for your stories! I have never read anything more delightful than your Old Chestnut Tales."

It is the misty-minded woman who keeps her appointments a day too late; who goes to the wrong station to meet her friend, arriving in an unknown city; who cannot understand how her bank account can possibly be overdrawn when she still has unused checks in her book. She never learns what is the trouble. Her gentle soul is perpetually being hurt by critical, impatient, even fault-finding words, uttered in moments of indignation by her nearest and dearest; she forgives them, for she never cherishes a feeling so definite as anger, but she painfully wonders why they were said since she had intended to do just the right thing.

Several writers have sounded the note of warning. Dr. Johnson is quoted as having said, "If a boy says he looked out of this window when he looked out of that—whip him." Ruskin has emphasized the necessity of training children in accuracy of observation and speech. Emerson sums it up in his Essay on Prudence: "The discomfort of unpunctuality, of confusion of thought, of inattention to the wants of tomorrow, is of no nation. Scatter-brained and afternoon men spoil much more than their own affair in spoiling the temper of those who deal with them."

After all it is all a matter of definiteness. Exact knowledge of things of everyday life, of money, of time, of engagements, is what is needed. It would seem easy enough for one to be practical, to be punctual, to be accurate, but it is not easy. Doubtless, to her own dismay and her neighbors' exasperation, the misty-minded woman will be always with us, and will continue to wander vaguely, smiling, exasperatingly, through life.—Caroline B. Burrell.

DOES THE AVERAGE AMERICAN DO TOO MUCH?

Philip F. O'Hanlon, M. D., Coroner's Physician, New York City.

The nervous strain of the typical busy life in a great city like New York undoubtedly hastens death. I base this evidence upon the tangible evidence of many hundreds of autopsies, performed as a part of my official duties. In a surprising large number of these cases the diseased condition to which the death could be directly traced was not, in itself, a sufficient cause. If there is enough general viality or nerve force in the body, a human being can live for a long time with at least one organ far from healthy. The others, as in a happy family, come to its rescue and relieve it of a part of the burden of its work. Nature

spurred on by general vitality in her indusry of preserving life, makes a new adjustment to meet the changed conditions in the body.

In post-mortem examinations I often find a disease of many years standing which has not been the cause of death. In another body, however, his same disease, in a milder form, will have had a quick and fatal termination. My observaion has been that in a great number of cases the difference between life and death has simply been a difference in nerve force.

The rapidity of the pursuit of business and pleasure by the ambitious and active city dweller undermines this force. To put the matter on a physiological basis, there is too much blood in the brain. The circulation is impaired, and the other organs suffer from an insufficint supply of the vital fluid. The disturbance of the balance results in minor physical ills, which rob the brain of its elasticity. But it is still urged on, and this involves an extra strain which reacts upon the body. Thus brain and body are in conflict, and are injuring each other, instead of working in that harmonious partnership which is conducive to contentment and long life.

The tendency to be continually striving to put into effect the ideas of too ambitious brains is the great defect, from a physiological point of view, at least, in the American life of today. The race would have more longevity and strength , I think, if we would be content with a less rapid development, and would view life with more philosophic calm. I believe that the majority of the railroad accidents in the United States are due to the fact that employees are required to do too much work. My personal investigations of the loss of a thousand lives on the "General Slocum" have convinced me that that awful catastrophe would never have occurred if the inspectors had not been expected to cover so much ground that careful work was out of the question.

Europeans do less work than Americans, but, on the whole, I believe they do it better. There are some things we could learn from them; chiefly, that to go slow and sure is one of the best policies, and that there is much more to be gained in life than can be attained by an eternal fight for money. My advice to the average American is,—slacken your pace, if you don't want death to knock prematurely at your door.

The Quiet Hour.

"Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear,
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than he bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for tomorrow's load
Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God.
Daily only he saith to thee,
'Take up thy cross, and follow me.'"

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The simple life seems to come to this: the attachment of one's self in absolute devotion to the great things, to the real and the true things, the embarking of our whole fortunes in them, whatever may happen. "The inner self," says Marcus Aurelius, the self which he elsewhere describes as "the God within us," "on that stake all!'" This indeed simplifies matters wonderfully. Followers of the rule do not usually become millionaires. They have a better chance of crucifixion. Yet it is they only who lay hold upon life, yes, even upon this life; for it is they only who reach the secret of its absolute simplicity. It is they who discover that from beginning to end of its infinite diversity life is but one thing, woven of the same stuff throughout. These men, in their work and their play, in their outlook on nature, in their solitary contemplation, taste the divine flavor of living. They find the One in the All, and that One to be more than satisfying. As the "Imitatio" has it, "He to whom all things are one, and who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, can be steadfast in heart, and remain peaceable in God."

Here is the simple life, the simplicity which is the last word of art as it is the last of inner cultivation. When we have reached this point, the minor details will not greatly trouble us. About luxuries we can accept the rule of Antonius: "If there, he partook of them unaffectedly; if absent, he did not feel the lack." We escape poverty by observing Seneca's law that "not he who has little, but he who is always desiring more is the poor man." We follow also the French proverb: "If we have not what we like, let us like what we have." For what we have is, after all, so much! God' the universe, and your own soul! Kings and emperors cannot cram more into their cup than that. The odds are that in your simple state you will get more of this feast than they.—J. Brierley.

OUR LIFEWORK.

Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D.

Let us then deal honestly with ourselves, and wipe off the reproach of promising without performing, and of staying among the mere preliminaries of obedience. God has desired us not only to think right, to cherish certain feelings, maintain certain observances, but he has enjoined all those things as helps and incentives to the doing of his will. He has said to each of us, "Go, work." His call comes to us in this form. If you have any connection with God at all, he has said to you, "Go, work." And it is a poor reason, surely, to offer for our not working, that we have seen most clearly the reasons for working, and that no one has been more ready to promise obedience. Which of you, being a parent, would not stand amazed, if, when you challenged your child for not doing what you had told him, he were to say in excuse, "But I promised to do it; I know that I ought to have done it." Would you not fear that some strange obliquity of moral vision had affected your child; and would you not fear lest a child who could offer so utterly unreasonable an excuse might fall into the most flagrant and enormous vices?

The question, then, is, What have you **done**? The passer-by who saw the one son stripped and hard at work under the sun among the vines, while the other lounged simperingly on the road telling people what an admirable man his father was, and what a pleasure it was to work for him, and how much he hoped the vintage would be abundant—I say, the paser-by would have not the slightest difficulty in forming a judgment of the two sons. Would he that has noted your habits—and many have noted your habits—feel quite sure you were God's obedient son? Would he think it absurd to ask whether you had **said** you would

obey, having the far better proof of an obedient spirit, that you were actually obeying? So judge yourself. Do not believe in your purpose to serve God better until you do serve him better. Give no credit to yourself for anything which is not actually accomplished. Do not let us be always speaking of endeavors, and hopes, and intentions, and struggles, and convictions of what is right, but let us at last do God's will.—"Parables of Our Lord."

Young People.

THE SIGN THAT NED HUNG OUT.

A little Lie, one summer day
Met a Bad Habit on the way.
"Come right along," it cried with joy,
"We'll make our home with this small boy
Who lives upon the corner here,
He'll give us welcome, never fear!"

But Neddy Green was not the kind
Of boy the Lie had hoped to find;
He had a sign that he hung out,
When such intruders were about,
A good big sign, with letters clear,
Proclaiming, "No Admittance Here!"

"Pshaw," said the Lie. "That's just a game!
We can get in here, all the same."
So both of them began to knock,
They pushed the door, they tried the lock,
But no! the sign was really true,
For Neddy meant it, through and through.

"Well," said the Habit, with a sigh,
"We can't get in here, you nor I.
If signs like this should come in style,
We'd starve in just a little while!"
And off they slunk with footsteps slow—
Oh, how Ned laughed to see them go!

THE HEART THAT MAKES THE WISH.

Two little Indian boys, to whom the missionary, going back and forth across the plains on his errands of love, was a familiar figure, were talking the other day as to what they would like to be and do when they were men.

One exclaimed, "I wish I could be a preacher, then I'd go and tell everybody all the good things I know."

The other hesitated for a while. It seemed to him the very best wish had been made. But suddenly his face brightened, and his shrill little voice rang out with a note of triumph:

"I wish I could be a horse and buggy; I'd carry the preacher to tell the good things."

Those who heard it didn't laugh. They knew the earnestness of the heart from which it had come—a heart willing to be anything so that the "good things" might "go" to others. Willing to be even the preacher's horse and buggy if he couldn't be the preacher.

The heart will make the wish. Whatever is in it will come to the lips, and make itself felt, and seen in deeds of love and usefulness or to the contrary. And I have noticed that whenever the heart is running over with earnest desire, the one to whom the heart belongs is not only wishing all the time to show the love, but is willing, like the little Indian boy, to do anything, to be anything, however humble, to prove its sincerity.

A RIDDLE.

The following physical puns, called the "Bishop of Oxford's Riddle," have furnished much entertainment:

1. I have a trunk—my body.
2. And two lids—eyelids.
3. And two caps—kneecaps.
4. Two musical instruments—drums
5. Two established measures—feet.
6. A great number of articles carpenters can't do without—nails.
7. I always have about me a couple of good fish—soles.
8. A great number of small shellfish—muscles.
9. Two lofty trees—palms.
10. Some fine flowers—tulips.
11. Two playful domestic animals—calves.
12. A great number of small wild animals—harts.
13. A fine stag—heart.
14. A number of whips without handles—lashes.
15. Some weapons of warfare—arms.
16. A number of weathercocks—veins.
17. An entrance to a hotel—insteps.
18. At a political meeting on the verge of a division—eyes and nose.
19. Two students—pupils.
20. A number of Spanish grandees—tendons.
21. A big wooden box—a chest.
22. Two fine buildings—temples.
23. A product of the camphor tree—gums.
24. A piece of English money—a crown.
25. An article used by artists—palate.
26. Boat used in racing—skull.
27. Used in crossing a river—bridge (of nose).
28. Pair of blades without handles—shoulders.

TOO CAREFUL OF HIS RIGHTS.

The people who make it their chief business in life to see that they are not imposed upon, very frequently wrong others in their over-eagerness to maintain their rights. The following incident has a valuable lesson for all impulsive folk who are also a little inclined to suspect the motives of other people.

A countryman, says an exchange, came into a village store with a very angry demeanor. "Look here," he began sharply, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here yesterday, and when I got home I found 'em mor'n half walnuts. And there is the young villian I bought 'em of," he added, pointing to the proprietor's son.

"John," said the father, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready response.

"You needn't lie about it," exclaimed the farmer, still further enraged by the young man's assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, with a good-natured smile, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put walnuts in extra."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?" asked the man, in a somewhat mollified tone.

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children."

"Well, if you ain't a good one!" the man remarked, with restored good humor. "An' here I've been making an idiot of myself. Just put me up a pound of tea, will ye! I'll stop and weigh things next time."

And that resolution, modified to suit the individual case, is one we recommend to all our readers. Do not be so careful of your rights that you leap to the conclusion that some one is trying to wrong you. Stop and weigh things.—Words of Cheer.

THE TRADITION OF THE ROSE.

The North American Indians of the western coast have a tradition that roses were created without thorns. So tall and fair they grew that all creatures were attracted by their beauty and grace. Animals that browse upon grass and green herbage soon discovered the tender sweetness of the rose's abundant foliage, and then every rose tree holding its flowers aloft but attracted attention and drew destruction to itself. Every part of the earth had been given its glory of roses, but in every place there were animals which sought the bushes to devour them, and the tribes of roses were in danger of becoming extinct. In their extremity they held a council; for in that faraway morning of the world, plants as well as animals had power to speak. To the council all the roses came, and each had a tale to tell of suffering and disaster. At length it was decided to send for help to the godman of the tribes—the Hiawatha of the West. Delegates were chosen from among those who were maimed and torn and had suffered most. Others also were sent who were tall and fair and graceful. Wisely this council discerned that should justice be denied the tribes, beauty might prevail in their cause.

The conference was long and grave. At its close an armory of thorns was given to every rose, and thus were the tribes of roses delivered from their enemies. —Frof "Legends of Roses," by Mrs. A. S. Hardy, in The Circle for June.

"HAPPYING UP."

Agnes is a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it is a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's two or three doors away.

Her eyes were so bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled, too.

"Do vou want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said her mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns'. And oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I happied him up, so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then some one stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me."

The mother laughed.

"Why, what a happying time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys, and babies, and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true, dear girls. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your face will shine with smiles.

THE COST OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CARMEN'S STRIKE.

The San Francisco carmen's strike has now continued for about three months. The direct loss to the carmen in wages and incidentals to maintain the strike is estimated by the San Francisco Chronicle, $4,000,000. The indirect loss to the working people of this stricken city is probably as much more. The merchants, contractors, and general commercial classes have suffered a loss of nearly as much. It is impossible to trace the effects of this appalling financial loss. In addition to the suffering of the two thousand striking carmen, hundreds and probably thousands of clerks have been discharged on account of lack of employment due to strike conditions. Great as is the financial loss, the greatest in the history of the city, yet the loss in higher values is inestimably greater. The generation and cultivation of coarse brutality; the murderous and rancorous spirit which has dominated the streets of San Francisco for the past one hundred days, have lowered the average manhood of the city by many degrees. The confidence of the public at large has been broken. The tide of marvelous prosperity which was rising to the dimensions of an abounding wave, has been turned back. From the most promising prosperity the city has halted and wavered and it is possible has lost many years of growth.

This is not all. The actual suffering of the working classes has been very great. The families of the carmen have suffered and will suffer. They have been driven from their homes. Thousands have been compelled to leave the city and are drifting aimlessly about under a blinding sense of injustice. Nearly every sort of loss has a compensating side but the strike has none. If a city is burnt down the work necessary to rebuild it is an asset. Even the destruction of war creates new and generally better conditions, but the strike is a form of bitter desperation which disintegrates everything sacred in the civil order. It is essentially anarchy, no matter what the provocation. Its basic moral principle is vengeance, personal retaliation, an attempt to right a wrong without a process of civil procedure. If God has made any revelation to man it is to the effect that blind rage is weakness. Back of all the social and political trouble in San Francisco is lawlessness. The disgraced and convicted mayor practically proclaimed at the beginning of his administration that is was not necessary to obey the law. He definitely stated that under strike conditions the law would not be enforced. He is essentially and first an anarchist. His stealings are personal sins, bad enough, but the treacherous principle of his reign of vice has been anarchy. No one should be deceived. San Francisco has been in an anarchistic condition from the day that he took oath of office. The end is not yet. Unless the press of San Francisco changes its moral tone and stands for law and order, we are but in the beginning of fermentation and disintegration. The strike is a form of anarchy which breeds economic death.

General William Booth, commander of the Salvation Army, received from Oxford an honorary degree. Concerning which the Christian Advocate says: "Of the distinguished men upon whom the ancient University conferred its well discriminated honors the name of William Booth, founder and General of the Salvation Army, marks the greatest personal triumph—a triumph of unselfishness. The most conservative institution in England, the Tory University which has always been loyal to Church and Crown, awards its highest favor to one of John Wesley's spiritual offspring, a man who has given his life to the evangelization of the common people, the social rescue of the 'submerged' masses. It is a vindication of genius applied to philanthrophy."

IN CHARLIE'S POCKET.

"What's in your pocket, Charlie?" I asked.
"Oh nothing much," he stated.
That night, I sewed a button on,
And just investigated.

I turned the pocket inside out—
It scarcely took a minute—
You'll think I'm joking, I've no doubt,
Bt this is what was in it:

A top, a handkerchief in rags,
Some marbles and a whistle,
A pencil and two paper-bags,
Some chalk and a toy pistol,

Five nails, a screw, a hammer-head,
Two candles stuck together,
Some cigar-bands, a bit of lead,
Some scraps of soiled leather;

A cookie—stale, no longer round,
A knife, an old brass locket—
This is the "nothing much" I found
In Charlie Porges' pocket.
—Christian Observer.

Property is a divine trust. Things are tools, not prizes. Life is not for self-indulgence, but for self-devotion. When, instead of saying, "The world owes me a living," men shall say, "I owe the world a life," then the kingdom shall come in power. We owe everything to God, but our sins. Fatherland, pedigree, home-life, schooling, Christian training—all are God's gifts. Every member of the body or faculty of mind is ours providentially. There is no accomplishment in our lives that is not rooted in opportunities and powers we had nothing to do with in achieving. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" If God gives us the possibilities and the power to get wealth, to acquire influence, to be forces in the world, what is the true conception of life but divine ownership and human administration? "Of thine own we render Thee." All there is of "me" is God's estate, and I am his tenant and agent. On the day of our birth a new lease is signed. On the day of our death, accounts are closed. Our fidelity is the interest on God's principal. "That I may receive mine own with interest" is the divine intention. So live that when thy summons comes to give an account of thy stewardship, it may be done with joy, and not with grief.—M. D. Babcock, D.D.

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THE ANGEL'S PROMISE.

The sculptor wrought on the marble white
From early dawn till the shades of night
Fell over the landscape far and wide,
Then he looked at his work and sadly sighed,
So poor and incomplete it seemed
Beside the model of which he dreamed.
But all his hopes were centered there—
His days of toil, his nights of care;
And now he thought with a throb of pain
That all his labors had been in vain;
For none would see in the work achieved
The grand ideal his soul conceived.
A prayer burst forth from his sorrowing breast:
"O God," he cried, "I have done my best!"
That night an angel, in mercy sent,
Over that marble figure bent;
And as he worked the statue grew
More beautiful and fair to view;
For every stroke to form and face
Added some new and subtle grace.

The sculptor came in the early morn,
With heavy heart and look forlorn;
But his eyes were dazzled, his brain distraught,
By the wonderful change the night had wrought;
With rapturous joy his bosom swelled
As the glorious image his eyes beheld;
And there on the wall, just over his head,
In letters of gold these words he read:
"When the workman hath wrought the best he could,
Whatever the work, God makes it good."

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THE FEET OF THE SHEPHERD.

The wind in the olives is crisp today,
  The white-caps ruffle the tossing wave,
  And the feet of the Shepherd who came to save
Are treading the dust of the world's highway.

He is seeking the lamb that has wandered far,
  He is climbing the hills that are rough and cold,
  He is seeking the lost in the wood and wold,
And calling it back beneath sun and star.

Have you heard them cry that He's coming near?
  Then hasten out and be swift to greet,
  And kneel before Him and kiss His feet,
For 'tis heaven's own love that has brought Him here.

Friend, would you walk on the Jesus' road?
  Then hearken, for there you must walk with Him,
  He may come at noon or at the twilight dim,
Let Him rest in your hearts as His own abode.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A WEEK WITH OUR EXCHANGES.

This is what we have aimed to give our readers this week. To have accomplished what we desired to accomplish would have required much more space than was at our command. However, a large amount of interesting and valuable reading matter is presented, and readers will have given to them some conception of what the editors of the religious papers are writing about, and of the influence that the press is exerting. Our articles are without exception editorials. Several years ago we sent forth an issue of this paper somewhat on the same plan. At that time, however, the articles were the contributed articles. The pastor of one of our leading churches said concerning it that it was the most valuable paper which had entered his home for many months. We send forth this issue with the hope that it may prove to be of wide service.

It is with regret that valuable articles from a large number of some of our most highly prized exchanges, which were selected for use, had to be laid aside on account of our limited space. It is to be hoped that the experiment can be tried again ere long and more space be available.

A WORD IN SEASON.

In an article on "circulation" the Religious Telescope, the organ of the church of the United Brethren in Christ, says: "One thing is certain, our lay members will not take the initiative in securing their religious reading matter. The men at the helm may do all that they can, but whether their work is well done or poorly done it will not reach the masses of our church except by the hearty co-operation of all our pastors."

The Christian-Evangelist remarks: "This comment expresses the experiences of all who have to do with religious journals. The competition in the publishing world is keener than it ever has been, and the daily paper and the large illustrated magazine make it increasingly difficult for the religious newspaper to secure a hold unless there is more conscientious work done by the preachers and those of its readers who believe that it has a mission to fulfill that can be carried on by no other agency."

We have been considerably gratified at the interest several pastors have taken recently in bringing the paper to the attention of their people. As a result several new names have been added to our list. Interest and effort ought to be wide-spread. It is only thus that we can have such a paper as we ought to have, or perhaps any at all.

IN THE HEART OF CHINATOWN.

Recently in the heart of old Chinatown in San Francisco there was a most interesting and significant service—that of the laying of the corner stone of the new building for the Presbyterian Chinese Mission. The site is that of the old First Presbyterian Church, the corner stone of which was laid there more than fifty years ago. It is on the west side of Stockton street between Sacramento and Clay streets. Among those having part in the services was Fong Doon, a Chinese who was baptized in the mission a half a century ago, and by whom the corner stone was laid at the recent services. The Rev. Ng Poon Chew, editor of the Chinese Daily World gave an address. Dr. I. M. Condit gave a review of the work of the mission from its beginning in 1852, when Dr. Spear was in charge. Dr. Laughlin, the present superintendent was in charge of the services. There was a large attendance on the part of the Chinese old and young. The Occidental Board was represented by Mrs. H. B. Pinney, its president, and the presbytery of San Francisco by its moderator, Dr. Wicher of the Theological Seminary at San Anselmo.

A grand work has been done in and through this mission since it was established more than half a century ago, and the Pacific Presbyterian rejoices with others in that a structure suitable for the needs of the work is soon again to stand in the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown. It is for the good of man and the glory of God.

The Yankee traits of frugality and far-sightedness are strong in the New England man who has given $50 to Hartford Theological Seminary to be kept in a savings bank until it becomes $1,000,000, remarks the Cumberland Presbyterian. "Apparently he has no fear of the near approach of the end of the world, but much faith in both savings banks and Christianity."

"INDEPENDENCY WITH A VENGEANCE."

The Interior touches up Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, its extreme independency, and pure theoretic Congregationalism in the following fine shape: "Plymouth Church in Brooklyn formally resolves that the union proposed for Congregationalists, United Brethren, and Methodist Protestants would not be a tri-church union, as other people call it, but a union of six thousand churches with two. That is to say, Plymouth considers itself all byitself—or for that matter, any little frontier Congregationalist mission—just as much of a self-sufficient and completed entity in the world as either of these two big denominations that number their hundreds of thousands of members. This is independency with a vengeance—the full, uncompromising logic of it. Plymouth, in fact, is not simply uncompromising; it is tragic. It brings against the Congregational National Council a veritable charge of treason—the charge that the council has imagined itself to be something when it is nothing. Its assumption of authority to negotiate union with other bodies proves to Plymouth that the 'time has come to call a halt in the succession of well meaning steps by which the independence of our churches has been placed in peril.' The Interior for its part is very decidely glad that Plymouth has so much courage of conviction—enough to state the doctrinaire ideals of independency so baldly. Nothing could better serve than such an unvarnished statement to demonstrate how impossible in this age of cooperation pure theoretic Congregationalism has become. For one local church, as matter of fact in place of theory, is not a sole body unto itself; a church that really undertook to be thus lone and lonesome in the world would do nothing for the world at large and mighty little for its own community. Plymouth reaches the larger human needs only as it violates its own doctrine, and the greater the violation the more useful Plymouth and other Congregational households will be. The monolithic solidarity of the kingdom, not its atomic divisibility, is the thing to preach—and practice—these days."

A LEADING DAILY PAPER CONCERNING THE SALOON.

The Indianapolis News is one of the leading daily papers of the country. The following concerning the saloon, coming from such a source is highly significant: "As things are to-day the saloon men constitute a privileged class. They assume to make our laws, and to say what laws they will obey, and how far they will obey them. Bad as the saloon is in itself, the worst feature of it is the influence which it exerts in politics. But the reaction is certain to come. Business men know that they suffer much from the unrestrained and lawless liquor traffic. And we all know that drunkenness and crime and corrupt and base politics are the natural and necessary consequences. The people are not blameless in this matter. They divide themselves into parties, and thus make it easy for the men who know no party to control elections by making deals now with one side and now with the other. Honest and good men fight one another when there is not one thing that ought to divide them, and dishonest and bad men carry off the prize. The greatest question in local politics is the saloon. Yet it is not so considered. We vote, not for or against the saloon, but for or against protection, imperialism, the national administration, while the saloon men vote solely for the saloon. They alone win. All the rest of us lose.. **But a change is coming.** We shall have a campaign some day in which the people will vote on the real issue, and then we shall see how weak the whisky influence is. We do not suppose that our present rulers appreciate the situation. Their only idea is to get all they can, and to maintain their present privileged state. But even they will one day get their lesson."

The Northwestern Christian Advocate expresses the opinion that the change is coming soon. Dr. Parkhurst of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is quoted as saying concerning the saloons in that city: "I know what these saloons are. I have visited them at all hours of the night and on all nights of the week, and there is not an extenuating word that deserves to be spoken in behalf of them. They are foul, beastly, and swinish, the prolific hotbeds of vile politics, profane ribaldry, and unspeakable sensuality. I am talking now of the saloon as we know it here in New York, licensed swilling places, a combination of Tammany caucus, whisky sewer, and bawdy-house. There is no use in trying to improve them or to convert them; there is no convertible quality attached to them; there is no decent ingredient in them that amelioration can fasten to them."

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN THE WEST.

The Advance quotes former Senator Dubois of Idaho as saying in a recent Chautauqua lecture: "The Mormons absolutely control Utah politically, and a United States Senator, Governor or Congresman cannot be elected in Idaho or Wyoming against the wishes of the Mormon Church. They are a great balance of the power in Oregon and will soon control the Senators in that State. They are also beginning to be powerful in Nevada and, unless checked, will become the balance of power in the Senate of the United States. They have become an object of solicitude to the great political parties, and for the first time in the history of the government this Mormon and polygamist question is becoming a question of partisan politics."

The Advance goes on to say that a business man from Salt Lake City who has had long experience in the struggle with Mormonism expressed a similar view in Chicago recently, saying that the Mormons are invading not only Oregon, but also Washington, and that they will soon hold the balance of power in all the Rocky mountain and Pacific coast states except California. The comment is that, though these estimates may be exaggerated, they are of sufficient importance to receive public attention.

A MENACE.

The Lutheran Observer regards the growing of bridge-whist as a menace to the home-life and morality of many communities, saying concerning it: "It is not only the time that it takes where the playing has become a 'craze,' but the fact that so many play for stakes of smaller or larger size, and that the gambling habit is worming its way into circles where previously it has been unknown, scattering all the while the seeds of deadly influence. Pawnbrokers of New York are doing a big business, so it is said, with fashionable women who become financially involved through their

playing. They have money, but it is not always available, and so they are accustomed to seek needed loans on their jewels and other valuables, that their obligations of 'honor' may be promptly met. It is even said that the jewels of one of the richest young women of that city have been pawned half a dozen times in as many months. This is no doubt an extreme case, but the poison of the influence of the example set by these persons is felt through the whole range of society. The mother who plays bridge—or any other game—for no matter how small stakes, or even for the seductive prize, has her mouth sealed against effective protests if her husband or son developes a fondness for poker or the races. If the one is right for her, the other cannot be so very wrong for them, and her example is putting the seal of her approval on it all. The church member who indulges is saying to the world that her religion counts for very little, and stops short of a prohibition of gambling! It is a very serious situation, and Christians need to face it squarely and recognize the issue for what it really is.'

ROMANTIC INVESTMENTS.

The Christian-Evangelist of St. Louis Gives Good Advice Concerning Them.

The Lost Bullion Spanish Mines Company is in the toils of the law. It is called upon to defend itself against the charge of using the United States mails for the transportation of fraudulent matter. The case is not yet finished, but the evidence so far looks bad for the company. The methods of this company apparently were not essentially different from those of a score or more of other companies which sell stock in a very ordinary hole in the ground after leading the innocent to believe that it is a mine. In this particular case, however, the imagination of the possible investor was inflamed by the romantic suggestion conveyed in the name of the company. Everybody knows that the Spaniards had enormously rich mines in the Southwest. Everybody knows also that there are numerous traditions of hidden treasure and lost mines, where millions of dollars in bullion or rich ore lie awaiting the fortunate and venturesome explorer who shall penetrate the mountain fastnesses, find the magic spot either by good luck or by following ancient landmarks, and brave the ghost which haunts the place to guard the hidden treasure. Every one has heard these stories, and over most people, even those who do not believe them, they have a curious fascination. Now comes a company and proposes to sell stock in the fairy tale. It is like buying shares in "Treasurer Island." Perhaps the investor does not wholly fail of securing some return for his money, for he gets a vivid though short-lived sensation of being the business partner of Aladdin and a part owner of the wonderful lamp. This is worth something. As a general business proposition it is safe to avoid romantic investments when cash profits are desired Plenty of people have invested in coffee plantations and stock in rubber companies and banana groves which were about to be planted as soon as the land could be cleared, for no other reason than that the idea of the tropics went to their heads. Being a long way off and in a strange and tropical country, there was a glamor about it which a Kansas corn field could never hope to possess. This is a tolerably safe rule for amateur investors to follow: if you want gl..... and romance, buy novels which are known to contain those elements; if you want dividends payable in cash, buy something that you know something about.

OUR SOUTHERN GEYSER.

The Central Christian Advocate Takes the Northern Chautauquas to Task.

We cencede to Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, a blameless personal character, and we, beyond some others, give him credit with being a sincere man, even on the Negro question. But that in itself furnishes no reason why the Chautauquas of the North should bring him forward, pitchfork in hand, as a statesman for the hour. His wild talk about the Negro is offensive to Northern patriotism and feeling. But, what is more to the point, it is equally offensive to a large and standard element of Southern men, who resent the implication that Senator Tillman is to be recognized as a representative of Southern feeling on the somber question of the races. His wild talk humiliates and embarrasses them. He does not represent more than a faction, and that a fractious faction, of the Southern attitude. Consequently to get him up here on the theory that he will give us what is presumably the Southern view of the race question is no more logical than to have a Tammany boss speak as a representative of the best political creed of the North, or Dennis Kearney or (barring, of course, his personal comrades) Mayor Schmitz set up as a representative of the patriotism of the West.

Fair play as regards our fellow-citizens in the South would indicate that if the Chautauquas are to be more than catch-penny exploiters, they would have some regard for our Southern men. It can be set down that in the long run such Chautauquas will lose the respect of right-minded people and invite bankruptcy.

NOT MERELY IN FOUR STATES BUT IN FORTY-FIVE.

The Interior of Chicago Concerning the Battle Against Intemperance.

By the passage of a very stringent prohibition law, with overwhelming majorities in its legislature, Georgia joins Maine, Kansas and North Dakota in stamping the liquor business with the brand of outlawry. It therefore invites to itself the same kind of a siege which these other states have been enduring ever since they adopted this policy and which Vermont and New Hampshire endured until they surrendered—a deliberate and persistent campaign of the brewing and distilling interests to break down the statute in operation. No sooner will the law be put into effect than there will break out a bewildering epidemic of maliciously ingenious evasions, which police officials will find it very hard to stop. The natural discouragement with which even the most lawloyal citizens must view such difficulties will be mitigated in Georgia if its people are forewarned that this resistance to prohibition is not merely the outbreak of the appetites of drink-loving men, but rather the conspiracy of the avarice of drink-selling men. Many men feel it hopeless to contend against the weight of social conditions, but any man with a drop of fighting blood in him will certainly refuse to lie down before a deliberate law-breaking conspiracy if he understands it. We trust

Georgians will not fail to understand. It is very interesting to observe how this remarkable temperance movement in Georgia and other Southern States is conected with the race problem. The argument which has won over many who would like the open saloon for themselves is the all too manifest danger of the open saloon among the colored population. Even those who consider whisky good for the white man know it isn't good for the black man. And this is, inded, a very Christian door for prohibition to enter by. If all the men in the country who consider themselves able to drink with safety were wililng to deny themselves the privilege in order to save those who manifestly can't stand it, we should at once have prohibition not merely in four states, but in forty-five.

THE CRIMINALITY OF WAR.

From the Viewpoint of the Western Christian Advocate.

It is a matter of common observation that the greatness of a crime wards off censure. "We punish murders and massacres among private persons; what do we respecting war and the glorious crime of murdering whole nations?" So said Seneca, living in a country where Christianity was not recognized, where life was not held as sacred as it is today. How much the worse for us who profess to believe in the law of love, in the brotherhood of man, to slaughter thousands of our fellows, very often merely for a dispute in politics! We say we are fighting for our rights; that we are defending our principles. But what right have we to destroy our brother? In taking life—except under the most eminent reasons of justice—are we not violating the most sacred of all principles?

We regard dueling not only as foolish, but wrong. Why is it that what we frown upon in the individual we countenance among nations? If it is terrible for two men to try to kill each other, how much more terrible for ten thousand? While, as individuals, we have become civilized, as nations we are stlll barbarians.

It is a stain upon our civilization that we still settle our disputes by brute force. But what do we settle? Do we prove which side is right, which in the wrong? Do we not rather prove which has the better army, more men, greater wealth? What chance has a weaker nation against a stronger? It is unjust and absurd through and through. What would we think of the standard of justice in a community where disputes were settled by fist-fights? No man has a right to judge in his own case. Likewise, no nation should have such right.

Why should we glorify war? Wars for the protection of liberty and for the destruction of slavery—wars waged defensively in behalf of national existence, against aggressors and tyrants—wars like that of the Netherlands and England against Spain, and like our own Revolution and the War of '61 may be justified in the past. But have not most wars sprung from the basest of human passions, from a lust of power, a greed of gold, of land—from a false national pride and a scorn for other nations?

If there are qualities of heroism and self-sacrifice developed on the battle-field, it may be said also that the most brutal in us is brought to the surface. Malignant passions are created, and hateful recollections are breeding countless future wars and making men forget that they are brothers. In war-time unprincipled demagogues are brought into prominence. "Truly," says one old Roman; "every wicked man has the greatest power of stirring up strife and tumult; peace and quiet need the qualities of good men."

Then think of the untold suffering — soldiers wounded and dying on the field of battle, not for any fault of their own, but because of the barbarity of the existing conditions; homes saddened by unnecessary death; oftentimes famine and ruin. Is this glorious? Sherman said: "Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither heard the sound of a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell."

Under the conditions of the imperfect civilization of mankind throughout the past and in the recent centuries, indeed, war was perhaps inevitable. Man has not evolved, in his national life, entirely out of his brute inheritance.

We may not have arrived, even at this day, at the millennium, but Christian powers are awakening, with a clearer and clearer consciousness, to the folly and sinfulnes of war, and seeing that there is no real necessity for it, but a far better way.

Consider, too, the enormous cost. Great Britain spent $1,100,000,000 in the Boer War. One-quarter of her own people habitually go hungry. How many schools, libraries, hospitals could have been built with that money? How much necessary work could have been done? But instead of educating the people, we have them slain. Instead of improving our own land, we desolate our neighbor's.

But after we have wasted so many lives, spent so many millions, have we gained anything beyond the immediate end of the contest? Some say we have. They contend that warfare makes a nation strong and brave; that a peaceful land becomes degenerate. But since a nation is an aggregate of individuals, a brave nation is composed of brave men, and what is our ideal of a brave man? Is it that person who is merely physically courageous? Such a one may oftentimes be a moral coward. Our ideal of a hero is he who dares to fight against corruption, ignorance, injustice, and vice. But further, how can a vigorous State be made by war, since the flower of its population is sacrificed to it? In the past patriotism, sacrifice even of life itself for one's country, has been so perpetually associated with guns and slaughter that they seem almost inseparable and identical. But there is coming a new and higher patriotism wherein men will make consummate self-sacrifices for the social betterment of the millions—when altruism and philanthropy shall stir all that is heroic, patriotic, and unselfish in the breasts of men and women.

Yet, it is said, even if war be a great evil, it can not be eradicated. It has always been and must always be. It is part of the established order of things; it is part of human nature. So was it said of feudalism; so was it said of slavery. What is the standard by which we judge human nature? "The highest is the measure of the man." Are not Tennyson and Gladstone types of human nature as well as Nero and Robespierre?

Further, according to seme knight-errants, if a nation's honor be assailed, it must avenge itself or forever be disgraced. But in private life we look upon that man with disfavor who takes justice into his own

hands, and wreaks vengeance upon his adversary. Why need he? Will not his honor speak for itself? He is not dishonored. It is the aggressor who is dishonored. There are the courts, which are open for the adjudication of such insults, and so it might be also, in similar cases, with nations.

But barbarianism can not last forever. Even now we see the beginning of a better time—a time when nations will bring their disputes to a supreme court of all nations, constitutd in perpetuity and open at any time for appeals, and war will end. Assuredly the day will come when we shall emerge from barbarism and be bound throughout all the world in ties of brotherhood.

The world has never beheld a more significant and hopeful spectacle than the International Conference now in session at The Hague. Europe and America ought to feel that they have at last arrived at that stage of civilization—at that point of emergence from savagery and brutality—when any and all cases—even those of national honor—should be submitted to arbitration before a high court of all nations, and not be tried by the cruel and uncertain arbitrament of the battleship, the rifle, and the cannon. The time is nearing rapidly when any nation that would heedlessly rush in arms against another, and presumably a weaker sister nation, will be peremptorily stopped in its course by the commands of the other combined powers. America's contention at The Hague that all subjects whatever of International contention shall be subjected to arbitration before a permanent tribunal, sitting in the Palace of Peace at The Hague, is the one that will ultimately prevail to the glory of God and the good of man.

IS HONESTY INCREASING?

The Standard, a Leading Baptist Paper, Believes it is Increasing.

Under the earlier and ruder forms of barbarism people associated with few individuals outside of the tribe. Barbarism in any form can be nothing else than clannish. Civilization developed when the social instinct began to assert itself and the welfare of the individual or the tribe was made subservient to the well being of others. It is not difficult to understand how conditions which favored the tribal idea led to the growth of suspicions and to scrupulous guarding of personal interests. Property rights thus became the source of constant strife and warfare, while mutual interests and regard for the rights of others—the signs of a true civilization—were largely lacking. Feudalism was but a step out of barbarism and yet an advance toward a better social adjustment. Society improved not so much from a regard for individual rights as from a recognition of the rights of others. Democracy is the highest form of a true social order. Nations and individuals never reach the highest expression of civilized life until distrust is removed and in its place mutual confidence is established. It has been the glory of Christianity that with its introduction into social and political life it has been productive of the spirit of helpfulness.

Amid the accretions of human prejudice and jealousy through the centuries it is not to be supposed that the highest forms of even a Christian civilization have been made absolutely honest and self-denying. But it ought not to be overlooked that where such civilization has found clearest expression, there mutual helpfulness and the highest degree of entegrity have been observed. This can be said even in the face of exceptions, for with an apparent increase of peculation in public office and unjust advantage taken by combinations of capital in modern business transactions, it is yet true that the civilized world is getting farther away from primitive barbarism.

The best civilization is effectually working toward the higher virtue and honesty. Stealing is not as prevalent nor as general in the best social conditions as was true in an earlier day. There is a higher regard for the rights and the property of others throughout society in general, effected in large measure by the innumerable refining and uplifting influences of a democracy surcharged with Christianity. As people become more courteous toward others and more thoughtful of their welfare they acquire less of the desire to appropriate to themselves the things of others. As the grosser forms of dishonesty disappear there comes a higher sense of justice and right, even under conditions where the temptations for gain are not removed. There are today vastly more unlocked treasures which are not stolen than barred vaults which are broken open by thieves and robbed. There are comparatively few kleptomaniacs abroad when we remember how many opportunities for larceny are presented. One who is familiar with the traveling public must have noticed how general is confidence in strangers when valuable articles are left unguarded.

An example of this high sense of honor and one worthy of record came under observation recently. A gentleman from a neighboring city spent several hours in Chicago on his way eastward. During this time he visited a number of places on business and when ready to take his train for his journey discovered that his pocketbook containing his railway tickets and some $90 in money was missing. While wondering whether he had been robbed or had left it in some business place a stranger approached him and inquired whether he had lost a pocketbook. On describing it the man handed it to him with nothing missing from it. The stranger proved to be the proprietor of a store in the heart of the city where the visitor, after a purchase, had left his purse and which was later discovered by the former, who learned from the tickets on what road and train the owner of the pocketbook expected to leave the city. This proprietor, after waiting to within half an hour of train time thinking the man might return, went several blocks to the railway station and sought him out and restored to him the purse with all that it contained. Is it said that people cannot be trusted. Some probably cannot, but taking things as they are there is more honor and the grace of confidence than the world has ever before known.

THE THIRTY MILLION DOLLAR FINE.

The Westminster Considers Some of the Objections.

One of the great New York Newspapers is bitter in its comments, and it reflects the opinion of many men prominent in high finance. It recognizes that the sentence accords with the judgment of the people, but it is confident that the people do not know their own interests. If our courts are to enforce the laws and if the judges are to inflict the full penalties provided, then beware! The Standard Oil corporation is not the only offender, and the railways are **particeps crimi-**

nis. How, then, shall foreign capital be induced to invest in our stocks and how shall our great enterprises be financed? Dull times in Wall Street will continue and great plans will be obliged to wait for their completion. We shall cease to hasten at the present pace and a check will be given to the nation's prosperity. It is an odd plea! The law has been well known for years, and its purpose is like that of all laws, the protection of the people. Hardly anyone nowadays defends rebates. They have not benefited the railways though they have enriched a multitude of railway officials. They have not benefited the people, but they have made groups of men multimillionaires and they have built up gigantic trusts. The Standard Oil corporation itself is a product of rebates—all that is most hateful in monopolies has thriven by their aid. Against the secret alliance of railway officials and crafty business men honest folk have been powerless. The social unrest which is so striking a characteristic of our times is one of the by-products. Years ago men of integrity demanded rebates on various pleas which they justified to their consciences. But for a long time now the law has been plain and men who break it are criminals. Yet capital will be frightened if the law be taken seriously! So always are criminals frightened when justice is done. If foreign capital will come to our shores only on condition that laws be left unenforced, it puts itself in the class of those who will enter willingly into confederacies of crime, but withdraw from co-operation with honest men. Our prosperity, it is urged, is based on confidence—that is confidence that laws may be broken with impunity! Capital knows its own guilt so thoroughly and the men in control of the great industries and the great lines of transportation are all so participant in crime that prosperity stops with an honest enforcement of the law—when justice is done! So do liquor dealers plead, being deeply interested in the prosperity of widows and orphans, and such is the argument of the blacklegs who want cities wide open with every form of vice unrestrained and unlimited opportunities for capital. So also do thieves argue—for them life is scarcely worth living if the law is strictly put into effect! But one opens his eyes when the plea is made seriously for the great corporations and in behalf of the enticement of foreign capital.

Prosperity May Come Too High.

Prosperity may come at too high a price. So is it with a town which thrives because men crowd it to spend their earnings on vice—so is it with a country when enormous fortunes are made in defiance of the laws of God and man. Even by the laws of political economy we understand that such prosperity is short. Suppose that our rush be checked and that capital is frightened—there are worse misfortunes. It is worse when the people know that prosperity is based on fraud and that capital is bold because justice is afraid. It is still worse when the facts remain and when the people do not know, for then the evil, working in secret, poisons the entire body politic and there is no remedy. But now the people know. Our great metropolitan newspapers may forget, but the people do not forget. It is no longer a matter of rumor or of guesswork—it is proved in court. It is no longer the statement of sensational writers in the magazines, but a governmental report sets forth the array of facts. It is not merely the Standard Oil and Judge Landis, it is also the Harriman report, it is the sentence pronounced by Judge Holt, it is a mass of evidence unrebutted, irrefutable, damning. As thus the people know, they will decide. Either they prefer present prosperity at the cost of justice or they love righteousness. Behind this looms a larger issue, and in it is something more than present prosperity.

Let Criminals; Big and Little Beware!

We doubt the judgment of the great New York newspaper and of the entire set of prominent financiers which it represents. They are unable to understand their own business in the large. If we really "clean house," if the "enterprise" and "push" of dishonest men be permanently discouraged, if business become conservative because honest, we may for a time have fewer automobiles in our streets and fewer great country houses and steam yachts; wages may be lower and places of cheap amusement less thronged. The tide of immigration may be checked, but will prosperity be less? The higher life of mind and conscience and spirit will have the fairer chance and the material life—we are persuaded that the true life is profitable for this world also. Capital will not be discouraged permanently because justice is certain, nor will business long suffer when it is made clear that financial crime is surely punished. Confidence is not destroyed by righteousness, nor endeavor checked by equity. For the final ruler, notwithstanding denials and doubts and specious arguments and the widespread worship of his enemy, is God. And he is not mocked. Prosperity which rests upon crime carries a heavy retribution. Let the present agitation pass and let matters relapse into the old conditions, let illegal combinations once more destroy independent business and foster monopoly, and let the people be convinced that justice cannot be had, that trifling fines are the only penalty and that clever lawyers will enable big criminals to commit crime with safety, and a state of things will arise which may well cause capital to tremble. Let criminal corporations and audacious sinners high in finance take warning and change their methods and reform their ways.

BISHOP VINCENT AND REVIVALS.

The Christian Register Considers His Significant Announcement.

The public and particularized announcement by Bishop Vincent of Chautauqua fame, that he no longer approves of the ordinary revival and revival methods, is worthy of special consideration. Dr. Vincent is a bishop in a church which has been notable for its revival methods; in fact, a church that was founded upon and built up on this sort of preaching. But times change. The simple old Methodist Church has become the wealthiest organization in the United States of the kind, and its preachers occupy pulpits in the most magnificent buildings owned by any sect. The preaching of Whitefield and Wesley is not often heard, either in the field or the pulpit. Yet the revival remains, and revival efforts, which used to be an annual affair, are still sporadic not only with the Methodists, but with half a dozen other church organizations. The camp-meeting, in some cases greatly modified, is still a feature of religious effort. Two hundred or three hundred converts are not exceptional, and it is the census of these converts that has brought about the conviction expressed by Bishop Vincent, that an appeal to the emotions, under excitement, is produc-

tive of much harm, and only occasionally ends in a transference of character allegiance.

Dr. Vincent is careful not to withdraw his approval of hearty, zealous, aggressive Christian effort: it is only from those emotional excitements, which he believes weaken moral character rather than strengthen it. His position is indorsd by a large part of the more rational clergy of his own church. Prof. Davenport, himself a Methodist preacher at the time of writing his book, two years ago, placed before the public a very remarkable investigation of the whole subject. His conclusion was that the revival method has normally been one in which feeling is dominant, in mass and in control; that the great religious revivals have been intensely emotional; and that the best of them have been saved from extreme excess only by the guidance of very strong and well-balanced minds like Wesley and Edwards. He thinks that there have been many genuine changes of moral nature, and a most positive gain in social conditions under the influence of revival appeals; and that in a multitude of cases the change has been permanent for the better. He insists, however, that any careful observer of social phenomena must find substantial evidence of great danger of excesses of excitement, of sterile emotions, and of a certainty of reaction to moral feebleness. He insists farther that in many, if not in most, cases there has been lacking any true apprehension of sin and any real volitional action toward a higher life. Fear has been the motive power, and professional revivalists have not stinted themselves at all in their use of very questionable methods to secure converts.

The revival method is not the method employed by Jesus himself, and on this we cannot too strongly insist. Jesus led his disciples about the fields, preaching about the grass and the lillies. His parables were sane and simple narratives. The more one studies the gospel and the method of the great preacher, the more he feels that he is being led about by one of our modern scientists, investigating nature and finding God in brook and wood. Although he insisted that a man must be born again, it is evident from all his relations with men that he did not intend what has been in recent days demanded. He took his disciples as he found them, and he built upon their native character. We are more than glad that the days of Hammond and even of Mr. Moody—the days for stampeding a town in the name of religion—are passed. It is doubtful if Mr. Hammond would now be indorsed by the churches of any city in the United States, while riding a white horse up and down the street "in the name of Jehovah." The tremendous sledge-hammer blows used by such men fell with equal power upon gentle women, tender children, and hardened reprobates. The young were gathered into the churches through emotional displays that could not do otherwise than unsettle their moral natures. Bushnell pointed out the better way in that marvellous book entitled "Christian Nurture." He insisted that a child should be so brought up that he should recognize himself as a Christian from the outset, "and never know himself as being otherwise." Davenport urges that the child "is born from above when he is born into this world," if he be begotten as he should be, and received into the arms of a pure motherhood and fatherhood. "A sound family religion furnishes the only sufficient basis for healthy evangelism." Edward Everett Hale has said that the child who is early taught that he is God's child, that he may live and move and have his being in God, and that he has therefore infinite strength at hand for the conquering of any difficulty, will take life more easily, and probably will make more of it than one who is told that he is born the child of wrath and wholly incapable of good. "Christian nurture and not revival rupture," is Davenport's maxim, and a good one. Drummond urges that we should never deal with a man in such a way as to lead him to "forget the surpassing dignity of the human soul," for its own sake and for its God-like elements; and this is an axiom never to be forgotten. As the revival goes, it does not mark a lapse in Christian effort, but an increased realization of the essential unity between God and man.

Naturally and instinctively we have slipped from a general consideration of the question into a specific consideration of the damage done by moral excitement to children. There are children of all ages, and the damage is not limited to the first few years of existence. The law of a right life is temperance in all things—self-government: only on that road is health or wealth. Yet we have placed the emphasis where it belongs. Home cannot turn over its functions to the school or to the church. The father cannot demit his duties in favor of the revivalist, neither can the sincere pastor. We must make more of the family, and its unit must be protected from extraneous influences. A man who speaks in the name of God, even if honest, is not superior to the parent, who is divinely appointed to train up the child in the way he should go.

NEW ENGLAND THE INCUBATOR OF STRANGE BELIEFS.

So Says the New York Christian Advocate in an Article on Mrs. Tingley.

Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the woman who runs the Theosophistical establishment at Point Loma, Cal., intends to establish at Newburyport, Mass., where her childhood days were spent, a duplicate of Point Loma. She has selected a site known as "The Laurels,' on the Merrimac River, a short distance from the home of Harriet Spofford, the authoress. Mrs. Tingley is a strange character and has had a strange history. The Los Angeles Times undertook to expose alleged discreditable facts in her life and she sued the management and gained her case.

She belongs to the type of women who are peculiarly adapted to influence capitalists advancing in years, and to make the impression upon both men and women that there centers in her a great spiritual mystery and that that mystery is committed to her in such a way that she is the authoritative exponent thereof and inductor into its otherwise inaccessible recesses. None, however, can penetrate into the divine arcana who balk at accepting the majesterial domination of her Delphic personality. In 1901 we essayed to obtain an interview with her at Point Loma, but the conditions were not favorable. Madam Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant and Mrs. Katherine Tingley are three women mistily dealing with spiritual things. The Russian madam was a huge specimen physically, weighing nearly three hundred pounds, with a big head, and, symbolically, a bronze face. She was exposed by the British Psychical Association as dealing in or approving of spurious miracles. When she died, Annie Besant, who had been an

atheist, came forward claiming to be the legitimate successor of Madam Blavatsky. This divided the small but noisy cult into hostile and actively contending factions, in which Mr. Tingley figured in behalf of Mrs. Tingley. Last week Mrs. Tingley gave an interview to a Times reporter, in which she said that at Point Loma "there are no salaries and everybody works for the love of it, and each does that for which he is best adapted. Men of wealth and those without means find the principle of our order peace and happiness, and they demonstrate it daily." That sounds well. She has already sailed for London. When she comes back she is going to tour New England and lecture for the members of the cult in that region.

It is a striking fact that New England has been one of the most prolific fields for the cultivation of metaphysical, social and sexual fads. Papers in Boston have more advertisements of mysterious powers than in any other city of similar size in the country. Witchcraft flourished there in the early days as nowhere else in the United States, except among the Indians and Negroes. Millerism ran through New England like a fire in 1843, and later in 1854. Spiritualism, Shakerism and Quakerism in an almost crazy form had a long run. The "free love" aspect of Spiritualism took root there in many places; and "Mother" Eddy found a genial soil in and about Boston. Mormonism also caught a large number of people in its drag net.

A suggestive fact is that most of these ignus fatuus systems reaped their harvests among the descendants of the early settlers of New England, and—except fortune-telling, spurious miracles, and the lower type of palmistry—not among the foreign hordes that have descended upon it within the last forty or fifty years.

It may be suspected by some that this category is the composition of a hater of New England and is a caricature of the facts, but it is quite the reverse.

High intelligence, town meetings, constant discussion will always produce quite a large proportion of individuals almost hysterically hankering after some new thing, and if a solid, sensible and spiritual religion is established in such communities—if it be strict and uncompromising—there will be a revulsion, which revulsion will leave quite a large number of the people without any hold upon religion. Such persons are very liable to run a competitive race with each other for the palm of the greatest intelligence, perception and insight, out of which come a proportion who are rattle-headed.

Nothing happens in the development of the human mind, individually and collectively, in races and nations, in rural regions and in cities, that has not been happening in all time. The Athenians were the most highly intelligent people of their age. New England was described fifteen hundred years before it came into existence, "And they took him and brought him into Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean. For all the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

So it is with New England — with this exception, that in spite of all the new things, the fads and follies, the spinal column of New England, consisting of solid, substantial citizens, remains without the softening of its marrow from generation to generation.

Mrs. Tingley came on the scene later than Mrs. Eddy, but neither of them will be the last woman that New England will produce who will set up a new religion or try to metamorphose an old one.

A CALIFORNIAN IN THE EAST.

A California Baptist minister, Rev. Robert Whitaker, a bright impressionistic writer, says The Congregationalist, served up in last week's Watchman his impressions of Northfield, which, he says, is half a century in advance of the ordinary New England town. "You feel that you are in the heart of the mountains and just on the edge of Boston, as it were." He contrasts the place with Old Orchard, Me., in point of Sunday observance, to the disadvantage of the latter. He says, "For rampant fakism, Sabbath desecration, drunkenness, unconcealed gambling and every other devilish device for corrupting youth and making of rest and recreation waste and ruin I have seen nothing worse on the Pacific coast than I saw at Old Orchard on Sunday, July 21." He was much stirred as he visited Round Top where Moody is buried and with the fact that out of the Unitarian Nazareth came the great evangelist who was the very antithesis in temper of anemic New England liberalism. He thinks that Massachusetts has no name that represents a more wonderful career than Moody's and no place more inspiring to one who loves his fellowman than the old farm where Moody was born. He is impressed with the vigorous type of Christianity for which Northfield stands and says that neither William R. Moody nor his cousin, Ambert G., the general manager, would be mistaken for any kind of half-starved, half-clad saints.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

Whatever may be said about the future of San Francisco this fact already in evidence must be taken into the account. The report of the harbor commissioners shows the following quantities of building materials received during the fiscal year: Lumber 768,802,866 feet, bricks 27,593,108, cement 80,317 tons; shingles and laths, etc., in proportion. The San Francisco Chronicle observes that the cost of the permanent building done and under way must approach $100,000,000. The commerce of the city has not suffered at all, but is steadily gaining. The receipts of the port for the year have been $1,196,594, as against $912,132 in 1905. The customs receipts have kept pace with the increase of port dues. This is all the more remarkable in view of the heavy handicap under which San Francisco has labored.

France will not be satisfied until she has about the same relative position in Morocco that England has in Egypt, that Japan has in Korea, that is a protectorate. Since France has severed her connection with the Jesuits and the dominancy of the pope her policy may be made tolerable. It may be God's way of letting the light into the Mohammedan darkness. Germany should keep hand off.

Among the Churches.

Richmond.—The Rev. W. C. Spaan returned recently from an extended trip East.

Los Angeles.—Word comes from the Rev. F. B. Gantz of Hamilton, Ohio, that he accepts the call from the Highland Park Church, and will enter on the work the latter part of September.

Watsonville.—The Rev. Dr. Dobbins of Berekley, one of the pioneer Presbyterian ministers of California, and about 40 years ago pastor at Watsonville, occupied the pulpit on a recent Sunday.

Worthington, Ohio.—The Rev. M. D. A. Steen, D.D., for many years a pastor in California, but now of Worthington, O., is supplying the Nelson Memorial Church of Columbus, Ohio, during August.

Pomona.—Many remarks are made as to the beauty and grace of the new house of worship under construction. It promises to be the finest specimen of church architecture in this part of California.

Los Angeles, Westminster.—At the recent communion service of this new church, located on 37th street and Denker avenue, two new members were received. The outlook in this field is an encouraging

Los Angeles.—The work in the Mt. Washington district, in East Los Angeles is prospering under the leadership of the venerable Dr. Wishard. Without any outside help a chapel which will accommodate more than an hundred persons has been built, and attendance at services is good. The outlook is excellent for a good church organization here ere long.

Azusa.—The Spanish Presbyterian Church at Irwindale is planning to move its chapel to Azusa onto a lot near the Grammar school. The stone church at Irwindale is all the congregation at that point needs for its services and a church here would be a great convenience for the Azusa members. It would be called the Second Spanish Presbyterian Church and John Guerrero would be the pastor. The plan has the approval of the Los Angeles Presbytery, also of Miss Mary A. Merwin.

Sacramento, Fremont Park.—The Fremont Park Church of Sacramento held a most interesting meeting during the month of August, the program being arranged in the form of a newspaper. After prayer and Scripture reading by the President, Mrs. E. H. Rivett, the topic for the day was presented in editorials, extracts from missionary letters, a story, personals and tidbits; these with the columns of "Help Wanted," and "Lost and Found," made a most unique way of presenting old friends in new clothing, and gave a most profitable and enjoyable afternoon for all present.

Sacramento.—Rev. W. C. Sherman, pastor of Fremont Park Church, Sacramento, spent his vacation in giving Bible readings and Chautauqua addresses at Mt. Hermon and Pacific Grove, and in supplying the Presbyterian pulpit at Santa Barbara. He reports great pleasure and encouragement in his efforts to place the Word upon the hearts of his audiences at these places. He has publicly declared that by grace he would be even more energetic in the future in urging people to believe, obey and practice the teachings of God's Word and to be more faithful in prayer and personal work. There seems to be in the church a tacit spirit of pride and thankfulness that they have the ablest expounder and teacher of the gospel, in its simplicity, on the coast. While this church is small in numbers it hopes and plans to be a larger factor in the advancement of the spiritual kingdom.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Mrs. Dr. MacIntosh is at a sanitarium on the Rhine, seeking relief from rheumatism. Two of her daughters are tarrying in Switzerland. Her son, Mr. Oswald MacIntosh, of Philadelphia, has just made his sister, Mrs. Robert Menzies, a brief visit at her home in San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Mackenzie are rejoicing over the birth of their first grandchild, named Robert S. McIver, the son of Mrs. Bella McIver, or Riverside. Dr. Mackenzie returned this week to his work in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Day have left Brigham, Utah, and are visiting Rev. Newton E. Clemonson, of Logan, Utah, a few days before returning to San Anselmo. Mr. Clemonson took a post-graduate course here a few years ago. He is one of the most influential ministers in Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McLaren had their entire family of five children baptized in the Seminary church last Sabbath.

WORKING OVER-TIME.

The New York Times thinks that the press is overdoing the excitement over the Japanese spies taking photographs and making sketches of the fortifications at San Diego. The London Times also remarks that if the fortifications of that port amount to anything, it would be very odd if the Japanese Intelligence Department had not full information about them already, and plausibly suggests that the offending Japanese cannot have been official observers, but must have been "patriotic amateurs." The Times also sapiently observes that if the military camp had been near New York or Chicago, and had promised features for the illustrated Sunday papers, twenty kodaks would have been leveled at everything in the camp in which the kodaker discerned potentialities of popular interest. If these pictures had seemed presentable to the editor, they would straightway have appeared for the information of whom they might concern, and incidentally of the Mikado. In that case there would have been no local politics to conserve. But now the highest authority in the land is to be invoked not because the Japanese have done anything more than was in their right to do but the anti-Japanese proposition must be promoted. The California demagogues must have a new bone to gnaw while they growl. These are the same "patriots" who trampled the American flag under their feet a few weeks ago, crying out "Down with that rag!" No one has dared to rebuke them yet. This sensation has about spent its force. It is about time another should be conjured up.

UNIVERSITY

The Home.

THE HOUSE OF PRIDE.

I lived with Pride; the house was hung
With tapestries of rich design.
Of many houses, this among
Them all was richest, and 'twas mine.
But in the chambers burned no fire,
Tho' all the furniture was gold;
I sickened of fulfilled desire,
The House of Pride was very cold.

I lived with Love; all she possest
Was but a tent beside a stream.
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
She wove around my sleep a dream.
And One there was with face divine
Who softly came, when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
And made our life a sacrament.

—W. L. Dawson.

SIMPLICITY OF LIVING.

Just what do we mean by simplicity of living? I have always found my dictionary an efficient helper when I want to get at the gist of anything. Among the many meanings of the word simplicity, we find this: "The state or quality of being simple." Then, looking still further, we find that simple means single, uncombined, free from intricacy or complication, having no embellishments or accessories, not sumptuous or luxurious, free from affectation, pretension, formality or duplicity."

Simplicity in living, then, would appear to mean a kind of living or home life where there is, **first**, a singleness of purpose. And though this purpose varies greatly in the different homes with which we are familiar, you will agree that the highest aim in any living is the keeping of life itself. Life of the body depends upon health, and life of the spirit depends upon harmony. There can be no health without obedience to the laws of nature and applied knowledge of the principles of science; and there can be no harmony without elimination of self and a perfect understanding and an exemplification of "the greatest thing in the world," love.

Freedom from intricacy or complication is another essential feature of simple life. Intricate questions of finance, of business, of study, of occupation would have no part in this ideal living, but in practical life they seem to be inevitable. Doubtless we would all readily assent to the assertion that simplicity means freedom from affectation, artificiality, pretension and duplicity; but in our actual living, how few of us could lay any claim to simplicity in this interpretation of its meaning!

But it is in its general signification that we find most perplexity in solving this problem of simplicity of living. Just how far shall we do away with all embellishment, ornamentation and elaborateness of detail, all sumptuousness and luxury in our daily life?

One reason for the difficulty lies in the difference in our ideas of what constitutes luxury and sumptuousness, and our motives in having them. Luxury is usually applied to "a free or extravagant indulgence in the pleasures that gratify the senses, as rich and expensive diet, or in costly dress or equipage." A free indulgence is right under certain conditions, and extravagance is a term which must be defined personally.

That an article of diet is expensive need not condemn it for those who have the wherewithal to pay for it, for it makes work or business for the producer. But when it is too rich in its nature or combinations for the human stomach's daily food, it is folly for one to endanger health by its frequent use, and thus defeat one of the chief purposes of living. Costly dress and sumptuous equipage, if promptly and fairly paid for, thereby giving a living to the manufacturer, are luxuries which many persons may have and enjoy and yet exemplify the real spirit of simplicity of living, but if bought merely to show a lavish expenditure, they are demoralizing in their effect.

To some persons luxuries are merely "any articles that minister to their comfort or pleasure, and yet are not necessary to life, or to what is regarded as an ordinary degree of comfort," and when considered only in this light, and entirely within the limit of their purse, there can be no harm in their possession. But when luxuries are procured solely to "minister to such undesirable wants as love of display, vanity or a selfish desire to exalt one's self above one's fellows and thus produce a separation," they are destructive to the singleness of purpose of a simple life.

The adornment of our homes has been carried to such an excess in quantity and is so questionable in quality that it has been the occasion for much of this urgency for simplicity of living. But here, also, we may find help by applying our test of the meaning of the term. When ornamentation means only artificiality and pretension it has no place in a simple home. But when its purpose is education, or genuine pleasure and comfort for the inmates of the home, even if visitors fail to find it interesting—for the home should be adorned for its occupants, not for callers—this ornamentation may be as varied and elaborate as one's taste suggests, or comfort desires, or means will allow.

Personally I have no sympathy with those critics and self-imposed advisers who say, "Have one original painting or artist proof" (which they well know is way beyond your income) "rather than half a dozen good photographs;" or who would relegate all souvenirs, collections and personal treasures to the privacy of one's bedroom or the seclusion of a remote part of the house; or who would indiscriminately strip our walls and shelves of much which, for want of a better term, is usually called bric-a-brac.

If a woman be so situated that the care of such treasures is a burden, or likely to interfere with more important duties, they may well be reduced to those actually rare and valuable, or which serve some specific purpose. But there are many homes where such labor is a work of love and pleasure, and the enjoyment in their possession right at hand, and the associations and scenes which they recall afford a genuine rest from regular work. They give individuality to the home. The friendly caller gains an insight into one's real nature by sight of them, and they often prevent that anxious feeling about for points of mutual interest, common among persons who are only slightly acquainted. They offer a more refining and elevating subject for conversation than social gossip, which is all the conventional furnishings of many reception-rooms suggest.

My opinion of the folly of spending much time and labor on the preparation of food, solely for the purpose of emulation or variety, and especially where this extra labor makes the food less rather than more digestible, and entails an expense we can ill afford and for which the family often have to subsist on plain and poorly cooked fare between times, has been frequently and positively expressed. I thoroughly disapprove also of the elaborate adorning and garnishing of dishes, which is being made to seem the only desirable thing in many of our publications, and in some instances is so far-fetched that were it not for the recipe it would be difficult to decide whether the illustration were a landscape, a hat fresh from Paris, or a salad.

But how may we have this much-to-be-desired simplicity of living? Not collectively, not as communities at once, can we attain to it, but as individuals. Simplicity, remember, means singleness.

Each home must have its own standard and order its household after its own needs and ideas. Each woman must try not to waste her vitality by doing the impossible, but adapt her time, her strength, her talents to the demands made upon her as an individual. Each home must be a thoroughly honest home, for pretension has no part with simplicity. Each member must no longer be afraid to show that she cannot afford the too prevalent competition, which shortens life and energy. Many a man would be relieved of serious business strain if the women of the home would make this stand against it.

Simplicity of living would remedy some of the perplexities of the domestic service question. With fewer rooms and more of them on a level, with the abolishment of superfluities and the reduction of the really needful things, with less intricate carving, no unhygienic draperies, fewer brass and silver ornaments which need frequent care, with less elaborate company meals but more wholesome daily meals, with less formal entertaining but more genuine hospitality, with less fine laundry work, but more individual work on the part of children and husband—especially in their personal needs and the care of their belongings—many of the complications now so much to be deplored would disappear.

To sum it all in a few words: First, graft into your home life simplicity in furnishings, selecting them not from the standpoint of fashion or rivalry of your neighbors, but with reference to your own house, your own purse, your own occupation and your own family needs. Let them be for your own enjoyment, not for exhibition; for service, not for storage, and such as will contribute for your comfort and lessen your labor.

Second, resolve that you will have for your singleness of purpose the health and harmony of your family, and carry out your own individuality in the management of your house. Secure as far as possible the co-operation of husband and children, and of employees whenever practicable, making them all feel that they have a right to the responsibilities as well as the enjoyments and priviliges of the home. But in this management be careful to make system your servant, not your master, and be master of yourself at all times.—Mary J. Lincoln.

The Quiet Hour.

Dear Lord, my soul desireth,
In all thy word requireth,
By works t' adorn thy grace;
O might my conversation
Display on each occasion
That holy mind which in thee was.

In my degree and measure
To aid men be my pleasure,
To edify, my care;
Since thou art ever ready,
Friend of the poor and needy,
All the disconsolate to cheer.

—Moravian Hymnal.

A PRAYER.

Keep me, O God, from every evil word; from all unkindness, idle levity, hasty temper and useless complaint; from flattery and falsehood. Make my heart pure and my lips clean. Give me to share thy joy and let all my looks and words be full of cheer, lest I should bear false witness to thy perfect grace of forgiveness and thy loving care. Keep me from insincerity, from impatient speech and querulous tones in petty trials and misunderstandings. So tame thou that tongue which no man can tame and make it harmless in this world of strife and ready in thy service. And to thee will I give praise and glory evermore. Amen.

THE STRENGTH OF SWEETNESS.

Seeking to make life sweet we must first make the heart sound, for out of radical truth and organic purity blossom real courtesy, gentleness, and the manifold graces of life. "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely." The lovely is the flower of the pure. Do not paint the face, cleanse the heart; do not coax your dress, get a better figure; do not revise your etiquette, be transformed in the spirit of your mind. Profundity, robustness, freedom, and harmony are at the root of fine character. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," and in the love of God, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, do we find the secret of satisfying and abiding sweetness.

As there is no real grace of life without strength, so there is no efficient service without it. "He made pillars for the house of the Lord." To become efficient for high and holy service in God's Church we must possess positive qualities, elements of strength and stability, independence of thought, sincerity, and assurance, uprightness and steadfastness, power of patience and sacrifice. Fussy men in all the denominations seem to be pillars, but, in fact, are poor creatures, counting for little. The secret of efficiency is reality. Without sincerity, strength, and strenuousness, service is shallow and sterile. It is no easy thing to be a veritable power and blessing in a religious community. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." Only he who in his own personality overcometh the temptations of sense, the vanities of

the world, and the wiles of the devil, is fit to serve in the kingdom of God, and only his service avails.

"And he made pillars for the king's house." If we would render real and permanent service to the state, we must possess the strong, fine qualities of the Christian character. Men utterly destitute of sincere conviction and moral principle fancy that nothing more is needed to become a pillar of state than to secure a majority at the polls; but we do the commonwealth little good except as we take into it the spirit of godliness, the genius of righteousness, the power of self-sacrifice. We cannot make a pillar of bamboo; there must be something in it of heart of oak, solidity of marble, texture of iron and bronze. He who would become a pillar in church or state must first be a pillar in deed and truth. He who covets to become a real blessing to society must first attain knowledge, a true heart, conviction, and character built on the rock. The most important column in this world is the vertebral column; it took ages to fashion it, and nothing good, great or lasting is possible without it. A backboneness acrobat is a treasure in a circus, but little use or ornament elsewhere. Wisdom, principle, resolution, and persistence are the articulations of an effective spine, the indispensable qualifications of true workers for God and humanity.—From "Inspiration in Common Life."

Young People.

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
"I will, by and by," says Seth;
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says little Beth.
O dear little people, remember
That true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of Tomorrow,
Pretty Soon, and By and By,
Lead one and all
As straight, they say,
As the king's highway,
To the city of Not at All.

A TEST IN SPELLING.

Lord Palmerston once gave eleven of his associates in the cabinet a sentence to spell, and not one of the eleven got through without blundering. The sentence was, "Is it disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of an harassed pedler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato?" There are here several words easy to misspell; but a correspondent sends to the New York Evening Post a verse, which he says, on the authority of Lord Robert Cecil, was actually given out to a school in Ipswich. It runs thus:

"While hewing yew,
Hugh lost his ewe,
And put it in the Hue and Cry.
To name its face's dusky hues
Was all the effort he could use.
You brought the ewe back, by and by,
And only begged the hewer's ewer,
Your hands to wash in water pure,
Lest nice-nosed ladies, not a few,
Should cry, on coming near you 'ugh!'"

A BOY AT A BANQUET.

I was once riding in an omnibus from a hotel to a station in a country town in central New York. The only other traveler was a lady who told me a most interesting story concerning her little boy.

His father was a prominent business man, and, on one occasion, when he was in the city of New York, he was invited to be one of the guests at a very large dinner of prominent business men. This dinner was held, if I remember rightly, at the great house of Delmonico, the famous restaurant of which you must all have heard. It was a very beautiful banquet room, and the table was shining with glass and silver, and the lights were burning brightly, and there was everything to make it a very brilliant grown-up occasion. Into this room the merchant came, leading his little son by the hand, for he did not like to leave him at the hotel alone, so he brought him with him, and the other gentlemen gave him a pleasant word or a smile, and made a place for him at the table. At first he was just a little embarrassed to find himself in the presence of so many grown-up people, but he ate his dinner quietly, and listened while they talked, and watched the ways of older people, just as boys will, and began to feel after a while that he was quite a big man himself.

There were, as I told you, beautiful silver, glass and china, and beautiful flowers, and beside each plate were five glasses of different shapes and sizes. One of them was for water, one for sherry, one for claret, one for champagne, and a little glass for brandy, or a cordial to be taken after the dinner was over. The waiters, who looked as grave and serious in their white neckties as if they were clergymen, bustled about the table, and the first our laddie knew, one of them was holding a decanter of wine over the glass that stood by his plate. The waiter was an old man, and he smiled kindly down upon the little fellow, as much as to say, "It is very good; shall I give you some?" Startled and frightened, the little man looked toward his father; but his father was engaged in conversation and his face was turned away. For a moment the boy's face flushed with distress, and then, quick as a flash, he turned his glass upside down, and glancing up into the waiter's face said, in a tone that could be heard by all the gentlemen near, "Is it wine? I never touch wine." And then, with an anxious glance, lest the same temptation might be offered to his father, he added, "And my papa doesn't take any wine, either."

And then for a moment the little fellow, who had begun to feel at ease and happy, and to think it was a beautiful thing to be there, seemed suddenly to have a terror of the place, and glanced anxiously from one gentleman to another. And now let me tell you what happened. I suspect they all had little boys at home, and that every man of them, even though he sometimes took wine himself, wished that his own children felt as this boy did, for instead of frowning at him they smiled, and when the waiter bent over them with his decanter they quietly turned their glasses down, or made a motion for him to pass on. And so it happened that in a place where such a thing had hardly ever been known to occur before, the waiter went on, and scarcely a man tasted a drop of wine.

When the little fellow's mother told me this I thought of my little brothers, and I said, "That boy

was indeed a little soldier, and if he had done no other lovely thing in all his life, that was a little hero's act." —Mary Lowe Dickinson, in The National Advocate.

THE INFLUENCE OF HOPE.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

There is a dream, a veritable attribute of the human soul, that the time will come when the world will be at peace with God and at peace with itself. That idea is more than the drapery and poetic imagery of an over-heated religious mind. The whole system of Christianity leads up to that hope. The exact import, the full meaning, and the time of fulfilment have been left in uncertainty. What shall the end be? is the problem of the ages and whose mystery is its charm. It sounds presumptuous to say that we would not know if we could. If we could know we should know. Christianity hints that we cannot know the particular facts of the end. This much we may know: There will be an end, the end will be a triumph of righteousness, and sin will be destroyed. We know these general facts by knowing the essentials of Christianity and the power of Jesus Christ. His coming into the world, his redemptive system, and his teaching are based upon the supposition, the assumption, and the hypothesis that the reign of sin and evil will come to an end, a perpetual end. Christianity can have no less a meaning and be true to itself. Then we know that there will be an end of the present struggle and that end will be the peace of God over the face of the whole world.

We know these ultimate things by the infallible decision of consequences. We know consequences by knowing the tendency of things. We know the tendency of things by knowing the nature of things; specially is this true of spiritual knowledge. Premillenarianism has shown itself inadequate by a susceptibility to the influence of particulars. The Second Advent doctrine suffers from the same fatal defect. The scriptures, Christ himself, wisely guard us at this point. We know general facts legitimately and helpfully, but for a wise reason particulars are withheld. The Judaistic mind was correctly instructed as to the general messianic facts, but their theories of the kingdom Christ was expected to set up were woefully inadequate. There is indubitable evidence that Christ will come again but when, how, and all speculation concerning particulars are vanishing quantities. The end of Christian hope is conserved by general facts. General facts leave room for hope. Particulars invariably produce inductive theories and exalting philosophies which shut out hope. Hope is based on uncertainty as to particulars and yet the validity and strength of hope depends on a clear comprehension of general facts and general principles. No eschatology, no doctrine of the ultimate things, can be made workable whose power depends on an alleged knowledge of specific things. Adventism, in all its forms, has always failed and will always continue to fail because its theory reverses the scriptures. It assumes and teaches particulars instead of general facts. It attempts to apply the inductive method of reaching general facts. We know the adequacy of the gospel to bring about its ultimate purpose but not the particular manner or method by which that purpose will be manifested. The logic of Adventism leads to an inflexible religious mechanism. It is modern Judaism and like Judaism would not know the coming of our Lord unless he appeared according to its preconceived and predetermined formulary. Its working principle has but little or none of the inspiration and buoyancy of hope. It is run on the arbitrary principle of the cog.

ROOSEVELT'S GREAT SPEECH.

President Roosevelt made the principal speech at the laying of the corner-stone for the Pilgrim's Memorial Monument at Provincetown. The President aims to hold the balance between the conflicting elements in society with even-handed justice. He maintains that the 'national sovereignty is to be upheld in so far as it means the sovereignty of the people used for the real and ultimate good of the people; and states rights are to be upheld in so far as they mean the people's rights. Especially is this true in dealing with the relations of the people as a whole to the great corporations which are the distinguishing feature of modern business conditions. He clearly shows that the state cannot handle the great corporations because they do business in many states at the same time. "Almost every big business concern is engaged in interstate commerce, and such a concern must not be allowed by a dexterous shifting of position, as has been too often the case in the past, to escape thereby all responsibility either to state or to nation." He not only proposes legislation for the regulation of the corporations, but adds: "I very earnestly hope that the legislation which deals with the regulation of corporations engaged in interstate business will also deal with the rights and interests of the wage workers employed by those corporations. Action was taken by the congress last year limiting the number of hours that railway employees should be employed. The law is a good one, but if in practice it proves necessary to strengthen it, it must be strengthened." The President is still of the opinion that there are here and there "undesirable citizens." He hints that a decent life is one of the essential elements of good citizenship. On the whole the speech is a strong plea for righteousness.

The latest union is the Negro cotton-pickers union of Texas. Whether they will admit the white pick-a-ninies has not yet been announced.

September Sunset

CONTAINS:

INVASION OF OXFORD.

A critical study of work done at Oxford University, England, by the first Cecil Rhodes scholars. It is written by W. C. Crittenden, the first Californian to win one of the coveted scholarships and athletics. The article is well illustrated.

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

Architects designs of buildings for which contracts have been let and construction is under way;—**a sixteen-page, two-colored tint black form,** showing buildings as designed, including the new White House, Thomas H. Williams buildings, Metropolis Trust Company building, Alaska Commercial Building, First National Bank building, Emporium, Princess Theater, Phelan building, and others.

THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A third article by Rufus Steele, beautifully illustrated, showing how San Francisco is rapidly extending down the peninsula. This article will be devoted especially to suburban towns, pointing out that owing to the new Bay Shore Railway Cut-Off the charms of country life are no longer only for the millionare but are easily reached by the person of moderate means.

ON SALE AUGUST 30th Price 15 cts.

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS.

INCONSISTENCY OF CHRISTIAN DOUBTERS.

A strange tendency of the human mind is to accept readily much that might seem most wonderful and contrary to all reason, while at the same time rejecting as unworthy of belief, or at all events seriously doubting, what is far less wonderful, and what is not at variance with the dictates of the soundest reason. This unmistakable fact is recognized in the telling adage, "Many a man who does not believe in a God believes in ghosts."

All of us have known men who reject the Bible as a guide of life, or as worthy of consideration as the most remarkable book in the world, who are disturbed for days or weeks when they see for the first time in the month the new moon over their leftshoulder, and who seriously hesitate to begin any fresh undertaking on Friday. It is a well-authenticated fact that many an unbeliever or declared opponent of Christianity is positively affected in his life course by the influence of signs and omens, and lucky and unlucky days and seasons.

We generally speak of "superstition" and "religion" as if they were two entirely different forces, affecting entirely different classes of persons; but it might be difficult for us to draw the line between the two forces even as the line exists in our own minds. It would be still more difficult for us to describe just the sort of persons who are influenced by the one force, and not by the other. This truth, or the inevitable confusion with reference to this truth, should be borne in mind in dealing with those who evidently have an open mind with reference to the Bible and Christian truth, yet who seem unable to accept the Bible record of some prominent Christian truth. It may, in their case, be simply a result of a peculiar working of their mind, and another indication of the strange tendency of human nature. Such persons deserve considerate, sympathetic treatment, in order that they may be helped into fuller and clearer light. They do not mean to be unreasonable, even though they are.

A young Christian worker came to me, one day, with a confession of a doubt, because he thought I was always ready to give sympathetic counsel to an honest doubter. The young worker had been for some time prominent in Young Men's Christian Association work, and in religious effort among university students. He was himself a university graduate, and was considering the Christian ministry for his life work. He had the reputation and the appearance of an earnest and devoted Christian man. There was nothing that seemed to suggest the caviler or the doubter, even when he confessed his doubt. It was evident that what he believed he believed heartily, and that he would be glad to believe more. He seemed to be sorry that he had to confess any doubt.

After speaking of his manner of life and his habits of thought, as if he would have it understood that he was not inclined to a doubting mood with reference to Bible truths, he said, half hesitatingly:

"The only thing that troubles me in the story of Jesus is the narrative of his miraculous birth."

"Do you think there was anything exceptional in the life and work and words of Jesus?" I asked.

"Oh! I think he was in all things exceptional. I don't doubt him. I trust myself fully to his guidance, and for my salvation. It is only about the circumstances of his birth that I have any doubt."

"How do you think Jesus compared with the people of his generation?"

"I think no one was for a moment to be compared with him. He was way above all men of his day and generation."

"How do you think it was to the men who had gone before him, the wisest and the best and the greatest of them,—men like Isaiah and Jeremiah and Solomon and David and Samuel and Joshua and Caleb and Moses, and other leaders of thought and action?"

"Oh! I think he was far above them all. None of them was to be compared with him. I have no doubt on that point. It is, as I tell you, only about the matter of his miraculous birth that I have any doubt."

"You think, then, that Jesus came into this world with the world as it was, and drew a new line of being and character and conduct in it, setting up here a new standard for men, even the best and wisest and greatest of men, to imitate and to strive to live up to from that time forward? Do you believe that the example and teachings of Jesus, his work and his words, had any influence over his fellows while he was here in this world, and that they have continued to have this until the present day?"

"Yes, I most firmly believe that. I believe there was never anything like it. He was never equaled or approached. I have no doubts on these points. My only doubt, as I said to you, is about the story of his miraculous birth."

"You speak of the influence of the work and words of Jesus, not to say anything about the incitement and the new motive and the help furnished in his death and resurrection,—what do you think has been the result in the lives of those who, since his day, have sought to live up to his standard? What proportion of his followers compare favorably with his example?"

"I do not think that any one of them could be compared with him."

"Not even with his example and teachings and influence before them, and with two thousand years of progress and moral growth in the world's history? Not a single one of the most progressive pupils has come up to the standard of the old-time teacher?"

"Not one. Oh! I tell you I count Jesus all by himself. No one was, or is, to be compared with him."

"Well now, my friend, just look at me. You say that you believe that two thousand years ago there appeared in this world one who was greatly superior to his fellows, one who was far above the wisest and the greatest and the best who had ever lived on earth; and that during the years of his life he was such a teacher and example, and had such an influence on his disciples and his generation, that the world feels it to this day; that he was such a Being that you are ready to trust him as a Savior for this life and the next; and that, even with all the teachings that he gave for men's guidance, and with all the helps that the church which he organized has set at work for good in the passing centuries, not one of his followers or imitators has approached his standard of spiritual and moral excellence. You say you believe all this, yet you cannot believe the Bible record that there was anything peculiar about his coming into this world and life. You prefer to believe that he was born just like every other man in order to be unlike every one who ever had been, or who then was, or who ever was to be.

"That belief of yours, my friend, is a great deal more difficult than my belief. I am glad that my mind isn't subjected to such a test as yours is. Believing what you and I believe as to the utterly unique life and character of Jesus, and of his place in the universe, it seems to me most reasonable to suppose that there was something peculiar in the coming of such a being into this world; and it would seem most unreasonable to suppose that he was born into this world just like an ordinary man. Don't you yourself think so?"

"Yes, I do, when I look at it in that light," said the doubter.

And it will often be found, with many another doubter of some point of Christian truth, that he fully accepts and firmly believes more wonderful things than that which he doubts; and that his accepted beliefs are more reasonable, if taken with the one which he doubts, than without it. Christianity is more consistent with itself than would be any substitute for it according to our fancies or preferences.

Christianity is more reasonable than are the beliefs of those who deny or doubt its claims. This is true as to the more prominent unbelievers and scoffers. It is also likely to be the case with the doubts of honest Christians who have troubles with particular points of belief. They are almost sure to be ready to accept without a question truths that are less in accordance with reason than that which troubles them. In view of this truth, it is well that one who would help honest doubters should bring out by his questions this phase of their unreasonableness. It is not too close an adherence to reason, but a lack of it, that multiplies doubters in the world.—H. Clay Trumbull in How to deal with Doubts and Doubters.

MIXED.

Oh, what a pity, do I say,
That Johnny boy is built this way!
Would that some power might him coerce
The operation to reverse.

So that, his mind disposed aright,
He would the bed prefer at night,
And with the morn would us beguile
For license to stay up a while!
—Edwin L. Sabin in the "Housekeeper."

When we remark: "It's getting late,
Run upstairs, Johnny—after eight!"
He wails, the while he shakes his head:
"But I don't want to go to bed!"

Yet in the morning when he's called
From out that bed he must be hauled:
The while he scolds, with wrinkled brow:
"But I don't want to get up now!"

ON THE TOP POINT OF OUR CONTINENT.

Dr. Frederick Cook, who recently succeeded in making the ascent of Mount McKinley—a feat which had baffled all other attempts—tells of his wonderful climb in Harper's for May. Here is his picture of the mountain—the highest point on our continent—twenty thousand three hundred and ninety-one feet above the sea:

"We stood up under a black sky so low that we felt as if we could nearly touch it. We had reached the top. What a task! Without the aid of guides we had at last reached our goal. Almost unconsciously our hands were locked, with a look of satisfaction at each other; not a word nor a yell was uttered. We had not the breath to spare. It was September 16, 1906, ten o'clock in the morning, the temperature— 16 degrees; the altitude 20,391 feet. Then followed a long gaze over the cold wide world spread out at our feet. To the south the eye ran over the steaming volcanoes, Redoubt and Illiamina, down Cook Inlet to the point of Kenai Peninsula and the Pacific, two hundred and fifty miles away. Narrow, winding, pearly ribbons marked the courses of the Koskokwim, Yukon Tanana and Susetna rivers. Out of the Pacific rose a line of clouds drifting over the Chugach Mountains, to deposit their snows in the glaciers of the Alaskan Range. A similar train of clouds came out of the Bering Sea and swept the western side of the range. These clouds blotted out most of the mountains near the main range. This lower world of lesser mountains did not impress us so much as the little sky-world about us. Here, under feet, was the top of the continent, the north pole of our ambitions, probably the coldest spot on earth, and we were the most miserable of men at a time when we should have been elated. Nevertheless, I shall always remember, with a mental focus sharpened by time, the warm friendship of my companion, Edward Barrille, the curious low, dark sky, the dazzling brightness of the sky-scraped granite blocks, the neutral gray-blue of space, the frosty dark blue of the shadows, and, above all, the final pictures which I took of Barrille with the flag lashed to his axe as an artic air froze the impression into a relief which no words can tell.

"A record of our conquest was left, with a small flag, in a metallic tube in a protected nook a short distance below the summit. A round of angles was taken with the prismatic compass. The barometers and thermometers were read and hasty notes jotted down in our note-book. The descent was less difficult, but it took us four days to tumble down to our base camp."—In the Christian Advocate.

There is no journey of life but has its clouded days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunderclaps and bursts of unlooked-for sorrows are the ones that test certain of our graces the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened we can discern nothing; but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the gloom becomes luminous with glory. The fourteenth chapter of John never falls with such music upon our ears as when we catch its sweet strains amid the pauses of some teriffic storm: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. I will not leave you comfortless."—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

I find the great thing in the world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of Heaven, we must sometimes sail against it, but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

"Every consecration made in the darkness," says Phillips Brooks, "is reaching out toward the light, and in the end must come out into the light, strong in the strength which it won in its life and struggle in the dark." The effort to do right, even when we cannot see our way pilots us toward the perfect day.

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We bought at our own price an entire grocery store last week, moved the goods in, and now place on sale here—all are fresh, new goods, in fine condition—prices tell the rest.

60c jars of Comb Honey 40c
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25c bottles Boiled Cider 17c
25c Libby Plum Pudding 15c
15c Dr. Brown's Jamaica Ginger 10c
15c Durkee's Cayenne 10c
25c Eddy's Salad Mustard, large 15c
15c R. & R. Plum Pudding, ½ lb. 10c
10c Boneless Chunk Codfish, 4 pounds 25c
10c Smoked Herring, tin 5c
5c Golddust, 6 pkgs. for 25c
25c Combs of Honey, 1 lb., 2 for 35c
35c Bottles Fruit Color and Extracts 20c
25c Tins Corn Beef 2 lbs 20c
5c Glycerine Toilet Soap, 7for. 25c

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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LIFE OF LIFE.

To Him who is the Life of life,
  My soul its vows would pay;
He leads the flowery seasons on,
  And gives the storm its way.

The winds run backward to their caves
  At his divine command,—
And the great deep He folds within
  The hollow of his hand.

He clothes the grass, He makes the rose
  To wear her good attire;
The moon He gives her patient grace,
  And all the stars their fire.

He hears the hungry raven's cry,
  And sends her young their food,
And through our evil intimates
  His purposes of good.

He stretches out the north, He binds
  The tempests in his care;
The mountains cannot strike their roots
  So deep He is not there.

Hid in the garment of his works,
  We feel his presence still
With us, and through us fashioning
  The mystery of his will.

—Alice Cary.

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SOME SIGNIFICANT EVENTS AND STATEMENTS.

Certain events and statements of recent date have important bearing on one of the great world problems. To the casual reader they may not have seemed of any great significance, but to the student of history and of the world's future they are of great significance.

On Wednesday, August 28th, there appeared in the daily press dispatches a statement made in Toronto, Canada, by the Japanese Consul for that country:

"The enactment of an anti-Japanese immigration law in Canada would give immediate rise to an international question between Great Britain, Canada and Japan for the reason that by treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation made last year between Japan and Canada, this country is bound under article 2, to give the Japanese the same entire freedom of entrance, residence and business occupation as the Dominion extends to any of the European nations, to say nothing of our position as an ally of Great Britain, to which bond Canada is herself a party.

"The Japanese Government, moreover, would never entertain any idea of allowing their people to be discriminated against."

At the time when this declaration was made in Canada the United States mails were carrying to all parts of the country the September number of the Century magazine containing an article by Richard Barry, a trusted correspondent of that high-class journal, a man who has had special opportunities for observing and studying the Japanese, in which it was said:

"With the present condition of public enlightenment and consequent democratic independence, no ministry in Tokio could hold office for a month if it dared to sign a treaty discriminating against the Japanese as an inferior race. Inevitably they will demand equal rights with the proudest of nations."

With reference to the possibility of war between Japan and the white nations, Mr. Barry says that the clearest statement came from a Japanese statesman, a former member of the cabinet, and a man of known diplomatic aloofness. Speaking to an American, this Japanese statesman said:

"Japan has a history fully as long and filled with as many glorious achievements as yours; it entitles her to a self-respect equal to yours. And she must demand that full equality before the customs as well as before the law of nations to which her history entitles her. So long as she is placed in the class and treated with the disrespect shown by whites toward Chinamen, Indians, Negroes, Filipinos, or Cubans, there is laid down the gauntlet of an irrepressible conflict."

About the time the Japanese Consul in Canada was declaring himself and nation as herein-before stated, and the Century Magazine was giving to the people the observations of its noted and trusted correspondent, nearly fifty of the prominent business men of San Francisco sat at a banquet in the Fairmount Hotel as the guests of Kikujiro Ishii, the director of the bureau of commerce of the department of foreign affiairs of the empire of Japan. Cordiality was at its height. Mayor Taylor was present, and said in response to a toast proposed by Mr. Ishii:

"This is another illustration of the way the Japanese do things. I do not think I have ever participated in a dinner more perfectly appointed. When we met Mr. Ishii two weeks ago we reciprocated his sentiments of peace and we can now heartily concur in this feeling that the two nations should remain at peace. Ishii's experience among us will tend to that end, and when he sees that there is no evidence of ill-feeling among us, I hope he will return to his government with the message that the two nations can move together along the broad highway of commerce in mutual amity. Let us bid Mr. Ishii Godspeed in his departure and hope that in his home he will be a strong influence to that forbearance without which no nations can be truly great."

And Mr. Ishii himself said:

"I congratulate you, gentlemen, on this bright outlook. and beg to assure you of Japan's sympathetic interest in all that concerns your prosperity. There is no envy or jealousy on my side of the ocean. We believe that there are room and opportunity for all, and we realize that everything which brings prosperity to you, either directly or indirectly, brings good to us.

"I come back to you here in San Francisco more than ever impressed with the conviction which I have always entertained—and which my government entertains—that there is no sound reason for any friction or ill-will between the people of this great country and those of Japan. I believe that no question can ever arise between us which, approached in a spirit of fairness and mutual consideration, is not susceptible of honorable and satisfactory adjustment."

Let it be noted that Mr. Ishii expressed the conviction that no question can ever arise which will not be susceptible of honorable and satisfactory adjustment, provided it be **approached in a spirit of fairness and mutual consideration.**

All that was said at that banquet, and in general his observations and experiences in our country, up to that time, led him to believe that all questions would be approached in that spirit. Before Mr. Ishii so expressed himself at that banquet the Hon. John P. Irish had said on that occasion:

"We intend that the enterprise of Japan shall join with the enterprise of America in developing the resources of California. We want to aid Japan in becoming the England of the Orient, and I desire such an amendment to the laws that any Japanese who

desires to become a citizen of the United States can do so without restriction. We must not pay attention to petty local disturbances, but to the sentiment of the American people; never mind what other foreigners in California may say, they will find that the strong arm of the American law will be laid upon them to enforce justice to the Japanese. We want more of the Japanese in California instead of less—and we shall have them here."

Another representative San Franciscan, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, said:

"If this country ever dares to exclude the Japanese, that country will be justified and right in resorting to measures to uphold their honor and dignity. I hope we shall never resort to that dastardly action."

We write as we are writing at this time in order that more of our people may be brought to realize on what friendly relations between them and the Japanese depend.

The United States must come to stand unquestionably on the platform of **no race discrimination.** And this, not because the Japanese or any other people desire it, but because **God desires and wills it.** Nothing other than this is in accordance with the principles and teachings of Jesus, and no nation that does not conform to those teachings will be led into the promised land of the world's great future and given part in the ever-onward movement toward perfection and toward God.

THE RESTORATION OF THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN FAMILY.

The people of the Pacific coast have a fondness for quoting from a speech made in the United States Senate in 1852 by the great statesman, William H. Seward, in which was the declaration that "the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theater in the world's hereafter." Some of our people, however, forget seemingly that this same clear-headed, far-sighted statesman said in the same speech:

"Even the discovery of this continent and its islands, and the organization of society and government upon them, grand and important as these events have been, were but conditional, preliminary, and ancilliary to the more sublime result now in the act of consummation—the reunion of the two civilizations which, parting on the plains of Asia four thousand years ago, and traveling ever after in opposite directions around the world, now meet again on the coasts and islands of the Pacific ocean. Certainly no mere human event of equal dignity and importance has ever occurred upon the earth. **It will be followed by the equalization of the condition of society and the restoration of the unity of the human family."**

It is the latter part of Seward's utterance that some of our people have forgotten and that others are in danger of forgetting.

With good reason may the American people say in the words of one of England's great poets:

> "Lord, God of Hosts, Be with us yet,
> Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

We believe that the hand of God has been in the history of our nation. We believe that William H. Seward was just as divinely raised up in the fullness of time to do the work which he did do in shaping the future of the nation, as Washington was to be the father of our country and Lincoln its savior, or Martin Luther the apostle of the Reformation. We believe also that there was something prophetical in the utterance of Seward when, after speaking of the reunion on the shores and islands of the Pacific ocean of the two old civilizations, he said that it would be followed by the equalization of the condition of society and the restoration of the unity of the human family.

Such a restoration and unity we believe to be in accordance with the teachings of sacred writ. It is something of which historical students are becoming more and more convinced.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Theological Seminary, who has made a thorough study of the Orientals and their customs, says that his intercourse with the ancient civilizations of the East yielded every proof of such a unity. "The sameness of humanity seemed to me so absolute that I saw no reason why, granting an exchange of training and environment, they might not become as I, and I as they." And it is Dr. Hall's conviction that the viewless spirit of God has been "preparing a way in the Oriental consciousness whereby ultimately to express truths as yet largely unrealized in Anglo-Saxon religious experience."

The Rev. Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, in his masterly work, "The Evolution of the Japanese," says that the conflict between the East and the West is not racial, but civilizational. He says that his studies have led him to believe that the main differences between the great races of mankind today are not due to biological, but to social conditions. "They are not physico-psychological differences, but only socio-psychological differences. The Anglo-Saxon is what he is because of his social heredity, and the Chinaman is what he is because of his social heredity."

That great British scholar, Dr. Ramsay, Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen, is of opinion that "the new stage toward which Christianity is moving, and in which it will be better understood than it has been by purely European thought, will be a synthesis of European and Asiatic nature and ideas."

And Dr. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology in Clark University, sets forth in his great work on Adolescence, writing of the adolescent races, a truth, not yet practically realized, that "every race has some qualities of body or soul that civilized races lack, but sorely need."

Dr. Clark says in this connection: "In ancient times, and still among savages, conquest was followed by commingling of bloods. Conquered races were absorbed and assimilated by intermarriage as in the colonies of ancient Rome and among savage tribes, who kill the males among their enemies and marry the females. This process requires a long time and also requires peace. Reclus states that for pure outlines of form and grace of movement many savages surpass civilized man. We have also a large body of evidence of the very superior stamina and mental vigor produced by some race mixtures. The bad qualities of half-breeds are generally due to prejudice and social ostracism. That the Beothuk and Tasmanian blood now flows in nobody's veins, the biologist considers an irreparable loss, and holds that these two

very vigorous stocks must, on general principles, have contained very precious elements that might have revitalized some decadent or accelerated some other ascendant stock, or been quickened themselves if wisdom, or chance had effected the proper combination. The Ainos of Japan, who are vanishing by amalgamation, are a very different and more primitive type than the Japanese, and both appear to be benefitted by the process of absorption. The Portuguese and the Dutch have been intermarrying for several centuries in farther India to the advantage of both races, as is true of the Russians with the older natives of Siberia. The mixture of Arabs with the North Africans has produced the Moors; many crossings of the Turks, the Spaniards and Indians in South America and Mexico, especially in Chile, which have resulted in Neo-Indian and Neo-Aryan types, show how favorably the crossing of races may act if differences are not great and if both sexes of both races marry with each other instead of only the men of one with the women of the other."

Our study of history and of the present trend of world affairs leads us to incline toward the belief that there will, in process of time, be a blending of many of the races that are now markedly different. The time, in all probability, will come when a marriage between a Caucasian and a member of one of the Asiatic races will be looked at no more askance than will a marriage between an American and a European.

At different times it has been stated in the Pacific Presbyterian that there have been not a few such marriages out of which there has come only happiness. That of the noted author, Lafcadio Hearn, was an especially happy one for both parties. The lady whom Hearn married was of high Samurai rank. Four children were born to them. The father loved them all dearly, but his heart was especially fixed on his eldest son, concerning whom he once said that he was dearer to him than his own life. At one time, when Hearn desired very much to come to the United States on a visit, he did not come because he felt that he could not be parted from the boy even for a day.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who has been termed "a connoisseur in femininity," when in Japan several years ago, took a Japanese woman as wife, and taking her back to England with him, raised her to the British peerage. Professor John Milne of England, one of the world's most famous seismologists, long connected with the Imperial University of Tokyo, took a Japanese bride to England a few years ago.

A few months ago there died in England a man who for thirty years had filled the position of first secretary and counsellor of the Chinese legation in London—Sir Holliday Macartney—who married as his first wife the daughter of a Chinese mandarin at Nankin. She died a few years after their marriage, but left a son, who is one of the most distinguished members of the British government service in India. He has the order of Indian Empire, several war medals, and at last account was British Consul at Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan.

Today a Japanese woman is mistress of a great feudal domain in Austria. She is the widow of Count Henry Coudenhove, a scion of one of the grandest houses of the Austrian nobility, which for four hundred years or more has had a conspicuous part in the history of Bohemia, some of which family, it is said, are always holding high office at the court of Vienna. Count Henry was in diplomatic service at Athens and at Buenos Ayres before going to Japan. At the time of the war between Japan and China, while acting as charge d'affaires at Tokio, he fell in love with and married a Japanese lady whom he had persuaded to forsake Buddhism and accept Christianity. When later he was recalled from the diplomatic service, he retired to his estates in Bohemia, where he devoted himself to scientific studies. So remarkable were his achievements along this line that the University of Prague conferred on him its highest honorary degree. It is said that the Count's marriage brought him much happiness. The children, three boys and a girl, the eldest about thirteen years of age, were entrusted by him at his death to the guardianship of the mother, who also has the administration of the extensive estates until the first-born shall attain his majority.

None who are familiar with life in Hawaii will be surprised at the statement made not long ago by Governor Carter: "There is no reason why the white woman should not marry Japanese as well as men of other nationalities. I would be perfectly willing if my daughters should wish to marry Japanese when they grow to womanhood."

The mingling on Hawaiian soil of the blood of the native islanders and of the Chinese has produced a stock of people which is in every way an improvement on both of the originals.

Through the Ah Fong daughters, the offspring of a woman of Caucasian blood and a Chinaman, Chinese blood courses now in the veins of the descendants of some of the best of American families. The Ah Fong girls married well, one of them becoming the wife of an American Admiral.

The frequent marriage here on the coast of Americans and Asiatics foreshadows what may be expected after a few decades of culture shall have elevated to our plane of life more of the Orientals. Only last week announcement was made of the marriage of Professor Yoshi S. Kuno, of the Oriental department of the University of California, and Mrs. Walter N. Fong. While a student at Stanford University some years ago Miss Emma House became acquainted with Walter N. Fong, a bright young Chinese of fine Christian character, and they were married. Mr. Fong was engaged in mission work for a time in San Jose and Oakland. Later, he became connected with the department of Chinese languages in the University of California. A few years ago he went to an important educational position in China, where he died. Now, Mrs. Fong has become the bride of a Japanese who was her first husband's intimate friend —Professor Yoshi S. Kuno, who has place in the department of Japanese language and literature in the University of California.

In the month of May there was announced in Seattle the marriage of Miss Gertrude F. Boyle, sculptress and author of note, to Mr. Takeshi Kanno, a Japanese writer, poet, and critic of high standing—a member of the Samurai class of Japan. They went from California to Washington to have the ceremony performed because foolishly the California laws forbid such marriages. Miss Boyle declared the marriage a love match. It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Kanno to found an art school in Japan.

But racial intermarriage is merely an incident in the movement toward the restoration of the unity of

the human family. The characteristic of the new era on which the world entered recently is universal economic, political, intellectual, moral and religious intersourse. In these new relations such marriages follow as a matter of course, and as, already intimated, they will become more frequent as the years go by.

Of late there has come into the world a new sense of the solidarity of all the peoples of the earth, and a fuller appreciation of what is involved in the idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The world-consciousness is growing. Many of the people, however, have not yet come to look at things in their cosmic relations. In some way their vision must be widened. They must be brought to realize that the world is their country. When the old philosopher, Seneca, said, "I will look upon all lands as belonging to me, and my own land as belonging to all," he unconsciously placed himself in line with the teachings of him who laid down his life on the hill of Calvary that the world might have life and have it abundantly.

With the vision of the Christ in mind, with remembrance of the fact that the great Apostle, the devout and scholarly Paul, stood for the ideals of a world-wide state, that great statesmen and philosophers, here and there, down through all the centuries of time have longed for it and have foreseen it, The Pacific, Presbyterian here on these western shores, will continue to stand for those same ideals; and our prayer now as ever is "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

THE POLICY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

Inasmuch as there are attempts in certain circles to bring the public to the belief that the Standard Oil Company has been dealt with too severely in being mulcted recently to the amount of nearly thirty million dollars, we give an excerpt from the recent report of Herbert Knox Smith of the United States Bureau of Corporations. Those who know Mr. Smith say that he is safe and sane and can be depended upon. In his report to President Roosevelt, he says:

"The evidence is absolutely conclusive that it is the policy of the Standard Oil Company to take full advantage of all non-competitive conditions to impose the highest prices possible, and to extend such non-competitive conditions by aggressive price-cutting, calculated to drive out rivals. The enormous profits secured over most of the country enable the Standard to carry out this plan very effectively in those localities where price-cutting is demanded by this policy.

These discriminations in prices were largely made possible by the widespread system of discrimination in railroad rates, which was long enjoyed by the Standard Oil Company, until recently exposed by this bureau in its report on the transportation of petroleum, published in May, 1906. The elaborate system of railroad discrimination, extending, as it did, over very large areas of the country, allowed the Standard to place its oils in any given section where it happened to encounter competition, at a cost much below the cost to its competitors. It was shown in the bureau report on this subject that in several instances the unfair advantage enjoyed by the Standard in freight rates was alone much more than a living profit on its oil business. The Standard was thus able to suppress competition in such areas, and this at a minimum of loss. Having done this, the company promptly raised its prices, not merely to a reasonable level, but far above it. Competitors, while theoretically able, in view of these high prices, to re-enter such markets, were practically prevented from doing so, owing to the fact that the Standard, by reason of its advantage in railroad rates, could and would at any time when necessary again depress prices to a point where such competition would again be forced to conduct business at a loss."

As heretofore stated in our columns, we believe that the evidence before Judge Landis of Chicago showed the Standard Oil Company guilty as charged, and we rejoice that the fine was imposed.

In his recent address at Provincetown, President Roosevelt said:

"Many men of large wealth have been guilty of conduct which from the moral standpoint is criminal, and their misdeeds are to a peculiar degree reprehensible, because those committing them have no excuse of want, of poverty, of weakness and ignorance, to offer as partial atonement. When, in addition to moral responsibility, these men have a legal responsibility, which can be proved so as to impress a Judge and jury, then the department will strain every nerve to reach them criminally."

Several years ago, when Jacob Riis was working in the slums of the City of New York, Theodore Roosevelt sought his rooms one day, and not finding him in, he left on Riis' desk a card on which he had written the words, "I have come to help." That seems to be for what Roosevelt has come in every position which he has occupied in life for many years. It is to be hoped that his spirit may pervade governmental and business circles widely, and that there may thus be inaugurated a reign of righteousness all over our land.

THE VIRGIN OF ANTIPOLO.

A few weeks ago we told of the visit of Governor-general Smith and his wife, of the Philippines, to the shrine of the Virgin of Antipolo, and of their worship thereat; also of their signing a petition to the Pope asking that the Virgin of Antipolo be made the patron saint of the islands. The following by the Rev. M. A. Rader of Manila, concerning this image, will be of interest:

This is the most illustrious, renowned, and richest of all the images of the Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands. It is a little body about three feet high, with a plaintive little face. At first one imagines it is a wax figure, but on closer observation it is seen to be made of wood. Dark brown curly hair is fastened to its head and falls over its shoulders. A scar, inflicted by the Chinese during their rebellion, that has been many times painted over, is seen on the left cheek. Around its neck is a beautiful necklace of pearls and diamonds. Its fingers are covered with diamond rings, and a most brilliant diamond is on its forehead. Sometimes it wears a golden crown, but not always. Its dresses are made of the finest materials, generally silk, satin or velvet.

This image was imported to the Philippines from Mexico by the Spanish friars more than two hundred years ago. Their superstitious fear of the water at-

tributed their quiet, peaceful trip over the broad Pacific to this diminutive little piece of wood, and they gave it the title of "The Lady of Peaceful Voyage." On arrival at Manila they found that all the shrines were occupied by other wooden images, and they must needs find this one a resting-place in some other locality. A Spanish priest never permits himself to be caught napping if he can possibly avoid it. Hence a few days after their arrival found this "Lady of Peaceful Voyage" resting on a beautiful knoll in the town of Antipolo. No one seemed to know how it managed to get there. The priests said it looked very much like a miracle and doubtless its little majesty wanted the people to know that it had chosen that site as the place where its temple was to be built. They said they would take it away, but that if it returned, that was positive proof that it had selected that spot. A morning or two later found it there again, of course. The poor ignorant natives were greatly wrought up over the matter. They were assured this was one of the most powerful of all the images, and the one who did not honor it would have a curse resting upon him, but the one who adored it and worshiped it was sure to receive a great blessing. Wonderful stories were told of its miraculous power, of the cures it had performed, and of the glory that had always been witnessed in its presence. It had come to the Philippines because it was deeply interested in the Filipinos and that no greater blessing could come to that town than to have this image take up its abode in it. It suddenly became the duty of Government officials and people alike to unite in erecting a suitable temple for this wooden image. The town to this day has no other significance than being the place of its shrine. Thousands of people make annual pilgrimages to worship this little image. Only once in a hundred years has it been taken from the town. Two years ago it was brought to Manila and was the object of veneration and worship by several hundred thousands of people.

I am puzzled as to the gender of this image. The Catholics speak of it as being "she," or feminine. The name certainly would seem to indicate as much, "Our Lady of Peaceful Voyage." Furthermore, it is said to be a virgin. But I have always been taught that "wood," "clothes," "diamonds" and "paint" were neuter gender, and I do not quite see how a combination of these articles of commerce makes them feminine.

What is there about this image that seems to produce a magic impression on the minds of the people who worship it? Or is it a condition of mind that produces the magic effect? Presto. Is it the wood the wood fashioned into a doll face, the rich satin or velvet, or the costly jewels that has the power? Of course the loyal Catholics will say: "Oh! it is not the image, but what the image stands for, that gives the power." Archbishop Harty, in an article in the Manila Times, said: "We honor and venerate the memory of the Blessed Virgin by respecting and venerating her images. No one is accused of wrong-doing if he venerates the statue of Washington or of Lincoln out of respect to these great men." Yes; but who ever heard of a sane man falling down and worshiping one of their statues? Men venerate Washington and other great men not because of their statues, but regardless of them. If it is simply veneration for the Virgin that is sought, why is there a special blessing promised to those who go to this particular image? There are many images of the Virgin in Manila. Why could not one of these do? Evidently it is hoped to create the impression that there is special merit in this "Lady of Antipolo."

The Cable News, of Manila, April 12th, says: "Before leaving Antipolo, Governor-general and Mrs. James F. Smith, upon the request of Father Chonco, signed a petition to the Pope at Rome that the Virgin of Antipolo be made the patron saint of the Philippine Islands." There you have it. Not that the Virgin Mary be made the patron saint of the Philippines, but that the image located at Antipolo, bearing the name "Lady of Peaceful Voyage," be made the patron saint of these islands. It would not do to localize the Virgin Mary without changing Romish theology. Archbishop Harty says: "Next to God, Mary is everything." Hence it would be no more proper to call her a saint, much less a patron saint, than to call Jesus Christ a saint, for evidently she occupies a higher place than Jesus—being next to God. Protestants have believed that next to God stood the Lord Jesus Christ.

To what are we coming? Idolatry? Catholicism here is nothing more or less than idolatry. Admitted that it is a better form of it than the Buddhism of China — nevertheless, idolatry! People who find it necessary to approach God through the medium of any material object are idol worshipers. Nine-tenths of the people who make pilgrimages to Antipolo firmly believe that that image has power to heal them of their afflictions and charm away the evil spirits from their lives.

Mr. Rader proceeds from this point in his article to tell the story of the visit of Governor-general and Mrs. Smith to the shrine, and their worship there, and then comments as follows:

"For a man who occupies the exalted position of being the head of the American Government in the Far East to worship such an image would naturally awaken interest in the thing worshipped. When Jeroboam made two calves of gold and set them up at Dan and Beth-el, he said: 'It is too much to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And this thing became a sin: for the people went to worship before the one even unto Dan.'

"For the governor-general to petition that this image be made the patron saint of the Philippines would naturally create a sensation. This is a direct slap in the face of Protestantism and should arouse a vigorous protest.

"In order that the people who desire may make pilgrimages to worship this image, the governor-general has had the commission appropriate $2,500 to help fix up the six-mile road from the railroad station to the town. Notwithstanding the fact that millions of these people are breaking away from Catholicism, a concerted effort is being made to drive them back. I repeat, a protest on their behalf is due from the great American people in the United States."

THE UNITED BRETHREN.

The United Brethren of Oakland dedicated their new church building last Sunday. The church now has property in Oakland worth from $22,000 to $25,000, with an indebtedness of less than $2,000. A good work has been done there since it purchased a few years ago the property of the Fourth Congregational Church at the time of its change of location. The new

house of worship is a beautiful one, the auditorium having a seating capacity of 400.

In the person of the Rev. Dr. Drury, who comes from the pastorate of the college church at Toledo, Iowa, to take charge of the United Brethren Church in Oakland, the Christian forces of this part of California will have a valuable coadjutor. Dr Drury was for several years one of the editors of the Religious Telescope, the organ of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. We welcome him to California as one well fitted to help advance here the kingdom of our Lord and Master.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Personal Memories of Sir George Williams

Reading the life of this wonderful English layman, who, born a humble farmer's son, died in the city of London probably the best loved Englishman of his generation, unless Lord Shaftsbury be the exception. has revived personal memories of him which refresh me and I trust may interest others.

We who live in the West, and love it, are conscious how sometimes we covet the sight of the famous men and scenes of the East. The mood came on me heavily when I read of the visit of the distinguished Englishman to Boston and New York in 1878. It seemed a price to live in the West just then even though I idolized Minnesota. I was not very wicked —simply real human. Even then the bountiful God was preparing a surprise for me which shamed my heart with its never to be forgotten lesson.

A railroad friend gave me and mine transportation to Denver. The trout and the mountain sheep suffered. I camped near the snows of Long's Peak, and the enchantments of the mighty Rockies were on me. This earth has never seemed quite so bright and large since. It was good to be young. As if to finish the vacation journey with abundance for His child, my Father let me ride on the same Pullman car from Pueblo to Kansas City with the great English Heart I had so longed to see. As Lincoln said there was a blaze of light about Sheridan when he rode into battle, and I know that Indian missionary Duncan, could illumine his end of a Northern Pacific car with personal sunshine, so I testify that George Williams' loving spirit made that Pullman a joyful abode for his fortunate fellow travelers. We had bought a little mocking bird, just taken from the nest, near a washout where our train had lingered. The merchant prince of London led the chase for flies for all the trip. When he made a capture, little "Mex" came out of his master's pocket to gulp the insect down and hear a contagious English laugh. The parson had to be lively to pay a bill at the lunch counter, and yet never English lord was more delicate in the way he offered his bounty.

The very best experience of the memorable ride was to see the tender watchfulness of the great soulwinner for a very lovable young business man on the train. It was a life lesson. His journey so centered around his passion for that man's soul that every other interest was swallowed up in it. Yet his heart was not on his sleeve. There was not a grain of sanctimoniousness in him. The young man was not bored, but won. When we reached Kansas City George Williams found his way to his room at the hotel. In the harvest morning he will be a star in George Williams' crown, as I believe "They that be wise shall shine as the sun, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." George Williams was a shining Christian here.

The Merchant Prince in London and Geneva.

It was only the back of the head of the Prince of Wales my Yankee eyes could see in 1878, because my man-fearing coachman would not even drive abreast of him on the wide boulevard. But the great soul of St. Paul's churchyard I saw face to face. With my beloved Brother Williams of Chicago, I dined with our illustrious namesake in the famous room in his great store where so many counsels for the Y. M. C. A. work of the world were held. His face shone his welcome to American guests. Though he passed the elegant decanter after dinner, he was glad we did not partake of it, as he did not. It was only ministers of the old fashioned sort who so indulged.

The folk in the Y. M. C. A. noon meeting welcomed him as Moody was greeted in Chicago and David Bell in the early days at Minneapolis. How George Williams welcomed and entertained such Americans here many can witness. And when a few weeks later, in company with K. A. Burnell, I enjoyed the International Y. M. C. A. Convention, George Williams seemed the magnet which held all hearts together, much as President Fairchild incarnated his own idea of the doctrine of benevolence at an old fashioned Oberlin commencement. He was not a moving orator; but as a winsome heart warming talker he was a living success. When he knelt to pray in some supreme hour of consecration for the young men I chanced to be next to him. His whole frame trembled. His hands came warmly together. He was not loud, but oh, how intense he was! And he a churchman. He was not like the herculean churchman who came to me in the vestry of Dr. Adams' church before the fire, at the time of the great C. E. Convention, saying, "Oh, brother, my church is not in it!" He was in it. Happy, handsome, tall men in the great London business world whom this little man of soul andfire taught to do business as for God! Happy, stalwart sons, who continue his work and influence in the wide world! Happy Lady Williams, awaiting translation to the Heavenly Court, where such a courtier of the King of Kings awaits you!

A Revealing Incident.

It is easier to believe the stories of George Williams' fidelity to all sorts of people because of the last experience I had of his saintliness. Calling at his office to say a hasty "good bye," I found a long row of people at his door. Some, not all, were unfortunate looking persons. Some one was having a protracted interview. I guessed it was "a captain of finance," only that term had not come in vogue.. Unless I were soon admitted I must forfeit the pleasure of a last look at him. Asking the courteous clerk, who sensed the situation, to say to his chief that an American friend who must sail in a few hours from Liverpool just wanted to shake hands, the door opened to me. Who, in mid-afternoon, in busy London, had held the magnate's attention? A poor fruit huckster—a woman—who had been touched in the noon prayer meeting that day had come to learn of the way of life. She was wiping away tears of gratitude with the corner of her apron as I came next to

get the saint's benediction. I was in haste. He had learned the strength of peace. He drew from me my burden. A church debt lay on my heart. I was hastening home to what seemed to me the greatest dedication in the world—of the dear old Park Church. He put his hands on my head. The centre of London's commerce was not far from the heart of God. He prayed for me and my church. He gave me "Spurgeon's Gems," with his autograph. It was a re-ordination. Do you wonder I revere his memory and that I have a word and a dollar for the Y. M. C. A. whenever they are called for. Where George Williams serves God you and I may go and serve if we love George Williams' Saviour

Finally, Brethren.

I had to write these simple memories. I have a motive. Christmas is coming and you will want to give some young man a book. Buy George Williams' life. Buy it now, of A. C. Armstrong & Co., 5 West 18th St., New York; $1.39 postpaid. Get the S. S. committee to buy a copy for the Sunday-school. You will find better stories than these I have told; but like these. May the shining life of the youth-loving London philanthropist make the California winter a summer, and a more fruitful harvest field for you!

A POPULATION MOVEMENT.

The St. Louis Christian Advocate Terms it a Noteworthy Movement.

There is a population movement going on almost unnoticed in this and other large cities of this country, which quietly it may be, yet none the less effectively, is destined to better the condition of those who toil with their own hands to make their own living. Just beyond the city limits, yet close enough to be within easy walking distance of the street car lines leading to the center of the city, may be seen long rows of small houses. Seldom are they of more than one story in height, the basement, however, making a two-story dwelling. The lots are small, rarely more than twenty-five feet, and the houses while well built and neat, are usually devoid of ornament. These modest homes are being reared by mechanics, laborers, clerks on modest salaries and other people of comparatively limited means. The lots are bought and paid for after the title is secure, men who handle money readily advance the sum needed to improve. A loan is effected, the house is built and payments are made on the installment plan in such sums as very slightly exceed what would otherwise be necessary to expend each month for rent. In a few years, the debt is paid and the mechanic or clerk becomes the owner of his own home, free of obligation or incumbrance.

There are thousands of these little homes springing up without and within the limits of the city, each tenanted by a family, the like of which is the hope of the nation. Americans, foreigners of many nationalities, all joining in this movement, the extent of which can be realized only by a visit to the suburbs. Aside from the fact that every householder is an additional guarantee of the permanence of our institutions, this move has a moral and religious value. Men, women and children, packed in tenement dwellings, even in the flats so common in many neighborhoods, are not so susceptible to moral and religious influences, as those who own their own homes, and this statement does not in the least decry the merits of the less fortunate, but rather sheds more credit on those who are either more enterprising or in some way better fitted to rise in the world. In neighborhoods where the people own their own houses, churches and schools are more prosperous their membership is more permanent and what gains they make, are held. It is not without reason therefore, that the movement towards home-making is deserving of encouragement. It signifies a truer more enlightened Americanism a higher and better standard of church enterprise.

Among the Churches.

Long Beach.—The new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church will have a seating capacity of 1,650, and the seats will cost in the neighborhood of $5,000.

Pleasanton.—A unanimous call was extended recenly to the Rev. H. W. Harbaugh, who had been supplying at Newark for some time, and he has entered on the work at Pleasanton.

Palo Alto.—The new house of worship of the First Presbytrian Church which is being constructed at a cost of about $30,000 is rapidly nearing completion. The old property was sold for $14,000. The church has received $6,000 from the fund for the rehabilitation of the California churches.

San Francisco.—The Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church, formerly a Cumberland church, will open its new chapel on Seventh avenue near I street next Sunday. The chapel is the first part to be constructed of a handsome new edifice planned for recently. It has a seating capacity of 300, and has cost about $10,000. The entire building will cost $20,000, and the auditorium and chapel combined will have a seating capacity of 650.

San Bernardino.—The following is from some Presbyterian church news items in the San Bernardino Sun: "The union services this month of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches are being greatly enjoyed by the members of this church. Pastor Price of the Congregational church is preaching some splendid sermons. The evening services on the lawn are much more largely attended than evening services at this time of year, attracting many passers-by who would not attend a service otherwise. The Wednesday evening prayer meetings are well attended and spiritually helpful. The attendance at the Sunday-school is on the increase in spite of the summer weather. Many new pupils are coming in and a number of the families of the congregation have returend from their vacations."

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SAN JOSE.

The corner stone of the new edifice for the First Presbyterian Church of San Jose was laid on Wednesday of this week. We give here a condensation of an article concerning the church printed in the San Jose Mercury of August 27:

Work on the new building for the First Presby-

terian Church on North Third street is being pushed rapidly, and is attracting a great deal of attention as the structure progresses. The building is of frame, with plastered exterior, and trimming of blue brick. It has a frontage of 90 feet on Third street and a depth of 115 feet. The lot has a frontage of 131 feet and a depth of 137 1-2 feet, which will admit of a lawn surrounding the church. The roof will be of asbestos slate, supported on columns independent of the walls.

The auditorium will seat 500 on the main floor and 225 on the gallery, and by throwing open folding doors into the Sunday-school room and ladies' parlor an audience of 1200 can be accommodated. The pews will be of quarter-sawed oak throughout.

The art glass windows will be a pleasing feature of the new church, and several of the members are arranging to place memorial windows in honor of the memory of some of those who had worshipped for so many years in the old church.

The First Presbyterian Church is the oldest Protestant organization in this city, being organized in October, 1849, and from its membership has sprung several of the other churches of the city, among them being the Second Presbyterian Church, the Congregational Church and the United Presbyterian Church.

The membership has been rapidly increasing, in spite of the fact that the church has been without a building, and over 150 names have been added to the roll since the old building was destroyed. In addition to these, the members of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church have voted to unite with the First Church in a body, and are only awaiting the determination of civil actions involving the disposition of the property, not only of the Cumberland Church of this city, but of the Cumberland Church throughout the country.

The new building will cost $45,000, and in addition to this the furnishings will cost $10,000. The site on Third street involved an outlay of $19,250.

It is expected that the building will be completed and dedicated in the early part of next year.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The program of the Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Presbyterian Teacher's Association of Utah, which was held at Logan, Utah, Aug. 22-28, contained several items that are of interest to us. The opening address on the subject of "The Great Teacher" was by Rev. Herbert E. Hays, '04, of Salt Lake City. Three popular addresses were delivered by Dr. Day on the following popular subjects: "Rise and Influence of German Universities," "Among the Kaiser's People," and "From Dresden to Cologne." One evening was occupied with an address by Mr. George M. Day, of the Senior Class, on the subject, "How have the Non-Christian Religions Prepared the Way for Christianity?" One devotional service was led by Rev. James Thompson, '80, of Ogden. The other parts of the program were taken by Rev. W. M. Paden, D.D., Rev. G. W. Martin, D.D., Rev. S. E. Wishard, D.D., and others.

Rev. Arthus R. Willis, '06, has offered his resignation as pastor of the church at Walnut Creek. He will supply until October 1st, when he will probably take a short vacation before seeking a new field.

Rev. James G. Anderson, '97, has completed his pastorate at Danville. He expects soon to enter upon work in the Canadian provinces. Mr. Anderson came to California from Canada.

Prof. Paterson has gone to Canada for a month's vacation. His family went in May. His headquarters will be at Brantford, Ontario. He will officiate in his absence at the marriage of his only sister. On account of his modesty it is not generally known in California that his father is one of the most eminent men in Canada, and the family occupy a prominent place in the social circles of Ottawa. The father has been a prominent Cabinet Minister for sixteen years, and has been frequently mentioned for the office of Premier.

Dr. Wicher supplied the San Rafael church last Sabbath, administering communion in the morning. After the evening service he conducted communion service at the Chinese mission and welcomed several Chinese to the church.

Rev. Eli T. Allen, '02, of Irrigon, Ore., has recently been visiting in the East. While here Mrs. Allen was taken ill. He had to leave her for medical treatment and return to his field alone.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Opening Exercises.

Pacific Theological Seminary opened last week for the first term of the current year with a good attendance of students, among the number being several bright-faced fine-looking Japanese.

President McLean introduced the new professor, the Rev. G. B. Castor, and commended him to the full confidence of all.

Professor Castor said that he and his wife had appreciated deeply the cordial greeting which had been given them on every hand. He remarked that he observed here a delightful fellowship and it was their hope that they might do their part in relation thereto. He expressed gratification in that Pacific Seminary has always stood for thorough and careful scholarship. In this day of progress and high scholarship in other avenues and works in life, the ministry must hold fast to scholarly ideals if it is to lead in the world's onward movement. The activity of the pastorate, it was shown, tends to crowd out study somewhat; therefore the need for a most thorough foundation in the years of preparation.

Professor Castor by his address at the opening exercises of the Seminary, as well as on other occasions since his arrival in California a few weeks ago, has commended himself highly to all.

President McLean said in a brief address that it was asserted that there is a decline in the power and effectiveness of the ministry; that while there was a forging forward in other avenues of work in life, in this it was otherwise. These assertions, he said, he would neither affirm nor deny. But the fact that they are somewhat current should set us to a more careful study of what is involved in personality as related to the Christian ministry. He proceeded then to show that manliness is the chief element of effectiveness in personality; that manliness is a basic requirement, and that no array of qualities can be of much effect if a man be not manly. As the supreme thing in God godliness, so the supreme thing in man is manliness. For the work of the Christian ministry there must be selected those who stand nearest to wholeness in this basic and supreme element or we shall go astray. It is for the minister to build up people into complete,

full-orbed manhood, and how shall he do this if he be not manly? The unmanly man is an incomplete job; the specifications have not been met.

It was a high ideal to which Dr. McLean lifted the minds of the students of Pacific Seminary that opening day, but none too high. We thought as we listened to his address of his own Christian manliness shown for a third of a century on the Pacific coast, and of how much it had meant for the upbuilding in enduring ways of our coast life and civilization. May his years be many yet among us! So will it be for the good of man and the glory of God!

TWO SMALL RELIGIOUS BODIES TO UNITE.

At a meeting to be held in Chicago in October, two of the smaller religious organizations of the United States will unite. They are the Church of the Nazarene and the Association of Pentecostal Churches. The first of the Pentecostal Churches was organized in Brooklyn, New York, in 1894. In 1897, when the number had increased to seventeen, what has been known as the Association of Pentecostal Churches was formed.

The Church of the Nazarene was started in Los Angeles in 1895. The movement had its inception in the organization of but one church at first. But it spread, until something like fifty organizations came into existence. Special emphasis is laid in these churches on the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification. There is one of the Nazarene churches in Berkeley. Both the Pentecostal and Nazarene churches were imbued from the beginning with the missionary spirit; and although few in number, they have missions in India and elsewhere. A Spanish mission is conducted in Los Angeles.

A MESSAGE FROM ARIZONA.

The Rev. R. W. Rogers, pastor of the Congregational Church at Prescott, Arizona, spoke at the Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, concerning Arizona.

Mr. Rogers said that it is one of the first duties of a person, especially a minister, in going to a new state or territory, to fall in love with it, and to thoroughly acquaint himself with it. Evidently Mr. Rogers did this when he went to Arizona, and he was able accordingly to give to the assembled ministers a large amount of interesting and valuable information concerning Arizona.

The Indians, he says he has found to be kindly disposed and hospitable; they take to the teachings of the Christian religion and gradually great transformations are being brought about among them.

Among the Mexicans there are many to whom the name "greaser" well attaches; many are lazy and indolent, and when they get a dollar spend a vast amount of time in getting rid of it. There is, however, a better class who are constantly taking on and manifesting the virtues of citizenship.

Among the miners there is found a great army of bright though dissipated men—showing considerable manhood to be worked on. They cannot be reached with gush, nor with mere sentiment; but they are being reached and transformed all through the mining regions by men of Christian consecration and tact.

Mr. Rogers regards the Protestant pulpit as the greatest reformatory force in our land, and he sees that in Arizona as well as elsewhere it is gradually lifting the world up toward God.

The Home.

SONNET.

O Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows
  That is not music. Every weed of thine,
  Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every little hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
  Has something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
  Albeit it holds the message unawares.

All shapes and sounds have something that is not
  Of them. A spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
  Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunset and the hills.

—Richard Realf.

A CHILD'S PART IN THE HOME-MAKING.

"Shall a child have prescribed duties in the home?" asks one of our magazines.

Certainly. We love only that in which we have an active part; hence the child's present and future good demands that it, regardless of age or sex, have its share in the home-making. It is not a question of expediency, but of proportion.

Just what and how large that part shall be cannot be decided by an outsider, for in no two homes are conditions the same. But this we know: the child's part should bear a certain proportion to the mother's. The child will be happier for taking a real and active interest in the care of the home.

A woman without servants should have more help from her children than those with servants. And, in allotting this, the child's age, health, and, to a certain extent, its tastes, should be considered. As a girl grows older her share should be gradually enlarged or changed until she understands something of the whole realm of housekeeping. She will bless her mother for it some day. Even a boy should have enough insight into "mother's work" to make him, one of these days, a sympathetic, helpful husband.

It is the spirit of helpfulness, of unselfishness, more than the actual work they can do, that is of value. For this reason it is sheer nonsense to pay them for their regular home duties. If it is desired that they earn money in order to know the value of it, let the pay come from unusual, outside tasks. As neither father nor mother receives money for the daily home work, neither should the child expect it. This plan fosters a selfish love of gain which simply submerges the small amount of good it may do.

Whenever possible, a child's tasks should be those in which some pride may be taken, for this makes labor a joy. Along with this is the habit of doing things right and doing them thoroughly. The success of after life depends almost wholly upon the formation of habits like these, and earliest lessons last longest.

Indeed, early beginning is the secret in all training. Teach the baby industry, system and neatness

by requiring him to put away his toys in a certain place whenever his play is over. By and by he will put away his tools, books and belongings from sheer force of habit, and we will have a man with a neat office-desk, an orderly bedroom, and a well-appointed workshop.

Let a child's constructive talent be put to use in the home-making. Things to make and beautify the house will develop a practical love of the beautiful, and endear that particular spot to the growing boy or girl. A bit of landscape gardening, a pot of paint for the fence or out-buildings, a little carpentering, will be better for a boy than several spelling lessons; while a girl's opportunities, from the making of sash curtains to the embroidering of a door panel, are simply innumerable.

But neither the richest nor the poorest home can afford idle children. It is simply a question of what and how large shall be the child's part. Each home is the hub of the world, the center for which all the circumference exists. Love of home and love of work are absolutely necessary to good citizenship, and, fostered in youth, make happy, useful, contented people of us, whether we be large or small.—Lee McCree, in Mothers' Magazine.

IF I WERE A GIRL AGAIN.

If I were a girl again—if some benighted fairy should touch me with her wand and say, "be a girl again," and I should feel bursting over me the generous impulses, the enthusiasm, the buoyancy, the ambition, that belongs to sixteen—some things I should do, and some things I should not do, to make me at fifty the person whom now at fifty I should like to be.

First of all, I should study self-control—the control of body, of speech, of temper; a power best learned in youth before the current of habit has deepened the channel of self-will and impetuosity that seems to be cut in every human heart. I should count one hundred, like Tattycorum, before I would allow myself to utter unkind, impulsive words; I should scorn to burst into tears because of some petty correction or grievance; I should learn to sit quietly, to close a door gently, to walk calmly, even when my thoughts were boiling within me.

I should shun, if I were a girl again, the tendency to be sensitive and suspicious. Because my friend talks to another person, or because a group of acquaintances seem to be enjoying themselves apart from me, I should not fancy myself neglected. I should not construe thoughtlessness into intentional slights, nor abstraction into indifference. I should say oftener to myself:

"My friend did not see that I was here; she has not heard of my return; she is busy with her music; she is tired after her journey. I will trust in her friendship, just as I would have her trust in mine."

If I were a girl again, I should be more careful about my conversation. I should beware of slang and gossip and a tendency to drop into silence. I should avoid sarcasm like the plague, remembering that the person who uses it shows her sense of her own inferiority. Nobody ever had so many enemies as Disraeli; and it is to be remembered that sarcasm was his most powerful weapon. I should practice the art of such gay repartee as is free from satire and unkindness, learning to tell a story well, and to dwell upon what is kindly and happy. I should be more ready to express my appreciation and thanks for services rendered; be quicker with my praise and tardier with my criticism. I should cultivate a distinct enunciation, enlarge my vocabulary and remember Lord Chesterfield's dictum, "never to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive with which the language could supply them." . . .

These things I should do if I were a girl again. But suppose I have passed my girlhood! Suppose I am thirty! Still, shall I not at fifty wish that I could retrieve the past twenty years? Should I not employ them differently? Again, say I am fifty. At seventy could I not better use those precious years of preparation? There is always a golden age, soon to be behind us, which at every period of our life is before us—just as tomorrow's yesterday is still today. So we may all take courage. It is never too late to mend. —Lucy Eliot Keeler, in "If I Were a Girl Again."

The Quiet Hour.

FOR THE MASTER'S SAKE.

"This for the Master's sake I do"—
  Ah, magic words to make life sweet!
Devotion, utter, single, true,
  Solves all, blends all, crowns all complete.

The outward seeming of each day—
  Defeat or triumph—matters naught.
Deep peace, sweet peace, to all who say,
  "This day the Master's will I wrought."

THE EVIL OF TAKING OFFENSE.

To give offense is a great fault, but to take offense is a greater fault. It implies a greater amount of wrongness in ourselves, and it does a greater amount of mischief to others. I do not remember to have read of any saint who ever took offense. The habit of taking offense implies a quiet pride which is altogether unconscious of how proud it is. The habit of taking offense implies also a fund of uncharitableness deep down in us, which grace and interior mortification have not reached. Contemporaneously with the offense we have taken there has been some wounded feeling or other in an excited state within us. When we are in good humor we do not take offense.

Is it often allowable to judge our neighbor? Surely we know it to be the rarest thing possible. Yet we cannot take offense without, first, forming a judgment; secondly, forming an unfavorable judgment; thirdly, deliberately entertaining it as a motive power; and, fourthly, doing all this, for the most part, in the subject matter of piety, which in nine cases out of ten our obvious ignorance withdraws from our jurisdiction.

A thoughtless or a shallow man is more likely to take offense than any other. He can conceive of nothing but what he sees upon the surface. He has but

little self-knowledge, and hardly suspects the variety or complication of his own motives. Much less, then, is he likely to divine in a discerning way the hidden causes, the hidden excuses, the hidden temptations, which may lie, and always do lie, behind the actions of others.

Readiness to take offense is a great hindrance to the attainment of perfection. It hinders us in the acquisition of self-knowledge. No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others. A man who is apt to take offense is never a blithe nor a genial man. He is not made for happiness; and was ever a melancholy man made into a saint? A downcast man is raw material which can only be manufactured into a very ordinary Christian.

If it is not quite the same thing with censoriousness, who shall draw the line between them? Furthermore, it destroys our influence with others. We irritate where we ought to enliven. To be suspected of want of sympathy is to be disabled as an apostle. He who is critical will necessarily be unpersuasive.

In what does perfection consist? In a childlike, shortsighted charity, which believes all things; in a grand, supernatural conviction that every one is better than ourselves; in estimating far too low the amount of evil in the world; in looking far too exclusively on what is good; in the ingenuity of kind constructions; in our inattention, hardly intelligible, to the faults of others; in a graceful perversity of incredulousness about scandal or offenses. This is the temper and genius of saints and saint-like men. It is a radiant, energetic faith that man's slowness and coldness will not interfere with the success of God's glory. No shadow of moroseness ever falls over the bright mind of a saint. Now, is not all this the very opposite of the temper and spirit of a man who is apt to take offense? The difference is so plain that it is needless to comment on it. He is happy who on his dying bed can say, "No one has ever given me offense in my life." He has either not seen his neighbor's faults, or, when he saw them, the sight had to reach him through so much sunshine of his own that they did not strike him so much as faults to blame, but rather as reasons for a deeper and a tenderer love.—Fred Wm. Faber.

LO! IT IS NIGH THEE.

The surprise of life always comes in finding how we have missed the things that have lain nearest to us; how we have gone far away to seek that which was close by our side all the time. Men who live best and longest are apt to come, as the result of all their living, to the conviction that life is not only richer, but simpler than it seemed to them at first. Men go to vast labor seeking after peace and happiness. It seems to them as if it were far away from them, as if they must go through vast and strange regions to get it. They must pile up wealth, they must see every possible danger of mishap guarded against before they can have peace. Upon how many old men has it come with a strange surprise that peace could come to rich or poor only with contentment, and that they might as well have been content at the very beginning as at the very end of life! They have made a long journey for their treasure, and when at last they stoop to pick it up, lo! it is shining close beside the footprint which they left when they set out to travel in a circle. —Phillips Brooks.

Young People.

IN THE SCHOOL OF I'LL TRY.

Oh, there's many a Smile and there's many a Sigh
In the School of I'll Try.
And there's many a Wish and there's many a Why
In the School of I'll Try.

But it's Being and Doing that win, after all,
Though many a failure and many a fall;
For they never drop back very far beyond call
In the School of I'll Try.

It's the truant and dullard that never get far
In the School of I'll Try,
But the wise and the willing keep safe above par
In the School of I'll Try.

And it's Hopeful that asks just a bit of a start,
And it's Purpose that knows every line of his part.
And it's caring and daring that never lose heart
In the School of I'll Try,
—The King's Own.

THE GAY YOUNG FROG.

A True Story.

In the field back of my house, and up the hill, are two nice springs. From one I draw water to my house through pipes while the water from the other goes to my barn and to my neighbor's house. The water runs very swiftly, because it is running down-hill. It is far easier to run down-hill than it is to run up.

The pipe enters this spring not at the top of the water nor at the bottom either. If it were at the top the scum would go into the pipe, and the floating bug now and then. If it were at the bottom dregs and sediment would get in. So the pipe goes in about six inches below the top of the water.

When we are drawing water at the barn for the horses, and my neighbor draws water at the same time for her washing-day, the pipe sucks at a great rate. But it draws in nothing but pure water, as all floating things keep at the top and all heavy things lie still at the bottom. Now for my story:

One morning there was a gay young frog about as big as half my thumb—too big for a tadpole, too small for a wise frog. He could go just where he pleased. He did not have to float with the bugs, for he knew how to dive. He didn't have to stay at the bottom of the dregs, for he knew how to swim. So he kicked out his little hind legs and swam all around the spring, doing very much as he pleased.

One day he saw the little, round black hole of the pipe, where the water was running in quite freely. He wondered where it led to. He put his nose in, and felt the water pull, and was a little scared and backed out. But it was such a feeling to be sucked that way; it felt kind of good around his nose; and he swam up and looked in again. He went in as much as half an inch, and then the water got behind him, and he was drawn all in. "Here goes!" said he. "I shall see what I shall see!" and along he went with the water, till he came to where the pipe makes a bend for my barn—a sharp bend, straight up. As the water was quiet there, he gave a little kick and got up into a still, dark place, close by the barrel where the horse

drinks. "Well," said he, "it's a snug place here, but rather lonely and dark."

Now and then he thought of the spring, and the light, and the splendid room he used to have to swim in, and he tried to swim back against the stream. But the water was on him, or running by him swiftly, and he had no room to kick in the pipe. So every time he started to go back to the spring, he would work hard for a few minutes, and then get tired and slip back into the dark place by the barrel.

By and by he grew contented there. The water brought him enough to eat. He shut his eyes and grew stupid, stopped exercising and got fat, and as he had no room to grow very big in the pipe, he had to grow all long and not broad. But he grew as big as he could, till at last he stopped up the pipe.

Then I had to go out and see what was the matter, for the horse had nothing to drink. I jerked away the barrel, pulled out the little plug and put a ramrod down; felt a spongy, leathery something, and pushing, down it went, and out gushed the water. "What was that?" I thought. So I pulled out the big plug, and put down an iron ramrod and churned it two or three times, and then let the water run, and out came a great, long red and white and bleeding frog.

I couldn't put him together again. Anything that gets sucked into the pipe and grows up in those dark places has to come out dead, and all in pieces. I wondered how such a big frog could ever have got into so small a pipe. Then a wise lady in my house told me: "Why, he went in when he was little and foolish, and grew up in there!"

I can not get that poor frog out of my mind. He was so like some young folks that I have seen. They frolicked up to the door of a theater, or they stood and looked into a bar-room, or they just wanted to go to one ball, or got out behind the barn to smoke a pipe, or went off sleigh-riding with some gay young man without asking leave—or some way put their foolish noses into a dark hole that felt funny, and led they didn't know where. Pretty soon, in they go. When they want to get back they can't; and they grow bigger and wickeder, and all out of shape in that dark place. If they come out at last, they are all jammed up, knocked to pieces, sick, or dying, or dead. When I see them in their coffins, I hear folks ask: "How came he to throw himself away so?" "What made him drink himself to death?" "How happened she to go to infamy?" "How came he to be a gambler?" Then I answer as the wise lady told me about the frog. "They went in when they were little and foolish, and grew up there." A bad habit hugs a man tighter and jams him out of shape worse than my pipe did that poor frog.—Thomas K. Beecher, in "Times with the Stars."

HE DESERVED IT.

I have a friend, a manufacturer. A year ago he hired a boy. For months the only noticeable thing about that boy was that he never took his eyes of the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised," said the boy.

"What are you getting?"

"T'ree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"I t'ink I,m wort' four dollars, and I've been t'inking so fer t'ree weeks, but I've been so busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got his "raise." He deserved it, just as every man deserves it who is too busy about his employer's work to worry about his next week's envelope.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND THE STATE UNIVERSITIES.

At the Catholic Educational Association recently held in Milwaukee it was estimated by Rev. John J. Farrell, the alleged "chaplain of Harvard University" that in the two hundred and sixty-nine non-Catholic institutions there are 6,937 Roman Catholic students, 5,830 young men and 1,107 young women. The "Chaplain" said, "If we fail to follow these students we lose them." It is claimed that there are hundreds of Roman Catholic students in the California State University. Archbishop Riordan has made a statement and outlined an educational policy. This statement contains five parts: 1. The Problem. 2. The Solution. 3. What has been Done. 4. The Duties of the College or University Chaplain and 5. What we Need.

The archbishop declares that there is need of a Roman Catholic chapel and lecture hall at the State University. The Roman Catholics are going in ever increasing numbers to the State Universities. The solution is to open a Roman Catholic Chapel and appoint a chaplain of unusual power and brains to every State University in the union. It is interesting to note what has been done. The archbishop tells us that in 1899 there was organized at the University of California a Newman Society. In spite of many difficulties, due to the lack of permanent quarters, it has continued to exist and has served to some extent to bring the Catholic students together in social meetings, and at lectures given by various prominent men. It is composed of the Catholic students at the University of California, and is governed by its own executive body—the Pastor of Berkeley acting until recently as spiritual adviser. A few weeks ago a site was purchased on Ridge Road and Bonte Avenue at a cost $18,000 on the edge of the campus.

The inside of the problem is revealed in the following outline of the duties of the Chaplain to the University and in order that the matter may be presented from the Roman Catholic view point we quote the exact words of the archbishop:

"There must be stationed at the present house a Catholic priest whose sole duty it will be to take an interest in the Catholic students and do everything possible for their welfare. There will be ample work to warrant the delegation of a priest to give his exclusive attention to this work. His more important duties will be as follows:

"1. The University Chaplain will correspond with the parents of Catholic students at the University whenever he is asked to do so.

"2. He will assist students upon their arrival in securing rooms and board—if possible with Catholic families.

"3. He will endeavor to arouse interest in the social and literary meetings of the students, whereby he will come into personal contact with them and they themselves will be brought closer together.

"4. For students of Law and Medicine he will give lectures on the fundamentals of moral theology and on those special points where ethics of the church will find application in their practical work.

"5. He will secure prominent speakers to lecture to the students and will himself deliver public lectures on religious and scientific subjects.

"6. On Sundays and Festivals he will celebrate Holy Mass and Vespers for the University students. And in his sermons he will give particular attention to doctrinal instructions."

The archbishop says they will need $75,000 to erect and equip a chapel, reading room, and library. This movement is not only of vast importance to the Roman Catholic Church in the State of California, but of vastly more importance to the Protestant people of this State. There is something so direct, so aggressive in this movement that we thought it worthwhile to mention it somewhat at length.

UNEXPLAINED PARADOX.

President Gardiner of the American Brewers Association in his opening address according to the Wine and Spirit Gazette, said: "The phenomenal increase in the consumption of malt liquors and the unusual activity in the passage or attempted passage of restrictive legislation which a few years ago would have occasioned surprise, is accepted now with little comment, as an unexplained paradox." Just what the increase in the consumption of malt liquors would have been if no opposition to the progress of this terrible curse had been urged, can scarcely be estimated. Mr. Gardiner sought to create the impression that temperance agitation has a tendency to increase the consumption of liquors. This is not only untrue but intentionally false. There never was a time in the political history of this country when temperance sentiment had such a hold upon the heart of the nation. The Liquor Dealers' Association know this to be the fact and they know it more vividly than any other class. This great problem will break out in the centers of legislation upon the slightest provocation. The movement in Georgia is significant. The lesson is plain enough. This country, this nation would be hopelessly ruined in a decade by the liquor traffic but for the diligence and heroic effort of the loyal people. The traffic from A to Z is disloyal and anarchistic. It makes possible and real ninety percent of the crime.

Socialism is facing a real situation in France. The contention is over the public ownership of the "Western System of Railroads." The commercial bodies are against the proposition and the socialists and labor union party are on the other side. Speaking from the commercial standpoint the New York Times observes: "Of course they are actuated by self-interest. But they set forth that theirs is not the only threatened industry. They show that the logic of taking over the railroads would lead the State to become not only its own printer, but its own papermaker and its own typefounder, also ultimately its own manufacturer of locomotives and other rolling stock. They point out that the enormous waste of publicly over privately managed enterprises, of the substitution of the perfunctory official sense of duty for the spur of self-interest, would in the end impose a great and useless burden on the taxpayers of the country. In no country is the "incidence of taxation" more acutely and more widely felt than in the French Republic; and plain showings like this of the employing printers are likely to make an end to such schemes as that for the acquisition by Government of the Western lines."

The working forces of socialism is an over emphasis on the temporal and immediate side of economics. Its ethics is short-sighted. It presupposes chimerical and impossible sub-conditions. It is worth while to note that socialism is rapidly spreading and the probability is that nothing but a concrete test will reverse the tide. We are interested in it not only from an economic but from a religious standpoint.

Richard Harding Davis has been visiting the Congo for the Collier's Weekly and reports: "The charges brought against Leopold the Second, as King of the Congo, are three: (1) That he has made slaves of the twenty million blacks he promised to protect. (2) That, in spite of his promise to keep open the Congo to trade, he has closed it to all nations. (3) That the revenues of the country and all of its trade he has retained for himself * * * Anyone who visits the Congo and remains only two weeks will be convinced that of these charges Leopold is guilty. In that time he will not see atrocities, but he will see that natives are slaves, that no foreigner can trade with them, that in the interest of Leopold alone is the country milked. * * * The difference between the slavery under Leopold and the slavery under the Arab raiders is that the Arab was the better and kinder master. He took "prisoners" just as Leopold seizes "conscripts" but he had too much foresight to destroy whole villages, to carry off all the black man's live stock, and to uproot his vegetable gardens." There is not such an atrocious villian, no not in all the world, as is Leopold.

The English journals seem to think the situation in parts of Bengal is disquieting. The missionaries and all Europeans are agreed that the disaffection is due to the activity of the "National Volunteers." They are training to use sticks and swords by professional instructors and doing all in their power to boycott British rule and British goods. The native rural police is too weak to cope with this reactionary movement. The people are losing their respect for the government. The growing number of assaults upon Europeans is the most embarrassing feature of the situation. It must not be over-looked that this India trouble is confined to about 50,000 people while nearly if not quite 300,000 have never heard that there was any trouble

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The Seoul Press is edited by an able Japanese. It says: "Japan and America are and will continue to be friends until the end of time. As a proof of the friendliness of the Japanese Government an order for 63,000 tons of rails and for 1,000 freight trucks were placed about the time of General Baron Kuroki's visit with American firms, amounting to $10,000,000, while $2,000,000 more for locomotives was spent. All this was for equipment for the South Manchurian railroad. The ties which bind the nations together commercially, politically and socially, are not even strained when the New York Herald has a fit of anti-Japanese hysteria."

The Guardian thinks a whole lot of people bother themselves into a holy ecstasy over the question as to whether or not the stars are inhabited and concludes: "It is all right to be caught up, occasionally, as Paul was, into the third heaven; but it is very necessary that we do not stay there. This old earth wants our services badly; and our work begins right at our own door. The godliness that shines brightest at long distances is not the kind the world wants just now. It wants the godliness that scatters its brightest beams around its own doorstep." Of course the earth is one of the stars.

HER LITTLE BOY.

"Always a little boy to her,"
No matter how old he's grown,
Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray,
She's deaf to his manly tone.
His voice is the same as the day he asked,
"What makes the old cat purr?"
Ever and ever he's just the same—
A little boy to her.

"Always a little boy to her,"
She heeds not the lines of care
That furrow his face—to her it is still
As it was in his boyhood, fair,
His hopes and his joys are as dear to her
As they were in his small-boy days.
He never changes; to her he's still
"My little boy," she says.

"Always a little boy to her,"
And to him she's the mother fair
With the laughing eyes and the cheering smile
Of the boyhood days back there.
Back there, somewhere in the mist of years—
Back there with the childish joy,
And to her he is never the man we see,
But always "her little boy."

"Always a little boy to her,"
The ceaseless march of the years
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats die
Ere ever they reach her ears.
The smile that she sees is the smile of youth,
The wrinkles are dimples of joy,
His hair with its gray is as sunny as May,
He is always "her little boy."

—In Pearson's Weekly.

The following has been going the rounds: "Governor Hoke Smith, of Georgia, lately had a unique experience. As chief executive of the State he signed a prohibition act which he had promised, when running for office, to approve. The new law caused a loss to him of $60,000, for it closed the bar of Atlanta's finest hotel, of which Governor Smith is part owner, and thus forced a heavy reduction in the rent paid by the lessees." In other words he put himself out of the whisky business when he put all the rest of his "compatriots" out of the same business. This is remarkable. The bill should have exempted the Governor's hotel. It was a terrible piece of effrontery for the legislature to prohibit the governor himself from selling liquor. Several of his neighbors "lost" twice $60,000. They were not governors so they had to bow to the law of the land. Just think of it! A governor signing a bill that he himself with all the common Georgians would have to obey!

Morocco is in trouble. There was an outbreak at Casablanca, some Europeans were killed. France and Spain bombarded the town and a good many of the natives bit the dust. The Mohammedans throughout Morocco are stirred up and a "holy war" has been declared. France would like to establish order and establish her own authority over Morocco but His Excellency the Kaiser objects. The sultan cannot keep his riotous "citizens" under control and the hour seems to have come when even Mohammedans should keep the peace.

MOUNT HERMON

September and October

1907

Two beautiful months in the woods and by the waters at Mount Hermon. Special accommodations at special rates at the ZAYANTE INN.

The Summer Excursion Rates continue until October 31st. The fare from all points to MOUNT HERMON and return is the same as to Santa Cruz and return to the same points.

The Association is putting two new Subdivisions of lots upon the market to supply the fall demand.

COME NOW AND WELCOME.

September Sunset

CONTAINS:

INVASION OF OXFORD.

A critical study of work done at Oxford University, England, by the first Cecil Rhodes scholars. It is written by W. C. Crittenden, the first Californian to win one of the coveted scholarships and athletics. The article is well illustrated.

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

Architects designs of buildings for which contracts have been let and construction is under way;—**a sixteen-page, two-colored tint black form,** showing buildings as designed, including the new White House, Thomas H. Williams buildings, Metropolis Trust Company building, Alaska Commercial Building, First National Bank building, Emporium, Princess Theater, Phelan building, and others.

THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A third article by Rufus Steele, beautifully illustrated, showing how San Francisco is rapidly extending down the peninsula. This article will be devoted especially to suburban towns, pointing out that owing to the new Bay Shore Railway Cut-Off the charms of country life are no longer only for the millionare but are easily reached by the person of moderate means.

ON SALE AUGUST 30th Price 15 cts.

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS.

SOMEWHERE!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway—
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear!
There is ever a song somewhere!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

TRUE RELIGION.

Religion is not something outside of us; it is something within us. It is not for God alone; it is for man and for man as much as for God. Indeed, we reach God only through our work for man. Religion has nothing mysterious about it; it did not drop from cloudland; it is perfectly natural phenomenon. It issues forth from within. It flows from the good heart; it is the giving hand, it is the righteous deed, the loving act, the good life showing itself in all conditions and circumstances of man's varied and varying existence. Religion does not mean worship alone. It means worship plus the desire to match the Being whose greatness and majesty instinctively draw from us the prayerful word, which should not return empty, but bless him who uttered it with the inspiration of that life to whom it is poured forth. Religion is not simply a matter of rite and ceremony, it is a matter of rite and conduct. Its whole content and intent can be summed up in the words, "Walk before Me (God) and become perfect." Man in his endeavor to match infinity is living out the true purpose of religion.—The American Israelite.

HOW MOLLIE HELPED.

There was once a bright, spirited little girl, whose hard-working father was taken suddenly away from his little family, leaving the whole burden of their support on the mother. A lady questioned this child, but six years old, as to how they got along.

"Oh," said little Mollie, "mother and I do all the work now, and we do it first-rate."

"But what can you do to help, with such little hands as those?" asked the lady.

Mollie held up her plump little hands, and turning them over and over again, said:

"Oh, I can do lots and lots! I set the table, and wash the dishes, and shake up the cradle pillow, and blow the whistle for the baby. Sometimes mamma gets tired washing and she cries. Then I go and lift baby out of the cradle—he's awful heavy—and hold him right up before mamma. Then she always laughs and takes him, and that rests her, you see."—Little Christian.

LET THE SUNSHINE AROUND US.

Surely in all nature, even if we look no farther, God has shown us that he desires our happiness. The God who flings the yellow rainbow across his storms, and bids the sunset rim his very thunder-clouds with golden light—that God who gives its splendor to the flower and its pearly luster to the shell upon the shore—that God who makes the summer air sing with the hum of insects and the careless melody of happy birds—surely he did not wrap round this world with sweet air and bathe it in happy sunshine that we should regard gloom as the normal aspect of our lives!—Canon Farrar.

"Criticism that loves is the only criticism that builds. And love can always find something to be pleasant about. Therefore, if you must criticise by the spoken word, try smiling as you do so. It is wonderful how a smile takes the sting out—but it must be a genuine smile, working out through the face from the very heart. And if we feel that we cannot smile in making a certain criticism, perhaps it is a fair question whether we have any business to make that criticism at all."

If you cannot have your own way in everything, keep silent and read the third chapter of James.

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15c Durkee's Cayenne	10c
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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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STILL WITH THEE.

Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh.
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawining, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness awaking
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and Heaven.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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SAN FRANCISCANS NOT UNIQUE IN SELF-SEEKING.

There are not a few persons, unquestionably, who look upon San Francisco as quite other and different from the other great cities of our country, and who ascribe to the peculiar character of her citizens the terrible condition in which she has been for some time.

There appeared in Scribner's Magazine for September an article by Thomas Robins, entitled "Epicurus in the West," in which it was said concerning the San Francisco not long past: "The individual was supreme. The public as the holder of an opinion or the sufferer from a wrong was hardly recognized The San Franciscan was largely lacking in public spirit. He viewed each new question as it arose, not as it would affect the man and contribute to the general good, but as it might affect his own personal welfare, convenience or pocket.

"There was much local pride in San Francisco, but there was no civic pride. This intense individualism made it difficult to organize and combine for any purpose, and especially when the citizen was asked to give up his ease or any of his smaller personal rights for the betterment of public administration. The forces of evil were not closely organized as compared with Tammany Hall, but the forces that should have made for good were never organized at all. Individualism seemed to induce a state of mind destructive to the power of cooperation."

It was said further concerning San Francisco in the article from which quotation has been made: "She neither loved righteousness nor hated iniquity. She was good humoredly tolerant of both."

In the Outlook for August the 31st there appeared an article on "San Francisco's Ferment," in which present conditions were set forth. In that article it was said:

"In most cities criminal acts are more or less confined to a certain group or class which does not affect society at large, but here graft has become an integral part of all institutions, public or private. From the small buyer or seller of house paints and merchandise up to the labor bosses, railway and Standard Oil magnates, there is a network of unlawful bribe-giving and bribe-taking. Public lands, forests, waterways, and railways are inextricably mixed in with grafting schemes, and officials work together hand and glove in amiable collusion. Graft evidently began before ever Abe Ruef saw the light of day, and has grown into a great facilitating lubricant which makes the wheels of life go round with such slippery ease that dishonesty has become the best policy. The individual or corporation that does not bribe goes to the wall; to bribe is the preservation of existence. If you are not selling, bribe some one to buy; if your goods sent on by freight do not come, bribe an official; and if you wish to go into criminal pursuits, bribe the powers to protect you and then share the proceeds with them. Graft is in the air and in every scrap of talk you overhear, from the hotel guest at the next table who quarrels with her young people as to who is more guilty, the bribe-giver or the bribe-taker, to the common laborer on the street. A well-dressed man hanging on to a strap in a car will burst out with—'I don't care a damn which side I take if I could only find out between now and Saturday which would pay best,' or another will attract your attention by raising his voice with—'Lord! he paid a hundred dollars slap down to the broker just for the introduction.' And again, to show you how every one is in it, a one-armed man of about fifty, who was apparently a builder or contractor, in a shabby suit of clothes incrusted in dirt, mortar, and paint, with the hand of his one arm black and grimy as if he had not washed in a week, said in enthusiastic tones to his more prosperous-looking companion, 'Give me two years more —only two years, and I'll have money enough to buy up the block next you,' naming a block on Market street worth probably a hundred thousand dollars."

The picture is not to any great extent over-drawn; and yet that San Francisco differs in any marked manner from the average American city of its size and commercial importance we do not believe. Life here in early years, it is true, had its special features and characteristics, and the impress which they gave and left is noticable even at the present time. But largely they who have for several decades been directing San Francisco's affairs and making her history are people with just such antecedents and training as the people of other parts of our country have had. Indeed many of them have come from those other parts of our country in the last quarter of a century; and they have not changed to any greater extent here than those have changed who remained in those parts from which they came.

How is it, then, that San Francisco has been lifted in the eyes of the world to the unenviable position of the most selfish, vicious and criminal city on the continent? All this is explicable when are taken into consideration the conditions into which the city was plunged by the great earthquake and fire in April 1906

In the reconstruction of the city there was opened up at once opportunity for the operation and manifestation on a large scale of that spirit of selfishness, that greedy commercialism, which has for several years been a marked characteristic of our American civilization. Not only in San Francisco, but near and far people began to ask themselves, What is there in it for me? How can I get a grip on the situation, and secure my share of the gain to be realized under the abnormal conditions in which the city is to be rebuilt? With many what they called their share included every dollar that they could get by any of the hooks or crooks of what are popularly called

"legitimate business methods." Others, as has been manifest, were of opinion that their share included all that they could get by any means, whether popularly termed legitimate or not. The main thing with them was to get all that they could get, no matter what the means or method. Today some of this class are far along toward the penitentiary, and others stand forever dishonored and disgraced in the eyes of all the world.

But the large majority of the persons who have brought San Francisco into a condition so terrible are not of the criminal class. They are in the main simply those who have reached out selfishly after the almighty dollar, whether on a large or on a small scale; and they are just such American citizens as are found in large numbers all over our land. A not insignificant number of these people have come into San Francisco from different parts of the coast and from all over the United States since the great calamity in April 1906. Many of them live in the more highly esteemed cities and towns about San Francisco bay, and work and operate in the larger city.

Who are they? What have they done? It is not possible to pick them out and spot them. They are the average American citizen; but it is possible to divide them into two classes and to set forth what they have done, to show how they have contributed to San Francisco's dire condition and unenviable position before the world. One class is composed of business men in all the avenues of trade, with large and small capital; the other class is composed of the workingman. Let no one conclude however that all business men are included in the one class, nor that all workingmen are included in the other. Far from it. But enough of each did set about the work of rebuilding the city selfishly, with so little regard for the interests of the other fellow, that in a short time San Francisco, because of them and other elements, was having a veritable hell on earth. A large number of the men who were using their capital in any way were seeking to make it bring them every cent possible, and their brains likewise; labor agitators saw a fine opportunity to push the demands of the workingmen for a larger share in the products of their toil; and, all in all, in a short time the stricken city was going through experiences which were as damaging as had been the earthquake and fire.

But what our people everywhere need to realize is the fact that it was not anything peculiar in the character of the people of San Francisco which brought about this terrible state of affairs, but something that is characteristic of our civilization, and which, in abnormal conditions such as prevailed necessarily after our great disaster, is likely to manifest itself, in all its terribleness, anywhere.

William Allen White of Kansas, writing last year in one of our leading magazines, said: "Society has moved far enough away from the jungle so that he who cripples and kills in the struggle for a mate is outlawed; but it is the problem of this generation and the next to civilize the conscienceless devil of malicious greed out of the hearts of men."

Mr. White said further: "The battle line of the race has moved far forward; we are nearer the eternal justice in this modern civilization, with all its selfishness and cruelty and ruthlessness, than we were when men came out of the forest, even though they lived there in a community of interest, and even though they were moved consciously by the interests of the common good in their simple relations of life, more strongly than we are in some of our more advanced stages of civilization. For the men of the forests had only the simpler relations of life. As life has broadened it has become more complex; our problem today is to establish that complexity upon the basis of eternal justice. Our problem is to let the primitive sense of partnership in men, which made the savage die for his clan, rise and dominate modern men, so that they will be conscious of their debt to humanity, and will devote to its partnership the passionate service that the primitive man gave to his fellows."

Yes, that is the problem—not San Francisco's problem only, but the nation's problem, the world's problem. Looking out on life as it is widely Alfred Henry Lewis wrote some months ago: "Leaving the world as it might be, I consider the world as it is. I find commercialism crowned; politics, prime minister. Two lessons are taught: get rich, get office. Those are the only targets worthy the aim of man." Exaggerated? Of course! But the graphic expression nevertheless of a truth! After scathing the rich man Mr. Lewis wrote: "From the rich man I crossed over to the poor man. I found him envying the rich man, and laying plans to rob him while calling him a robber." And then he says: "As I walked on I considered those preachers and lawyers and office-holders and work-folk and rich men and what others I had encountered. I measured up my fact gains. Everything—religion, commerce, government—was pivoted on self-interest."

The word pessimist is in the mind of some of our readers doubtless. And some one remarks: "At least the church is exempt from the charge 'pivoted on self-interest'" Is it really? Think only of the many divisions, its wickedly wasteful competition; the refusal widely, in all the light of the present day, to make the small concessions that are necessary to bring many denominations into practical unity and give the church effectiveness. This can be said in all truthfulness: Neither the church nor the industrial world can square itself with the principles and teachings of Jesus. And what is needed not only in San Francisco, but all over our land, in every walk and work in life, is more of the spirit of him who long ago gave his life on the cross on Calvary that the world might have life and have it more abundantly.

Now and then the world gets a glimpse of that spirit, and it never fails to crown those who manifest it— an earnest of what is in man at his best. For a short time it was manifest in San Francisco after the great disaster of last year, and the world marveled at it and rejoiced. It was hailed as a shining harbinger of better things for all mankind. But no sooner had the work of reconstruction been commenced than the spirit of brotherhood was found to be on the wane; and soon it seemed as if largely people were working under the banner of "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost"; and ere long the city had a real fore-taste of hell. And yet she had merely on a large scale, because of the conditions necessarily following a great disaster, what other cities of the country were having on a smaller scale.

A few weeks ago a steamer went down suddenly

in a collision on our Pacific waters. For hours in the chilling elements a sixteen year old girl at the risk of her own life kept the head of another, a stranger, above the water and saved her at last—although strong men, appealed to for help as they passed by, answered, "We have all we can do to save ourselves." Far around were sounded the plaudits, and jewels were presented the girl by an admiring public. The men who so answered were branded as acting dastardly. "Whoso shall seek to save his life, shall lose it," said Christ, "but whosoever shall lose it for my sake and the gospels, the same shall save it."

With now and then an exception, men instinctively, when they see any one standing in imminent danger of losing his life by accident by swift-moving train or otherwise, will spring to the rescue without thought of the risk to self. The world needs that spirit at all times, Christ calls for its constant manifestation on the part of all in all the associations of life.

Years ago an old Indian on the plains of the Northwest, influenced somewhat by the teachings afar of a missionary, sent a messenger to him to inquire whether there was not something other for him and his people than the wolf code of brute existence. Increasingly people are asking this question today as to the industrial world. There is a code other than this, and more earnestly because of San Francisco's sad experiences, will people seek it.

A TIMELY PULPIT UTTERANCE.

If the daily papers of San Francisco had been as outspoken for some time in the past against the aggressions and tyrannies, and the criminal acts perpetrated in the interests of organized labor, as several of them have been of late, the city would in all probability have been spared to considerable extent the reign of terror which it has been having.

We have been inclined at times to think that the ministry in its desire to reach and influence and win the workingman has not spoken always when it should have spoken. For this reason we were especially gratified to read the report in one of the Oakland papers last week of a Sunday evening sermon by the Rev. Dr. Dille, pastor of the First Methodist Church, in which there were some timely utterances. Dr. Dille said: "I am here to defend the right of a non-union man to refuse to join a union. I have no respect for the professional scab and strike-breaker, but a man has a legal right to refuse to join a labor union. The non-union man may make a fool of himself by not joining the union, but he has the same God-given right to make a fool of himself that you and I have, without being pounded to death by a club or starved to death by a boycott. If every man who makes a fool of himself were dead the undertaker would have to work overtime.

"Some labor leaders assert that all the ministry are the hirelings of capitalists and dare not speak a word in the interest of those who toil. This is a libel on the Christian ministry. The truth is that the one class most neglected by the church and ministry today are the rich. A large part of the thought and service of the average minister today is given to the working people. The leisure class need him but little. They are so self-sufficient that they make few drafts upon his services or sympathy. Then, the support, the devotion and self-sacrifice necessary to the maintenance of the Christian church come mainly from the working classes."

Continuing, Dr. Dille said: "People say the workingmen do not go to church. The trouble is that they do not know us Methodists when we have our Sunday-clothes on; they think we are all bankers and millionaires; but it is religion and not wealth that makes us look so prosperous. The fact is that a great majority of those who are connected with both the Protestant and Catholic churches are workingmen."

"Labor is receiving a larger share of the products of labor than ever before," said the preacher. "The wages of the workingman have quadrupled and his hours have been shortened by half during the last half century, and the report of the Senate committee on labor shows that the purchasing power of the average daily wage is now two and a half times what it was in 1840."

"Let us remember," said Dr. Dille, to the workingmen in his congregation, "that class hatred rears no factories. It only destroys what is already reared. It can fill no granaries, but it can hurl a fire-brand into those which enterprise and industry have already filled."

The Pacific Presbyterian believes in labor unions—in the right of the workingmen to organize for their own protection—but not in any such tyranny and lawlessness as have been rampant in San Francisco for many months. Let the unions purge themselves. The decent, law-abiding men in them will be held responsible if they do not lift their voices against such actions as have disgraced and damned San Francisco for some time.

"KEEP THIS A WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY."

This was the cry at Vancouver, British Columbia, last week, as the mob attacked the Orientals and damaged their property to the amount of thousands of dollars and threatened their lives in diverse ways. It was in the minds of the people of Bellingham, Washington, when a day or two earlier the Hindoo workers in the mills were mobbed and driven over into British Columbia. It has been heard in the South from time to time as the Negro has come in contact with the white man in ways provoking to the haughty Anglo-Saxon.

We are desirous that this should remain largely a white man's country. But the ways of the mob will not keep it such. Only obedience to the eternal laws of right and of God will accomplish it. God is not dependent on the white man for the accomplishment of his purposes for the world, and it remains to be shown whether this is to be a white man's country. All around the world it is to be a question of the survival of the fittest. And it is not unreasonable to believe that this may yet be a black man's country or a yellow man's country. This much is certain: it will be God's country.

Let the elements that think to accomplish their ends by mobbing innocent, unoffending people from other lands and races beware! Let the nation beware! God is not dead.

That the disgraceful actions in Vancouver were participated in by many American citizens is beyond question. In all probability the mobbing was instigated by members of exclusion leagues on the Pacific coast of the United States. It has been stated on good authority that men prominent in labor circles in the

state of Washington were in Vancouver at the time, and that they led in the demonstration. The thought was to show Baron Ishii of the Japanese bureau of commerce what they were not given opportunity to show him in Seattle because of his brief sojourn there. Perhaps the only thing that kept from such a demonstration in San Francisco was the fact that this city was so thoroughly cursed already by open rampant viciousness of one kind and another that the enemies of the Orientals feared that anything more would irretrievably ruin it.

A LOOK INTO SOME NEW BOOKS.

"I love my books! They are companions dear,
Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere;
Here I talk with the wise in ages gone,
And with the nobly gifted in our own."

"China and America Today." By Arthur H. Smith. This is a timely book. It is to be hoped that it will accomplish that for which it is sent forth. The author says in his "foreword" very aptly: "Timely truths nowhere require more varied iteration than in busy America, where there is an unconscious consciousness of a destiny for which there is but slight provision, and of which there is yet a very inadequate comprehension. In his study of conditions and relations in this volume, "China and America Today," Dr. Smith considers those great changes which have been taking place in the Far East during recent years, and shows how these changes and others foreshadowed bear on the future of our own country. The consideration is under divisions as follows: The Occident and the Orient, The New America, Old China, A Great Race, The Brass Dish and the Iron Brush, The New Far East and the New China, America's Advantage and Disadvantage in China, America's Opportunities and Responsibilities in China. The circulation of this book widely will be for the good not only of the people of our own land but for those of all lands. Dr. Smith knows whereof he writes when he says: "The qualities which the Chinese have developed most successfully, and in which they are strongest, are those which the world most needs, and for which in the new era upon which we are entering there will be the widest scope, and for which also there is sure to be the richest and most permanent reward." A general perusal of the pages of this book would wipe out some of that Anglo-Saxon conceit which bodes ill for our future success and supremacy. Referring to the wide-spread assumption that control of the commerce of the Pacific Ocean will fall ultimately to America, Dr. Smith says: "But before this can take place there must be not only a revolutionary change in our shipping laws, but also a material abatement of our national self-conceit and superciliousness." The reading of such books as this on the part of the people on the Pacific coast who are agitating for more rigid exclusion of the Orientals would perhaps change their conceptions and attitude somewhat, and make them more willing to give those people "a square deal." But, that is what they will demand and have ere long, as this and other authorities indicate. [F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago; $1.25 net.]

"Savonarola: The Prophet." By W. H. Crawford. We have in this volume one of the best in the valuable "Men of the Kingdom" series. As we turn the pages which tell of this Prophet of Righteousness of olden times we long for some such influential voice in our own day and age. It is said concerning Savonarola: "Like the prophets of Israel and Judah, he came with a message divine. Amos and Isaiah had not stronger conviction that they spoke by the command of Jehovah." Concerning the scourging of the church which he proclaimed the author says: "The necessity for the impending scourge he saw in the unblushing immorality, widespread skepticism, and intolerable oppression of the times. The scourge, he said, would come upon all. The immoral literati he condemned as unsparingly as he did the corrupt contadini. He attacked the gambler of the palace, the parlor, and the club with as fierce invective as he did the dice-thrower of the streets. The money-lenders, with their unjust bargaining and cruel exactions, he denounced with scathing words. Children of the devil, he branded them. The democracy of Savonarola's preaching was apparent from the beginning. He threw himself with tremendous enthusiasm against the idea that there is one standard for the religious life, and still another for political life. In his philosophy and Christian teaching they were all one. Religious, social, and political life, all where one before God! What he wanted, and no thinking man heard him without feeling that what he wanted was right, was to bring Christianity down into the market-place, to apply its principles in society, and to bring political life into harmony with its standards. The skepticism and corrupt lives of the men recognized as leaders in the academy and in the government of Florence he condemned unsparingly." In graphic word pictures the author leads us down through the wonderful career of this remarkable man until we stand at that period of his life when the Cardinal of Siena sent word to Savonarola that if five thousand crowns were paid to a troublesome creditor of his he would undertake the recall of the edict of excommunication. Money could purchase almost anything at the court of Alexander, and the cardinal in all probability could have accomplished what he purposed; but the heroic Savonarola answered: "I should deem myself for more deeply banned were I to accept absolution at such a price." It is not surprising that such a man should at that age of the world come finally to a tragic end. Preacher of purity! Advocate of Justice! Apostle of Liberty! He served well the age in which he lived, and in his life there are lessons for all time. All who have the pleasure of reading this delightful narrative will feel that President Crawford of Allegheny College has made them his debtor in that he has sent it forth on its mission for good [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; Eaton & Mains, New York, $1.00 net.]

"The Industrial Conflict." By Samuel G. Smith. By sending forth these articles on present-day conditions in the conflict between labor and capital Dr. Smith of the department of sociology of the University of Minnesota has done good service for humanity. We quote a fine paragraph: "We have gone far enough on the road to wealth and power to linger a little by the way and take time for a more careful study of the whole situation. These workingmen may

be often mistaken; they may be often wrong-headed, but they are still fellowmen, and they are hungering for the human touch. Any business that will cultivate the human relation, that will feel and exhibit real sympathy with the men who are employed, and that assumes a fair share of responsibility for the success or failure of their whole scheme of life, will go far toward securing a loyalty which is so much desired and which is not easily found. The labor giant is awakened. He has thrown off the shackles of the past, and doubtless he has with the shackles, oftentimes broken lawful restraints. It is useless to seek to find by craft or convention new shackles. The giant can never be bound again. A working basis must be sought and discovered on the terms of equity to all parties. The employer wishes his workingmen to be sober, industrious, and faithful, but these qualities involve self-control, and that is only the result of high character. If employers want to see signs of soul in the workingmen, it is not enough for them to put their strength and their shrewdness into business; they must put their heart into business as well; nor must the employers be too anxious for the success of their business; they must be even more anxious for the success of society and the development of a sane and well-ordered community, and it will be found that not even justice is enough; there must also be the spirit of fraternity." In order that there may be more fraternity Dr. Smith allows labor leaders and employees to present in letters furnished him their sides of the problem and then comments thereon. We do not care to mar the work of either side or that of the author by what we could give in brief, but would commend the volume as well worth a place in the libraries of all who want that which is judicial and fair on the problems in our industrial conflict. [F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, $1.00 net.]

"Races and Immigrants in America." By John R. Commons. This volume from the pen of the professor of political economy in the University of Wisconsin is one of the recent valuable contributions to the study of one of our great national problems. The author well says in the chapter on "Race and Democracy": "It is not enough that equal opportunity to participate in making and enforcing the laws should be vouchsafed to all—it is equally important that all should be capable of such participation." Without equal opportunity before the law, and equal ability of all classes and races to use those opportunities there is either legal oligarchy or actual oligarchy disguised as democracy. If the first is lacking there is legal oligarchy; if the second, there is actual oligarchy disguised as democracy. In the interests of our democracy Professor Commons proceeds to write then on: Colonial Race Elements, The Negro, Nineteenth Century Additions, Industry, Labor, City Life, Crime and Poverty, Politics, Amalgamation and Assimilation. Such is the condensation throughout that a large amount of information of high value is packed into the 240 pages of this volume. We learn considerable therein of the different races and peoples that make up our American republic and of the conditions and problems which their coming have brought about. Professor Common's book is a history, as well as a study of some of the great problems which confront the nation. [The Macmillan Co., New York, $1.50 net.]

SEEKING THE COMMENDABLE.

Mr. W. E. Curtis, the noted correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, is of the opinion that much good would result if the socialists and others who are constantly denouncing the greed of corporations and the heartlessness of the rich would seek for examples of the good they have done instead of the evil, and commend it as worthy of emulation. Mr. Curtis is a writer who tries to keep some of the good features of life before the public. Not long ago he wrote concerning the Amoskeag cotton mills at Manchester, N. H., and told of the sympathetic and harmonious relations which existed between the company and its operatives. More recently he wrote concerning the Proctor marble work's corporation in Vermont that it is another conspicuous corporation that is not soulless, and that there is found at Proctor an array of workingmen who are satisfied with the treatment given them and are glad to promote the prosperity of their employers.

It is worthy of note that the Proctor marble works are run on the "open shop" plan. It is stated that some of the men belonged to unions before they went to Proctor. But there are no unions in Proctor; several attempts to organize them there have failed.

In one of his articles, in which he shows the harmonious relations existing between employers and employes, Mr. Curtis says: "If the newspapers were to print the kind and charitable acts men do, under sensational headlines, and hide the horrors, the crimes and the injustices of mankind in the most obscure columns, there would be less misery and people would imitate the good rather than the bad they do. When I asked the superintendent of the Boys' Club, which E. H. Harriman is supporting down on the east side of New York, what was the worst influence the youngsters of that section were exposed to, the promptly replied, 'The Yellow Journals.' Are they worse than the saloons? I enquired. 'Infinitely worse,' was the reply, 'because they give the boys the suggestions concerning crime, vice and mischief they never would think of otherwise, and make heroes of criminals and the vicious. Everybody loves notoriety. There is a fascination about seeing your name in print, and down among our population here a man who is written up in the newspapers, particularly if his picture is printed, ranks as a hero regardless of the reasons for publication. This effect is stronger upon boys from twelve to fifteen years of age than at any other time of their lives, and therefore the yellow journals which devote their columns to the publication of sensations exercise the most pernicious influence we have to deal with."

"A CALIFORNIA MACEDONIA."

The California Independent, published at Los Angeles in the interests of several denominations, but principally for the Methodists, and whose editor-in-chief is a Methodist, had an editorial last week under the foregoing caption. We were delighted with certain statements along toward the end of the editorial —coming as it did from a Methodist source. We wondered whether the millennium had dawned. The editorial is quoted here in order that our readers may joy and rejoice with us. And many will, when they read the closing utterances of the editorial, and consider the fact that they are so unusual in anything

bearing a Methodist stamp. But the world moves. The Independent said:

"It was not a vision, but a voice. It came over the telephone. 'Can't you do something to get a preacher of the gospel to go to Palo Verde?' Where is Palo Verde? The newest white settlement on the tawny Colorado river, fifty miles north of Yuma. Californians are land hungry. If government land was offered on Mars or the moon there are people in this State who would get busy making flying machines. The great Blythe estate, with 40,000 acres of the richest land out of doors, lies there beckoning the thrifty settler. This great ranch lies in the arms of another 60,000 acres of the same kind of Nile valley soil and the people found out a few years ago that this was owned by the government and not by the ranch. They started there and homesteaded it. They are pioneers, but if they stay long enough they will be milionaires, for it is another Imperial valley, with something to boot. Hundreds of families have been there several years and the living Word has been dealt out to them more sparingly than if they had settled on the Congo. Just last week we had a conversation with the stage driver and he related how on the Sunday previous the brave schoolma'am, indignant at the evidences of neglect in religious things, resolved on a Sunday-school. No place to hold it but in a saloon. And into the saloon went the brave girl and her school. In the back end sat six men and their bottles. In the front the gospel hymns rolled out their melodies. The bottles disappeared, the drinkers joined the Sunday-school class.

"What a shame on our California churches and missionary societies! To neglect our own people in their need to build churches ten thousand miles from home and let our Sunday-schools go into a saloon. Palo Verde is not the only Macedonia. All through Eastern Riverside county and San Bernardino county are towns, camps and settlements as destitute of the gospel as the steppes of Russia. In Coachella valley the town of Coachella has a Presbyterian church pastorless. At Thermal, four miles away, the Baptist minister built the church with his own hands, and has to work by the day to support himself. Other settlements have not a sign of service, or hear the voice of a preacher. On the Santa Fe line to Needles the situation is somewhat the same. Weak and ineffectual efforts are made by single denominations. One church cannot save California. But all together might. A working union of the churches would put a good man on every one of these outposts of our civilization and let the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Disciple dollars roll into the same fund to sustain the work, no matter who does the preaching. That would be an example of Christian union that would cause angels to smile and the world to rejoice."

"Sustain the work no matter who does the preaching!" That is fine. And now if the California Independent can only bring the Methodist brethren all over the State to that platform, the horrid notion that every town and village and hamlet should have a Methodist church will be a thing of the past.

Education is the sum of the reflective efforts by which we aid nature in the development of the physical, intellectual, and moral faculties of man, in view of his perfection, his happiness, and his social distinction.—Compayre.

DO ADVERTISEMENTS LIE?

This is a question asked in a recent number of The Cumberland Presbyterian. We answer unhesitatingly that many of them do.

Collier's Weekly started not long ago a crusade against the advertising of poisonous and alcoholic patent medicines in the religious papers. This led to a discussion on the part of The Cumberland Presbyterian and Collier's as to compounds "dangerous" and "fraudulent." In an open letter to the editor of Colliers's, the Cumberland paper said:

"As to those which are fraudulent. Just what do you mean by that word? I presume that you mean that the advertisement represents the article advertised as being other than it really is, or else that the advertisement is so shrewdly drawn as to make on the average mind an impression which is not necessarily involved in the words themselves. If this is your interpretation of fraudulent as distinguished from dangerous, I agree with you that many medical advertisements are fraudulent, but so are many other advertisements, and in my judgment this is true of about ninety-nine hundredths of all advertising. I am confident that I have seen as gross misrepresentation in the advertisement of Bibles as in advertisements of some of the bottled stuff in which you are particularly interested. Of course we will agree that the Bibles would do no harm even if misrepresented, but we are talking now only about things which are not to be classed as dangerous.

"The truth is that all modern advertising seems to be based upon the principle that goods must be misrepresented. Practically all goods of the same class are advertised as being the very best of their class. There is no reason why we should object to a catarrh cure making extravagant claims about itself unless we also object to the extravagant claim made by other articles. I am not defending the method. Personally, I am satisfied that I would be a miserable failure as an advertising agent of anything. I despise the 'play to the galleries,' the effort to 'make an impression' which is not strictly true, butI insist that it is but just that we should not condemn one class for a method which is condoned in others."

In its issue for August the 29th, The Cumberland Presbyterian prints an unsolicited contributed article in which some of the advertisements in Collier's are examined. The article is by Sidney A. Reeve of New York, a well-known writer on economic subjects. The writer asks as to Collier's: "How many of their advertisements are palpably untruthful?" and says:

"Of the advertising space in the particular number of Collier's in question, some forty per cent is devoted to the announcements of educational institutions. These form a special class, usualy confined to one season of the year, and in a few journals forming a perceptible fraction of the whole, as in Collier's. This special class comes nearer to the ideal in advertising, as a mere announcement of fact, than any other. But how about the rest?"

Then follow quotations from advertisements as follows:

"The voice of the phonograph is more versatile than even the human voice."

"If low rates are an inducement, you will make a western trip this summer."

"Best food for men, women and children."

"It is the 'only' jack which can be used with absolute safety, certainty and quickness."

"The —— is the only fastener which absolutely cannot slip."

"The lowest priced boat-motor ever sold."

"Service and equipment unsurpassed."

"Everything the best."

"Coolest location."

"The finest summer-resort hotel in America."

"Adirondacks' most favored resort."

"Absolutely fireproof. Service unsurpassed."

"The watch by which the progress of this remarkable age is timed."

"Easier, better made, than any other."

"Finest hotel on the Great Lakes."

"500 second-hand wheels as good as new."

"The most sensational performance ever accomplished by a motor-car."

"No more exquisite pledge of hospitality can be offered than ——. Price, ten cents."

"The first and only car at its price."

"As an investment nothing is safer than a diamond. Twenty per cent annual increase in value."

"This gun is unsurpassed."

"Perfect in detail."

"The only parrot in existence which imitates the human voice to perfection."

"The ideal fire-protection."

"We pay you six per cent for the privilege of helping you get rich."

"It is the very latest idea."

"Largest equipment; lowest prices."

"Most of that soreness and irritation you feel after shaving is caused by your brush."

"My instruction is unequalled."

"After graduation you will know everything about a watch."

"Rust positively prevented."

"The only complete paint text-book ever published."

"Beautifies without injuring the skin." (Said of a complexion powder.)

"We make the most efficient ——."

"Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable engine on earth."

"Nothing affords better opportunity for men of small capital."

"You don't know it's winter if you use —— heaters."

"Best and most up-to-date methods."

"The very highest quality."

The comment of Mr. Reeve is:

"These statements cannot be proven to be untrue; but by the laws of probability they are untrue. They are of that superlative form of expression which serious, careful and acurate men habitually avoid using, both because it is rarely true and also because it does not beget confidence. We do not believe that these statements are true. Many of them are mutually contradictory. We doubt if more than a small fraction of readers believe that they are true. We doubt if Collier's itself believes they are true.

"Yet they appear in sixty-odd per cent of Collier's advertisements, exclusive of the educational ones; and even in the latter there are many. More than that, Collier's own statements in their advertising pages concerning these advertisements contain the same sort of superlative statements, which neither they nor anyone else can know to be right. There also appears a large picture, said in the advertisements to be a photograph, which is as palpably a made-up fake as was the one of Mr. Fairbanks' birthplace, which Collier's so ridicules as dishonest. The promise of twenty per cent annual increase from a certain sort of investment, which appears among these advertisements, is a very close parallel with some of the promises of returns from mining stocks which Collier's has condemned in thorough indignation.

"We have no disposition to argue that these advertisements are equally injurious or immoral with the patent medicine frauds. But they are palpable lies, as The Cumberland Presbyterian calls them, none the less. Their palpability is their sole defense from being regarded as grossly immoral.

"The principle underlying all these advertisements —medicinal and otherwise—is an old one. 'Let the buyer beware!' When once that principle is abandoned and the publisher undertakes to stand between the buyer and the advertiser, guaranteeing against all misrepresentation, a long and arduous task of reform has been cut out. Modern advertising will be unrecognizable as such, when the reform is accomplished."

THE PASSING OF THE ITINERANT SYSTEM.

The Religious Telescope, the representative of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, states in an editorial on "Evolution in Itinerant Methods," that there is not very much left practically of the itinerant system. We quote:

"Methods of work must change as conditions change. An itinerant is a journeyman, and an itinerant church is one whose preachers journey from place to place, carrying the message of the gospel. Such a plan is best suited to pioneer work. The people in a sparsely-settled country are far apart, are deprived of preaching services, and if reached at all by ambassadors of Christ, the itinerant plan must be followed. Churches which were not itinerant by profession have been so in common practice where circumstances demand that kind of work.

"When a second and third generation of people have taken the place of pioneers, settled homes, and occupied territory, itinerating is made less extensive and less necessary. There is no journey work to be done by the pastor of a strong station, except it be the journeys just after conference. The moving of preachers from circuits is comprehended in the itinerant plan, but this, too, is rapidly pasing out of use. A conference which, twenty years ago, changed all of its pastors in every period of three years, and two-thirds of them in two years, and moved half of them every year, has now found a better way. Indeed, some of our pastorates are so settled that the same man serves a congregation eight, ten, twelve years, or more. Practically, we have cut off the second end of the time limit.

"Bishop Mills made the statement at a conference recently that United Brethren pastorates have been increasing in length, and pastorates in some other churches which are not itinerant have been decreasing in length, so that our preachers are staying about as long in one place as those of any other denomination. Dr. William McKee, whom all our people know to be level-headed, and to draw logical conclusions from figures, introduced a resolution in his conference which met with unusual favor, so far as any expres-

sion was given. It was in approval of the lengthening of the terms of our pastorates. In its support he said that the preachers who were continued in the same place year after year were not only doing better work and having larger returns than those who are changed every year, but that each one of their years is better than the preceding. They are not only surpassing others of shorter pastorates, but are outdoing themselves. It could not be otherwise with a growing preacher and a sensible congregation.

"In some of our large city churches it takes a new man a year to acquaint himself with the field. If one is sent back for the tenth year, he has the advantage of all past experience. He knows his men; he knows the condition of the church; he knows those whom he wishes to reach. He can go right ahead with plans and the execution of plans, and do a lot of things while a new man would be getting ready to get started. Practically, itinerancy is left for frontier districts and for the minority who move after an annual conference. Official boards are free to express their preferences to the superintendent concerning the men for their pulpits, and their wishes are generally respected. The time is not far distant when an annual conference will put its seal of approval on the agreements that pastors and people have made before the conference session begins. Changing conditions make such a plan logical, and it will be but an extension of what is already at work in the stronger congregations of our annual conferences."

When the negotiations for the union of the Congregationalists, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestants, were begun, it was stated by some of the leaders among the United Brethren that many of the larger churches had been practically selecting their pastors for many years. It was seen, after brief conference, that the remnant which was left of the itinerant system, all that the other denominations wished to preserve, would be no barrier to union—and that in its present-day working form it might be made beneficial among not a few of the Congregational churches.

So earnestly have different denominations been seeking the best methods during the last few decades that all persons who of late have been looking into their actual working methods have been finding marked changes in the features which theretofore had distinguished them. Some persons will not ascertain these things until they get to heaven, but it is to be hoped that enough will do so before that time to make it possible to bring together many of the denominations in a real unity. More than anything else, it is ignorance of one another that is keeping several of the denominations apart at the present time.

It was shown in our columns several months ago that the United Brethren and Methodist Protestant bodies are practically as democratic as the Congregationalists are; that they differ considerably from the Methodist Episcopal Church; but the latter is much more democratic than it was a half or even a quarter of of a century ago. As to the itinerant system, it may be said, all the larger churches have paid no attention to that for several years. They select their own pastors, and the bishops appoint those whom they select.

Among the Churches.

Spokane Presbytery.—The Presbytery of Spokane will meet at Odessa, Wash., Monday, September 30, 1907, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

Washington Synod.—The Synod of Washington will meet in the First Presbyterian Church, Tacoma, Wash., Thursday, October 3rd and 5th, 1907, at 7:30 p. m.

Los Angeles Presbytery.—The Presbytery of Los Angeles will meet in regular Fall Session on Tuesday, September 24th, at 7:30 p. m., in the First Presbyterian Church of Santa Ana.

Oakland.—The Rev. William H. Reedy has been chosen as assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian church. His work will be to considerable extent that of pastoral visitation and in the Sunday-school. Mr. Reedy is a graduate of the University of California.

Weed.—Sunday, September 1st, was a day of rejoicing by the friends and members of the Presbyterian church at Weed; for on that day their beautiful new house of worship was dedicated. When Rev. David H. McCullagh visited this field one year ago there were no Sabbath services in this place of nearly 1000 souls except a small Sunday-school held in a dance hall. In November last he organized a church and a thorough canvass was made for funds to erect a place of worship. The Weed Lumber Co. gave a beautiful lot 100 feet square, located on a hill near the business section of the town. After the completion of the church there was found to be a debt of nearly five hundred dollars. On the morning of dedication the rain poured in torrents. The outlook was very discouraging, but about noon the clouds raised, so that there was a good congregation at the dedicatory service at three p. m. Mr. McCullagh preached the dedication sermon; at the close he stated the condition of the finances. He then proceeded to raise the five hundred necessary. In less than half an hour the secretary said that not only had the debt been paid but nearly $150 more than was asked. This announcement was greeted with great applause; but many shed tears of joy because God had heard and answered the many prayers that had been offered for the successful building of the church. Oh how happy they were to know that they had not only a place of worship, but a large, airy reading room, where the mill men can have a place to read and write and spend a leisure hour instead of going to the saloon. Two weeks previous to the dedication Mr. and Mrs. McCullagh were with us assisting in the work. Mrs. McCullagh organized a Missionary Society with twenty members, who are just as interested in the advancement of God's kingdom in other places as they are in their own. Rev. H. Isaacs came to this field over two months ago. He is a hard workman that needeth not to be ashamed, for he rightly divides the word of truth. He is a fine singer, and has two choirs (the junior and senior), well trained. Throughout dedication day the Spirit of God was manifest in a wonderful manner. At the close many said, "I have not lived right," or "Don't

forget to pray for me; I want to be a Christian." Thus closed a day that will be long remembered by all present.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Wicher is supplying the pulpit of the church in San Rafael during the month of September.

Rev. W. S. Lowrey, the new presbyterial evangelist for the presbyteries of Benicia and Oakland, has rented a house in San Anselmo and brought his family here.

Rev. W. K. Guthrie, '96, of the First Church, San Francisco, who has occupied his summer cottage here since the disaster of April 18, 1906, returned to his city home the first of September.

Rev. E. J. Hanks, '06, will take charge of the church in Brigham, Utah, after Mr. George M. Day, who has supplied there during the summer, returns to the Seminary.

Mrs. Dr. Gilchrist has been seriously ill at Mt. Hermon. She was later removed to her home in San Jose, where, according to the last reports, she was improving. By the sweetness of her disposition, the gentlenes of her spirit, and the kindliness of her many ministeries she endeared herself to the entire community during their three years' residence here.

Dr. Moore has returned from his extended vacation among his former parishioners in Helena, Montana. While there Dr. and Mrs. Moore reached their silver anniversary. Their friends would not allow it to pass unnoticed, but celebrated it in a quiet way and with many generous remembrances.

The Seminary will open for its sixteenth year in San Anselmo, on Wednesday, the 18th, at 11 o'clock.

COMMENDABLE ACTION AS TO TRI-CHURCH UNION.

[From The Pacific.]

The plan of union between the Congregationalists, the United Brethren, and the Methodist Protestants had consideration by the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last week, Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary speaking at some length concerning it. A committee consisting of the Rev. Dr. J. McLean, of Pacific Seminary, Prof. C. B. Bradley of the University of California, Mrs. C. A. Kofoid, Dr. Thomas Addison and the Rev. Dr. W. H. Hopkins, the pastor of the church, was appointed to draw some statement to be presented to the church this week for consideration; and, it was hoped, adoption.

The committee framed the following:

"Believing that the number of Christian demoninations is far too great, that their fields overlap, that much of their energy goes to waste, and that their occasional jealousies and frictions hinder the Kingdom's progress, we rejoice in every wise step taken to bring Christian communions into closer fellowship, and, if may be, into such organic union as shall help us to the ultimate goal of the unity of the Spirit.

"We thank God and those men faithful to His leading who, serving their denominations well, have brought the United Brethren, Methodist Protestant and Congregational Churches so far on the good path to Tri-Church Union. And we believe that this work should be furthered in all good ways, even by such sacrifice—save in principle—as the best judgment of the hour may urge.

"Nevertheless we recognize the largeness of the problems, the length of the labor, the differing views of able and consecrated men, and the possibility of a union which, leaving outside many of our strong churches, would add bitterness without gaining compactness.

"We would therefore hereby express the hope first that the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, at its meeting in Cleveland, may, without dividing our forces or endangering our principles, move toward some prompt consummation of this tri-union plan; or, if this be impossible, secondly that the council may cordially approve the greater steps already taken in the move ment, and bend itself to the work of making straight the way, so that, we, the Congregational company, may at a later da-- become with these two friendly churches one body in Christ."

Action of the Bay Association.

The Tri-Church Union matter came up for consideration at a largely attended meeting of the Bay Association in Alameda on Tuesday of this week. Mention having been made there of the work of the committee of the First Church of Berkeley, request was made that its report be read. Such was the favor with which it met that when the matter came to a vote it was adopted as the sentiment of the Association by only two opposing votes.

We have space for only a few words concerning the discussion of this important issue. President McLean noted the fact that opposition was coming to this movement mainly from the large, rich, flourishing churches—churches perhaps not needing it, when only they themselves are considered; and the wonder was whether they were not looking at it somewhat selfishly, at least with not that considerateness which real brotherhood demands.

It was also brought out in the discussion that the Congregational leaders who are opposing the movement came to considerable extent from the Method ist Church. And yet none of them have been able to show that the plan involves any such authority as there is in Methodism. Their fears that they may get back where they once were seems to have clouded their judgment.

We believe that it was shown conclusively in The Pacific several months ago that the autonomy of the local church is neither destroyed nor endangered by the Chicago plan of union. We hope and pray that the obstacles now in the way will be found to disappear as the National Council prays over and deliberates on this important question—just as they have disappeared under the influence of the Spirit from time to time in the past when the representatives of the different denominations met in committee and council. But as a last resort let the movement be toward some future consummation of the union. We cannot believe otherwise than that God wills it.

The end of education is to produce a well-balanced many-sidedness of interest.—Herboot.

The Home.

Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh! why lament its fall?
CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

THE CHEERFUL MAN.

What a boon he is in everybody's life! Like a bright sunrise and a gentle south wind, coming together on a winter morning, he is to all who cross his path. He brushes cheerily along, knocking grief and disappointment out of his path and leaving it fringed with flowers. Such a man is worth a great deal to the world—more than all his money, his wisdom, or his ambitious schemes. People feel a sort of pleasure in just seeing him coming down the street, and when they meet him there is not a cloud in sight.

Such men are a blessing to a town. They make one feel that the town is growing, is getting more beautiful,— more than a place just to eat and sleep and make a living in. Sometimes one doesn't meet such men, and then he feels that the town is degenerating, that things are going wrong, and that the evil spirit is trying to put a little malice in his heart, and he goes home and meets his wife's smile with a feeling of suspicion.

A cheerful man doesn't realize the amount of good he is doing in the world. But it is his nature and he cannot help it. Heaven has picked him out as one of its angels, and he is faithful to his mission. Every day some fellow has been made happy by his pleasant smile and his genial "good morning;" and if one has a bit of business with him it passes by very much like an exchange of compliment.

To be cheerful may not be so great a duty as to be honest or unselfish, but it certainly widens the radiance of these virtues.—Ohio States Journal.

OVERSTRAIN.

There are many individuals in this busy, busy time who are keenly conscious of sins against prudence in the way of overstrain, and yet can see no better way—can find no place to leave off any of the work and worry. There are family cares, social duties and church obligations. None of these should conflict, but at least they overlap, and when night comes, brain and body are tired—there seems to have been no moment left to think one's thoughts and let one's soul grow. The results are breakdown, and the enforced rest of an abused organism. How much better it would be to take things easier—do a little less, and keep it up longer; and yet hard to make the change! It is difficult to draw the dividing line, but under these circumstances it is a good idea to make a comparative statement of the real duties which proceed from the fear of God, and the artificial ones which are imposed by an undue regard of man. If written side by side, and itemized carefully, I think it would be surprising to see the difference in the length of the columns. To a great extent one's duty to God can only be expressed by one's service to one's neighbor, and yet service is distinct from slavish deference to what "folks might think" — the real motive power in many lives.—Sousie Bouchelle Wight, in The Interior.

GOOD TIMES FOR CHILDREN.

On the plea that children should have good times, some parents allow their children to do exactly as they please—play in the streets, stay out nights, squander their money, or do whatever else they like.

This is a poor sort of generosity. It has pain and penalty in it. Children should be taught the things which will help them when they grow up. Idleness and night carousal won't help them.

Children should be trained to be little men and women, learning how to take care of themselves and to conserve their own best interests while they are young. No childish or foolish ideas should be put into their heads only to be abandoned when they have outgrown them. Children remember everything they have been taught. See that they are taught things worth remembering .

In these days of prosperity many children are given too much spending money. They buy useless or hurtful stuff, and form habits of dissipation that will injure them forever.

There are parents, too, who are slaving themselves to death and denying themselves comforts to amass fortunes for their children. Fortunes are good, perhaps, but some other things are better. Habits of truth, industry, frugality, self-denial and religious devotion bequeathed to them by loving parents are a hundred fold superior to a stock of money or extensive real estate.

The good times of children should be of the variety that last through life. Correct ideals in youth insure steady enjoyment in age. The father who fences his home around with God's commandments, and lights it up with domestic comforts and excellent pleasures, and who anchors himself to his own home as the shrine of his supremest delight, is sure to exert upon his offspring that kind of inspiration and restraint which make for solid hapipness and save from dangerous tendencies and practices.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

The Quiet Hour.

Why fear to-morrow, timid heart?
Why tread the future's way ?
We only need to do our part
To-day, dear child, to-day.

The past is written! Close the book
On pages sad and gay;
Within the future do not look,
But live to-day — to-day.

'Tis this one hour that God has given;
His now we must obey;

And it will make our earth his heaven
To live to-day — to-day.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

It is an easy thing to be kind and pleasant "when we feel like it." When the mind is at ease, the body in full vigor, the conscience at rest, how natural and easy it seems to speak kindly, to smile cheerfully, and to look at the bright side of things. Some people call this religion, and think it is the only genuine article. Surely this is a mistake. This kind of amiability is simply the result of bodily fitness, and may exist with little or no real piety. The amiability that counts is different to this. It is all this is—and vastly more. A touch of indigestion, a twinge of rheumatism, a trifling annoyance puts this kind of amiability to flight. The smile disappears, the kind word dies, the outlook changes entirely. This amiability is at the mercy of every east wind, of every chance loss. Thank God, religion gives a smile that persists, kind words that do not die with pain, and a cheerful outlook that no misfortune can obscure. The true Christian life is not at the mercy of the "feelings." The Christian smiles when his heart is full of trouble; he speaks kindly and scatters sunshine when his own spirit is sore oppressed; he lightens the burdens of others when his own burden is heavy and hard to bear. Have you this kind of religion? Do not think it is right to act as you feel. If your heart be full of sunshine, let it out; if it be full of lurid lightning, shut it in. Your duty is to make the world brighter; and in doing it your own gloom will disappear. Costly goodness is the cheapest kind; it always pays.—The Christian Guardian.

THE UPWARD JOURNEY.

I want to warn you that life's work is too serious for you to spend any time inquiring how much harm may come to you if you do certain forbidden things. Rather ask yourself, how much good will come to you if you will indulge in the thing prohibited. The thoughtful youth is concerned more for the good he can get out of any course of action than to be able to measure simply the harm which will come if he engages in it. Remember, you are in serious business. You are undertaking a journey which must end in the highest joy or the deepest despair. Every step of the way depends upon your own choosing God is willing to help you, but he will not force you. No omnipotent hand will drag you unwillingly up the steeps and into some undesired heaven. If you gain the best things in time and the best things in eternity, you must keep ever before your mind the chief aim of all your struggling, and refuse all temptation to loiter and dally by the way. You are a king going up to your kingdom, and "the king's business demands haste."

On your way up to your life's Jerusalem there will be, necessarily, some struggle. Mark you, if your goal is worth while, the pathway that leads to it is up, and not down. It requires effort to ascend. It is easy to slide down. It has been said that any dead fish can float downstream with the current, but it requires a live one to swim up against it. Do not always expect smooth sailing. That is a golden hour when in some favorable time your life's bark is launched amidst the huzzahs of the multitude and the fluttering of banners. It seems an easy thing to slip down the well-oiled ways into the quiet waters which so gently welcome. Do not fancy that because all the waters around you are so smooth, the day you set out to sea, that there are no storms awaiting you yonder below the skyline. I would not discourage you, but I would warn you that your life's journey must have in it some pain as well as pleasure. If you are of heroic spirit this news will not daunt you; indeed, the very struggle through which you will pass will strengthen the purpose of your heart.—From "The Noblest Quest."

Young People.

BERNARD PALISSY.

One of the World's Heroes.

In the year 1510, in the southern part of France, Bernard Palissy was born. His parents were poor—too poor to give him even an elementary education. In an autobiography he wrote: "I had no other books than heaven and earth, which are open to all." His father was a painter of stained glass, and taught his son this art. This training in drawing and the use of colors in after years helped to bring him success as a potter.

When he reached the age of eighteen, young Palissy left this father's house and went into the world to seek his fortune. He traveled northward, working at his trade part of the time, and again he was occupied in land-measuring. For ten years he traveled, working at different places. Possessing a keen power of observation and reading all the books he could get, he gained a knowledge of chemistry, geology and botany.

After these ten years of wandering life, Palissy married and settled down to glass-painting and land-surveying. He made a study of history and classical mythology in order to find subjects for his window-painting. When children came in his home his expenses increased, and his earnings were too small for the household needs. Glass-painting was not lucrative enough for the drudgery required, so he turned his attention to the art of painting and enameling earthenware.

The sight of a fine piece of enameled pottery—probably a cup of Italian ware—roused in him an ambition to discover for himself the secret of the beautiful enameled surface. He felt that he could not leave his wife and children and go to Italy in search of the secret; so he learned at a neighboring village the rudiments of the potter's art; and then, year after year, he labored and experimented, searching for the secret of white enamel. He broke into pieces earthenware pots and pans, spread various compounds over the pieces, and subjected them to furnace heat. The experiments resulted only in broken pots, wasted fuel, drugs, time and labor. Palissy's wife reproached him for buying earthenware to break, when their children needed clothes and food. But so determined was he to master the secret that he erected a furnace, burnt more wood, and spoiled drugs and earthenware until poverty stared him in the face. Necessity compelled

him to devote some of his time to painting and surveying, and for a short time his experiments ceased But as soon as he was paid for his work his investigations began again, and he searched diligently for the white enamel until he was again reduced to poverty. In the last firing he had partially succeeded, for one piece out of three hundred grew white when it hardened. Believing that he could now complete the discovery, he built near his dwelling a glass furnace, doing all the work himself, even carrying the bricks on his back.

After seven or eight months his furnace was ready; and so were some earthenware vessels which he had made for the experiment, and a store of fuel which he had accumulated. For six days and nights he sat by the furnace, eagerly watching for the melting of the enamel. Then it occurred to the haggard Palissy that the defect might be in the materials, so he compounded fresh materials and borrowed money for more fuel and more pots. After the pots were covered with the new compound, he started a fire in the furnace and made a last desperate experiment. When the fuel began to run short, he used garden palings. More heat was needed, and he must have fuel; so he rushed into the house and seized the tables. Amidst the screams of his wife and children he broke up these tables and cast them into the furnace. Another trip to the house, and the shelves were torn down and thrown into the fire.

His wife and children thought he had lost his mind, and rushed out on the street crying out that he had gone mad and was breaking up the furniture. For a month he had not been undressed; and not only was he wasted with anxiety, and toil and want of food, but he was in debt and utter ruin seemed to encompass him. At last, however, the great heat had melted the enamel and the secret was mastered. When the jars came from the furnace and were cooled, a white glaze covered them.

Now he felt that he could endure scorn and reproach until he had a chance to put his discovery into practice. For ten years he had struggled through a succession of failures, almost starving himself and his family. And the tragic part of it was that it was no new secret that he had discovered. Every potter of Northern Italy knew the secret for which he had wasted so many years of his life in struggles and failures before success came.

Although ten years of Palissy's life had already been spent in the search for the enamel, six years more were required before the invention was perfected. An innkeeper who belived in his honesty boarded him for six months while he went on with his manufacture. He erected another furnace; but as part of the inside was built with flints, which cracked and burst under the heat, his work was spoiled and six months' labor lost. He refused to sell the pottery, and broke it into pieces because the enamel was damaged by the pieces of flint which scattered and stuck to it. In the uncovered furnace he was often drenched with rain; and when he sought shelter indoors, he had to endure the mockeries and persecutions of his own household. He almost lost heart, grew melancholy, and wandered about the streets in tatters. His neighbors reproached him for his folly, and he returned to his former calling for a year, then took up his work again. From his failures he gathered practical knowledge, and learned more about the nature of enamels, the tempering of clay, and the management of furnaces. After these sixteen years of apprenticeship—during which he had taught himself—his years of toil and constancy of purpose were rewarded. His works were bought and appreciated by the queen, and her nobles eagerly sought specimens of his skill. Now he could maintain his family in comfort, and he kept improving his art, always aiming at the greatest possible perfection. His ornamental pieces are now regarded as rare gems and sell at almost fabulous prices. In London, at a sale, one of Palissy's small dishes with a lizard in the center sold for eight hundred dollars. His dishes, plates, vases and plaques were ornamened with models from life of wild animals, lizards, fish, insects, shells, and plants, and other pieces were ornamented with scriptural scenes or subjects from classical mythology. The best collection of Palissy ware is found in he museum of the Louvre, and a few specimens are in the British Museum.

For a few years, Palissy, assisted by his two sons, carried on the manufacture of pottery while he wrote and published several books on the potter's art, besides writing on agriculture, natural philosophy, and religion. But his suffering was not over; for, being a Bible student and a Proestant, he was persecuted as a heretic and imprisoned in the Bastile. His home and his workshop he found in ruins after his liberation by the intervention of the French court. Accordingly he went to Paris, and set up his pottery works; and there he lived, under the protection of the king, in peace and prosperity until 1588, when he was again arrested for being an enthusiastic Huguenot, and cast into prison. The king offered him his freedom if he would recant; but the old man of seventy-eight years was brave, and preferred death to falsehood. After a year's imprisonment he died in the Bastile, peacefully ending a life of heroic labor, extraordinary endurance, and rare virtue.—Cora Watkins in the Nashville Christian Advocate.

THE ETHICS OF MONEY-MAKING.

William Jennings Bryan.

We cannot much longer delay consideration of the ethics of money-making. That many of the enormous fortunes which have been accumulated during the last quarter of a century are now held by men who have given to society no adequate service in return for the money secured, is now generally recognized. While legislation can and should protect the public from predatory wealth, a more effective remedy will be found in the cultivation of a public opinion which will substitute a higher ideal than the one which tolerates the enjoyment of unearned gains. No man who really knows what brotherly love is, will desire to take advantage of his neighbor, and the conscience when not seared will admonish against injustice. My faith in the future rests upon the belief that Christ's teachings are being more studied to-day than ever before, and that with this larger study will come an application of those teachings to the every-day life of the world. In former times men read that Christ came to bring life and immortality to light and placed the emphasis upon immortality; now they are studying Christ's relation to human life. In former years many thought to prepare themselves for future bliss by a life of seclusion here; now they are learning that they cannot follow in the footsteps of the Master unless they go about doing good.

BROKEN LAW EXACTS PENALTY.

Th graft prosecution has won a substantial victory in the conviction of the vice-president of the telephone company for giving a bribe to the Supervisors in order to keep out a rival system. If the company had spent one-half the amount in making the service efficient that they paid for bribes the people would never have asked for a rival telephone system. It is curious how impersonal things depend on honesty and integrity and on fairness The telephone service in Berkeley is remarkably good, but in San Francisco it is unspeakably bad and always has been. The prices have been extortionately high and the service has been atrociously bad. The tens of thousands of nickels called down for which the company did not give the slightest service reappear in a bribe, and collect from the company's vice-president their value in the higher values of character. Impersonal dishonesty finally exacts its penalty not only from the soulless corporation but from persons who are responsible. Ten thousand people in San Francisco have been stung with the injustice, with the heartless tyranny of this corporation. However much the people may pity the convicted the fact remains that injustice, dishonesty and tyranny on the part of impersonal and indirect operations of a company will be avenged. God is the same. Dishonesty and injustice can not be hidden from his searching methods of administration.

Mr. Robert C. Ward in the North American Review for July 19, 1907, has a remarkably clear article on the new immigration law. The new law raises the head-money from $2 to $4. This seems ridiculously small. It is hardly to be taken as a restriction but it will double the "immigration fund" providing better care for the aliens. The new law excludes imbeciles and feeble-minded. Under the old law only idiots were excluded. All those now mentally or physically defective are excluded. All children under sixteen years unaccompanied by their parents are excluded. This is intended to correct the padrone system of importing boys and girls. The immigration problem is complicated by the determined and aggressive activity of foreign ships. The new act provides for the appointment of a Commission composed of nine, three senators, three representatives and three to be appointed by the President. On the whole the new act is in the direction of restriction but timidly so. The country cannot do much as most of these European immigrants are recruits to the Roman Catholic Church. The probabilities point to the fact that Japan will insist that her citizens be placed upon the same immigration basis with European countries and we can see no reason why they should not be so treated. Most of the opposition to the Japanese immigrants comes from European immigrants. We sincerely hope Japan will insist upon a square deal.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

O Love of God, how strong and true,
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest.

HORATIUS BONAR.

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September and October

1907

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COME NOW AND WELCOME.

September Sunset

CONTAINS:

INVASION OF OXFORD.

A critical study of work done at Oxford University, England, by the first Cecil Rhodes scholars. It is written by W. C. Crittenden, the first Californian to win one of the coveted scholarships and athletics. The article is well illustrated.

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

Architects designs of buildings for which contracts have been let and construction is under way;—**a sixteen-page, two-colored tint black form,** showing buildings as designed, including the new White House, Thomas H. Williams buildings, Metropolis Trust Company building, Alaska Commercial Building, First National Bank building, Emporium, Princess Theater, Phelan building, and others.

THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A third article by Rufus Steele, beautifully illustrated, showing how San Francisco is rapidly extending down the peninsula. This article will be devoted especially to suburban towns, pointing out that owing to the new Bay Shore Railway Cut-Off the charms of country life are no longer only for the millionare but are easily reached by the person of moderate means.

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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FULTON STREET NOON PRAYER MEETING.

October 13th-20th, 1907.

Without a day's interruption, this historic meeting has gone on for fifty years. In the busy downtown section of the great metropolis of America, this mother of noon prayer meetings has sent forth its beneficient influence until all the nations of the earth have felt its power. During these years hundreds of thousands from every country and clime, have attended this meeting and in answer to their prayers men and women have been redeemed from lives of sin, and multitudes of others have been influenced to lives of deeper devotion and more consecrated service to God. The requests for prayers have come from fathers, mothers, sisters and Christian workers the world around. Its fame and influence have truly became international. Historians of the religious movements of our country are unanimous in ascribing the great awakening of 1858 to the power of prayer, and mention the Fulton Street Noon Prayer Meeting as the starting point of that mighty revival, which swept over a million souls into the kingdom of God. Having been the instrument of such a wave of blessing for the world, this meeting has endeared itself to hundreds of thousands of people many of whom have remained in touch with the work since its beginning. Judging from the experience of those who are in closest touch with the work, this bond of fellowship in prayer has been constantly growing, and individuals and communities are reaping a harvest of blessing as the result of petitions daily ascending from this hallowed spot. For the past five years, a Prayer Circle of over three thousand have daily petitioned the throne of grace for a World-wide Revival. Communications have been received telling of marvelous answers to prayers, from every country, state and territory. Notwithstanding the fact that the noon hour is the busiest of the day, the attendance for the past five years has been on the increase and the total attendance during that time has been over sixty thousand, while more than sixteen thousand requests have been sent in from every country of the globe. Let it be remembered that the meeting has stood, uninterruptedly and uncompromisingly, for the great doctrine of a prayer-hearing God. It is proposed to make this Jubilee Anniversary one that shall tell upon the prayer-life of the whole church. To this end, the suggestion has been made that pastors be requested to preach a sermon on some phase of prayer on Sunday, October 13th, and follow this with special days set apart for prayer. In order to aid in securing material for illustration, there is in process of preparation a special number of "The Call to Prayer" which will contain interesting material for pastors to use during said week, and will contain the full program to be carried out during the Anniversary week of the meeting in New York City. This will be sent free on application. It is further suggested that those whose lives have been influenced by this meeting in conversion, in the deepening of their spiritual life or in being thrust out into service for the Lord, send the facts in a brief letter to the superintendent. Do this at once. Last and most important, let Christians be much in prayer that this meeting may prove a great impetus in the prayer-power of all Christians and bring about a greatly needed revival of the prayer-life of the church. Send all communications to FREDERICK H. JACOBS, Superintendent, 113 Fulton Street, New York City.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL SABBATH ALLIANCE.

Room 1007, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Much interest is being shown in the following resolution adopted by the Sunday Day Movement in England. It is being widely circulated in America by The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance.

"Believing as we do, that the great principles which underlie the due observance of the Lord's Day, are public worship and rest, we resolve to do all that we can to discourage, as far as possible, such employments on the Lord's Day as would prevent ourselves, our servants, or others for whom we are responsible, from being able to carry out these principles."

Signature
Address

The Sunday Day Movement in England sprang from a great desire to try and influence people not to give luncheon and dinner parties on Sundays so that their servants might enjoy a day of rest and opportunity for worship which is their due. "We dictate to none, we abuse none, we endeavor to influence people in the right way, and then leave it to their convictions."

The following from a New York paper shows the need for similiar effort in our own country: "Mrs.—— in addition to giving a luncheon every Sunday has arranged to be at home Sunday afternoons serving tea from 4 to 6."

In response to a request from the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance for sermons on the better observance of the Sabbath, an Episcopal clergyman writes: "The Sabbath is the workingman's Independence Day. Woe be to all faith and to all enterprise if it cannot be restored."

Other cordial responses from clergymen express hearty sympathy with all effort to lessen labor on the Lord's Day and a willingness to bring the question of Sabbath desecration before their congregations.

To the resolution given above the Alliance has received 367 signatures from eleven states. Other signatures are earnestly desired and requested.

Readers of this paper are earnestly requested to cut out the above resolution and send it with their signatures and addresses to the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, Room 1007, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Copies of the resolution can be secured from the above address.

WHERE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE BROKE IN TWO.

We were conversing recently with a gentleman who had just been dismissed from a hospital where he had been the subject of a very serious operation. He related that one morning the surgeon coming in found him dejected, and cheered him so successfully that he charged the physician with having a Christian Science knack. This he denied, and to prove his mental alibi related an experience he had recently had with a patient of the Mrs. Eddy type,. who was brought to the hospital to undergo an operation upon the lower part of the leg which necessitated baring the bone.

When all was ready, and the attendants started to administer the anesthetic he stoutly demurred, declaring that as he had espoused the Christian Science faith it would be useless to take an anesthetic, as the operation would not hurt. The surgeon, not desiring such irregular proceedings, insisted that he be allowed to use the anesthetic, as he was confident the Lord would not intefere in a case of this sort. So positive, however, was the patient that it was useless, as he was convinced there would be no sensation, that the doctor yielded and commenced to cut. In about five seconds a quick piteous appeal to desist came from the patient, who was now as white as he will ever be. "Doctor! doctor! stop, stop!" The doctor stopped, and asked why he had interrupted. "Well, doctor," replied the Christian Scientist, "I have just thought of some sins I committed when a boy, and as long as that is on my mind I have mortal fear. Give me the anesthetic." In about three minutes they had him in the only place where the theory of Christian Scientists can be successfully practiced—in etherland, where pain is a fiction, the physical world unreal, and mortal mind does not disturb.— Exchange.— The Christian Guardian.

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh,
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day;
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole." —Selected.

A gentleman purchased at the post-office a large quanity of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers and other postal requisites.

Finding them somewhat difficult to carry, he asked one of the counter clerks if he could supply him with a small quantity of string.

"We are not permitted by the department to supply string," was the reply.

"Then give me a bit of red tape," was the sarcastic retort.

EVENING.

A lone stars swings at the edge of the world;
A lone bird sings with pinions furled
Where a wandering rose o'er a trellis goes.

The day is done; and the afterglow
Of the setting sun doth seem to throw
A rosy spell o'er hill and dell.

The earth is still; but the cattle low,
As over the hill they homeward go
From meadow lands to waiting hands.

And toil of day to the lighter task
Of eve gives way; while all things bask
In the last bright ray of dying day.
—Elizabeth V. Packard, in Boston Transcript.

HOW TO MAKE TIME FLY.

Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lessons. He had thrown his books peevishly on the table and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodily upon the lawn. How slowly the time went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was! Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour and a half before lunch.

His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. "Tired of doing nothing, Bertie?" said he. "Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something."

They walked out together, and Bertie's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparrows and starlings in the eaves, and the rooks high up in the great trees, and the robins among the hedges. Then he asked Bertie to listen to Tom, the stable boy, whistling and singing merrily as he went about his work.

"Do you know why they are so happy, Bertie?" he asked.

Bertie shook his head.

"It is because they are busy doing something. The birds are building their nests. Tom is doing his duty in the stable. It is God's law that we cannot be happy unless we are at honest work. Now try it for one hour, and see how the time slips by."

Bertie's face brightened. He felt interested to see how the experiment would succeed. He went in and set himself to learn the second and third declensions in Latin, walking to and fro as he did so. By the time he had accomplished his task he looked up expecting to see that half the time had gone. He could hardly believe his own eyes. The hand of the clock pointed to half-past twelve! He had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour.—Selected.

BURBANK, THE "PLANT WIZARD," ON ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO.

I never use tobacco or alcohol in any form, and rarely coffee or tea. I can prove to you most conclusively that even the mild use of stimulants is incompatible with work requiring accurate attention and definite concentration.

To assist me in my work of budding—work that is as accurate and exacting as watch making—I have a force of twenty men. I have to discharge men from this force if incompetent. Some time ago my foreman asked me if I took pains to inquire into the personal habits of my men. On being answered in the negative, he surprised me by saying that the men I found unable to do the delicate work of budding, invariably turned out to be smokers or drinkers. These men, while able to do the rough work of farming, have to give up budding and other careful work, owing to an inability to concentrate their nerve force. Even men who smoke one cigar a day, cannot be trusted with some of my most delicate work.

Cigarettes are even more damaging than cigars, and their use by young boys is little short of criminal, and will produce in them the same results that sand placed in a watch will produce—destruction.

Several of my young acquaintances are in their graves who gave promise of being happy and useful citizens; and there is no question whatever but that cigarettes alone were the cause of their destruction. No boy living would commence the use of cigarettes if he knew what a useless, soulless, worthless thing they would make him.—Luther Burbank, Burbank's Experimental Farms, Santa Rosa, Calif.

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Plain White Crockery Pitchers; 2 quarts, only 25c; 3 quarts	35c
100 pieces Decorated Dinner Set, only	$9.00
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GROCERY SALE.

We bought at our own price an entire grocery store last week, moved the goods in, and now place on sale here—all are fresh, new goods, in fine condition—prices tell the rest.

60c jars of Comb Honey	40c
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10c K. C. Baking Powder, 3 for	25c
30c tins 1-pound Spices, high-grade	20c
25c bottles Boiled Cider	17c
25c Libby Plum Pudding	15c
15c Dr. Brown's Jamaica Ginger	10c
15c Durkee's Cayenne	10c
25c Eddy's Salad Mustard, large	15c
15c R. & R. Plum Pudding, ½ lb.	10c
10c Boneless Chunk Codfish, 4 pounds	25c
10c Smoked Herring, tin	5c
5c Golddust, 6 pkgs. for	25c
25c Combs of Honey, 1 lb., 2 for	35c
35c Bottles Fruit Color and Extracts	20c
25c Tins Corn Beef 2 lbs	20c
5c Glycerine Toilet Soap, 7for.	25c

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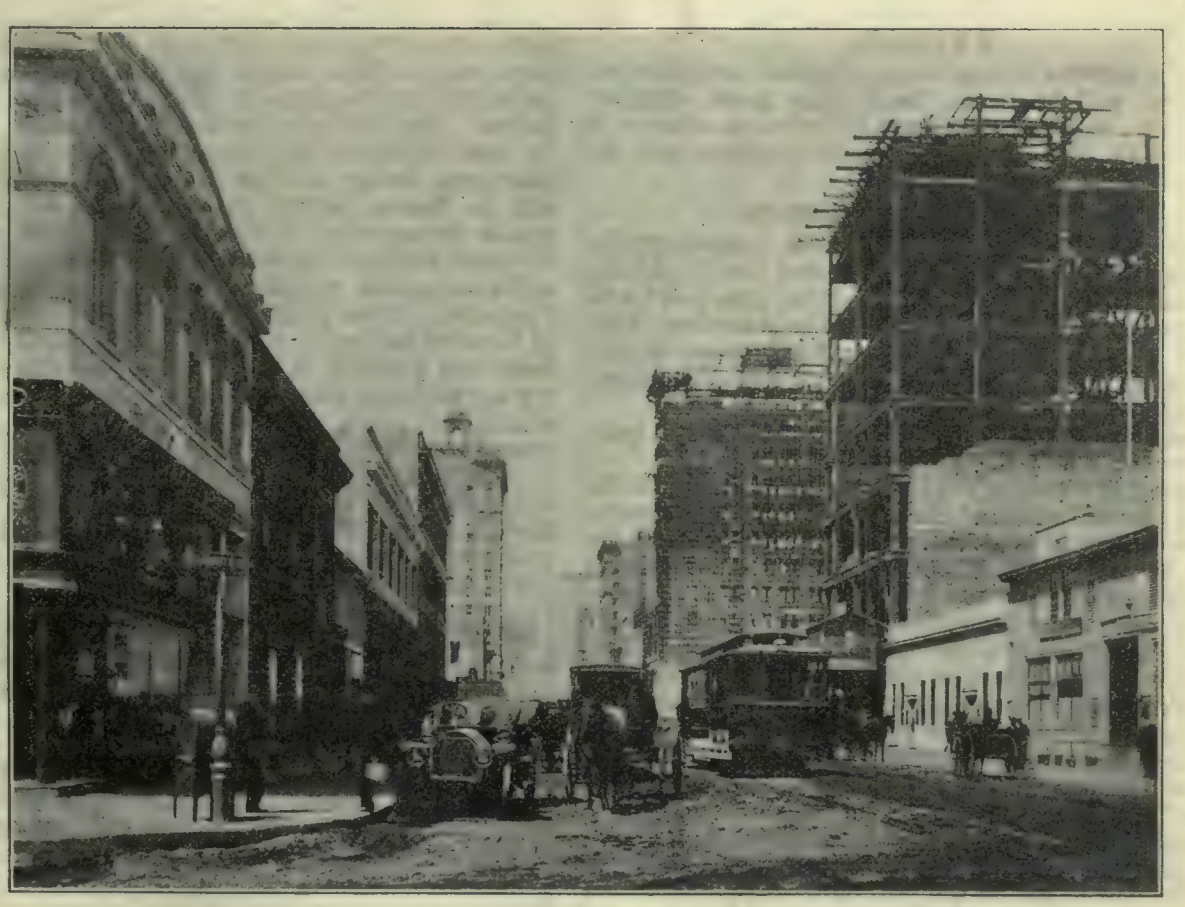

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GREAT RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLIES SOON TO BE HELD.

In the months of September, October, and November, there will be in the East some great religious assemblies, at which important action as to matters of considerable concern in the religious world will be taken.

The Congregational Meetings.

One of these will be the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, and the allied annual meetings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Missionary Association, the Congregational Church Building Society and the Sunday School and Publishing Society.

These meetings will be held in Cleveland from October the 8th to the 18th.

Among the speakers will be Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, who will speak concerning the importance to the nation of the work of the American Missionary Association, which has to do with the Negroes, the Indians, the Chinese and the Japanese. Ex-Governor Northern of Georgia will speak concerning the Christian League of Georgia. Dr. Jefferson of New York on Pilgrim Principles and the Race Problem; and President Mackenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary on the question, "Is United Brotherhood Possible?" Bishop Galloway of Mississippi will speak on "The Christian Education of the Negro."

Missionary topics will occupy attention for several days, and addresses relating to the work of all the Societies named are on the program. A notable utterance is looked for from Dr. Washington Gladden, who has been for the last three years the moderator of the National Council. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Francis E. Clarke and Dr. W. J. Dawson are on the list of speakers. Missionaries from the foreign and home fields will be in attendance and have prominent participation.

At the Cleveland meeting the Congregational churches will through their representatives take action on the plan of union framed at Chicago for the United Brethren, Methodist Protestant and Congregational churches.

The International Brotherhood of St. Andrews.

This will be held in Washington, D. C., the last week in September. The order is made up of laymen in the Protestant Episcopal Church; but at the convention both laity and clergy will be in attendance, representatives coming from Canada, England, Scotland and the West Indies. Bishop Brent of the Philippines, Bishop Ingram of London, John R. Mott and Justice Brewer are some of the taking names on the program. Another speaker of importance is Rev. Father Waggett, who has been in great demand in England the last two years at men's mass meetings, and at gatherings of learned and scientific societies. He is the only man who ever took a double first at Oxford in theology and science. His forte is the interdependence of science and religion. The Bishop of Washington has decided to have the corner stone of the new Washington Cathedral laid at noon on the Sunday of the convention. The bishops and clergy of the Church as well as the delegates to the convention will be present in lare numbers. The Bishop of London will lay the stone.

The Episcopal General Convention.

This will be held at Richmond, Virginia, the first week in October and is likely to continue for at least three weeks. The visit of the Bishop of London will make this convention especially attractive to Episcopalians. He is to give the opening sermon. Demand for seat tickets for this important function is already enormous, for the number to go to Richmond will not fall far below twenty thousand and the church in which the opening service is to be held is not large. In some respects the visit of the Bishop of London will overshadow in interest that of the Archbishop of Canterbury three years ago. Historically, the Bishop of London had much to do with the planting of many American parishes of note. This was due in part to the organization through which he worked, and which established not a few of the now famous American churches.

While therefore the Archbishop of Canterbury holds the rank, the Bishop of London has the close historic interest for Americans. Next to this Bishop's visit interest will center on the anniversary at Jamestown and at Williamsburg, at which latter place the Bible from the King of England will be presented. No great prominence is being given to the service of presentation of the thank offering of American men, since nobody can guess the amount the offering is likely to reach. If it should happen not to be large, conservative managers are seeing to it that they do not make loud proclamation of the fact. While exact information is not to be had, it hardly seems possible to anybody that the sum will fall below $1,000,000, and it may reach twice that sum.

Leaders in the agitation of three and six years ago for stronger laws on the subject of divorce and remarriage are again agitating for further action. That taken by the last general convention is held to be a compromise. New and stricter forms are advocated. The question of a bishop for the Negroes looms large, and if it comes up will be cause for prolonged discussion.

There is wide discussion throughout the Episcopal Church of work by laymen, and there is some possibility that the general convention may create a commission on such work. The last general convention enlarged the powers of laymen in some respects, chiefly in taking part in public worship, and the liberty has been availed of to the extent that in not a few churches laymen to the number sometimes of three or four assist the rector at public services at one time.

It is known, however, that many prominent men desire to work unofficially, and that they do not favor any action at all on the part of the official body of their church.

The Liberal Congress.

The congress of religious liberals will be held in Boston the last week in September. In order that our readers may get some idea as to this movement we give the composition of the executive committee as follows: Professor Gyorgy Boros, D. D., dean of the Unitarian Seminary, Kolozsvar, Hungary; Rev. William Copeland Bowie, secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, London; J. Estlin Carpenter, D. D., principal of Manchester College, Oxford; Rev. Samuel A. Elliott, D. D.; Professor B. D. Eerdmans, Leyden, Holland; Rev. Philip H. Hugenholtz, Jr., Amsterdam; Professor Edouard Montet, D. D., Geneva; Professor Heinrich Oort, D. D., of Leyden; Otto Pfleiderderer, D. D., professor of systematic theology in the University of Berlin, Germany; Jean Reville, D. D., professor of the history of religions in the College de France, Paris; Rev. Gottfried Schoenholzer, D. D., Zurich, Switzerland, and Rev. Charles W. Wendte, secretary, Boston. Dr. Lyman Abbott is one of the honorary vice-presidents. Others are men prominent in every line of education, ethical culture, philanthropy, politics, law and business, also such representative women as Mrs. Henry W. Bellows, Mrs. Frederick T. Greenhalge, Mrs. C. B. Hackley of Tarrytown, N. Y., Miss Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley College; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Henry P. Kidder, Miss Alice M. Longfellow, Miss Emma C. Low, national president of the Woman's Alliance, and Mrs. Roger Wolcott.

The Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the president of the congress, will give an opening address, and he will be followed by President Elliott of Harvard. Among the speakers will be the Rev. Dr. John Hunter of Glasgow, Scotland, the Rev. Dr. Geo. A. Gordon of Boston, Professor Peabody of Harvard, the Hon. John D. Long, Booker T. Washington and Edward Everett Hale.

Many foreigners are on the program, among them being: Professor Pfleiderer of Berlin, Professor Reville of Paris, Professor Montet of Geneva and Dr. Max Fischer of Berlin.

Among the distinguished visitors will be Abbe A. Houtin of Paris, who will speak on "The Crisis in the Catholic Church." Both Japan and India will be represented.

The International Y. M. C. A.

The international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held in Washington, D. C., Nov. 22-26. The Capitol City has one of the finest organizations and one of the best buildings in the world. A great meeting is anticipated. Among the speakers will be Ambassador Bryce of Great Britain, who will speak on "What Constitutes a Nation's Greatness?"

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"WITH CHRIST AMONG THE MINERS."

The foregoing caption forms the title of a book written by the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis concerning the great Welsh revival. It is published by Jennings & Graham of Cincinnati and is sold at the net price of $1.00. The volume is not meant to be a history of the revival; it is a series of incidents and impressions, and is devotional in its aim and compass. Beginning with characteristics of religious life in Wales the book traces revivals from the first beginnings of Christianity there down to the year 1904, and so into the whitening fields of the recent great awakening. It is a book well worth reading. Such movements as that in Wales should be studied. We give here a chapter on "Prayer: Its Victorious Power."—Editor.

Prayer: Its Victorious Power.

An old hearer, being asked what in the revival had constrained him to yield, answered: "Nothing at all that I know of, in **this** revival." Then he told them how, when he was a young man, a farm-servant, the neighborhood had been visited by such another revival. One evening, after the day's toil, he was on his way to the village—not for the prayer-meeting, but for fun. As he followed a path through the fields, he heard voices on the other side of the hedge. He recognized them; they were two young men praying—praying, he felt, for him. He was arrested, but shook the effect from him, and pursued his way. But he could never silence the accent of those prayers: through the long years they haunted him. Both men who had knelt and prayed in the shadow of the hedge were dead, when, last year, he testified that but for those prayers—nearly half a century old—he doubted if he would ever have found a Savior.

One of the men rescued from the depths, in a quarry district, began from the first to pray for his "chums." Night after night he pleaded, with tears, with the insistence of the violent ones of the Kingdom, for their salvation, one by one. And one by one they came in—as if prayed into the Kingdom by this man's suppliant force. There only remained two, or three at last; and one evening as he repeatedly prayed these came, one after another. When the last appeared he seemed for a moment dazed, and said, "Well, dear Lord, I don't know what to do next: I have come to the end of my list." But he found out that there is a way to enlarge the list, in the school of Christ.

One of the men brought in, at the very dawn of the revival, was a few days later on his knees. The meeting was proceeding, and if he prayed aloud at all, no one seemed to hear. But the minister, being personally interested in him as one of the first converts, could not help watching the face, earnest and strangely lit up. Suddenly his hand went straight up, and a moment later he rose from his knees and sat down. From somewhere in the crowded building, some one said: "There is one here anxious to give himself to Christ;" and the refrain of **Diolch iddo** swept in waves of song over the whole congregation. After some time, the minister watched the man again kneel, and without a doubt pray: several moments passed, his face again lit up, and the arm was lifted as before. "There is another for Christ," shouted some one, and the congregation again joined in its thanksgiving. Once more the vocal prayer budded forth. After awhile this man knelt for the third time, to his half-silent prayer. For the third time the arm suddenly went up; the man rose, and sat down. "Here is another," shouted some

one again. The three were companions of his former ways of evil; he did not even know that the three were present as he knelt to pray time after time, nor could he explain tothe minister why his arm went up.

Can the story of a soul be more briefly, more graphically told than in these words, punctuated as they were with a penitent's sobs?—"Is mother here?" "Yes." "Well, mother, I have had to give in at last. **Well done, mother!**" Who can tell how many prayers, what sufferings of soul, were rewarded in that one cry: "Well done mother!"

At one place there had been since midday a marvelous ingathering of souls. And now, near midnight, among others brought in, was a wife, who asked the prayers of all for her husband. He had been earlier at the meeting, but had gone home soon after ten—disgusted. He had gone to bed, but there was no sleep or rest for him. At last, in spite of himself, he got up; he could not remain in the house; he felt compelled to return to the chapel, not even taking time to change his slippers for his boots. He was a strong man, or was endued with new strength; for he made his way through the crowd, in spite of all hindrances, to give himself that midnight hour to the Savior—today one of the most useful men in the church.

A young man tenderly reared in a praying house, had drifted into evil ways. He had joined his companions early one evening at the favorite public-house; the drink was on the table before them. Laughing with the rest, he put forth his hand to take hold of the glass. Suddenly his face paled; his hand had left the glass untouched. He tried again and seemed to fail. They laughed heartily at some unexplained joke. He resolutely put forth both hands, gripped the glass, but set it down again. "I can't touch it: I can't stop here." He rushed home, asking where his father was. "Where else but at the prayer-meeting?" they told him. He rushed to the chapel; and in spite of the crowds thronging the door, way was made for him as he was recognized. Almost the first sound he heard was the voice of his own father in prayer, pleading for him. And the lad was beside him before he had risen from his knees.

The next incident has a dual message. It combines the awakening of a soul to its sin, with an answer to prayer.

A young man, thoughtful and well read, who had been unanchored by intellectual doubts, stood up in a New Year's prayer-meeting with pale, frightened face. He made his way to the pulpit pew, in the usual manner of those wishing to take part. He read the narrative of Christ's temptation, and then addressed the congregation, his first words being: "I am a great sinner. I must be permitted to say that I am a sinner, or die." He went on: "Something weighs me down to the earth; I have felt something I never felt before. Oh! the distress I have been in since I entered this meeting! I have had a view of my sins, and at the sight of them some voice has told me that I have sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost, and so can never find pardon. But another and stronger voice tells me that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanses from all sin. It is the devil upbraiding me that my sins are more than can be forgiven, and it is the gentle Savior who tells me that the virtue of His blood is sufficient to blot out sin from the conscience forever. I give myself to Him now and forever." He sat down, in tears, the congregation overflowing with praise. When singing ceased, another young man stood up, trembling with almost intolerable joy: "Blessed be God's name," he began, "for answering the prayer of such a poor creature as I am. I have prayed today for hours that God might save the soul of this dear brother —though he never knew that I prayed for him. His Name be praised—His Name be praised for ever!"—and he sat down, his tears flowing while songs of joy ascended.

The power of prayer was not to be measured by these individual victories. It subdued whole congregations; it diffused through the whole land an atmosphere that bathed in its light and warmth the soul of saint and sinner. An old man, faithfullest among the faithful, was made a prisoner in his house through illness when the revival started. As soon as he was able to cross the threshold he made his way to the chapel, and during the course of the meeting said—his own face radiant as any: "Oh, dear! what a transfiguration. Every face here is a new face to me tonight. I never saw you before looking like this. The revival is in your eyes, in your voices, and rests on your faces. I see you have been in the bright cloud on the mountain-top." This glow, frequently noticed during those prayerful months, was but the outward sign of soul-triumphing in the presence and companionship of God.

CHRIST IN GOVERNMENT.

Emma Younglove.

Jesus Christ was manifested in the flesh to take away the sins of the world. When a soul degraded by a life of sin enthrones the Savior as King, a new life begins, a life of righteousness. There may be mistakes and lapses into accustomed faults and vices, but if Christ is the supreme ruler of heart and life, evil habits will be overcome, sin will be taken away. That life has then been revolutionized.

But it is also true that "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Wherever this gospel is preached, its influence pervades the whole community. While the proportion of individual Christians is yet small, the ethical standards of Christianity are accepted in large measure, and public sentiment avails to hold the better element of society to a closer conformity to recognized standards of morals. Thus the community or the nation becomes Christian, not in the sense that all or a majority of the people have made the Lord Jesus Christ the King of their own lives, but in the sense that his influence has improved the standards of morals and elevated the life of society.

Now government is an expression of the will of society, and the government of Christian nations is not lacking in evidence of the elevating power of the Christ of God.

The idea of arbitration as a general method of settling international differences, while due in part to other causes, is primarily the result of the coming of the Prince of Peace. The Hague Tribunal could never have been conceived or carried out by any group of great nations either ancient or modern, excepting those among whom the influence of Jesus Christ had been felt.

Christ's conception of the brotherhood of man and the value of each human being have originated new principles in government. Thence has come the recognition of all men before the law. Ancient Greece

and Rome had multitudes of slaves; ancient Egypt and modern India and Japan had outcast classes which had no rights that others were required to respect. Today no Christian nation fails to recognize in its courts of justice the equality of all,—high and low, men and women, citizens and aliens.

When here on earth Jesus went about doing good. In answer to the question of John the Baptist he sent this evidence of his Messiahship: "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached." A new idea of the function of government, due wholly to Christ's spirit, is protection for the weak, amelioration for the wretched, elevation of the degraded. Hence has sprung factory legislation. From this source have come laws regulating the labor of women and children in mines. Christ's teaching that we should bear one another's burdens has given rise to our county hospitals, our state insane asylums and homes for the feeble-minded, and schools for the blind and the deaf and dumb. These are the continuation of the work which Christ did. No such ideal of the function of government as finds expression in these institutions, has appeared in non-Christian lands in all history, ancient or modern.

Another conception of government due wholly to the influence of Christ is that which Kipling has brought powerfully to our notice as "The White Man's Burden." No nation of antiquity regarded a subject state as other than tributary. The highest ideal which prevailed in regard to such a people was that the tax exacted be moderate instead of crushing, and that it be collected honestly rather than extortionately. Now England spends large budgets upon some of her poorer dependencies. She treats India, and the United States does the Philippines, as charges, whose revenues are to be devoted to their own use and to whose service time and talents should be given.

"Take up the White Man's burden—
  Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
  To serve your captives' need:
To wait in heavy harness,
  On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
  Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's Burden—
  In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
  And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
  An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
  And work another's gain.

But Christ has not only given higher ideals of the responsibilities of government, he has also furnished inspiration and strength and wisdom to carry out more successfully those which are recognized.

Ancient Athens conceived the idea of a republic, but the pagan world as a whole has been unable to attain free government. Today, save Russia, every nation which has felt the leavening of Christ's presence, has a representative government, while Turkey and China and other non-Christian peoples are oppressed by absolute monarchies.

The dispensing of justice is a fundamental exercise of government. So corrupt and debauched were the native governments of India, that as soon as British citizens developed any considerable trade there, it became apparent that their lives and property were insecure, and Great Britain was compelled to assume the functions of government in that distant land in order to protect them. France undertook by war to punish Algeria for piracy, but to no effect; she established a military government there, but the evil continued. At last she set up a civil government in the country, and then only did piracy come to an end. So it has been all over the world. Again and again the government of Christless states has proved so hopelessly evil that Christian nations have been compelled to assume the responsibility. Sometimes there has been rapacity and injustice in the process, but the fact was inevitable.

Other great nations which have not received the Christ, as China and Japan, still retain their national existence. What of them? Our treaty with Japan reads that if an American citizen in Japan is accused of committing a crime against a citizen of Japan, the "American citizen shall be tried in American courts and when guilty shall be punished according to American law." Our treaty with China contains a similar provision. Siam cannot punish an American citizen. but must yield that office to his own country. No similar stipulation exists in our treaties with any Christian power. What is the significance of all this? It shows conclusively that no dependence is to be placed upon securing justice in the great nations of China and Japan.

The condition of Japan at the present time is most interesting. She is not a Christian nation; yet many Japanese, some of them high in power, have accepted Christ as their Savior and made him King of their lives. Though not a Christian nation, Japan aspires to a place among the nations which are; and so, while not adopting their religion, she has yielded much to their influence and in a considerable degree she has accepted their standards. Today her government is a limited monarchy; the lower classes of society, whose individuals half a century ago had no rights before the law, are fully recognized now; her administration of Formosa is honorable; she has established asylums and hospitals for helpless and unfortunate classes. All this has come from this example of nations where Christ rules. It is a reflected radiance, such as the moon sheds upon our earth. May Japan soon know and accept the Light of the World!

Even a brief glimpse of the nations suffices to show that Christ has brought healing power to the governments where he rules, that he has taken away sin and brought righteousness. May the day be hastened when he shall reign among all peoples, and when his rule shall not be partial and incomplete as now even in the most favored nations, but when before him every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that he is Lord of Lords and King of Kings!

Ventura, Cal.

Daily deed and daily thought,
Slowly into habit wrought,
Raise that temple, base or fair,
Which men call our character.
Build it nobly, build it well:
In that temple God may dwell!

EDWARD W. BENSON.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

"Expositions of Holy Scripture." By Alexander McLaren, D.D. A look into some of the volumes of the second series of this great work by Dr. Maclaren gives only satisfaction. It is our intention to make at an early date some excerpts from each of the six volumes in order that our readers may be introduced to some of their treasures. This second series consists of expositions on Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and Mark. For the preacher, the Sunday-school teacher, and for home reading these expositions have high value. The books are sold in sets only, $7.50 net, for the six volumes. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.)

"Red Rubber." By E. D. Morel. In this volume is given the story of the Rubber Slave Trade on the Congo, concerning which it has been said: "The reek of its abomination mounts to heaven in fumes of shame; it pollutes the earth; its speedy disappearance is imperative for Africa and the world." The book shows that King Leopold is the main beneficiary of the rubber slave trade; others are a chosen few whom choice or temporary necessity have caused to be selected as participants in the royal spoil. "The slave trade has been reestablished for the benefit of King Leopold and twenty rich families in Belgium. It bodes little what the sovereign of the Congo has done with this ill-gotten wealth. If he had spent it all, and all the additional wealth it has enabled him to amass in other fields, in charitable institutions, the crime, the scandal and the tragedy would remain." The position of Belgium is shown to be an extraordinary and humiliating one. "Belgium has no legal rights whatsoever over the King's enterprise, which so far as she is concerned is a 'foreign state' outside the control or supervision of the Belgian parliament and people. After showing that nothing in the way of alteration of the existing state of affairs can be expected from Leopold the author proceeds to state what Great Britain can do to end the horror. It was only a few months ago that he wrote and he said then: "The rubber slave-trade flourishes unchecked, unimpaired, unaltered by all the talk and ink-spilling of the last four years. It has been exposed in all its horrors. But it is in being, its activity has been stimulated by a sense of precariousness in the future, its area of devastation increases, and with it, the number of victims." This volume sets forth some of the miseries of the people thus enslaved. (American Tract Society, New York. $1.25 net.)

Wycliffe: The Morning Star." By George S. Innis. This is another of the "Men of the Kingdom" series, several of which have been heretofore noticed in these columns. The author states that he has tried in this volume to answer the question, "What would a busy, earnest man want to know about John Wycliffe and his work?" His studies lead him to write: "Wycliffe was not only the harbinger of the Reformation, the Morning Star, but men are seeing in him the real founder of the great Teutonic revolt from Rome, the dawn of the new day for Western Europe. The sun that rises so brilliantly may go behind a heavy bank of clouds for a full hour or two, but it keeps on ascending the heavens and noonday is at last here. Wyckliffe's teachings were the true genesis of the Protestant Reformation—the sole authority of the Scriptures, the right of civil rulers to control ecclesiastical appointments, the human origin of the papacy, the universal priesthood of believers. These principles and the Gospel he so dearly loved and so faithfully preached fially conquered England, much as Christianity did the Roman Empire. In strength of manhood, in sincerity of purpose, in the value of the work done, and in his wisdom in planning for the future, Wycliffe was without a peer in his century, and with few, if any, superiors at any time. Since his day men have been working out his theories and applying them to government, the church, society, and their application in larger measure is the problem of the age. Those who labor for worldly honor are abundantly rewarded, but the men who labor for the good of their race, the poor, the ignorant, the oppressed, and labor so wisely that the chains are constantly more and more broken as the years roll on, are worthy the profoundest gratitude of every age and race." (Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; $1.00 net.)

"Biblical Dogmatics." By Milton S. Terry, D.D. This exposition of the principal doctrines of the holy scriptures by the professor of Christian doctrine in Garrett Biblical Institute is a valuable contribution to theological thought. The author says that it is with no assumption of having discovered any remarkable new truths that he puts forth this volume, but rather "with a conviction that, amid the fresh and increasing light coming from many sources, the old abiding truths may be set forth in a somewhat new and more helpful manner." It is said further: "No new or strange doctrines are here exploited; no old and well-attested truth is set aside; but certain doctrines of the Christian faith are here presented in a manner somewhat different from that which has long been prevalent." Coming as this book does from a Methodist source some of its statements are quite significant. For example this: "We maintain the **sufficiency** of the holy scriptures as a guide in the way of salvation through Christ; but the dogma of 'infallibility' is no essential part of the true Protestant principle, but only a cause of confusion and error." As to authority as sources of doctrine, Dr. Terry writes: The authority of the Scriptures as sources of doctrine does not rest upon the basis of a mechanical inerrancy or of a supposed infallibility. Authority in religion is not a matter of ancient sacred records, but of irresistible spiritual convictions. It is analagous to authority in mathematics, in geology, in astronomy, in medicine, and in international law. Whatever has real authority over the judgment and the consciences of men is clearly seen to rest upon indisputable facts. The undisputed and commanding facts in any science are what they are, not because they are written in text-books everywhere accepted as good authority; but the text-book has value and authority according to its acknowledged rank as a full and sufficient guide to the knowledge of the science of which it treats. So may we say of the great truths of the Bible that they are what they are, not because they are found in the Bible, but because they are self-evidencing as unquestionable truths of God. For God has revealed some things so clearly to the heart of man that there is no room for real difference of opinion. An authoritative religion must command the honest assent of the reason and the conscience in order to be convincing of its truthfulness." Writing concerning the division of the Hebrew canon the author says: "The book of Psalms is divided into a pentateuch, each section ending with a doxology; and the Jews have a saying that Moses gave five books of law, and David gave five books of psalms; the law is the word of Jehovah to his people, and the psalms

are the responsive word of his people to Jehovah. But the critical study of both these pentateuchs has resulted in a prevalent belief that Moses was no more the author of the one than David was of the other. On this question of criticism, however, the last word has not yet been said, and is not likely to be for years to come." We have quoted only from the introduction to this book of 600 pages. It is the earnest work of a master mind. In it are considered from the scriptural starting-point the great doctrines of the Christian faith. It is a volume to be commended both to the ministry and the laity. Eaton & Mains, New York; $3.00 net.)

"A Typical Mission to China." By W. E. Soothill. One of the most instructive and interesting books on missions. The author has been a successful missionary for nearly a quarter of a century. He writes under the following named divisions: Pioneering, Evangelization, Church Organization, Pastoral Visitation, Discipline, Types of Converts, Native Sermons, Women's Work, Medical Work, Opium, Educational, Bible Translation, Typical Temples, The Native Religions, Foreign Religions. There are sixteen fine illustrations In the chapter on Medical Work the author says: "Medicine is our substitute for miracle." And again: "A more Christ-like work than is being done in the hospital it were not easy to conceive." In the chapter on Opium we find this: "At this late hour what can England do? There is but one reply for honorable men. Stop the trade, stop the growth in India save for medicinal purposes. Stop its transport in British ships. But other nations will then carry it! Other places would grow it! Let them! We have had our fill of shame. Oh! Christian England! What would Pagan Japan do?" In another place we are told: "The sex which predominates over the other in our congregations is, of course, the reverse of what it is at home; here the men are most in evidence. It is generally a severe ordeal in a newly established station for the first woman to begin to attend service. Sometimes the men are quite a numerous body before ever a woman is induced to come, and she, practically always, is one whose husband is a Christian, and who at home for some time past has already knelt at the family altar. But as most of our churches have their birth in the home of a Christian, it is easy in such cases for the woman of the house to hear all that is going on, without actually being present in the room, and time emboldens her to enter and take part in the services. Once the ice is broken, it is not difficult for others to follow; and now, in our city and village churches, "the woman's side" is an important part of the congergation, and, in the city especially, it is a treat to see them in their neat blue cotton or silk jackets, orderly and devout. A well-starched cotton jacket covers a multitude of patches and sins, and who can begrudge these women the atetmpt to look neat and clean which they always make? We love to look down the women's aisle, and see a couple of hundred or more of them, turning their bright faces towards the pulpit, most of them with well-thumbed hymn-books in their hands. If only they could give their children each a spoonful of Mrs. Dosem's soothing syrup, just enough to keep them quiet for an hour and a half, what a joyous Sunday it would be to them and to us! (F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.50 net.)

Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your ilves.—U. S. Grant.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, Welsh.—Plans are made to rebuild on the old site, 14th and Guerrerro streets, at a cost of $16,000.

Orange.—A call has been extended to the Rev. W. A. Jackson of Los Angeles, to become pastor of this church.

Eureka.—The pastor, Rev. E. P. Shier, has returned from a five weeks vacation. The pulpit was supplied during the vacation time by the Rev. C. A. Hunter of Plain City, Ohio.

Menlo Park.—The church has been thoroughly renovated, painted inside and out, the walls appropriately papered and electric lights installed. The cost of improvements was $900.

Los Angeles, Immanuel.—The Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker, after a vacation of six weeks is in his pulpit again. One month of vacation time was spent at Catalina, and two weeks in Seattle, Wash.

San Francisco, Mizpah.—Arrangements for rebuilding are under way, and the location is near Harrison and Hawthorn streets. The new edifice is to be of the Old Colonial style of architecture.

Hamilton City.—Services are held every Sunday evening in the chapel conducted for the present by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, from Nevada, who was materially helpful in the building of the chapel.

Tropico.—The pastor, the Rev. D. M. Stuart, announced his resignation at a recent Sunday service, greatly to the regret of the entire church. The church was organized four years ago by Mr. Stuart, services being held for a time in a hall. In less than a year a building costing $5,000 was erected.

Sacramento, Fremont Park.—At a recent meeting of the congregation it was decided by unanimous vote to increase the salary of the pastor, the Rev. W. C. Sherman, $25 a month, beginning with the first of August. This increase of salary was entirely voluntary on the part of the congregation and the action was in recognition in a small degree of his services and as an evidence of the esteem of his congregation.

Highland Park.—This church has great pleasure in its share in the sending forth of Miss Lelia Quinby as a missionary. Miss Quinby is a graduate of Occidental College, and has had further preparation for her work in a course at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. She goes to the Presbyterian mission at Baron Quillia, Colombia, South America. She is to be sent by the Highland church, and supported while on the field by the Central church.

Los Gatos.—Rev. F. L. Fraser returned from the General Assembly with fresh zeal for his work here, and is putting into effect some of the ideas gathered in the East. He has given some special talks and sermons to children. Labor Day was used by him to give expression to his views on some of the industrial problems of the time, to the labor unions of this town who attended in a body, and together with the usual congregation, completely filled the house. Mr. Fraser is a warm advocate of missionary work, and invited a

Hindoo theological student to address the prayer-meeting recently, who illustrated his talk with stereopticon views. With the assistance of Mr. D. H. Milligan, one of our trustees who lately visited Alaska, the pastor gave an illustrated lecture on the missionary work in Alaska, on Monday evening, September 15. In spite of many losses by removals, deaths, and in other ways, the church is making steady progress in membership, two being added in August and seven last May. Our finances are in a healthy condition, there being no debts.

A CALL TO PRAYER.

At "Rockhurst," Mill Valley, Cal., Sept. 23-27, 1907,

10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

"Be still, and know that I am God."

This call to prayer is sent out to Christians everywhere to unite in waiting on God for the outpouring of His Spirit on San Francisco, California, the Pacific Coast, the World.

"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."

Our hearts have burned within us as we have heard of God's mighty working in Wales, India, China, Korea and other lands, in answer to the united prayer of His people. We believe He will pour out a like blessing on this Coast when His followers will take time to wait on Him.

"For since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him."

We therefore invite all who love the Lord Jesus Christ to unite with us in prayer, during the days of this Conference, and we would urge all who can do so to attend the meetings.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God."

Rev. H. C. WADDELL
Rev. W. C. SHERMAN
Rev. J. A. FRASER
Mrs. ELIZABETH ANDREW
KATHARINE BUSHNELL
Rev. Wm. THOMAS
Rev. SIDNEY YARROW

From San Francisco take Sausalito ferry and electric cars to Mill Valley. Round trip, 40 cents. Special rates at the Kenilworth Inn during the Conference, $1.50 per day. Luncheon at restaurants or hotels 25 to 50 cents, or basket luncheon under the redwoods.

"Rockhurst" is on Ethel Avenue, three minutes from the depot. For further particulars address

MRS. MINDORA BERRY GOODWIN,
"Rockhurst," Mill Valley, Cal.

The opening of the twenty-first year at Occidental College gives promise of the best year in the history of the institution. Faculty and students are both rejoicing in the largest enrollment of students ever made at the college. The Freshman class is particularly large and strong, and the faculty is delighted in that there are in it more than thirty young men.

Opening exercises of the San Francisco Theological Seminary were held in Montgomery Memorial Chapel, San Anselmo, Wednesday, Sept. 18th, at 11 a. m. The Rev. Professor Moore delivered the opening address upon "The Spirit of a Theological Seminary."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

The Synod of California will meet October 16 1907, at 7:30 p. m., at Mt. Hermon. Special notice as to rates and arrangements will be sent to each individual minister.

WM. S. YOUNG, Stated Clerk.

The Presbytery of Santa Barbara meets at Mount Hermon in Zyante Inn, Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1907, at 7:30 p. m. Elders will purchase through tickets from starting point and get receipt certificate) for same in order to get reduced rates returning from Synod which meets at the same place next day.

W. C. SCOTT, Stated Clerk.

The San Jose Presbytery is to meet at the local Presbyterian Church on Monday, October 15.

THE FIRST CHURCH OF SAN JOSE.

By Rev. John W. Dinsmore, D. D.

(We give here a part of a paper read by the Rev. Dr. Dinsmore at the recent laying of the corner stone of the First Presbyterian Church of San Jose. A copy of the same was placed in the corner stone.—Editor.)

It is my purpose in this paper simply to give a very condensed recital of the leading facts in the history of the First Presbyterian Church of San Jose, and this, without amplification or comment.

So far as can now be ascertained, the first Protestant congregation organized in California was the First Presbyterian of San Francisco. This was in May, 1849. The next Protestant church in point of time was this one. It was organized on the 7th day of October, 1849.

The first Protestant ministers who arrived in California to remain were all of them Presbyterian missionaries. They were the Reverends Sylvester Woodbridge, James Woods and Albert Williams of the Old School branch, and Reverends S. H. Wylie and John W. Douglass of the New School. They all came in February, 1849, and in the first steamer that reached San Francisco after the discovery of gold.

Mr. Williams stopped in San Francisco, while Mr. Douglass came at once to San Jose. He was the first Protestant minister who ever came to this place to remain; perhaps the first who ever came even on a brief visit. Very soon after his arrival he was made chaplain of the town, which had become a rather important military post. Meanwhile he did such missionary work as he was able, searching out and gathering together a people of Protestant sympathies; and at length, on Saturday, October 6, 1849, a little group of people met in the house of Mr. and Mrs. James Matthews to consult together about the expediency of organizing a Presbyterian congregation. There were present: Rev. John W. Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. James Matthews, Warren Dutton, S. W. Hopkins, Austin Arnold and Oliver Crane. After prayer and conference it was decided that the time had come for the constitution of a Presbyterian congregation, and they resolved to meet the next day in the Town Hall or Court House to effect an organization.

Mr. Douglass was invited to conduct religious services, preach a sermon and preside over the meeting. The meeting was held accordingly, and after solemn public worship, with a sermon by Mr. Douglass from Eph. 2:19-22, a congregation was constituted under

UNIVERSITY

the name of "The Independent Presbyterian Church of San Jose." Most likely this title was chosen because the place was so remote and so isolated, and all communication with the church at large was so slow and difficult that the people felt obliged for the time being to set up for themselves. Mr Douglass was chosen Stated Supply. The Holy Communion was celebrated the next Sabbath, most probably for the first time that sacred ordinance under Protestant sanctions was ever celebrated anywhere in California except in the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. The following named persons constituted the original church: Mr. and Mrs Matthews, of Plainfield, Illinois; Mr. Dutton, from Goshen, Indiana; Mr. Hopkins, from South Bend, Indiana; Mr. Arnold and Mr. Crane, whose Eastern residence is not given.

The Charter Members.

We deeply regret today that we know so little of these original charter members of this historic church. So far as we can learn, no one now living here knows anything whatever of them or of their doings. The fact that in that confused and chaotic time they confessed their faith in our common Lord and set up this place for His worship and service is the one thing that keeps their memory alive and their names from oblivion. Mr. Douglass continued as Stated Supply until July, 1850.

The place of meeting was soon moved to the new hall of the first California Legislature. This building stood on the east side of the Plaza on Market street. It was a very plain and even rude building, sixty feet long by forty feet wide and two stories high. And yet, as times and prices then were, in order to bring the Legislature to San Jose, nineteen responsible citizens of this little place had to bind themselves to pay for this building a rental of $4,000 per month in gold during the time the Legislature might need it. Upon further reflection they concluded that it would be cheaper to buy the place outright, and this they did, paying for it the sum of $34,000 in gold. An arrangement was made by which the upper story of this building was permitted to be used by the little church.

A few weeks after the organization was effected, Dr. and Mrs. Bascom, of Kentucky, and also Rev. Samuel W. Blakeslee, from Ohio, a Presbyterian minister, arrived in San Jose. The Bascoms located in San Fernando street, near Second, and at once became prominent and very useful members of the church. Mrs. Bascom especially was exceedingly active and useful, and afterwards was long and widely known as "Dear Grandma Bascom."

The First School in San Jose.

Mr. Blakeslee was a schoolmaster, and set up the first school in San Jose. There was no suitable place in which to hold it and Mrs. Bascom, having several children of her own, took a particular interest in it, and having secured some sheets of coarse blue cloth with her own hands she sewed the pieces together into a tent for the use of the school. This "blue tent" was used for school purposes during the week, and in it the Presbyterian Church worshipped on Sundays. I regret that I am unable to ascertain with certainty precisely where this tent stood.

At that time the population of the place was very small. The greater part of the land on which the city now stands was low, and in winter very wet, and in many places little more than a swamp or morass, intersected here and there by sluggish streams. The now glorious valley was then still in a state of nature, covered with a rank growth of mustard, willow and chapparral, swarming with wild cattle, wild horses, deer, elk, grizzly bear and the like.

The little community continued to grow, however, and the little church with it, though as yet its organization was imperfect and provisional.

Little Church Prospers.

As the American population increased it took more and more pride in all civilizing enterprises, including the little church. Wild and reckless men—men who had no special interest in any religion—wished to see it prosper, and were generous in their gifts for its support. When Mr. Douglass, Dr. Cobb or Dr. Ben Cory appealed to the people they were sure to meet with a liberal response. It was not hard to support a minister, and so the little church grew and multiplied.

In 1850 the congregation felt able to purchase a fifty-vara lot on the east side of Second street, between Santa Clara and St. John. On that spot this church has made more than fifty years of its history.

There was soon put up a neat building of wood at a cost of $3,000. But for outside help the cost would have been vastly greater. The principal materials were the gift of Plymouth congregation, Brooklyn, the church made famous by Henry Ward Beecher. Plymouth was erecting its present great building, and, taking down their old building, shipped the materials around the Horn as a contribution to this little missionary church in San Jose. These materials were hauled by wagon from Alviso, and here put together for the use of this congregation. The pews and wooden shutters had a special interest. They were first used in the Presbyterian Church of the noted Dr. S. H. Cox in Brooklyn. When Dr. Cox's people were about to build a new church they gave their pews and wooden shutters to Mr. Beecher's people, who were then about to put up their first building, and needed help. These identical pews and shutters, having first served Dr. Cox and then Mr. Beecher, were shipped round the Horn, and made to do service for this church in its first building. Later they were again disposed of to some little congregation in this city, and what has finally become of them I know not. I beg to suggest that they ought to be traced, and, if possible, one of them at least ought to be secured and placed in the new church. It would be a most interesting souvenir of former days, and would become more and more so as the years go by.

This new building was dedicated on Sunday, February 9, 1851.

April 15, 1851, the congregation for the first time was fully organized, and Ruling Elders were elected and inducted. These first elders were Thomas Douglass, Sherman Day and James Matthews, every one of them being a man of mark in the little community.

More Pretentious Structure.

The next building was undertaken in 1867. In architecture it was pure Gothic and in material it was brick and stone. The erection of this building was a heavy task, but it was faced with great faith and courage. When nearly completed, in October, 1868, there came a great earthquake, which sadly wrecked the building, involving an additional expense of nearly $6,000. However, at last, the building was completed and fully paid for.

Some years later a rear building, or transept, was erected, and later still handsome galleries were placed around three sides of the auditorium. These extensions were made necesary by the growth of the congregation. The building, as it was at last, was large, convenient and beautiful; and round it, though now utterly effaced, many precious memories of those on earth and many in heaven will forever fondly linger.

April 18, 1906, there came the most destructive earthquake ever known in the history of this part of California. This noble building was utterly wrecked; its contents, including a fine organ, were destroyed, and the people were turned out of doors. Our holy and beautiful house, in which our fathers praised Thee, was left a ruin and a desolation.

The New Temple.

From that time until now, we have been worshipping in theatres and borrowed churches, and today, with thanksgivings and rejoicings, we lay the corner stone of our new temple. For the large, generous and gracious help we have received from the church at large, and from many quarters, we are deeply and devoutly thankful this day.

The people have held well together and are in good heart and hope. The memories of the past, though some of them are painful, are yet on the whole most precious and inspiring. The old building is gone; but a new one will arise, and there we shall see the faithfulness of our redeeming God.

The Home.

WHAT THERE'S TIME FOR.

Lots of time for lots of things,
Though it's said that time has wings.
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind;
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere;
Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say,
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb,
Time to give a little flower,
Time for friendship, any hour.
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

COURTESY IN CHILDREN.

People of other countries criticise with great severity, and with justice as well, we are forced to admit, the behavior of American children. They are said to be the worst-mannered children of civilization, and we are pointed to the obedient German boy or the gentle Japanese girl by way of contrast. As a matter of fact, we all know scores of little gentlemen and ladies, products of refined homes and careful training. These are the children who are not permitted to make themselves terrible in public, and who are therefore overlooked in the generalization. Upon such children as these the reputation of America is to rest, if we are not to be known as a nation of boors. This is the oak of the future, and it seems a far call from that to the acorn of the present, which consists in requesting your boy to stand when his mother enters the room, to lift his hat as soon as he ceases to wear an elastic band under his chin, and to avoid using the coarse tones and coarser talk of the street children. Each thing is so very small, the conflict over it is sometimes so disproportionately large, that it is well to remember the magnitude of the result.

A brilliant preacher recently left the city pulpit which he had occupied but a short time because, as one of his parishioners expressed it, "he had never learned little boy manners." At table he was uncouth, in conversation abrupt, in general manner awkward and brusque, in personal habits careless, yet in the pulpit he was a man of force, sincerity and intellectual ability. An old lady of ninety, when told of his failure, remarked: "If he had a mother, she is the one to blame."

It is a truism to say that the incitement to courtesy in a child is courteous treatment of that child. An ill-mannered little guest in the household of a woman of many cares was won to much better behavior in two weeks' time by the application of this principle, and that without a word of fault-finding. The proverbs of all time insist that riches beget riches; love begets love; courtesy begets courtesy—let it stand so, for the analogies are conclusive.

There are people who disdain to say, "Excuse me," having hurt a child; who take child service for granted, omitting the "thank you" of recognition; there is here and there a pastor who overlooks the timid greeting of a child who saw him at dinner or tea when the minister was a welcome guest in the lad's home.

The boy remembers, pulls off his cap, and is amazed to see no response in the face he thought he knew. Then he goes home and says, defiantly:

"Mamma, why should I take off my hat to Dr. B——; he doesn't even look at me." The answer to this is difficult, to say the least.

Coarse tones are more of a problem, for boys learn them from each other, and the healthy young animal exults in noise. It was wisely managed by the aunt of a bright lad of ten, who had been making day hideous with unearthly sounds, to the great discomfort of guests on the piazza. The opportunity for which the aunt was waiting came quickly; a lady near her said, "Why do you permit Francis to make such vulgar noises?"

The wise woman put her hand upon the shoulder of the listening boy, who, beyond everything, aspired to be a man. "Francis is only a child," she explained, "and he does not realize how silly and ill-mannered this seems to grown people. When he outgrows his babyhood he will not think of doing this."

Francis flushed and fled; his aunt told me she never heard the sounds repeated.

Sometimes children seem simply perverse, when there is something more behind.

A well-trained small boy of eight was walking beside his father, who noticed with surprise that the child never lifted his hat, although he had been carefully instructed. Inquiry, suggestion, command, failed to reveal the secret of the obstinate discourtesy. At last it came out that his school teacher, a learned man, but a man whose half-Indian blood was to blame for his wholly barbaric manners, had forbidden the children in his class to greet him or each other in the con-

ventional fashion. The small boy, told at home to obey his teacher, was in a very hard place, and was doing the best he could. Luckily for him and his future, he had a wise father, who saved punishment until he could gauge the need for it with accuracy.

One thing more. It is a mistake to expect children to conform perfectly to drawing-room conventions; too much "manner" is as bad as too little "manners." The ordinary polite usages of the home should be the rule for every member of the household, great or small, and from great to small as well as vice versa. —Grace D. Goodwin.

The Quiet Hour.

PRAYER.

My Father, I thank Thee that when I am weary alike of the folly and the wisdom of the world, its labour and its grief, I may come home to Thee and find myself once more a child, to be comforted, uplifted and guided into truth. O Thou most restful! Home of souls, and Father of the poor! in Thee would I take refuge from my own perplexities of soul. I would learn of Thee to wait with patience, love with sincerity, and expect the best from others. Draw me to Thee, even as a mother heartens and comforts her discouraged child. Give me according to my need— nay, rather, Lord, provide for needs Thou seest according to Thy love. Let me do my work in this simplicity of heart; and though I mingle with the noisy world, yet may I still in spirit abide in quietness with Thee. Amen.

THE CROSSES OF LIFE.

The crosses of life—you all know what they are. There are crosses of uncongeniality and ill-temper, people with whom we live every day, saying and doing irritating things;can we take these up in love, repressing the sharp word, and making allowance? There are crosses of mislaid plans; can we accept them in the large spirit of faith that to those who love God all things work together for good? There are crosses of drudgery and routine, crosses of waiting and enduring, crosses of pain and weakness; can we so subdue our rebellious self, so bend to the perfect will of God as bravely to glorify him by bearing these? * * * They are crosses which every grain of selfishness in us contributes to make heavy and irksome, but which it is ours to lighten and make natural by the love of Christ.

THE PASSING OF SELF.

The trouble with shallow views of self-denial is that too often they do not invade self at all. Indeed, not infrequently such so-called self-denial is a subtle feeder of self. I think it must be so whenever it is practiced for the sake of self-exaltation, or self-discipline, or self-culture, whenever, in fact, it has any center in the person practicing it. * * * * Think how it was with those old anchorites and ascetics of the early centuries who inflicted upon themselves such incredible discomforts. They are regarded as peculiarly holy men; and, indeed, I do not wish to judge any individual of them.

But when we see St. Simeon Stylites, for instance, dwelling for thirty years on the top of a pillar and bowing down in prayer twelve hundred times a day, we cannot help asking what he expected to accomplish by it and who was to get the benefit. When we see Pascal, wearing a hair shirt and reproaching himself as sinful every time he relished what he ate, we ask if that was the kind of death-in-life he wanted to keep up always. There were doubtless pure motives struggling for expression here. But I think he expected some day to exchange that hair shirt for a white robe and to have good things to eat and to receive heavenly rest and bliss in the bargain. I think St. Simeon Stylites not only felt rather proud of his austere distinction here, but expected to take a particularly high and honored place in heaven, where he would be comfortable enough all through eternity to more than pay—infinitely more than pay—for those thirty years of self-torment.

Well, then, if this was true, these men were simply making an investment, and a richly paying one, too. They had not really given up comforts; they had only postponed them. As for self, then, they had not let go of it at all; in postponing ease and comforts to a future state they had not given up desire, or will, or anything that belonged to their real personality. * * *

Here is the real distinction. If, by giving up something you want, after all, to benefit yourself; if the thing sacrificed is intended, in whatever shape or after however long circuit, to return to your own advantage again—your giving up is not selfdenial. You have relinquished the outward object, but the self, with its eye to the main chance, with its thrifty disposition to trade a smaller good for a greater, has stayed by you all the while; it has not been invaded at all. If, on the other hand, you are absorbed in some good cause not your own; if your supreme desire is to have the will of God or the good of your neighbor prevail; and if, in the pursuit of that desire, you are oblivious what becomes of yourself, making no provision for your ease or your reward at any expense to your worthy quest—why, then, you have got outside of the self-orbit; you are moving in a new sphere, wherein disinterested love and devotion, not hope of reward, is your motive. You have denied self by forgetting self.—John F. Genungs.

Young People.

MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS.

One of the strongest things of which I have any earthly experience is a very fine string—so fine as to be always invisible — that is known by the name of "mother's apron string." My mother has been in the other world for several years, but I am still helped and strengthened by her apron string. I do not mean her real apron string, but a bit of love we call by that name. I think her love was something like an endless chain. It went up from her in the from of prayer to God, God answered it by letting the blessing come down upon me, and then it went back to mother. So she bound me to the throne of God. I have known

many great strong men who, live as badly as they might, have been quite unable to altogether break the chain of a mother's loving prayers.

A lady friend was visiting a family in which there was a sweet, bright little boy, who was just five years old. The lady and the little boy became very fond of one another, and one day she said to him:

"Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, very much," he replied, kissing her.

"How much?" said the lady.

"Why, I love you up to the sky," said the little chap.

Just then he saw his mother, and running up to her, he put his arms round her neck and kissed her up to God."

And mother's love, mother's prayers, mother's apron string, is as high as that too; it reaches right away up to God.

Some young folk don't seem to realize the grandeur and beauty of mother's apron string; indeed, they are rather ashamed if it is thought that they are tied down by a great love for mother, so that they cannot do wrong things at the request of others. But it is a thing to be proud of and to revere—a mother's love.

I wonder who would put up with you and all your curious tempers and ways as a mother does?

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much, I mean,
If a fellow's face is not always clean,
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never sad,
But only sorry if you are bad;
And I tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive whate'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day;
A fellow's a baby if he don't obey."

That boy had got hold of the right idea with regard to his treatment of his mother.

Not long ago Dr. Horton told a beautiful story about a little boy and his mother. A boy of ten, named Sydney, presented a bill to his mother one morning. It was worded something like this: "Mother owes Sydney, for running errands, fourpence; for being good, sixpence;" various other items bringing up the total to eighteenpence. The mother quietly took the bill, and on the following morning she placed it, with one and sixpence, on Sydney's plate. But with it was another bill: "Sydney owes mother for ten years of happiness, nothing; for nursing him through his last long illness, nothing; for being good to him, nothing." Other notes were added, and the grand total amounted to "Nothing." The boy read the bill, tears filled his eyes, and he rushed hastily to his mother and flung himself in her arms, crying, brokenly, "Oh, mother, let me love you and do things for you for nothing."

Oh, a boy or girl's best friend is mother! Love her for the love which she has for you! Never be ashamed to own that you must obey her again!

"I promised my mother I would be at home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to my mother's apron strings, ——"

"My mother doesn't wear apron strings," said the first speaker with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just behind the two boys.

They turned to see an old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightingly of his mother's apron strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed, too,—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late"—and now there were tears in the old man's eyes—"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron strings, cut the adviser and take a tighter clutch of her apron strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother,—the best friend you have in the world,—and will insure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was a good sign that both boys listened eagerly, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's remarks, and they left together, silent and thoughtful.

At last the apron string critic remarked, with a deep-drawn sigh:

"That man has made me feel queer all over."

"Oh, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

"Yes; and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron strings out of my mouth again."

Whenever I hear of a great man I want to know what sort of a mother he had. The great Napoleon used to say that France wanted a nation of good mothers. It is the supreme want of every nation. You hardly ever see a noble man or woman flash into the light, and do great things for God and humanity, but next to God he owes everything to the teachings of a good mother. Luther, Wesley, Garibaldi, Dr. Franklin, John Gough, Garfield, they all

testify to the truth of this. What a blessed and far-reaching thing is mother's apron string! Make much of mother, young folk.

Let me close with some beautiful thoughts I read the other day.

Don't forget that if your mother had thought more of herself and less of you she might be much fairer and fresher now, for she was once as good-looking as you are.

She might wear better clothes, even now, so that you might be proud to have your friends meet her, but remember that she mended her old clothes that she might make new for you.

The wrinkles on her face, the care lines on her cheek, and the weary looks in her eyes—all those scars are seals of her love for you.

Your father's bent form, hard hands, and bronze face tell of his kindness and unselfishness, of the sufferings he endured, and sacrifices he made, and anxieties borne for your sake.

Be proud of him and love him; those marks that look like marrings of manly beauty, they are jewels in the crown of love.—James Learmont in British Congregationalist.

GEORGE KENNAN ON SAN FRANCISCO.

(From the California Christian Advocate.)

The famous newspaper correspondent and author has been studying San Francisco and publishing his observations in McClure's Magazine. He has rendered a real service to the whole country by stating the case with fairness and terrific justice. His lining up of the forces is fine. We wonder that he had the courage to state the truth in such bold terms. He puts the labor unions, the saloons, the brothels, the gamblers, the blackmailers, and the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Jews over against the decent element in the election of 1905. And that is exactly correct. On the Sunday prior to the election circulars favoring Schmitz were distributed openly and by the thousand at the doors of the Roman Catholic churches in San Francisco. All the members of the school-board except one, were Roman Catholics. Mr. Kennan's arraignment of San Francisco is fierce but easily within the bounds of the truth. He estimates that graft in the police department alone amounted to $1,000,000. He says: "The police force in particular was so demoralized and so corrupt that it might almost be said to constitute a distinct criminal class." The article is luminous. Mr. Kennan has told a vivid story of this greatest crime against the life of a city. The San Francisco Monitor makes a vigorous reply to Mr. Kennan and shows that a considerable number of the leading members of the Republican and Democratic parties are members of the Roman Catholic church. This is easily explained and does not invalidate Mr. Kennan's statement that "The Roman Catholics favored Schmitz because he appointed many of their people to office and gave to their fairs and charities money that he obtained by sharing the earnings of prostitutes."

It is a pleasure to note that there are Roman Catholics and Roman Catholics. Such men as ex-Mayor Phelan, the Tobins, D. A. Ryan, W. H. Langdon and Judge McGuire are loyal citizens and Catholics in the broadest, truest sense. But when did the Roman hierarchy sustain such men in political contest? Judge McGuire was betrayed and defeated for governor of this State on the evening of the election by a Roman Catholic representative of the hierarchy. James D. Phelan was also attacked, "turned down" by the same power. Mr. J. S. Tobin was a candidate for Mayor in 1901 and was duly defeated. It is exceedingly clever in **The Monitor** to seek shelter under the protection of the representative, liberal, and loyal citizen in a time of distress. If the Roman Catholic church did not promote the election of ex-Mayor Schmitz let it bring forth the evidence from the columns of the Monitor. Will **The Monitor** deny that it did everything it could do to promote the election of ex-Mayor Schmitz, that ten thousand circulars favoring the election of the same were distributed at the door of every Roman Catholic church in San Francisco on Sunday just prior to election?

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT AND FAITH.

Harnack and a class of modern critics have said with much force that Christ's great contribution to the human race is the revelation of the fatherhood of God. This statement is of vast importance. The statement however is apparently used by Harnack in the way of a compensation for a great deal of discredit cast upon other features of the Gospel history. The fatherhood of God being admitted there is no serious difficulty in accepting the entire redemptive scheme as revealed in the Gospel. The personal character of God, the filial relation of God to the human family and all that inevitably enters into the problem of revelation as accompanying facts discredit all attempts to invalidate the Gospel record. The introduction of the personal element in the redemptive plan gives it a certain flexibility of method and destroys the mechanics of sheer formulas. The kingdom of God is a personal kingdom. The plan of redemption is a personal plan. It is not mathematical, not a concatenation of ethical principles working always in a fixed way. The principle of forgiveness is the product of sacrifice but its application depends on the personal attitude of the penitent. There might be a kingdom of rules, a kingdom of ordinances, a kingdom of laws, a kingdom based upon a constitution, but this is the kingdom of God, the kingdom of a Father, a kingdom governing by love.

If our German critics admit, and they do, that God is a father, his government a filial government, we cannot see why they object to the incarnation, the miracles of compassion, the resurrection and the ascension. The personal element in faith makes faith easy. It is only when the mind begins to work in an arbitrary and mechanical way that unbelief becomes dominant and dangerous. We can only say God is our father upon the authority of Jesus Christ. That authority is not adequate unless it comes from the Son of God Himself. If such admissions be granted it seems to us that infidelity is reduced to sheer quibbling. We may attack creeds, dogmas, and formulas based upon non-essentials, but faith in the essentials remains unshaken. "If ye believe in God, believe also in me" or if ye believe in the fatherhood of God, believe in the sonship of Jesus Christ. The plan of human redemption, of divine mediation, forgiveness, grace, regeneration, consecration, concentration, obedience, adoption, and sanctification are but corollaries, legitimate deductions from the admissions that God is our personal, loving Father. Unitarianism is a reaction depriving the believer of personal fellowship with God, leaving religious experience in a theoretical and unrealizable status. No man really cometh unto the Father but by the Son of God. The truth to some idea of God but there has been no real fellowship with God until Jesus Christ came and set up a system of forgiveness and grace. We do not discount theories, dogmas, not even formulas; these things have a legitimate use

but faith must not be based upon them. Faith must be based upon Jesus Christ. Creeds, systems, doctrines, ceremonies, and many non-essentials will arise. They brace up mankind but faith must rest upon the Person of Jesus Christ.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

We learn from the Northwestern Christian Advocate the following interesting piece of information:

Mrs. Margaret Howell Jefferson Davis Hayes, daughter of the late president of the Confederacy, learning that a member of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, attending the reunion at Colorado Springs, Colo., had hung upon the walls of the Antlers Hotel a copy of the old proclamation offering a reward of $360,000 for the arrest of her father and other Confederate leaders for alleged complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, raised a protest to General William J. Palmer, the host of the reunion. Mrs. Hayes is the wife of J. A. Hayes, a banker in Colorado Springs. "I was a small child at the time," Mrs. Hayes wrote, "and, like most Southern children, I looked upon Lincoln as the arch enemy of my country. As the servants and guards around us were thoughtlessly rejoicing, I ran to my father with what I supposed would be good news to him. He gravely and gently took me in his arms and explained to me that this terrible deed was done by a crazy man, who no doubt thought he was the saviour of the South, but was really her worst enemy. 'Always remember, my little daughter, no wrong can ever make a right,' he said. 'The South does not wish her rights to come through dastardly murders but through fair fights.' Then he sighed heavily, and said: 'This is the bitterest blow that could have been dealt to the Southern cause. Lincoln was a just man, and would have been fair and generous in his treatment of the Southern people. His successor is a man we can expect nothing from.' "

ROMAN CATHOLIC MARRIAGES.

The associated press informs us that the Vatican has decided to take a hand in English matrimonial matters. The Vatican hitherto has contented itself by declaring that the marriage of a Catholic in a Protestant church was sacrilegious and sinful but now we are informed that "after Easter next, such marriages in Protestant churches or in registry offices will be, for Catholics, not only sinful but invalid, and persons contracting them will have merely gone through an empty ceremony and are no more man and wife after than before." Our recollection is that a few months since the judicial head of the Spanish government decided that all such marriages were legitimate and that all the Spanish people said Amen! Whether the British government will consider her marriage laws set aside by this decree or not remains to be seen. While this decree was called forth by a controversy in England over the passage of the deceased wife's sister act, there is every reason to believe that the decree is also intended to apply to the Roman Catholic citizenship in all parts of the world. This is a direct attack upon the validity of civil marriages and marriages performed by Protestant ministers among Roman Catholic parties. We have no idea that there will be an immediate attempt to test the matter in the civil courts, yet we believe it is an indication of the drift of things Romanesque in this country. The government should and no doubt will issue a "decree" that people who are married according to the laws of this country are legitimately married. The immediate effect of the decree is to strengthen the wavering conviction of thousands of the neo-Catholics in this country who have come to the conclusion that Protestant people are possessed of about as much authority as the Roman Catholic hierarchy possesses.

September Sunset

CONTAINS:

INVASION OF OXFORD.

A critical study of work done at Oxford University, England, by the first Cecil Rhodes scholars. It is written by W. C. Crittenden, the first Californian to win one of the coveted scholarships and athletics. The article is well illustrated.

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

Architects designs of buildings for which contracts have been let and construction is under way;—**a sixteen-page, two-colored tint black form,** showing buildings as designed, including the new White House, Thomas H. Williams buildings, Metropolis Trust Company building, Alaska Commercial Building, First National Bank building, Emporium, Princess Theater, Phelan building, and others.

THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A third article by Rufus Steele, beautifully illustrated, showing how San Francisco is rapidly extending down the peninsula. This article will be devoted especially to suburban towns, pointing out that owing to the new Bay Shore Railway Cut-Off the charms of country life are no longer only for the millionare but are easily reached by the person of moderate means.

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COME NOW AND WELCOME.

O, FOR MORE GRACE!

Our Father, Thou dost hear us when we pray. Thou hast provided an advocate and intercessor in heaven now; we cannot come to Thee unless Thy Holy Spirit shall suggest desire, and help us while we plead. We would ask that the subject which caused such conflict to Paul may be beyond conflict with us; may we know the Christ and have Him to be our all in all. We would have the conflict about others, but may we be past it for ourselves. He is everything to us; more than all in Him we find. We do accept Thee, Lord Jesus, to be made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. We will not look out of Thee for anything, for everything is in Thee. Our sin is pardoned, our sinful nature is subdued; we have a perfect righteousness; we have an immortal life; we have a sure hope; we have an immovable foundation. Why should we look beyond Thee? Why should we look within to ourselves, knowing that Thou shalt be the only well from which we will draw the living water, the only foundation upon which we will be builded. We would thrust out new rootlets this day, and take fresh hold on the blessed soil in which grace has planted us.

O Savior, reveal Thyself anew, teach us a little more, help us to go a little deeper into the divine mystery. May we grip Thee and grasp Thee; may we suck out of Thee the nutriment of our spirit; may we be in Thee as a branch is in the stem, and may we bear fruit from Thee. Without Thee we can do nothing.

Forgive, we pray Thee, Thy servants, any wanderings during the past. If we have forgotten Thee, forget us not; if we have acted apart from Thee, forgive the act. Blot out the sin. Help us in the future to live only as we live in Thee, to speak, and even to think, as in union with our living Head. Take away from us all life which is contrary to the life of Christ; bring us into complete subjection in Him, until for us to live shall be Christ in every single act of life. May we walk humbly with God in joyful faith in the finished work of Christ.

Savior, look on Thy beloved ones, and give blessings according to our necessities. We cannot pray a prayer that would comprise all but Thou canst, Great Intercessor, plead for each one, and get for each one of us the blessing wanted. Are we depressed? Give us stronger faith. Have we become worldly? Pardon this great offence and lead us more into spiritual things. Have we become joyous, but have forgotten the Source of Joy? Lord, sweeten and savor that joy with the sweet perfume of Thine own presence. Have we to preach, and do we feel weak? Oh! be our strength. . . Whatever the trial of Thy servants, make a way of escape that we may be able to bear it. Our great concern, however, is to grow in grace and to become like our Master. We struggle and we struggle, but how small our progress! Lord help us in any matter in which we have felt defeated. If we have been betrayed through want of watchfulness, Lord forgive and help another time. If any of Thy servants have lost the brightness of their evidence, give them to come to Christ as sinners if they cannot come as saints. And if through Satan's temptation any are sorely put to it even to keep their feet, hold them up; and if any have fallen, help them to say, "Rejoice not against me, O, mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise."

Now look in great mercy upon those who are unconverted; Lord save them. Some are quite careless; Lord, they are dead; come and quicken them. We cannot see, but Thou canst. O! that some of the most obdurate might be softened by the touch of Thy Spirit this very day; and may others who are not careless, but who are even seeking after eternal life, but who are going the wrong way to work, may they be shown their error, may they be led in the way by Thee, may they look, and, looking, live. We know how many of them are wanting to be this and that before they take Christ to be all in all; may they cease their seeking by finding everything in Christ. As Thou are a prayer-hearing God, and a God of pardon, issue many a pardon from Thy heavenly court today, sealed with the Redeemer's blood, signed with the Father's name. Oh! today, Lord, ere men grow old in sin, ere they die in their sins, save them with an everlasting salvation. Save this age from its own intellectual pride; give back the spirit of simple faith in Christ, for we desire His glory. "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen."—C. H. Spurgeon.

" THIS DAY."

Christ in the home of Zachaeus, said, "This day is salvation come to this house." Note, "this day!" Why? How? Because the owner of the house had improved an opportunity. Zacheus had heard of the Nazarene before. He was a business man, and busy; but he desired to see him of whom he had heard so much. The opportunity came, and he improved it. That tells it all. As a result of what Zachaeus did, Jesus saw him, called him, and thus afforded to him a still greater opportunity, namely, that of receiving him gladly into his own home, thereby bringing salvation to him and his. All this came of watching for and improving an opportunity. What a lesson for all of us!

The difference between indifference and seeing and seizing oportunities, in a material sense, largely marks the difference between poverty and "bad luck" on one hand, and thrift and good fortune on the other. Dreaming and drifting, wakefulness and alertness—these are the dividing lines in the earth-life of the masses.

But it is about the same, also, in the moral, spiritual realm. Men do not have to be outbreakingly profane and desperately wicked to be lost. All they need to that end is simply to be indifferent, dreamy, careless. Opportunities for seeing and believing and following Christ are coming and going all the time. Some, like Zachaeus, are improving them, and securing salvation; others are permitting them to slip by, and they remain unsaved, and finally wake up in hell!

Opportunity! Opportunity! Daily some are saved by improving opportunity; daily some are lost by permitting opportunity to slip by unimproved!

"One watched; he seized, clung to, and won;
The Savior called, the work is done.
Another dreamed; he heeded not the call;
The day slipped by, and he lost all."

This day salvation came to or passed by this house, because he improved or neglected his opportunity.—Religious Telescope.

THE CROSS SQUIRREL.

Once there was a squirrel that did not like its home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. Its papa squirrel had long, gray whiskers, and so was wise—beside which he could shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel, "My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things you could do—

Leave it,
or change it,
or suit yourself to it.

Any of these would help you in your trouble."

But the little squirrel said, "Oh, I do not want to do any of those; I had rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The litlte squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.—Bolton Hall in the September St. Nicholas.

EUCALYPT.

Sleeping where airs from the ocean—
Soft, salt-scented winds of the sea—
Are with birds and the spices in motion
In the leaves of the eucalypt tree;
Sleeping where, blown from the beaches,
Sands, surf-born and whited there be,
Sands swept into billowy reaches
And quick with the breath of the sea.

Princess, my princess eternal! thou
Sweet singer of songs of the sea!
Dream thou on in thy dreaming supernal,
Dream thou on by the eucalypt tree!
Vagrant, our way was in places
Where only the rivulets be,
Thy soul felt the infinite spaces,
Thy song was a song of the sea!

Steady, my heart, human weeping
Is less than the sob of the sea.
There is all enough in the Keeping;
All is well at the eucalypt tree.
Over against these sad beaches
A shore complemental shall be,
The shore in its Uttermost Reaches—
And she—and her song of the sea!

—E. I. Jones, Stockton.

TOLD ON HER.

"What is the secret of her complexion?"

"No secret about it."

"But she declines to tell."

"Yes, I know, but the complexion doesn't."—Exchange.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

In this day of luxurious comfort and convenience it is interesting to look backward one hundred years and see how the housewife managed to keep house.

The houses were mainly built of logs with rarely a glass window, only glazed paper or an opening in the wall. Large fireplaces were used for heat and cooking purposes. The pots and pans of the oldtime kitchen would look very queer to us. The brick oven was fired once each week and filled with delicious viands. Not a pound of coal had been mined, and a stove was an unknown comfort. There were no matches, and if the tinder proved damp, there was a trip of several miles to a neighbor's to borrow a live coal. There were foot-warmers which were used in church during the long sermons. The floors were generally sanded, for carpets were not known, save to a few city people, at that time. A few Turkish rugs were owned; a rag carpet was the pride of the housewife. All the table linen was woven by the wife, and how beautiful it was! All the cloth for garments, also, for the entire family. But a woman could spin from dawn till night and only spin forty to sixty knots of yarn. Today an operator can spin 150,000 knots in the same time.

There was no silver or china to delight the housekeeper's heart. Pewter was greatly prized, and home-made bowls and platters constituted the dinner service. No coal or oil or gas had been discovered, and tallow candles formed the only light until 1858, when petroleum was brought into use. It was then sixty cents a gallon.

A journey was a thing to be dreaded, there being no railroads until 1830. Today there are more than 10,000 passenger locomotives. Where it then took days to reach a place, it is now done in hours. A trip over the Atlantic took two or three months, and now it is made in less than ten days, and in the most palatial steamers. News traveled slowly, and communities were completely isolated. The people at that time had no inconveniences and the fewest comforts, and yet these people laid the basis of the country we enjoy today. The question comes to us, What will happen in the next hundred years?—Boys and Girls.

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TRUTHFUL TOMMY.

"Tommy," said a father to his son, "have you been at those six peaches I put in the cupboard?"

"Father," said Tommy, looking into his eyes, "I have not touched one."

"Then how it is your mother found five peach stones in your bedroom, and there is only one peach left on the plate?"

"That," said Tommy, as he dashed wildly for the door, "is the one I didn't touch."

An Oakland boy whose mother is a Methodist, but whose father was raised a Presbyterian went to the Baptist Church a few times. Later, the family moved to another neighborhood, and when the question of church affiliation was being discussed in the home the boy said: "Well, I like the Baptist Church best, for they let you wade around the tank, and the other churches dont!" W. S. M.

—A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees develop their foliage in the springtime. "Ah, yes," said the little miss, "I understand: they keep their summer clothes in their trunks!"—Will Carleton's Magazine.

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the livableness of life.—R. L. Stevenson.

As the St. Patrick's day parade turned the corner an electric car came clanging down the street. The gallant captain knew that the proper maneuver under the circumstances was "open order," but not knowing the exact word of command for the occasion, he turned to his followers and shouted in martial tones:

"Attintion, min! Here comes the car-r! Coompany, sphlitt!—Woman's Home Companion.

Little James had told a visitor that his father had a new set of false teeth.

"Indeed, and what will they do with the old set?"

"Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."—Exchange.

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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GRACE.

"Still give us grace, Thou God of Grace,
To run with patient zeal the race,
Though storms about us be;
Give us the grace for Thee to live
And all the glory still to give
To Thee alone to Thee!

"Give us the grace unmoved to stand
In rank with Thy own faithful band,
Unwavering, for the right;
For 'tis not ours, while here below,
The boon of sweet repose to know.
The Christian still must fight.

"It is Thy grace, Lord, that defends
Thy soldier, as Thy path he wends,
Assuring him that he,
When all the bitter strife is past,
Shall sing the victor's song at last
Upon the crystal sea."

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Rev. George C. Adams, D. D.

Nobody doubts the wickedness of San Francisco. It is being paraded in the papers east, west and especially north and south with startling headlines, and excellent homilies which ought to decide all the rest of the world promptly to lead blameless lives. To men who have the good fortune to live in the city and be a part of it, the thought frequently occurs that this thing is being just a little overdone, and when our brethren on the east side of the great Bay make frequent statements that use San Francisco for a great moral lesson, and carefully stop at the waterfront, we are tempted to ask if they expect us to take Oakland as a sample of unblemished morals which we ought to copy. The situation suggests some definitions that we regard important; when a man in Oakland, Berkeley or Alameda says San Francisco he usually means the incorporated northern nub of the peninsula of that name; when a man who lives in that city and county says San Francisco he frequently means the great population that make their living there; the half a million who people it in the day time, even though many thousands of them cross the water before the sun sets, and other thousands take the trains down the peninsula to the eastern slopes of the coast hills. The proposition I wish to emphasize in this paper is that the real San Francisco includes a large part of Alameda, Marin and San Mateo counties, and eventually they will have to be all under one municipal government, making one of the largest and in every sense greatest cities in the world.

Not many years ago, when Chicago enlarged her borders, and took in a great many square miles of land, people charged it to the desire to possess all the earth; undoubtedly the Chicago habit of excessive humility was upon the city, but when the facts were considered it was seen that the real question was one of self preservation. A few years ago the agitation for a Greater New York took shape in the incorporation of a city that swallowed several others, and ran the population of the metropolis into the three million column. Has it occurred to any one that since that was done we have heard a great deal less than formerly about the wickedness of New York, and it really looks as if now that city is able to care for itself, and gradually improve its manners and morals. The process that made these moves necessary in Chicago and New York is going on rapidly here; the City and County of San Francisco is a small territory, destined to be crowded with business interests that involve the world; the population necessary to carry on this business could never live with any comfort or safety within the present city limits; the cost of land has already become prohibitive to most except people of large fortunes; clerks, and the more intelligent and thrifty classes of mechanics who desire homes for their families with a little breathing space about them, are compelled to go outside the city proper to get them; but they are none the less a part of San Francisco. Especially is it true that business men, who make their money in the city, and expect the protection of the city government, and yet evade all responsibility for that government, will in a few years see the incongruity of the situation. The process that is steadily going on, and growing always more rapidly, is reducing the governing force of the city proper to the class that can not get out of it to live, and that means a voting population composed too largely of what President Roosevelt calls "undesirable citizens." Those who seek homes in the suburbs are naturally on the whole the more moral and thrifty class; they go into the country, and aided by the rapid transit systems make here and there a little paradise in which they and their friends can dwell unmolested; they can have all the improvements that go with such settlements,—good roads, freedom from nuisances, plenty of fresh air, good views from their windows, practical prohibition of the liquor traffic in any place that will disturb them. In the rush of modern business life no man can be justly blamed who makes a home where these conditions prevail; my contention is that in all justice to the city where he gets the money that makes such a home possible the tract of land that holds it, and consequently the vote of the citizen, belong with the great city itself, and not with some suburban village. It is a great thing for a city like Berkeley to be able to rid itself of the nuisance of saloons, and it might require a greater spirit of self-sacrifice than most towns possess to do anything that would risk a return to other conditions, but in this life we are frequently called upon to give up a little of our own comfort that there may be greater comfort for a larger number of people. The vote that makes Berkeley free from saloons would go a great way toward making greater San Francisco also free, and the sentiment that pervades the people of Berkeley should become one of propagandism for all the people about the Bay. This condition has been brought about in Berkeley by taking out of San Francisco a large part of its most moral vote, and putting it in a place by itself; the result is that the vote that is left lacks the moral tone and high purpose of that which has been taken out. After skimming off the top of a pan of milk, and using it for cream, it is not just to deride what is left with being skim milk; at our house we sometimes pour cream in with the milk, to make it of the richness we wish for our purpose; at present we have a very moral voting population in Berkeley, one nearly as good in Alameda; we had one fairly good in Oakland before the earthquake and fire emptied a large part of the worst elements from across the Bay into that city, and showed them what we were facing; while this has not by any means taken all the good people out of the peninsular city, it has weakened its moral power so decidedly that the question of municipal government is brought into disrepute, and a terrible burden of uncertainty and suspicion is laid on those who are left.

As to the real sinfulness of the city by the Golden Gate: It should be remembered that all our great American cities are on trial; it is worth all it costs to visit London, and watch the results of a thousand years of self-government; you find there a solidity, a respect for law, a care in the management of things, that have come from long experience and thorough training. The largest city in the world is also one of the best governed cities, and when you have spent a month there you come away with a sort of Anglophobia as to city government, and wish we could do things that way here; we will after a time; But to expect as much stability of Chicago or San Francisco as of London is to look for full grown manhood in a small boy. We have in San Francisco an organization, with a still large membership of aged men, and another of women, who came here in 1849, and who have seen all the growth of this city and state, and had part in the development of this civilization; that is to say, within an ordinary lifetime San Francisco has grown from a little Spanish village to one of the largest and most important of American cities; the people who have made it have come from every part of the globe, and have brought with them the peculiarities of their early training. It will take a long time and a great deal of experience to make them homogeneous. Now we have injected into this population all the great questions in sociology that are agitating the world today; and the part of the population that live on the peninsula are trying to solve the problems unaided in any practical way by the large number of people who are best fitted to elevate the moral standards of the city, and overcome the immoral vote. When General Funston, rather unfortunately it seems to me, wrote of that "unwhipped mob," he referred to San Francisco proper, and nothing else; there is no danger of any such gathering in Berkeley or Alameda, and very little even in Oakland. On the peninsula is the danger point, and there it always will be, until a sufficient moral force is added to the weakened line to enable it to cope with the problems thrust upon it.

Before leaving this part of the subject I want to allude to the real life of the city as compared with others. What a cry went up from everywhere when a narrow-minded school board in the city, facing a real difficulty, blundered into making it a race issue; their trip to Washington broadened their vision and those men, and a great many of their friends, have gotten a liberal education out of the experience. They needed it, and so did a majority of the people of San Francisco; but instead of laying the blunder to ignorance and the lack of proper education on such topics, the world has been saying that was San Francisco, and claiming from it that this is a city to be despised and distrusted. And now Chicago is trying to rule the Japanese out of her public schools, and the eastern press make no mention of it. Take the artizan class of any other city, put them in power, give them the whole city government, and see if they will do any better. The fact is that if the men who compose the labor unions of San Francisco were not by a great majority loyal, law-abiding citizens, there would be no decent people living there today; through all the terrible experiences of the last two years the lawlessness has been the act of a small minority, and the majority have been taking notes; they will be heard from some day in unmistakable tones, on the side of law and order. Better than the whipping of a mob is the training of the masses in self control, and their elevation to a point where they can be thoroughly trusted. In twenty-five years San Francisco will have the most intelligent, self-respecting, law-abiding working population of any city on the continent, and it is now in the process of making. The world looks on and scoffs at the city that is doing more than any other to prove the value and safety of municipal self-government.

Another thing that is charged to San Francisco, when it belongs to the whole country; for many years strong combinations of capital have been growing, until even the United States government is alarmed, and the key note of the next presidential campaign is likely to be the proper restriction of the power of corporations. They are everywhere where money is to be made; and in every one of them there is a department that exists first for the protection of the corporation from unfavorable legislation, and then for whatever will advance the interests of the body; the man at the head of that department is frequently a gentlemanly fellow, pleasant and affable, but he never gets left; always on the watch, keen to see how to foster the work for which he was appointed, resourceful, with plenty of money at command, he is a shrewd politician. His business is to use such means as will remove obstacles from the path, and increase the dividends on the stock. Such men, with such power, usually find it possible and easy to buy what they want, and we presume most of them do it. In consequence there has grown up among business men in the United States a pretty lax notion of the heinousness of the crime of bribery. The conditions in our city for some time back have been peculiarly favorable to the methods described. Great interests were at stake, unusual opportunities for money making were offered, and what is being done by many corporations in every part of the country was done on a large scale here, with a city government of untried men, having no previous training to fit them for their positions, and thoroughly trained by their master in just one thing, the art of getting something for nothing. The result is disastrous to many, but it is the breaking out at one spot of a disease that threatens the very life of our free institutions, and that permeates all kinds of business life. Men have for years been claiming that it is impossible to do business and succeed on the principles of righteousness that are laid down in the Gospels San Francisco is teaching the world that it not only can, but must be done; and the world that ought to be thankful that it is done for them, is looking on and scoffing.

We may justly claim that our city is in advance of others under like conditions in the matter of the treatment of the oriental question. A few Japanese in San Francisco have suffered some loss, and some have been injured, but it has largely been incidental to the troubles we had of our own, and not to the fact that they were Japanese. I confess to a sort of feeling of exultation when I read of what happened recently in Vancouver, not because any one was hurt,—far from it: all that is deplorable. But no sensible person anywhere is blaming San Francisco today for her attitude on the oriental question. It has been proved that she has been on the whole quite forbearing, and England has the question on her hands instead of the United States. There is a great problem before the white race of the Pacific Coast. It involves the preservation of the civilization that has been developed at great cost. It is a question to be handled with care and patience, and justice to all, but it is not a question of San

Francisco against the world. Bellingham and Vancouver have demonstarted that our city has not been cruel, and that the Japanese is safer here than at any other point on the Pacific Coast.

I have mentioned these particular problems in order to call your attention to the vastness of the burden that is being laid upon one city. Now let me say once more, that the part of the city that lies along the upper part of the peninsula is being left to fight out all these things alone. If the vote of the portion that lies on the east side of the Bay could have been mingled with that on the west side I firmly believe that a large portion of the deplorable occurrences of the last two years never would have been. All the sins and blunders of a nation have been crowded into one city, and that city has had to face them with the votes it needed most eliminated. If those votes could have been had; if the previous consultations had been participated in by the ablest men on the east side, it is a question whether the well known disgraceful results could have ever come from the last city election. Above all things it is not in good taste for those who stand just outside and look on to find fault with the conditions that their presence might have obviated. It is difficult at best to cope with the gigantic problems of this generation; it is almost criminal to insist that they shall be settled by those least fitted for the purpose, and the natural result of the facts is that it will take a generation to train them to the first principles of the government they are trying to understand. It will come; as surely as the sun shines many of the men who have been scored for the way they voted have been in deep thought ever since. Just after the last election seven men from Canada, who had never thought they owed any particular allegiance to the United States, were so disgusted with the result of the voting that they went at once to prepare to take out their naturalization papers, so as to help to a right decision of things at the first election possible. This process of education is going on, and must in the end partially atone for the loss of so much of the most intelligent voting population. If that vote could have been mingled with the vote of the men who did not know, they would have learned much faster, and without the stupendous blunders, and perhaps without the gigantic sins that have blotted the fair name of the city that we love. I hope I have succeeded in showing you that if San Francisco is to be blamed for not being more moral and upright, the largest part of the blame belongs to those who have gotten out from under all responsibility for the government of a great and growing city. Give us the votes of those who demand good government and take no part in it and in a short time we will make a different showing.

Now as to church life in San Francisco. The same process that has weakened the moral tone of the city has made church work more difficult than in any other large city in the United States at the present time. The continued success of a city church depends largely on its persistent influence on the same people, and their training in the life and work of the organization. No one can build a wall if as often as he puts a brick in place some one steps up and takes it off to use in some other wall. No pastor can make a great and successful church if nearly all his converts promptly go to enrich some other church. I have sometimes said jokingly that all the saints move to Alameda county, and leave us the sinners to wrestle with; that is of course an extreme statement, but there is a vast amount of truth in it. Six years ago the First Church in San Francisco had granted letters to more than one hundred members to unite with the First Church in Oakland, and over two hundred to various churches in Alameda county. Multiply this by two or three to include all the members of the families, and you have from four to six hundred taken through the years from the old First, and transplanted to the east side churches. The disaster of 1906 accelerated a movement that was going on surely and steadily. In the last three years thirty-one families in the membership of the First Church have purchased or built homes for themselves in either Alameda county or Marin county. This is only a fraction of those who have permanently moved, only those who have invested in homes of their own. Thirteen of the couples I had married myself, and in nearly every case had baptized at least the first baby; they are young families, who mostly had united with the First Church on confession, and who would in a few years have become pillars in that church. Many of them, because of present conditions, are exceedingly faithful to the old church, and do their best to attend its services, but they can not always do so, and eventually they will do as others have done, either transfer their membership, or lose interest, and drop out. The place for permanent and thrifty churches, composed of members who own their homes, and will stay, whose children will grow into the life of the church, and make its work more fruitful each year, is not in San Francisco proper; it is in the residence towns on the east side of the Bay. During the years covered by these latter statements the members who have been received into the First Church in San Francisco by letter from churches on the east side could almost be counted on the fingers of two hands; and most of those were people who had gone over the Bay, gotten homesick, and moved back. That which is true of one church is probably in some measure true of all the churches similarly situated. Work in Alameda is on a rising tide, and as surely work in San Francisco county is on a falling tide. This process will continue until some day in the future when the suburbs of San Francisco have been so built up that prices of land and buildings will have so risen as to be quite nearly on a par with these on the peninsula. Then there will be either a bridge or a tunnel between the cities; people living on either side of the Bay will be able to take a car, and leave it near some church on the other side, and membership across the Bay will be no more difficult than it now is on some car line in the same city. When it becomes profitable such connection between the cities will be made. The first proposition to bridge the Mississippi at St. Louis was received with ridicule; but Captain James B. Eads let them laugh while he planned the bridge, and proceeded to put it in place. Now there are two. The proposition to bridge the East river was thought chimerical; they are hard at work on the third one. It will some day prove no harder to put a bridge across San Francisco Bay than it has been to erect that splendid piece of mechanism, the Forth bridge near Edinburgh, with its great cantilever spans of 1710 feet each. Some connection will eventually be made, and when that time comes conditions for church work in San Francisco will not be quite so hard as they are now. I am not hazarding much in saying that the present magnificent work of Dr. Jefferson in Broadway Tabernacle could not have been done at a much earlier period than now in the history of that city. The means of transportation have become such that the church can hold its members wherever they live in

that great metropolis. That time will come for San Francisco. Until it comes, the ministers who work there must be content with a floating membership, and constant discouragement. The great tornado in St. Louis in 1896 demonstrated the fact that a church made up largely of people who owned their homes could outlive almost any disaster, while one whose members were tenants is in constant danger, and any sudden movement of population or public calamity might send them to such a distance that the church had to begin at the bottom again and work up. That is what is going on now in the city on the peninsula. The churches there are weak, because their best life has been drained to make the churches in other places. The elements of population about them are because of what I have shown to be true, indifferent or even hostile to church life; and in the great combinations that are developing, and that complicate all church work, such a city has the difficulties in their concentrated form, making them hard to handle, while the church membership that would have given such churches prestige has gone to enrich other communities that could have done very well with only a small part of them.

Here are the present day problems of our city; here is the main cause of our weakness, and not a mere pleasure-loving population. There is a vast amount of real Christianity in those same people; if they had not been able to play in the last two years they would have gone insane by thousands; the safeguard of a great many has been the ability to see the bright side of things, and to laugh. These same people who seem careless turned to after the fire and astonished us by the work they did, and the way they adapted themselves to circumtsances. When we can conduct churches so as to win their respect they will attend them. At present we are badly handicapped.

THE FIRST UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

At a time when union between the Congregational, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestant churches is being considerd, something concerning the first United Brethren church in this country may be of interest. We take the following from an article in The Religion Telescope, written by Bishop Mills:

Antietam" is a name frequetnly occurring in our early church history. It was a neighborhood in a beautiful valley, now Keedysville, Maryland, on Antietam Creek, in Washington county, Maryland, eleven miles south of Hagerstown. Across the Blue Mountains, southeast, about twenty-five miles away, is Frederick. Here Otterbein was pastor of the German Reformed Church from 1760 to 1765. While pastor here, Otterbein visited Antietam and preached there, and continued to do so while he lived for in this valley lived a band of people whose hearts had been touched by the Lord, and they eagerly listened to this great preacher and his co-laborers.

About one mile south of the present town of Keedysville, in 1760, settled a young German emigrant, born in Neider-Schelden, in Nassau-Silgen, Prussia, in 1741. His name was George Adam Geeting, then spelled Guithing. At probably the first visit of Otterbein, Geeting was converted, and his house became the center of the revival movement in Antietam. This young man was well educated in Germany, born near the place where Otterbein lived. Sharing a like experience of grace, they became intimate friends for life, often exchanging visits, and aiding each other in great meetings.

Near Geeting's home, at the Mt. Hebron graveyard, about 1780, was built the first United Brethren church It was built on the land of a Mr. Schnebley, now called Snavely. It was a simple log structure, built by the neighbors, the followers of Otterbein, and became known as Geeting's Meeting-house.

This is a historic region for the United Brethren The great meetings held here by Otterbein, Boehm Geeting, Newcomer, and others later, are matters of tradition and history.

Geeting is buried in Mt. Hebron graveyard; Bishop Russell in Keedysville cemetery; Bishop Newcomer in the German Baptist cemetery at Bear Creek, six miles away; and the Peter Kemp home is not far away, near Frederick.

Out of this Antietam region have come such honored names in our church as Geeting, Wyand, Snavely, Rohrer, Russell, Zimmerman, Baker, Thomas, Bovey, and others.

On Whitsuntide, 1783, in the Mt. Hebron church, George Adam Geeting was ordained a minister by Rev. William Otterbein and Rev. William Hendel. Geeting was the most eloquent of this group of great preachers. His memory is still blessed. Two of his grandsons, Emanuel Geeting and Caleb Wyand, and many other descendants, yet live at Keedysville, faithful members of our church.

For many years great meetings were held annually on Whitsuntide, at the Mt. Hebron or Geeting church. In 1845, the log church gave place to a stone church; and in 1870, a handsome brick church was built in Keedysville, and the local church moved to the town.

WHY SHOULD I GO TO CHURCH.

By Rev. C. C. Cragin.

Gen. 28: 16: "And Jacob awakened out of his sleep, and he said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.'"

What the patriarch, Jacob, said of his lonely resting place at Bethel we can sav here, where God is worshipped, "Surely the Lord is in this place." Where one man sees God in the solitude of nature a hundred see him in the sanctuary. Where the vision of the heavenly ladder comes to one as he gazes into the open heaven, that vision comes to many when they look upward in the church, with mind and heart touched by the inspiring hymn, the earnest prayer, the thoughtful sermon. If silence is eloquent of God to the few, at special seasons, the presence of God is more manifest to the many, when the air echoes the sound of worship, and the words of scripture, and the voice of Christian testimony, Christian argument or Christian appeal.

Jacob shared in the prevalent thought of his time and limited the manifestation of God to certain places and seasons. As the heathen had one god for the mountains, and another for the valleys, and another for the winds, and another for the seas, so Jacob had not come to believe in the presence of the God of the Hebrews everywhere. Little did he think of seing God in his lonely vigil at Bethel till his homesickness and his fear of robbers and wild beasts and his anxiety as to the outcome of his long expedition brought the dream which made God so near and so real and called out the glad and solemn announcement, "Surely the

Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." So others, with a like experience, may sing:

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

But, as I have already indicated, the experiences are more common in the sanctuary than elsewhere. While it is true that God is everywhere, it is no less true that He oftenest manifests himself in the place where men are found for his worship. "The Lord is in his holy temple." He meets his people there. He welcomes them there. He brings them "to the banqueting house and his banner over them is love."

I have anticipated, in interpreting the text, one of the chief answers to the question of my theme, Why should I go to Church? Let me proceed in a more orderly manner. Why should I go to church?

1. First, to brush off the dust and the grime of the world. They accumulate during the week sadly. The steam engine of the factory needs to be shut down once a week for rest and for cleaning and oiling. This human frame, this complicated mechanism of body and spirit; this being that feels and thinks and wills; this personality, this thing that I am has its special needs. Once a week it needs to get away from the school room and the kitchen, and the parlor and the sewing room and the nursery. Body and soul require a change of atmosphere if they would thrive. Without Sunday and the church we might lapse into barbarism. There is much of the beast and the savage in human nature. The higher nature must be given a breathing spell and a chance to assert itself if it would not come into perpetual bondage. The selfish impulse in man, the worldly push and drive, the money-making instinct must be driven into the background once a week at least, if the man is to be well-balanced and symmetrical. The bread and butter question, the problem of raiment and housekeeping, the trade, the profession must not engross us all the time, else we become machines, monsters or maniacs. A Sunday picnic or Sunday excursion does not meet the need; we are made in God's image; we need one day in which he shall be uppermost in our thoughts. It is worth something to put on the Sunday clothes; it is more to think the Sunday thoughts; it is most to have feelings and purposes appropriate to the day. Why should I go to church? I repeat, to brush off the dust and the grime of the world. Said Rev. Dr. Bellows, an eminent Unitarian minister, a man of more than three-score years and ten—said this man, "I never knew a man who absented himself regularly from church and who had a theory for absenting himself, that did not come to grief."

2. Why should I go to church? To discharge a duty of good citizenship. More than any other organization known to men, the church stands for good citizenship. It teaches respect for law and order. It believes neither in strikes nor lockouts; it sides neither with labor nor with capital. It honors diligence and frugality. Its hero and head was a village carpenter. His chief apostle was a scholar and a magistrate. Its roll of illustrious names has men of all callings and dispositions. Shepherds, like Moses, who became a lawgiver and leader; shepherds, like Joseph, who became prime minister of Egypt, and shepherds, like David, who became king of Israel; fishermen, like Peter, who became an apostle of the Messiah. With such diversity of employment in its early leaders, the church has learned sympathy with all classes and conditions of men. A single verse of one of the epistles which the church counts authoritative, has the bidding, "Honor all men, fear God, honor the king." Still more inclusive are the two main commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." If obedience to this would not bring good citizenship, I do not know where you could expect to find it. If the rank and file of the Christian church are not trying to obey these commands, then I do not know the organization in which I have been an officer for thirty-five years and a member ever since I was thirteen years old, a membership which began in New England, an office-bearer in four states of the interior, and in this great state of the Pacific Coast.

I recognize the shortcomings of the church. It follows the Master, like Peter after the betrayal, "afar off." The church is recruited from the world, and is sadly tinged with worldliness. All its members are descendants of the Adam who transgressed in the garden. They have all the infirmities of fallen human nature and these show themselves in uncomfortable ways time and again. But the church traces its origin to the second Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ. So far as its members have their names written in the Lamb's book of life, so far are they descendants of this second Adam, so far there is incorporated upon the old corrupt human nature, a graft of spiritual nature, like a choice insertion from a higher stock.

A belief in God is essential to good citizenship, and the mission of the church is to strengthen that belief. There is little of good citizenship in heathendom; there it is every man for himself. Men lose hope and heart in trying to be good and to help forward the right, if they do not realize that God is at hand to cheer and to aid. Said a thoughtful French philosopher, "If God did not exist he would need to be created," meaning that the world could not get along without a belief in God; men would need to believe in God for their comfort and defence if they had any desire to do right.

You cannot help along good citizenship so well as by attending church, becoming a Christian and seeking to win others to a Christian life and to strengthen that life of God in the soul. The best communities in the land are those where the churches are strongest. The poorest are those where the churches are weakest. The church is the foe of all that is bad and the friend of all that is good. It is a nursery for the children, a training-school for the youth, a hospital for the sick, a fortress for the tempted, a life-boat for the imperiled. Its mission is rescue and nurture. It has a right to the sympathy and support of every self-respecting man and right-minded woman in the community. A good citzen should be ashamed to say, "I send my wife to church and my children to the Sunday-school and I contribute to the pastor's salary, and that is my part." By no means. Religion cannot be attended to by proxy. A man's family cannot take his place in worshiping and serving God. Your place and my place is in the house of God on the Lord's day, in the interest of good citizenship, as well as in all other interests.

In a pulpit of an Oakland church where there was a congregation above a hundred the minister said: "I wish there were more men here this morning. There are only fifteen present." It is sometimes said there may not be men enough in heaven to sing bass. Ex-

Governor St. John is reported to have said, "I made an address once to a thousand people, 991 men and 9 women. It was in a penitentiary. Compare the two meetings and make your own inference."

"Man cannot neglect the means of grace with impunity. There is many a man behind prison bars today who would not be there if he had gone to church with his mother, sister or wife. The church has a restraining influence which no one can safely disregard.

Now and then there may have been an arrant hypocrite who made church attendance and religious profession a cloak for his wickedness; but usually the church members who have gone to the penitentiary have been neglecters of the church. "And he was a church member, too," sneered the world, when a young Californian was sent to San Quentin. Yes, but his pastor could have testified that he had been to church and prayer meeting only twice for months before he committed his great crime."

3. Why should I go to church? To receive God's help. I am in trouble. In the church I learn something of the value of the discipline by sorrow. I hear the scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." I learn such a lesson as was taught by the gifted leader of the King's Daughters, Margaret Bottome: "Beautiful china now means to me suffering," she says; "I shall never forget seeing it, after it had been so beautifully tinted, carried off to be burned. It was the only way. The painting would have been nothing without the burning; it would all have washed off. The colors had to be set, and that meant fire. I thought the china did not understand it, and was saying, perhaps bitterly, "What is the use of being tinted if you have to go into an oven? It will know some day, when it graces a palace, and every one exclaims, "How beautiful."

So the discouraged soul finds comfort and instruction in the house of God. The psalmist describes his perplexity when he thought of the prosperity of the wicked. He could not understand why they should have "more than heart could wish," when they were proud and corrupt and violent and arrogant. "When I thought how I might know this," he said, "it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God and considered their latter end." How apt are we to forget in the stress of the storm that God is at the helm! The church is built to remind us of God. Its service, from beginning to end, tells of the wisdom and power and love of God; how patient he is with the weak, how strong he is for the tempted, how gracious to the penitent, how loving to the faithful!

In the supposed interest of good citizenship the English parliament in 1581, "passed an enactment by which those who * * did not attend church were subject to heavy penalties." But why do not mankind realize that they cannot afford to stay away from church? It is always safe to use the words of Moses to Hobab in inviting to church, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

They were building a great bridge over a river, and it was carried from both sides, to meet in the middle. But when the central span was swung into place, it did not fit; it fell short two inches, and no ingenuity could bridge the space. In dismay, they wired the designer of the bridge, and he telegraphed, "Wait till tomorrow noon." They wondered what he meant; but tomorrow noon they found that the sun's rays had expanded the metal so that, section to section, it precisely matched, and there was no crack at all—the bridge was one. "Stand still and see the salvation of God," is the message to us, at times in the sanctuary. How often we receive help there!

4. Why should I go to church? To brush off the grime and dust of the world, I have said: to discharge a duty of good citizenship and to receive help. But throughout the discussion I have of necessity anticipated my last point; I should go to church, to worship God. He is the one "with whom I have to do." My relation to him is vastly more intimate and important than to any of my fellow men. He is my Creator, Preserver, Sovereign, Redeemer. In the person of Christ, he is my Elder Brother; in the Holy Spirit he is my Comforter and Sanctifier. He breathed into my nostrils the breath of life. He feeds and clothes and shelters me. He has stored the mines for me and furnished the fields, and stocked the waters. He has given me wise laws to obey, and hedged about my path to keep me from disobedience. He gave his only begotten Son to die for me. The Son of God came into this world to help me by his teachings and his life, and to save me by his life and his death.

Why should I go to church? To thank God for his mercies, to praise him for his goodness, to confess my sins to him, to ask his forgiveness, to pray for his help, and his blessing on others. True, I can do this at home. But I shall hardly continue to do it at home, if I voluntarily absent myself from church. Do people keep up a fervent spiritual life who allow excuses to keep them from church? If you wanted to put a tender lamb of the flock into the loving care of a faithful friend, would you seek such a friend among those who seem to care less for God and Christ than for the world and for family and friends?

5. O that all of us, by attendance at church, and by loving fellowship, might show that we belong to the blessed company, of whom Lucy Larcom writes:

"God never meant us to be separated
From one another in our work and thought,
Spirits that share his spirit he has mated,
That so his loving purpose may be wrought,
His gracious will be done,
In earth and heaven as one,
O Blessed company of all the true—
His holy church—may I belong to you?

"His church; it is the home of every spirit
That looked and longed for him before he came;
That hears God's voice now, or shall ever hear it,
Through the dire discord of earth's outcast shame.
He knoweth who are his;
His seal upon them is.
O scattered, wandering flock! O loyal few!
One Shepherd claims us, I belong to you."

God lives in his church; God works through his church. I speak not now of the sanctuary, but of the people, of those whose bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost.

It is said that Paganini, the greatest of violinists, was announced to play before an august assembly in a community where he had enemies, many and influential. They spoke slightingly of him, saying that he was not so great a musician as the people supposed.

Just before he appeared before the audience they hid his favorite instrument, a well seasoned, perfect Cremona violin. Paganini was full of rage. It was a plot to ruin him. But gradually he became calm, and taking a common violin from one of the members of the orchestra, he began to play his exquisite music. He was heard to mutter, "They shall see that the

music is not in the violin, the music is in me."

Brethren, we are common violins; the music is not in us, but in God, the Master; He can, and he will, use us, if we are willing to be used. How shall we persuade men to go to church? By letting God do his glorious work upon us, and through us. By making the whole atmosphere of the church so charged with spirituality that every one shall be constrained to say. "Surely the Lord is in this place."

THE PREACHER AND PRAYER.

By E. M. Bounds.

(We give here at the request of a lay member of one of our California Presbyterian churches an excerpt from a little book by E. M. Bounds, entitled "Preacher and Prayer." It has been well said by one of our poets, "Prayer moves the hand that moves the world." And again, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Long ago in sacred writ was it said: "The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much." Jesus of Nazareth was a man of prayer. The greatest sermon of the Christian centuries, the Sermon on the Mount, was preceded by a night in prayer. The Christian minister ought to be a man of prayer.—Editor.)

Never was there greater need for saintly men and women; more imperative still is the call for saintly. God-devoted preachers. The world moves with gigantic strides. Satan has his hold and rule on the world, and labors to make all its movements subserve his ends. Religion must do its best work, present its most attractive and perfect models. By every means, modern sainthood must be inspired by the loftiest ideals and by the largest possibilities through the Spirit. Paul lived on his knees that the Ephesian Church might measure the heights, breadths, and depths of an unmeasureable saintliness, and "be filled with the fullness of God." Epaphras laid himself out with the exhaustive toil and strenuous conflict of fervent prayer that the Colossan Church might "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." Everywhere, everything, in apostolic times, was on the stretch that the people of God might each and "all come in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." No premium was given to dwarfs; no encouragement to an old babyhood. The babies were to grow; the old, instead of feebleness and infirmities, were to bear fruit in old age, and be fat and flourishing. The divinest thing in religion is holy men and holy women.

No amount of money, genius, or culture, can move things for God. Holiness energizes the soul, the whole man aflame with love, with desire for more faith, more zeal, more consecration—this is the secret of power. These we need and must have, and men must be the incarnation of this God-inflamed devotedness. God's advance has been stayed, his cause crippled, his name dishonored for their lack. Genius though the loftiest and most gifted), education (though the most learned and refined), position, dignity, place, honored names, high ecclesiastics, cannot move this chariot of our God It is a fiery one, and fiery forces only can move it. The genius of a Milton fails. The imperial strength of a Leo fails. Brainerd's spirit can move it. Brainerd's spirit was on fire for God, on fire for souls. Nothing earthly, worldly, selfish came in to abate in the least the intensity of this all-impelling and all-consuming force and flame.

Prayer is the creator as well as the channel of devotion. The spirit of devotion is the spirit of prayer. Prayer and devotion are united, as life and the heart are united. There is no real prayer without devotion, no devotion without prayer. The preacher must be surrendered to God in the holiest devotion. He is not a professional man, his ministry is not a profession; it is a divine institution, a divine devotion. He is devoted to God. His aim, aspirations, ambitions are for God and to God, and to such prayer is as essential as food is to life.

The preacher, above everything else, must be devoted to God. The preacher's relations to God are the insignia and credentials of his ministry. These must be clear, conclusive, unmistakable. No common, surface type of piety, must be his. If he does not excel in grace, he does not excel at all. If he does not preach by life, character, conduct. he does not preach at all. If his piety be light, his preaching may be as soft and as sweet as music, as gifted as Apollo, yet its weight will be a feather's weight, visionary, fleeting as the morning cloud or the early dew. Devotion to God—there is no substitute for this in the preacher's character and conduct. Devotion to a church, to opinions, to an organization, to orthodoxy—these are paltry, misleading, and vain when they become the source of inspiration, the animus of a call. God must be the mainspring of the preacher's effort, the fountain and crown of all his toil. The name and honor of Jesus Christ, the advance of his cause, must be all in all. The preacher must have no inspiration but the name of Jesus Christ, no ambition but to have him glorified, no toil, but for him. Then prayer will be a source of his illuminations, the means of perpetual advance, the gauge of his success. The perpetual aim, the only ambition, the preacher can cherish is to have God with him.

Never did the cause of God need perfect illustrations of the possibilities of prayer more than in this age. No age, no person, will be ensamples of the gospel power except the ages or persons of deep and earnest prayer. A prayerless age will have but scant models of divine power. Prayerless hearts will never arise to these Alpine heights. The age may be a better age than the past, but there is an infinite distance between the betterment of an age by the force of an advancing civilization and its betterment by the increase of holiness and Christlikeness by the energy of prayer. The Jews were much better when Christ came than in the ages before. It was the golden age of their Pharisaic religion. Their golden religious age crucified Christ. Never more praying, never less praying; never more sacrifices, never less sacrifice; never less idolatry, never more idolatry; never more of temple worship, never less of God worship; never more of lip service, never less of heart service (God worshipped by lips whose hands and hearts crucified God's Son!); never more of church-goers, never less of saints.

It is prayer force which makes saints. Holy characters are formed by the power of real praying. The more of true saints, the more of praying; the more praying, the more of true saints.

There are two extreme tendencies in the ministry. The one is to shut itself out from intercourse with the people. The monk, the hermit were illustrations of this; they shut themselves out from men to be more with God. They failed of course. Our being with God is of use only as we expend its priceless benefits on men. This age, neither with the preacher nor with

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

people, is much intent on God. Our hankering is not that way. We shut ourselves to our study, we become students, bookworms, Bible worms, sermon makers, noted for literature, thought and sermons; but the people of God, where are they? Out of heart, out of mind. Preachers who are the great thinkers, great students, must be the greatest of prayers, or else they will be the greatest of backsliders, heartless professionals, rationalistic, less than the least of preachers in God's estimate.

The other tendency is to thoroughly popularize the ministry. He is no longer God's man, but a man of affairs, of the people. He prays not, because his mission is to the people. If he can move the people, create an interest, a sensation in favor of religion, an interest in Church work—he is satisfied. His personal relation to God is no factor in his work. Prayer has little or no place in his plans. The disaster and ruin of such a ministry cannot be computed by earthly arithmetic. What the preacher is in prayer to God, for himself, for his people, so is his power for real good to men, so is his true faithfulness, his true fidelity to God, to man, for time, for eternity.

It is impossible for the preacher to keep his spirit in harmony with the divine nature of his high calling without much prayer. That the preacher by dint of duty and laborious fidelity to the work and routine of the ministry can keep himself in trim and fitness is a serious mistake. Even sermon-making, incessant and taxing as an art, as a duty, as a work, as a pleasure, will engross and harden, will estrange the heart by neglect of prayer, from God. The scientist loses God in nature. The preacher may lose God in his sermon.

Prayer freshens the heart of the preacher, keeps it in tune with God, and in sympathy with the people, lifts his ministry out of the chilly air of a profession, fructifies routine and moves every wheel with the facility and power of divine unction.

Mr. Spurgeon says: "Of course the preacher is above all others distinguished as a man of prayer. He prays as an ordinary Christian, else he were a hypocrite. He prays more than ordinary Christians, else he were disqualified for the office he has undertaken. If you as ministers are not very prayerful, you are to be pitied. It you become lax in sacred devotion, not only will you need to be pitied but your people also, and the day cometh in which you shall be ashamed and confounded. All our libraries and studies are mere emptiness compared with our closets. Our seasons of fasting and prayer at the Tabernacle have been high days indeed; never has heaven's gate stood wider; never have our hearts been nearer the central Glory."

The praying which makes a prayerful ministry is not a little praying put in as we put flavor to give it a pleasant smack, but the praying must be in the body, and form the blood and bones. Prayer is no petty duty, put into a corner; no piecemeal performance made out of the fragments of time which have been snatched from business and other engagements of life; but it means that the best of our time, the heart of our time and strength must be given. It does not mean the closet absorbed in the study or swallowed up in the activites of ministerial duties; but it means the closet first, the study and activities second, both study and activities freshened and made efficient by the closet. Prayer that affects one's ministry must give tone to one's life. The praying which gives color and bent to character is no pleasant, hurried pastime. It must enter as strongly into the heart and life as Christ's "strong crying and tears" did; must draw out the soul into an agony of desire as Paul's did; must be an inwrought fire and force like the "effectual, fervent prayer" of James; must be of that quality which, when put into the golden censer and incensed before God works mighty spiritual throes and revolutions.

Prayer is not a little habit pinned on to us while we were tied to our mother's apron strings; neither is it a little decent quarter of a minute's grace said over an hour's dinner, but it is a most serious work of our most serious years. It engages more of time and appetite than our longest dinings or richest feasts. The prayer that makes much of our preaching must be made much of. The character of our praying will determine the character of our preaching. Light praying will make light preaching. Prayer makes preaching strong, gives it unction, and makes it stick. In every ministry weighty for good, prayer has always been a serious business.

The preacher must be pre-eminently a man of prayer. His heart must graduate in the school of prayer. In the school of prayer only can the heart learn to preach. No learning can make up for the failure to pray. No earnestness, no diligence, no study no gifts will supply its lack.

Talking to men for God is a great thing, but talking to God for men is greater still. He will never talk well and with real success to men for God who has not learned well how to talk to God for men. More than this, prayerless words in the pulpit and out of it are deadening words.

Among the Churches.

Redding.—The new pastor, the Rev. A. S. Mason, has begun his work, and the family is pleasantly domiciled in the manse.

Alameda, First.—The Rev. Frank S. Brush, the pastor, has returned with his son from a vacation spent at Glen Alpine.

Berkeley, First.—The new building begins to have a look of completion on the outside, although it is far from completion in the interior. The building is of stone from the foundation to the gallery and from the gallery to the top is frame. The rooms for the different departments of the work of the church are very complete and commodious and when finished it will be one of the best equipped buildings on this side the Bay.

San Francisco, Seventh Avenue.—The new building was dedicated on Sunday, the 22nd. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Henry C. Culton, D. D., of Winters. The cost of the building was 13,000, and a report from the building committee stated that there is no debt. The structure is frame, in a modified mission style of architecture. Ground was broken for the new building on December 4, last year, and the first services were held in it on the first Sunday in August.

Los Angeles, Immanuel.—Services were held in the auditorium on Sunday for the first time since the return of the pastor, the Rev. Hugh K. Walker, from his vacation. The entire interior has been renovated, walls re-tinted, pews re-polished and re-cushioned, the color scheme being green. Dr. Walker has served Im-

manuel Church for eleven years, and is held in the highest affection and esteem, not only by his own people, but by persons from all denominations throughout the city. The membership of the church is more than 2,100, which is about double what it was eleven years ago.

Lakeside, Martin Memorial.—This church occupies a neat chapel situated in the vicinity of the two lakes from which the city of San Jose gets a part of its water supply, and is in the foothills about four miles southwest of Los Gatos. The chapel was built in 1902 as a memorial to Rev. James Martin, a Jamaican missionary who gave the lot upon which the chapel stands. As at present furnished it will seat about fifty people, but could accommodate double that number. Mr. G. A. Raymond, whose family conduct an attractive resort near by, is one of the most active supporters of the work. The hour of service is at three in the afternoon, as the duties of the countryside prevent a morning attendance. Preaching is conducted by students from San Anselmo. Mr. Haerle, a young German, had charge of the service on Sunday, September 22nd, his text being Acts 3:6: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." After noticing the linking of the events in the chapter to the previous baptism at Pentecost, and the fact that Peter and John went out to service full of the spirit of Pentecost, the speaker proceeded in a very logical and helpful way to develop the thought of the blessedness of personal influence upon the lives of men. One of the great truths pointed out in passing was that while material things became less as they were distributed, spiritual things increased to the blessing of giver and receiver. The speaker instanced the total uselessness of money as a factor to have been used in the example of the text, but drew a forcible picture of the value of intellect if unselfishly cultivated; of sympathy if the heart were in it; of moral example if consistently exercised and of the crowning influence of the religion of Jesus Christ to save a world from sin and death. There is a small but active Union Endeavor Society whose meeting takes the place of the evening service. The whole character of this church seems to be upon a high plane which might well be emulated by more prosperous communities.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The opening exercises of the Seminary were held in Montgomery Memorial Chapel on Wednesday, the 18th, at 11 o'clock. There was a good attendance of friends. Dr. Landon presided and Drs. Day and Wicher participated in the devotional exercises. Dr. Moore delivered an able address on the subject, "The Life of the Seminary." He did not at all underestimate scholarship, but he laid great emphasis on the importance and necessity of spiritual culture and practical training to meet modern needs. The Junior class is one of the largest in many years, and when all the students have come the enrollment will probably be the largest in eight years.

Rev. Edwin B. Hays, '95, has resigned his pastorate at La Grande, Ore., where he has labored efficiently for the past five years. He has been active in the work of both presbytery and synod, having been moderator of the synod last year and for some time chairman of the Home Mission committee of his presbytery. He has supplied the pulpit at Petaluma the last two Sabbaths.

Dr. Wicher is to supply the pulpit of Howard Church, San Francisco, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. S. Thomas, who has gone East as the agent of the Assembly's committee which was appointed to complete the collection of $300,000 for the rebuilding of churches and institutions in San Francisco and vicinity.

The following officers have been elected by the Faculty for the ensuing year: Prof. T. V. Moore, chairman; Prof. Chas. G. Paterson, clerk.

Rev. Charles A. Douglass, '01, has left Teheran Persia, where he has been stationed for some years, to take charge of the work at Resht, on the Caspian lowlands. The missionary who had been there had to retire on account of his health. The climate is damp and unhealthy and the people are very fanatical, nevertheless Mr. and Mrs. Douglass cheerfully offered themselves and have gone to fill the gap for Christ's sake.

Dr. Day has been ill for several days. He is improving, but has not yet been able to begin the work of the classroom.

RALLY DAY, 1907.

To Sabbath School Superintendents and Pastors:

Dear Friends: An increasing number of the Presbyterian Sabbath Schools are observing a Rally Day in the fall, as an indispensable day in the church calendar.

Excellent programs have been prepared by the Board, elaborate enough for most schools and adaptable to the needs of any school.

If you care to hold a Rally Day in your church and school drop a postal card to Rev. Alexander Henry, D. D., Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, and tell him the number of programs and envelopes you desire.

The offering goes to support the colporteurs who are working among the great army of foreigners in our land. To evangelize these multitudes is a privilege and, if the republic is to be safe, a necessity.

If for any reason your school was unable to observe Children's Day, you can still have part in the Sabbath School Mission Work of the year by sending in a Rally Day offering.

A large proportion of our churches and schools gave generously to this work last year, but the ideal of the synod's Sabbath School committee. "An offering from every church and every school" is still in the distance. Can we count on you to help the committee to realize this?

Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR HICKS,
Supt. of Sabbath School Work.

NOTES.

Our readers will be glad to see in print the just and able defense of San Francisco by Dr. Geo. C. Adams of the First Congregational Church. Those who are connected with the church life of the struggling, rising city, will welcome this full account of the difficulties with which this church is contending.

NOTICE OF MEETING.

The Presbytery of San Joaquin will meet at Modesto, Cal., on Monday, Oct. 14, at 3 p. m.

GEORGE B. GREIG, Stated Clerk.

The Presbytery of Sacramento will meet in regular fall session in the Westminster Church, Sacramento, Cal., Monday, Oct. 14, 1907, at 7:30 p. m.

HUGH T. DOBBINS, Stated Clerk.

The Home.

CITY COMRADESHIP.

Face on face in the city, and when will the faces end?
Face on face in the city, but never the face of a friend;
Till my heart grows sick with longing and dazed with the din of the street,
As I rush with the thronging thousands, in a loneliness complete.

Shall I not know my brothers? Their toil is one with mine.
We offer the fruits of our labor on the same great city's shrine.
They are weary as I am weary; they are happy and sad with me;
And all of us laugh together when evening sets us free.
Face on face in the city, and where shall our fortunes fall?
Face on face in the city—my heart goes out to you all.
See, we labor together; is not the bond divine?
Lo, the strength of the city is built of your life and mine.

—Anna Louise Strong, in The Song of the City.

UNNECESSARY LABOR.

A. S. Atkinson, M. D.

Many of us are wearing out our lives, shortening them by ten and twenty years, because we have not learned to discriminate between the essential and non-essential affairs of life, and to husband our strength according to the needs of the hour. The successful man or woman is one who seems to be endowed with unfailing physical and mental prowess. We attribute this gift to Nature and conclude that the success is due more largely to inheritance than to actual personal efforts. In many cases the opposite is true; Nature has sparingly and grudgingly bestowed upon many of the world's greatest the physical powers necessary to counterbalance the mental endowments, and the consequence is it has been a life-long struggle against environments to make life a success.

There is no better lesson to teach the young than to prepare for life's battles with a clear consciousness of what we labor for. There must be an object for every effort, or else it is misdirected labor, and our work falls short of its highest attainment. With an object in view we must learn next how best to attain it with the expenditure of the least amount of nervous and mental energy. The old saying that "there is no royal way to learning" is true, but there is a direct way to it which does not lead through the paths of sickness and broken-down health. It may be attained through the exercise of functions that will give us actual pleasure and profit. There should be nothing in our studies that should make us dread them so that worry and anxiety rob us of their sweetness. A healthy organization should love to surmount difficulties, and the student will attack such problems with as much avidity and consciousness of power as the business man does obstacles placed in the way of his ultimate success. When healthy and in good trim, we enjoy a little combat, something to overcome and conquer, and it is an excellent training for us to plan our attack so that we can make the best disposition possible of our forces.

In the home, social life and other lines of effort where women's powers are directed, this same waste of energy is apparent, and we find thousands carrying loads that should never have been taken up. They have misunderstood the conception of life and work, and they have picked up one burden after another until they are tottering on the verge of a collapse from which they may never recover.

Mental and nervous illnesses are the great foes of modern life, and we suffer from them more than the savage in his brute state ever suffered from physical discomfits or wounds. Women in particular are susceptible to these weaknesses, which prey upon the body until physical collapse often follows. It is not sufficient that medical advice be given, that outdoor recreation and exercise be prescribed, or that dieting should be carefully studied and followed for each individual case. The mind must be taught to act for the body and nerves. The mental disease must first be removed or cured before the nerves can be returnd to their normal condition. The diseased mind may often simply be one that has failed all along to see life in its true perspective. There has been no other weakness or shortcoming than that the mental life was not alert in grasping the essential parts of existence, and as a result it has worn itself out unnaturally in misdirected effort.

In engaging in the different lines of work which men have heretofore performed in the world women must learn this secret of conserving the health and strength, and not waste their energies upon the unnecessary thing. Economy of strength is as essential to their success as economy in dollars and cents. If they cannot repare their minds and bodies for the strains and crises which come in every business or professional career they must inevitably fail. If trifles and details are going to worry them they will never bring a clear mind to the solution of the important issues. They will, in short, wear out their existence before their business career is half over, or perhaps scarcely begun.

There has been a great demonstration of this in the past decade. In entering upon the new lines of work in the world, scores and hundreds of women have failed to adapt themselves to the new conditions confronting them. They have possessed all the zeal and ardor necessary for a business or professional success, and they have brought the talent and physical balance to the work necessary to insure success. But after a few years of toil they have had to withdraw through failing health and a possible nervous collapse.

Plenty of healthy work is good for the mind and nerves of man or woman, but only the necessary work should be performed, and that thoroughly, and in the best manner. If all could learn to do this the burden of the world would be lightened by nearly one-half. At present a large percentage of misdirected labor goes into the daily task, and it counts for nothing in the end. Indeed, it works absolute harm instead of good by prematurely wearing out lives that should be saved for more important tasks and labors that would help toward making life easier, better and happier for all.

The Quiet Hour.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials, but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and apointed exercises of

the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has provided, or purposed for the trial of our virtue; these are best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the latter because not chosen ourselves.

To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, instruction, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—Hannah Moore.

TO WHAT END IS OUR LIFE?

There is an end of mortal life. Then we gather up the things we have gathered in this world, they are added to our soul, and we carry them out of the world with us. Then no man will ever be sorry that in his youth he bowed his forehead to God in prayer; no man will be sorry then that he clasped his hands in the instant of his resolution, and swore that he would reverence the dreams of his youth and keep undefiled a conscience in his heart and honor his God with a great life. That is sacramental and holy. Rejoice, O young man, in the strength of thy life, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth! But remember that for all these things God continually calls you to account. Remember into what littleness men may make their life taper off and vanish away, so that they come from riches and toil and honors with nothing in their hand that is worth gathering! Remember what an eternal joy a man may glean from a small field of life, and go home with the sheaves in his bosom and be welcomed with a smile from his God!

Of old time Michael Angelo took his copies from the persons in the streets, and wrought them out on the walls and the ceiling of the Vatican, changing a beggar into a saint, and an ordinary woman who bore a basket of flowers on her arm into an angel; and the beggar and the flower girl stand there now in their lustrous beauty, speaking to eyes that wander from every side of the green world. The rock slumbered in the mountain; and he reached his hands out and took it and gathered the stones from the field about him, and built them in that awful pile which, covering acres of ground, reaches up its mgihty dome toward heaven, constraining the mob of the city to bow their foreheads and to vow great prayers to God. So, my brothers and sisters, out of the common events of life, out of the passions put by God into your hearts, you may paint on the walls of your life the fairest figures, angels and prophets.

Out of the common stones of your daily work you may build yourself a temple which shall shelter your head from all harm and bring down on you the inspiration of God.—Theodore Parker.

CHOOSE THOU FOR ME.

Choose thou, my Lord, for me
  The cross that I must bear.
Let all its sorrows be
  Thy choice and care.

Its burden of distress
  Let thine own love allow.
Its weight and weariness
  Apportion thou!

Lest I complaining lose
  Thine unknown thought of good · ·
And some fair crown refuse
  Of perfecthood.

Nor let me dread the way,
  Though burdened I must fare,
Since thou, my staff and stay,
  Art with me there.

—I. O. RANKIN.

Young People.

A CRAFTY OLD THIEF.

There's a crafty old thief, of nuisances chief,
  Who goes prowling around day by day.
She subsists on the hours which she slyly devours—
  Look out! for she's coming your way.

This crafty old thief may bring you to grief
  She's robbing you more than you think.
If you say, "Wait a minute," she's sure to fit in it
  An hour, or more yet, in a wink.

Just say, "By and by that problem I'll try,"
  And she comes with her trap slyly set,
To grapple your hours, which by mites she devours,
  And not one word of thanks will you get.

When I hear a boy whine, "I haven't had time
  To do this hard lesson," I've found
That this crafty old thief, with her well-sharpened teeth
  Has always been prowling around.

What! Asking her name? Have you not guessed the same
  Ere this from the tale I have told?
This thief of low station is Procrasti-Nation,
  A sinner the universe old.

—Letta Sterling Lewis, in Youth's Instructor.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S GUN.

Robinson Crusoe's gun, the identical weapon that was the mainstay of that lonely sailor during his castaway life on Crusoe Island, is here in Philadelphia, the jealously-guarded property of Miss Hulda B. White, of 201 North Thirty-fourth street.

The recent discovery of that fact is causing the wealthy descendants of Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures were the basis of Daniel De Foe's famous story, no little uneasiness.

British magazines, since the relic has been traced to America, have printed several articles, in which it is described as "rusting, uncared for and alone in the attic of some unappreciative Yankee," and many overtures have been made to its present owner to purchase it, the price offered being much higher than that originally paid for the ancent firearm.

Instead of the attic troubling the Selkirk relatives, the gun occupies a place of honor in the beautiful home of one of West Philadelphia's wealthiest women, and

the papers, showing the authenticity of its pedigree, are locked up carefully in the vaults of a local trust company.

Miss White has had the gun for more than thirty years. The story of her ownership is unique, and gives the relic, in her eyes at least, an added value.

Forty years ago a distant cousin left Philadelphia for a tour of England and Scotland. Knowing Miss White's penchant for collecting old things, he kept his eyes open for odd bits, and many a piece of Miss White's large collection came through him. While in Largo, the old-fashioned Fifeshire town in which Alexander Selkirk was born, he noticed in passing by a cottage that a public sale was in progress—some one being dispossessed for non-payment of rent. He went in and when the old gun was offered, together with the papers proving its identity, became an excited bidder, finally carrying it away with him, after having paid $160 to the auctioneer.

Several hours later a messenger came to the hotel where he was staying, with a letter. The communication was from the auctioneer, who wrote that a wealthy relative of the Selkirk family had authorized him to offer the purchaser of the gun $320, double the price paid.

Loath to take the heirloom that was evidently so highly prized from the family, he said that if the would-be purchaser would meet him at the dock the next day he would give up the gun. The Selkirk representative did not turn up, and the gun sailed for America to be presented to its present owner.

In the last few years Miss White has had letter after letter from England, some of them offering her goodly sums for her prize.

Intrinsically the gun is not worth fifty cents. It is of a pattern invented in the year 1676, a firelock.

In the days when such weapons were used, the gun was loaded almost to the muzzle with powder, with a little placed in the flash-pan near the hammer. When the hammer descended it struck a piece of flint, ignited the powder in the pan, and the weapon was discharged. —Philadelphia North American.

HE DARED TO TELL THE TRUTH.

A boy once went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys—they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not hard, opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going on errands, and helping around. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother.

"I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days when, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame for it or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No, said the boy. "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then, stretching out his hand, he said heartily:

"Sam, give me your hand; shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.—Scotch Tract.

WHY

I know a little boy—his name begins with C—
Who, when he's busy playing, is as strong as strong can be.

He can lug a heavy box, roll a barrel big as he,
He's as nimble as a fox, when a bonfire there's to be.

He can pull his great big Flyer—he is feeling well, you see;
It's astonishing how very strong that little boy can be!

But when father wants the snowdrifts cleared away before the door,
Or mother wants a package from the corner grocery store,

That tired feeling comes apace—he is not feeling well, you see;
It's astonishing how very weak this little boy can be!

MONEY IN PSEUDO-RELIGION.

The Providence Journal Touches Up Some of the Workers of Human Gullibility.

The American people would hardly be classed as a profoundly religious people. And they are commonly thought to be a shrewd and not easily gullible people in matters of dollars and cents. At the same time the freak or faddish in religious concernments easily finds its way to the American pocketbook. The exposure of the methods of a so-called American Salvation Army is a case in point. The evidence that was sufficient to break up the organization in what appeared to be its headquarters, Brooklyn, showed that a group of very ordinary workers of human gullibility were making an easy living by pocketing the proceeds of a religious system that the Salvationists have developed for the good of mankind. One of its officers "stationed" in Providence is said to have been drawing the comfortable wage of twenty-five dollars a week for his services. It is perhaps only strange that the vast popular support that is accorded the Salvation Army is not more often taken advantage of to afford gainful occupation to the powers that prey. Probably, however, the Salvationists themselves keep a sharp eye out to protect the public against such masqueraders.

This "American Salvation Army" was, of course, a ridiculously small money-maker by contrast to many familiar examples of the ease with which the American pocketbook is approached through the medium of pseudo-religious movements that are not always and necessarily to the accused of a purpose to defraud. John Alexander Dowie's wealth when Zion City was at its zenith was estimated in millions and he had nothing to begin with but his religious programme. "Elijah" Sandford of Maine may some day become as rich as was Dowie. Although exiled, he is already doing well with thousands laid away and a steam yacht under his command. Sandford's most conspicuous material possessions when he started his movement were a wheelbarrow and a shovel. The Holy Rollers of the Northwest, the Holy Jumpers, the Golden Rulers and sects of such fantastic names rise and fall, but their leaders usually retire comfortably well fixed. It is too early yet, perhaps, to completely establish a verdict as to Christian Science, but its profits to its founder are variously estimated at from a modest million to twenty or thirty millions.

SOCIAL CHANGES IN CHINA.

The sending of three Chinese women at the expense of the Chinese government to this country to be educated in social customs is full of significance. According to the press reports three Chinese girls, wards of the Emperor, two of them of royal blood, the first Chinese women sent by the Government to America to be educated, arrived at Wellesley College. It is their aim to gain knowledge to be used in the social uplifting of China. They are Miss Faung Yetin Tsao, a woman of 30, who speaks English fluently; Miss Chiche Wang, who is 26, and Miss Ning H-Sia Hu, who is 18. They hope to enter Wellesley at the beginning of the session. The three students and their party are in native Chinese costume, but will adopt American dress if desired.

This marks the beginning of a large movement. The changing of the status of the Chinese women is the most fundamental social change that could be made. In a single generation a vast social change will result.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father; let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heavens' green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MOUNT HERMON

September and October

1907

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The Summer Excursion Rates continue until October 31st. The fare from all points to MOUNT HERMON and return is the same as to Santa Cruz and return to the same points.

The Association is putting two new Subdivisions of lots upon the market to supply the fall demand.

COME NOW AND WELCOME.

NOT PITY, NOT SYMPATHY, BUT COMPASSION.

Neither pity nor sympathy rises into the beauty and blessedness of compassion. The priest that saw the robbed and half-dead man that lay in the rough, dangerous road that leads down to Jericho may have been brimful of pity for that poor fellow. Ah, it was a sight that would have touched any one's heart; but pity alone is cheap and weak, so the priest hastened on to attend to important concerns. And the Levite that came along that day may have been deeply touched by the sight and great tears of sympathy may have gathered in his eyes, for, perchance he was once in that fix himself, but he was on an important mission that day and so he passed by on the other side. But the Samaritan "had compassion on him." Compassion did the deed—compassion that put pity and sympathy to work with their sleeves rolled up helping the one in need. That is what brought Christ the Lord from the skies—not pity alone with all its tender pang, nor sympathy, by itself, beautiful and divine as it is, but these in action—these under compulsion of compassion that could not rest till the glorious robes of heavenly royalty had been laid aside and the adorable Son of the Eternal King had left His throne and come to this earth and suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring the race to God.

We say that love is divinest, but it is divinest only when it is compassionate. Bare human love often has an element of selfishness in it and is called forth by something lovely in its object. But compassion is a depth beyond. It is love at its highest—at its utmost. It is "love refined to utter purity." A mother loves her child with a true affection when the child is well and happy and she says to herself, "How happy I am in my love for my child. He is the sunshine of my life." But when the little one is taken sick and his head is hot with the fever, the sunshine is gone, but a deeper, diviner something takes possession of her being. It is love in tears trying to help its object. It is love made a different thing—a self-forgetful, vicarious thing by the sight of its object in distress—a compassionate love a little like that which planned Calvary in the midst of the ages for the saving of men from the pain and sorrow which sin has brought upon the world. And we shall never be Christ-like till the sight of human want and sin shall change our pity and sympathy into a compassionate love that shall count no offering too costly that men may be saved.—Northern Christian Advocate.

TWO WONDERFUL TEXTS.

Two texts of scripture there are which, put together, I think are the most wonderful in the Bible. They do suggest a child lying in the cradle, and a loving face bent over it, and a sweet voice murmuring above its head. But I marvel with inexpressible surprise and adoration when I find who the Singer is, and who is the child.

This is the first verse: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The other verse I find in Zephaniah 3:17: "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing."

Oh! I have thought, again and again, in my history, of this picture; and I am not too proud to say my eyes have filled with tears of emotion as I have tried to comprehend how the eternal Jehovah seems to sing beside one who loves Him, as I remember how my mother used to sing restful songs of comfort beside our bed on the old Sabbath nights.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D.

WHY THIRTEEN IS UNLUCKY.

An explanation of unlucky thirteen is given in The Housekeeper for August. It is usually stated that the superstitious objection to sitting thirteen at a table in Christian countries, was based on the fact of the Last Supper, when Christ and his twelve disciples sat down to eat together, immediately before the Savior was seized by his enemies. But in the Norse mythology, which is supposed to antedate the introduction of Christianity among the Northmen, we find the superstition referred to the fact that at a banquet of gods, Loki, the spirit of mischief, intruded himself, making thirteen at the table, wherefore there was a fight and Baldour, a young hero especially loved by all the gods, was killed. For the fact is, the objection to this number seems to have existed even before Christianity. Among the Turks, the number is so disliked and feared that it is never even named; with the Aztecs, the aborigines of Mexico, it was believed to have magic power and a like fancy has been found in other Indian tribes. Among the ignorant blacks of the South, the fear of this number in any connection is actually absurd, but whether they have borrowed this idea from their imperfect knowledge of Christianity, or whether it is a survival of the Voodoo worship of their ancestors, it is impossible to say, for the superstition has a strong hold everywhere, even among those who should know better than to be swayed by it. In Italy it is never used in making up the numbers of the favorite lotteries, and in Paris it is omitted in numbering the houses on the streets.

Remember, it is looking downward that makes one dizzy. Look up, and your brain clears, your heart grows calm, your strength comes to you for every task and every emergency.—Selected.

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Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

—Goethe.

THE GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS IN THE WORLD.

The attendance upon and interest in the great Bible Class at Ocean Grove this summer has been unprecedented. The following is the recorded attendance for the first eight Sundays: July 7, 691; July 14, 823; July 21, 934; July 26, 1026; August 4, 1162; August 11, 1760; August 18, 2885 were counted, and it was estimated that there were quite 700 more present, or more than 3,500; August 25, 3552 were counted and the ushers concluded there were quite 1,000 additional, or more than 4,500 actually present.

Dr. L. W. Munhall, the evangelist, is the teacher. Fully one-half of those in attendance are Sunday-school teachers. At least 20 per cent of the remaining persons are ministers. Possibly half of the class are Methodists. In the remaining portion nearly every denomination of Christians can be found, the Presbyterian and Baptist churches largely predominating. It is international as well as interdenominational. The International Sunday-school lessons are taught, at the close of which half an hour, sometimes longer, is given to questions and answers. The class submits written questions: 1st, on the lesson; 2nd, on any Biblical matters; and 3rd, on Christian work. The teacher is expected to answer these questions. The interest is always intense, and the sessions instructive and profitable.

FOR THE FUTURE.

The secret of happiness is inward. People had good times when there were no friction matches, no brilliantly-illuminated streets, no steamboats or railroads, no sewing machines, no postage stamps, no comfortably-heated homes, no telegraphs or telephones. The elements of happiness are not in things, but in human nature itself. But the fairer conditions, the greater opportunities, which the marvelous modern inventions afford to the masses of our humanity should augment our joy and expand our hopes. The most obvious fact of human history is that of progress. The race is following a flying and a growing ideal. It is inspired and saved by hope. Every helpful invention, every improvement of sanitary conditions, every new ray of intellectual and spiritual illumination, every scientific achievement, every amelioration of physical suffering, every new avenue of enjoyment, every victory of righteousness, every faithful deed in lowly and lofty places, increases the splendor and the power of our vision of the future.

THE INFLUENCE OF A WORD.

How enormously important are these first conversations of childhood! I felt it this morning with a sort of religious terror. Innocence and childhood are sacred. The sower who casts in the seed, the father or mother casting in the fruitful word, are accomplishing a pontifical act, and ought to perform it with a religious awe, with prayer and gravity, for they are laboring at the kingdom of God. All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity; and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. We forget too often that language is both a seed-sowing and a revelation. The influence of a word in season—is it not incalculable? What a mystery is speech! But we are blind to it, because we are carnal and earthly. We see the stones and the trees by the road, the furniture of our houses—all that is palpable and material. We have no eyes for the invisible phalanxes of ideas which people the air and hover incessantly around each one of us.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

LO! IT IS NIGH THEE.

The surprise of life always comes in finding how we have missed the things that have been nearest to us; how we have gone far away to seek that which was close by our side all the time, says Phillips Brooks. Men who live best and longest are apt to come, as the result of all their living, to the conviction that life is not only richer but simpler than it seemed to them at first. Men go to vast labor seeking after peace and happiness. It seems to them as if it were far away from them, as if they must go through vast and strange regions to get it. They must pile up wealth, they must see every possible danger of mishap guarded against, before they can have peace. Upon how many old men has it come with strange surprise that peace could come to rich and poor only with contentment, and that they might as well have been content at the very beginning as at the very end of life! They have made a long journey for their treasure, and when at last they stoop to pick it up, lo! it is shining close beside the footprints which they left when they set out to travel in a circle.—J. R. Miller.

All great men have been dreamers and have had dreams of their future. But not every dreamer has been a great man. The truly great man is a practical idealist.—Mr. W. Dunn Foster.

The man who loves God and walks with Him has no concern at all with death. He has eternal life.—Louise S. Houghton.

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Toasted Corn Flakes.....pkg	.12½
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Welch's Grape Juice, pints...2 for	.45
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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The past has shriveled and buried deep
All yesterdays. Then let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.

Concern yourself with but today,
Woo it, and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began,
Today has been the friend of man;

But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday and tomorrow.

You and today! a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,

With God Himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say, attain! attain!

—Selected.

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THE SALOON HAS SEEN ITS BEST DAY.

That the temperance forces are waging a winning battle against the saloon is evident in many ways, and from various sources. A recent editorial in the Wine and Spirit Gazette, a leading representative of the liquor interests, under the caption "A Warning: Fanatical Proscription Winning Its Way," says:

"The license system is in peril and the business interests dependent upon its perpetuity are threatened with disaster.

"The new wave of restriction and proscription gains its impetus in the South, where the negro question haunts the white citizens unceasingly, and race hatred dominates all the relations of life.

"The growth of the no-license area in the South is phenomenal."

After setting forth somewhat in detail the progress of the reform, the editor asks "What is being done to turn back the destructive tide?" His answer is "Practically nothing," continuing in that connection:

"Meet in convention, have a good time, resolve, and go home.

"Run a literary bureau whose literature only reaches the already convinced.

"The wine producer resolves in his interest.

"The distiller resolves in his interest.

"The brewer is for the brewer; and the wholesaler wants the whole thing, and there you are.

"The common interest and the common cause are neglected, while the crisis is here and destruction impends.

"The Texas brewers were indifferent so long as remote counties were voting dry, because they could sell in the center of population.

"The Georgia brewers thought that the dry wave couldn't strike their territory, but it did.

"The complacent stupidity of these people was marvelous!"

The article goes on then to forecast the future as follows:

"When the majority representation in the Georgia legislature represented dry counties, Georgia enacted prohibition.

"Texas will follow suit. Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, and other Southern States will fall in line.

"The next line of battle will be in Washington, in the United States Congress.

"The Southern representatives will be controlled by their prohibition constituency, the senators the same; the representatives of the Northern prohibition states and no-license districts being in the majority, all revenue and interstate commerce laws will be in line with the prohibition policy."

As to the anti-saloon policy the editorial says in conclusion that it is "intelligent and consistent." As to the opposition, it is said that it has no policy, "is disintegrated, chaotic," and that the gift of prophecy is not required to declare the result. Nevertheless the final question is, "Gentlemen of the trade, what are you going to do about it?"

That there is considerable alarm in the ranks of the liquor forces has been evident for some time. One of our exchanges says that they are panic-stricken. The situation among them is not yet so bad as that; but without doubt many see the hand-writing on the wall, and are hoping to avert the doom of the saloon by the granting of measures that may placate somewhat some of the forces arrayed against it. It is safe to say that the saloon has seen its best day, and the people of our land its worst day.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Reports of travelers and articles from magazines are giving to the people of our country some little idea of the wonderful progress which is being made in the Southland. Northern enterprise, and northern views of the dignity of labor, have perhaps slowly but surely found their way into the South and been welcomed there by the best spirits; and so a mighty change is in progress. Cities are growing rapidly in population and especially in wealth. Statistics are given which show that the wealth of the South is increasing at the rate of over seven millions a day. The fact that the temperance reform is so general in this part of our land which has such a store of undeveloped resources is one that should fill every patriot's heart with joy. It will make more safe and far more useful the immigration from foreign lands which the people of this section are now so eagerly seeking. We may also gladly hope that this movement will make the serious problem of lifting up the growing negro population more easy to solve. It was good to see in the Jamestown Exposition the evidences of that progress which through the help of the schools and colleges of the A. M. A. the colored people are making. One who saw their large building when the exhibits were just beginning to be arranged must feel sure that when completed it would be a credit to those who have labored so long underground, as it were, in their homeland. We quote from the Home Missionary of September these words about the New South: "Staid old Southern villages have been transformed in a generation and some in a decade into busy manufacturing towns. New cities have sprung up as if by magic from the valleys and plains, echoing the call of the new South to the new life of industry and energy which is already transforming both the visible and invisible conditions of existence. To man these mills and fill these towns the native people from the hills and plains have come, and, with their exodus to the cities, new problems have arisen both in country and town. One of these is the scarcity of labor in the cotton fields and in all agricultural pursuits. The negro laborer is needed and paid better by the great construction and mining enterprises. The white population is thronging the town and city for the larger opportunities of the business

world. The Rural South is being deserted for the city." Speaking of the negro the writer says: "Negro shiftlessness, crime, ignorance and presumption are unpleasant facts. Perhaps he does not always get justice and his virtues may be forgotten in the presence of his racial failings, but underneath all the race bitterness and false philosophy lies a kindly, generous purpose which will finally work out the salvation of both white and black."

WERE I A LAYMAN.

The Meditations of a San Francisco Pastor.

What would I, a minister, do if removed from the limitations that belong to me now, from my opportunities also, and should receive some morning in their place all that belongs to a business or some other professional career?

Were I a layman what would I be and do? The question is real. The answer shall be serious.

I should, to begin with, avoiding the eccentric and abnormal, set out for the development of a balanced character, such as man and society must have in order to remain right side up. The Bible affords a symbol of such in the cubiform city of the Revelation. This is a type of the square man; he is a cube and therefore as to equipoise always right side up, with every surface of character proof positive of five other surfaces of equal dimensions. His public life co-ordinates his private life, his individual his social life, and so on, the sum of all being a character lying four square, breadth, length and height all equal, good to see and safe to trust.

A cube may be less handsome than a pinnacle, but it cannot fall. Turned over it is just the same. The pinnacle in society is not worth so much as the cube, for society needs character that cannot collapse.

This, then, is what I would like to be, always found right side up, and, in order to maintain such fine balance, I would strive to keep the six surfaces of my character in equal proportion. These surfaces would be: The domestic and social, the civic and industrial, the intellectual, the religious and ethical, the foundation in faith, the outlook of hope. The first with its ideal home and associated life; the second, with my duty to the state and my share of the world's work; the third, my study, intellectual occupations and companionships; the fourth, my faith in action, my Christian and social service; the fifth, my foundation, my secret life with God; the sixth and upper one, my hope of immortality. These are the surfaces I would try to keep in equal maesure, and the solid contents of the cube so formed would be my life.

Considering the first of these, I would undertake to serve my generation through the power of the good home. There was no civilization before the human race was set in families, and there would be none should home and family disappear. Home is the darling of liberty. At the fireside the light of patriotism is kindled. Home rocks the cradle of every virtue, and without home the grace of hospitality is a starving orphan doomed to die. It means nothing good to society, this multiplication of clubs and fraternities. A boarding house may perform a useful service but it is only for emergencies, a shelter for those who pause by the way. It is not normal. Its very name is without resonance. It no more makes a home than putty makes a bell. Therefore every well-ordered, happy home, refined, hospitable and Christian, is a means of grace for society, a dynamic for civilization, and therefore, having the permanence of location possible in a layman's life, I would stand for such a home. It might not be large; size is not important. It might not possess great elegance; simplicity is better. But itwould be genial and kind, a place of good comradeship, a little democracy, given to hospitality.

And the social element of my nature should fit the domestic as I went abroad. Society cannot purify itself. It has of its own no decalogue and no gospel, no healing salt for its springs. But at the same time society is not without messengers of grace if it will only hear them. And who are they? Some are men upon whom hands were laid with all solemn prayer in holy ordination, but by far the larger number belong to the order of Aquila and his mates, Christian laymen with their numerous and varied opportunities in the world of business. Society, the world at work and plav. needs the social Christian with his refinement, courtesy and gentleness. It needs his cheerfulness to save it from frivolity, his sincerity to deliver it from cant. It needs his righteousness too, and the militant fruits thereof. Thus to the layman in social life is given power and opportunity to prove the Christian life to be the one pure, wholesome, natural life, a life that does more, enjoys more, and is more than any other; that its aims and accomplishments, temper and spirit, are in every way better and higher. To thus show forth as sunlight on the hills the Glory of Christ in human life, what a privilege for the layman as he moves among his friends! And how special his opportunity. For try as he will to avoid it, wrong as it certainly is to do so, the world in large proportion receives the minister's faith as a label; but the layman's faith when tested in the acids of work and competition, is known to be dyed in the fabric.

In the civic service the layman exhibits his relation to public interest. With fewer limitations than belong to the minister in this particular I would be a politician, perhaps professionally, though I trust I would not "do politics" nor let politics "do me." In a government organized as ours, no citizen can square up to his conscience who delegates the responsibility of government to his neighbors, afterward but to join the calamity chorus when things go wrong. No man has a right to find fault with conditions in which he shares responsibility with others until he has bravely done his own square level best. As a layman, therefore, I would try to know the "things that are," to discover Caesar's due and render it. I would get to know the primary and ballot box as familiar friends, as comrades at arms in every good cause. Furthermore, realizing that there is such a thing as a collective conscience, I would strive to do my share in saving that conscience from the irons, my share in keeping it awake and at the post of duty.

It is business which occupies most of the average layman's time, so it is in the business world the layman finds his principal opportunities for service. Here, too, he meets the chief abrasions that would destroy the symemtry of the cube of character. Most men are too busy. Given one trust it escapes them while they undertake another, and by over developing the working side they become lopsided or out of plumb. It is much better to slow down. To strike less often but with more precision. As a layman in business I believe of course that I should have a good clean occupation. I had rather be a fountain than a sewer or a sponge,

and I had rather work than play. Therefore I would choose a good, clean occupation that I could expose as Daniel did his prayers with the windows open toward Jerusalem, an ample area in which I could breathe and move freely in my life of service. My motive in business would be composite. It would involve of necessity my means of making a living, it would include a desire to really serve my community, and would by all means be my way of earning money for the work of my Master's kingdom. Grateful to be so trusted, I would do my best, remembering that a steward of opportunity as well as of substance must be found faithful. The King's way is to use the money of his subjects. I acknowledge his right to do so, and my King, were I a layman, should as surely have the product of my ingenuity and enterprise as he now has the gifts I am able to bring in my present capacity. Could all young men preparing for business life be filled with this motive and go forth in the world of commerce determined to find and secure and provide means for the Master's work, his charities, his evangel, all his enterprises, with such impulses and such aims, what a change there would be, what a glory would spread over the skies of industry, what a great onward movement would begin for all things of the kingdom of God.

As a layman, therefore, I think I would have a farm, keep a store, or bank, or shop, or sail a ship, or work for some other with my hands, making little and satisfied therewith if it were my best, making much if I could, which were better, and all for Jesus' sake, all to reach his wounded hand through my ministry to others, while dispensing charity like his, which knew no bounds.

Now he has not the balanced character who neglects the intellectual. Demands of social, public and business life, and even the quiet comfort of the cozy corner often stand in the way of mental culture. This ought not to be, and need not, in ordinary conditions. The times demand every man's best, and for this the mind requires nurture and exercise, training, even discipline, and some pleasure. These are requirements newspaprs do not meet. It is in the book world with the masters we climb our heights, reach altitudes of vision and find our pleasant pastures. Such reading enlarges our world and brings us to good comradeship with great and noble souls. Ruskin annoints the eyes for vision, Carlyle toughens the mental fibre, Emerson electrifies the perceptions, Shakespeare enlarges the horizon, and Homer marshaling the hosts of song fills the mental firmament with music. Reading of the right sort creates a new heart, brings a greater soul, sets the brain in order and fortifies against the loneliness of illness and of age. As a layman, therefore, I would not make the common surrender to other demands but would have my own proper share in the goodly fellowship of books.

No nature is balanced, or can be, with a cold shoulder on the religious side, and as a layman I would need to exercise special care in this particular, since so much of my time would be spent where, generally, there is a sad lack of Christian emphasis. But I am confident that I would exercise this care, and my inward life of faith should appear in my outward life of action. And of course my religious life would have to lead me into most intimate relations with the church. I would not only be a member, but would seek to be a member in particular, earnestly desiring in all equipment for service the best gifts. The teaching function and opportunity would probably appeal to me and I would offer my services to the superintendent and pastor for this work. My Christian work should be less incidental than it is with many, and a more engrossing occupation. I would, having the experience of business with me, know that it is idle and foolish to waste time in doubtful disputations, and so would give my time and thought to things assured.

The missionary work of the world, in which the church is now realizing the most glorious epoch of opportunity in all history, I would study and help with all my strength. Owning my Master's right to rule my life I would bend a listening ear each day, to hear him speak his will concerning my share in the great commission. Knowing all the work of the church to be great and not small, I would try to be a great man in it, and no trifles should interfere with my devotion. Of course I would not be a flitting bird or hop from branch to branch, but I would attend the service and share the work of my own denomination, and stand by my own church as a man by his own family, his associates in business, brothers in fraternity, comrades in war. Yet I should wish to enjoy permanent affiliation with all who love our Lord. Of this, in my mind now, there is no doubt. However I could not simply belong to a church, but I would be a part of it. To me the church would be an organism and not an organization. I would not be a grain in the sand pile. My church must be a living tree upon which each member is grafted to share thenceforth its life.

That surface of the cube character resting unseen upon the foundation would be my secret life in God; the upper surface, above and therefore out of sight, my outlook upon immortality and the world of Glory. With these surfaces alike and the others all squared to them, my character would be cubiform and so fit well in the spiritual temple my Lord is building. If then his hand of love would do the polishing, I should reach the end of my desire and be satisfied.

Now for this idea of a layman's life I have not resorted to imagination nor employed invention. Examples abound in every age of the balanced character. Among slaves, Onesiphorus, a model friend; of craftsmen there is Aquilla in his friendly home; of men with estates, Barnabas, the good man full of faith; and among the cultured my fancy finds the good man of a certain house who made ready the supper room for Jesus and his friends. But one need not look, even, for such as these to other times and distant lands, for they are to be found about us and with us here and now. These men are the salt of the earth. Without them it is even as Jesus said, the earth would be good for nothing, and, for my part, I count it no honor in the church to be in some way separated from them in the work I have to do. The greater honor is that they trust me, and grant me the inexpressible joy and satisfaction of their comradeship.

A TIMELY WORD ON UNION LABOR TYRANNY.

It is beyond intelligent question that our country is as much endangered, perhaps more so, by the tyranny of organized labor than by the tyranny of capital and the great capitalistic trusts. As stated heretofore frequently in these columns we believe in labor unions; they are a necessity. But the conduct of organized labor here and there in recent years, and especially in San Francisco, has been such frequently as to call for nothing but condemnation from all thought-

ful right-minded people. It has run mad, and were it not for the fact that union labor organizations are an absolute essential in the world of industry, they would stand in imminent danger of being wiped out of existence speedily. That they must change their methods is evident. We are confident that the better elements will come into control everywhere ere long, and that they will do this.

A recent issue of **American Industries** contained an article in reply to the charge of Samuel Gompers that a great war fund was being raised with which to attempt to crush organized labor. In that article we find some things well worth quoting. The article disavows the intention charged, and takes the position now generally taken that labor unions came into existence because of injustices against workingmen. It is said in that connection:

"They have done a great work, and they yet have a greater work to do. To destroy them would be to step backward in the march of sociological progress. To attempt to destroy them would be to run counter to the greatest law of creation, the law of equal and exact justice—always working, and from the decisions of which there is no appeal. To deny that the unionization of labor has accomplished a great work would be to blind one's self to the logic of events.

"He who would take from labor the rights that it possesses, the right to work in every just way to better its condition, would be one who perhaps in the heat of battle would slay his best friend, for to destroy or to crush organized labor, as it is charged is the intention of the National Association of Manufacturers, would be to take a distinct backward step and to destroy that balance of power which is an absolute necessity to our industrial welfare and to our moral well-being."

Referring on the other hand, to the evils that have sprung up in the name of the unions, the article continues: "Has not the power of organized labor, growing upon what it fed upon, created a trust in every sense of the abhorrent word, more powerful than those which have most recently come under the ban of popular disapproval; more directly stifling to honest competition; more completely in restraint of trade; more tyrannical, unjust and inhuman than any of the practices which brought them into being? Because we grant to union labor its rights shall we be asked to grant the continuation of its wrongs?

"These are the evils of oppression of their fellows by union members; unconscionable demands upon employers, which, if granted, would destroy both; tampering with legislation and legislators; interference with personal rights and liberty; attacking personal and corporate business houses with a view to injuring their trade; interfering with the liberty of the press; attacking and tying up public utilities upon which the health and comfort of the entire public rests, and the many variations of these which are their outcroppings. These are the evils, in general, for the combating of which the misnamed 'war fund' is to be used, and its purpose is not to crush organized labor, as is claimed, unless those who make this charge are prepared to admit that labor unionism is so wholly evil that with this element removed their life would be gone.

There are in all the labor unions of this country about 2,500,000 members. There are approximately 80,000,000 in this country, of whom perhaps 30,000,000 are actual laboring people. Union labor is consequently 8.3 per cent of the whole, and yet this 8.3 per cent exercise more oppression on the country than any other trust. Even this small percentage is dominated by the radical few so that the controlling force is no greater numerically than in any other trust. It is to the thralldom and the selfish interest of these that we would awaken the whole."

The aims of the movement are then set forth as follows:

"To support for the federation a literary bureau and a speakers' bureau.

"To continue the educational work of the different separate organizations in a far larger and more effective way.

"To aid members of Congress and of the State Legislatures against the attacks of organized labor.

"To employ a corps of lawyers who shall advise local organizations on all local questions; report the violations of all state and national laws affecting industry and trade; and the state and national government in the prosecution of offenders.

"To create labor bureaus, operate a labor clearing house, and help in the better distribution of immigrants.

"To aid and promote the establishment of industrial schools.—Owing to the rules and methods of labor unions, it is growing increasingly more difficult for a young man thoroughly to learn a trade in this country today."

THE HAWAIIANS.

By Rev. Walter R. Lambuth, D. D.

No true estimate can be given of any people without adequate time and opportunity for study. It was my privilege to spend a few days on the Hawaiian Islands seven years ago. An opportunity is now afforded for a comparative study after a number of interviews with missionaries, business men, and a native Hawaiian editor.

The Hawaiians are religious by nature. They had in their pantheon a number of gods. Among these, three were regarded as essential deities and uncreated —namely, Kane, Ku and Lono. It was the opinion of Fornander that the three were considered equal in nature but distinct in attributes; that they constituted a triad, and were worshipped jointly as one god "under the grand and mysterious name of Hika Po Loa." Two of these were benevolent—the first being the superior, while the last was intimately associated with human beings—and the second was the essence of darkness and cruelty. There were innumerable lesser divinities peopling the sky, sea, and land; and those which presided over trades, occupations, and even deities that were worshipped by thieves, gamblers and sorcerers to which offerings were made for success in prosecuting their illegal practices. The great high priest was in charge of the national war god, and those associated with him had power to designate the victims when human sacrifices were to be offered. The incoming of white settlers from the four quarters of the globe for trade brought some betterment to the native population, but worked a decided injury in other respects. The Hawaiians were aroused from their lethargy; there was a better food supply; there was created a sense of property rights, and a decrease in the practice of thieving. On the other hand, the introduction of firearms, of intoxicating liquors, of gambling, and of contagious diseases made sad inroads upon the physical and moral character of the people. The natural reli-

giousness of the natives gave way to a spirit of skepticism, especially in the ports where they encountered the worst phase of the foreign element.

In his sociological study of the Hawaiians, Prof. W. F. Blackman classifies the forces in the religious and moral development of the nation into five groups, as follows: (1) Native tradition and custom. (2) The influence of discoverers and early visitors, and subsequently of whalers, sailors, and travelers. (3) The teaching and examples of Christian missionaries and of their friends and followers. (4) The influence of certain foreign residents, chiefly European and unfriendly to the missionaries. (5) Asiatic ideas introduced by the Chinese and Japanese. The writer describes the interaction of these several influences as "the struggle for survival and supremacy of three irreconcilable antagonists; the primitive cult and morals, the Christian faith, and ethic and civilized skepticism selfishness and vice.

The missionaries sent by the American Board, beginning with the year 1820 and continuing until the year 1864, were men of good, average ability, and some of them of extraordinary faith, determination, and capacity for evangelistic work and administration. Some seem to have been narrow and even Puritanical; but in the main were to be highly commended for their industry, self-denying effort and success. Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Navy, speaks in the highest terms of their sincerity and devoted efforts.

The difficulties they encountered were supreme. The people were idolatrous; there was no written language; there was no word for virtue; there was no conception of God; the act of prayer was constantly misinterpreted as a superstitious reverence for the deities of nature; the observance of the eucharist was supposed to be with the blood of human victims instead of wine or the juice of the grape; when they dug cellars to their houses, they were spoken of as preparing forts; ofttimes the missionaries had stale and inadequate food, and were constantly antagonized by godless white men who were spoken of by the Commodore as "the lower class of foreigners who are a serious bar to improvement in morals, being for the most part keepers of low taverns, sailors' boarding houses and grogshops." He referred to this element, and especially the runaway and dissolute seamen, as capable of infinite mischief to the lower order of the natives by encouraging them in intemperance, debauchery, idleness, and all kinds of vice, and were nearly sufficient of themselves to counteract all the labors of the missionaries in the diffusion of morality and religion.

In spite of these difficulties, Christianity spread rapidly. The first baptism occurred in 1823 in the case of Keopuolani, the king's mother. In 1826 ten natives were received into the church in Honolulu, nine of whom were chiefs. After a period of reaction under the influence of Kamehameha III., who was fearfully dissipated, there broke out, in 1837, what is termed "the great revival," during which 15,000 members were added to the church. On the first Sunday of July, 1838, Rev. Titus Coan baptized 1,705 persons at Hilo. During the succeeding six years 27,000 were admitted to church membership.

In the year 1863 Rev. Dr. R. Anderson, of the American Board, visited Hawaii, reporting 52,413 as admitted to membership since the beginning, and that 19,679 held membership at that time. At his suggestion the board of missions withdrew from control and left the prosecution of the work to the native church, regarding the islands as Christianized. It was a premature conclusion, resulting from a superficial study of conditions, and resulted most disastrously. While a few missionaries were sent to the field after the date of withdrawal, the native churches were left too largely to their own initiative and without sufficient leadership on the part of true and tried men from the mother church. The Roman Catholics strengthened their propaganda, the Mormons sent their missionaries, ingratiating themselves among the people; and with a growth in the foreign population, which had largely left its religion behind on the shores of the Pacific, the light-hearted, pleasure-loving Hawaiians were tempted to turn away from the paths of rectitude which required both self-denial and self-control, and exhibited a distinct deterioration in morals and religious life.

King Kalakaua, on returnig from his tour around the world, said to his people: "I have seen the Christian nations and observed that they are turning away from Jehovah. He represents a waning cause. Shall we Hawaiians take up the discarding? The old gods of Hawaii are good enough for us." This gave encouragement to those who were only too willing to abandon themselves to the old life of pleasure, of indolence, and of loose social relations.

The religious statistics for the year 1905 bring out some startling facts. Out of a total of 67,388, included in the census, we find the Mormons claiming 5,133, with 20 churches and 220 pastors or priests; the Roman Catholics, 12,000, with 115 churches and 75 priests; the Buddhists, 40,000, with 21 temples and 15 priests. A Christian Japanese merchant informed the writer that there were three Buddhist temples in Honolulu, and in addition a temple has been erected on almost every large sugar plantation. He asserted that they were more active than the Christians in pushing their propaganda. Subtract the figures we have given from the total membership (67,388), and we have only 10,255 members of Protestant churches, of whom 6,325 belong to the Congregational church, largely made up of Hawaiians. This is a sad falling off from the membership reported by the missionaries of the American Board in 1856, when there were 23,652. In the annual report of the Hawaiian Evangelical Society (Congregationalist) for the year ending June, 1898, we find only one hundred and thirteen received that year by profession of faith.

The causes of this retrogression must be ascribed to the death of a number of the early pastors, who prosecuted evangelistic work with great vigor; to the decay of the royal line; to the bad example and evil influence of surviving members of the royal family; to the increase of wealth; and to a period of transition, during which the entire social order underwent a change by the introduction of Portugese, Chinese, and Japanese immigrants, and a general unsettling of the established life.

Incident to this later period a large part of the government lands was sold to wealthy individuals and corporations. The common people, careless of their rights and interests, easily parted with their holdings. Chiefs fell into habits of extravagance, contracted debts, and mortgaged their estates to the whites, or died without heirs and intestate; and thus their lands were alienated. In 1896 the full-blood Hawaiians owned in severalty only six per cent of the soil of the island.

There are some interesting sections in the early laws which were promulgated after the coming of the missionaries and an introduction of a written language. Three forms of taxation were provided for—a poll

tax, a land tax and a labor tax. One of the chapters opened with the following sagacious observation: "Not even wisdom can be a protection to a nation without revenue."

The poll tax was to be paid in money, or in kind, as follows: "For a man, one dollar; for a woman, half a dollar; for a girl, one-eighth of a dollar." In the interior of some of the islands arrowroot was permitted for a substitute for money, thirty-three pounds of which were to be taken for a dollar.

The land tax was arranged as follows: "A large farm, a swine one fathom long; a smaller one, a swine three cubits long; a very small one, a swine a yard long. If not a fathom swine, then ten dollars; if not a three-cubit swine, then seven and one-half dollars; if not a yard swine, then five dollars."

The law covering the labor tax was also of a character which brought out the rigorous nature of the feudal system. "They were not required, as heretofore, to work for the king and chiefs," writes Professor Blackman, "on every week of the month." But it was arranged as follows: "The first week of the month the people shall work two days for the king and one for the landlords; the second week of the month they shall work one day for his majesty the king, and two days for the landlords; and the next two weeks the people shall have to themselves."

Industrially and commercially the Islanders passed through the three eras of sandalwood, of whaling vessels, and of sugar. The first soon reached its limit, the second was replaced by the use of petroleum, and the third has become the great industry of the island, the sugar cane being indigenous. In 1857 there were only five sugar plantations; in 1885 there were over seventy, some of them of very large size, and the islanders were so enriched by the income that the government expenditure for the decade from 1876 to 1887 rose from $919,000 to nearly $5,000,000. The creation of a bureau of agriculture and forestry looks to the diversification of agricultural crops, since the lack of coal and metals will always preclude any considerable development of manufacturing.

The decay of the native population is a striking and serious feature of present conditions. In 1823 the missionaries estimated the number of natives at 142,000. By the year 1896 this number had been reduced to 31,000, to which we would add 8,845 who belong to the group dominated "part Hawaiians." It is certain that the birth rate has been low and the death rate high. Dr. Andrews, resident physician at Kailau, reported that out of ninety-six married females, nearly all under forty-five years of age, twenty-three had no children; the remaining seventy-three had two hundred and ninety-nine, of which one hundred and fifty-two did not survive the second year. Among the causes are sexual irregularities and excesses, premature ripening and exhaustion of the reproductive powers in both sexes, the practice of infanticide, venereal diseases, the excessive use of intoxicants, contagious diseases, and the change of physical and psychical habits. Leprosy might also be mentioned, inasmuch as it has been steadily on the increase until strict quarantine and isolation were carried out by the Board of Health, all lepers being sent to Molokai. At one time it was said that two and one-half per cent of the native population were afflicted by this incurable disease, but now there seems a possibility of stamping it out.

While the establishment of a republic led to a state of political unrest for awhile and radical changes, both social and political, it is probable that under the beneficent care of the United States authorities these islanders will have the opportunity of securing for themselves the rights and privileges incurring in citizenship. It is evident, however, in the face of an incoming tide of foreign immigration—especially that of the Chinese and Japanese—that the wisest statesmanship will be required in setting up and maintaining such institutions as shall bring about the largest results and greatest blessings for a people who, if not thus cared for, must rapidly disappear before these stronger races.

At the recent annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in Hawaii, 1,000 communicants were reported, the majority of these being Japanese, some Koreans, and a few Hawaiian Islanders. The church has been active in its efforts in behalf of the immigrants, and has recently taken up work among the Koreans, of whom there are several thousand on the islands. The highest praise is due these earnest, aggressive Northern Methodists, who are pushing the victories of peace everywhere. While the Hawaiian work is now under their home board, it is probable, after the union of Methodists in Japan, that it will fall under the administration of the foreign board and later be taken up as a mission by the church in Japan.

It is my conviction, after a study of conditions in Hawaii, that the American Board should renew its efforts by sending more missionaries and by making more adequate preparation for the extension of work in behalf of the unevangelized thousands now on the islands. Failing in this, other boards should enter and aid the Hawaiian in grappling with the situation. If this is not done, the islands will be repaganized by the influx of Asiatics and others who are scarcely better than heathens in their social and religious life.

CORRECTLY PORTRAYING SAN FRANCISCO.

It is gratifying to see frequently in the eastern papers accurate statements as to conditions in San Francisco. Professor Suzzallo, recently of Stanford, stopped in Indianapolis a few days ago, on his way to enter on a position in Columbia University. The professor has been employed for some months in the reconstruction of the educational work in San Francisco. To an Indianapolis News reporter he said;

"I had no official or direct connection with the reform work that has been going on in San Francisco, but because of my work in the educational department was deeply interested in every phase of the moral regeneration of that city. From my contact with the people who have formed their opinion of the San Francisco situation from the press reports, I find there is little real knowledge of what has been accomplished in both the material and moral regeneration of that municipality.

"In spite of all obstacles that have been thrown in the way of reform, conditions there are the most hopeful conceivable. In pite of strikes of all sorts, from structural workers to street railroad employes, and the consequent difficulties in the way of business resulting from them, the movement toward rebuilding has been constant. No one who saw the city from Nob Hill the morning after the fire had ceased to burn, as I did, and beheld sixteen square miles of waste, can be anything less than hopeful to see the way that buildings, both permanent and beautiful, are going up all over the city. Given two years more and there will be no

depressing consciousness of the scare left by the great disaster."

Professor Suzzallo forcasts the future in part as follows:

"San Francisco will be the most modern and one of the most sanitary and beautiful cities in America. The fire has had one marked effect on San Francisco life—an effect which is not, as yet, fully appreciated. From a conservative, easy going, cosmopolitan city, it will soon be one of the most active and vigorous of American communities. Public and business affairs in the last two or three decades have been in the hands of the old men of the community, the men who, having conquered the difficult conditions of pioneer life and feeling with large confidence their achievements, have persitsed in their control of affairs. Their dominance has been characterized with a conservatism that goes with age.

"The terrific responsibilities resulting from the recent disasters have been too many for these men to shoulder. The result has been that the young men have become dominant in the city's affairs for the first time since the early fifties.

"This control by the young and vigorous men of the community is found not only in the material upbuilding of San Francisco, but it characterizes the whole movement for reform which is manifest in the graft prosecutions. People abroad are inclined to be rather pessimistic with regard to the success of the prosecutions of graft in that city. Conditions there are not only most hopeful, but will be great in their moral effects upon the nation at large, because these graft prosecutions are an absolute success."

Speaking of the men who are leading in the prosecution Professor Suzzallo said:

"This wonderful moral strength has come under the skilled leadership of William H. Langdon, the district attorney, who has brought to him such men as Heney, Spreckles, Burns and Johnson. It has not only made the court prosecutions successful, but has insured a strong and vigorous support of the prosecution by the people at large. The opposition to the prosecutions is merely the oppositon of the old leaders in business and political life, who have had control. The rank and file of the people are absolutely loyal to the splendid work of District Attorney Langdon. The sentiment in favor of the prosecution grows with every day."

THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

Rev. J. H. Jowett, London, England.

"The spirit cried and rent him sore, and came out of him; and he was as one dead."—Mark ix., 26.

That was a terrible price to pay for liberty. The evil spirit fought hard to retain its sovereignty. It would not resign its throne without a struggle. It was compelled to yield, but in the very act of yielding it savagely tore up the life it had possessed. One would have imagined that at the Lord's word the evil spirit would have left the lad without creatin~ a single pang. We should have suspected that in obedience to the Master's charge the evil spirit would have lost its power, and would have slunk away like a whipped hound. Instead of this, the charge to "come out" only caused him to reveal his strength, to gather up his power, and in one last, wild, convulsive effort to seek to retain his place. "The spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him, and he was as one dead."

The evils attending departure seem to be even worse than the pains of possession! The remedy seems to be more violent than the disease. The agony of rejecting the evil seems more cruel than the pangs of bondage. Would it not have been better to have left the lad alone rather than have made him pass through this thrice-heated furnace of fire? Is this the way of Jesus? Is this the price of liberty? Do we obtain release from evil thraldom only at the expense of cruel strife? Yes, I think that is the teaching of this narrative, as it is certainly the teaching of experience and history. We cannot vanquish evil without pain. We cannot have the sweets of liberty without the bitterness of strife. We cannot oust evil spirits without a deadly struggle, and in the expulsion of the evil spirit the point of acutest agony is the moment when it is almost conquered. Just then, on the very verge of victory, when release is almost gained, when the evil spirit is going out, he will tear and rend you, and leave you sore and half dead.

I say that history has repeated that lesson again and again. We have had an illustrious example recently unveiled to us in Trevelyan's inspiring story of Garibaldi. Garibaldi conceived the idea of a new and emancipated Italy, and in large and hopeful speech he commanded the evil spirit of tyranny to depart. But the liberty was not gained without pain. Nay, the very cry for emancipation seemed to give the evil spirit a tenfold power. He laid hold of his victims with a tighter clutch, and not until Italy had been bathed in blood and fire, was deliverance obtained in the enjoyment of blessing and freedom. The instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but they would all have one significance, viz., that liberty is not cheap; nations, like individuals, pass out of bondage into freedom only as a result of struggle, of acute sacrifice and pain. I think, perhaps, that if many people had been on the American continent at the time of the anti-slavery war, amid all the sickening scenes of those more than six hundred battles, they would have said that perhaps it would have been better to have let slavery alone, that the horrors of civic strife were even more tragic than the oppression of the slaves. But the more terrible the struggle attendant upon revolution, the more evident it is that revolution was necessary. The more cruel and ferocious the conflict, the more patent it is how firmly the evil spirit was seated upon his throne. And men abdicate their rights, they renounce the privileges of manhood, if, when an opportunity comes that an evil spirit can be dethroned, they indolently resolve to sustain and tolerate its rule. The low miseries of continued bondage are infinitely more horrible than the struggles which attend release. The price of liberty is sacrifice and pain, and if nations are to rise out of heathendom into moral and spiritual freedom they must boldly face the pain and drive out the evil spirits—the evil spirits of slavery, of superstition, of intolerance—drive them out, even though in the very act of expulsion they be torn and rent and left half dead.

As it is with nations, so it is with individuals. Let us make no mistake about it. If an evil spirit is tenanting our life, we are not going to get rid of it without pain. If a man is the victim of unclean passion his deliverance will not be a kind of picnic expedition; it will be a bloody crusade. Our Lord never deceives us in these matters; He never puts his crown upon the entrance gate and hides behind the wall. He puts upon the very entry to the Kingdom, upon the very begin-

ning of the straight, forbidding way, a rough and rugged cross. This is the very opposite of the way of the world. The world exhibits its crown and hides its cross. But the path which begins with the offer of a broad liberty ends in dark and cruel bondage, and the path which begins with a yoke issues in the glorious liberty of the children of God.

The one great truth which we need to grip is this, that deliverance from any kind of tyranny can be effected; but its price is sacrifice and pain. It is so with every low passion which has its seat in the flesh. Its exorcism will mean an agony. But the pain attending release is infinitely to be preferred to the wretchedness of servitude. One is pain which ennobles and glorifies; the other is pain which brutalizes and degrades. Let me then say to any young Christians here whose life may be the battle ground of strife with carnal foes, and who are working out their own salvation, God working within them—Do not be afraid of the struggle; do not be afraid of the pain! The Man of Nazareth, the great Emancipator, has pronounced the decree of your personal freedom, and, though the evil spirit may cry, and tear and rend you, the Master will make you one of his own freemen; you shall never perish; no one shall pluck you out of his hand.

Sin dies hard. It possesses terrific vitality. Its crucifixion is a process at once painful and slow. Let us not fear the pain and the effort, and in the strength of the Lord Jesus we shall at length be absolutely pure and free.

SEEING JESUS.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

"I went to St. Andrews church, and there heard a little fair man; and he showed me the loveliness of Christ." That is the description given two centuries and a half ago of the preaching of the celebrated Samuel Rutherford, whose "Letters" are among the half-dozen chief classics in religious literature. Would it not be well if all ministers would ask themselves when leaving the pulpit—Did I make those people see me, or see my Master? Certainly the preacher who can so effectually hide himself behind the cross that his auditors can see "no man save Jesus only," comes up to the true standard of gospel preaching. That king of preachers, the Apostle Paul, tells us that he "determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified." His own conversion had been produced by a revelation of Christ to him. The main thing which he tells us about his conversion is that he "saw the Lord in the way," and the Christ thus manifested to him had made a new man of him.

The vast majority of all the people who attend our churches believe in Christianity; they admit its excellence and admire its beauty. But that faith in Christianity works no change in the heart or in the daily life. Jesus Christ himself did not formulate a creed and call upon his hearers to accept that; he simply cried out, "Come unto me!" "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." The only saving faith is that which sees Jesus, accepts Jesus, obeys Jesus, and joins the soul to Jesus. It is not the central vital doctrine of the Atonement that Christ presses upon the sinning, suffering souls around him; it is himself as the Divine Author, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

How this simplifies the work of the minister, the evangelist, and the teacher! How it intensifies our office, and brings our mesage to one bright beaming, burning point! Some ministers lament the fewness of the conversions under their preaching. May not the cause in many cases be that they do not converge all the shafts of their pulpit light upon one point, and that point the Divine, loving, sin-atoning Savior? The humble primitive Methodist preacher whose sermon converted Spurgeon when he was a boy, did nothing but repeat over and over again the one truth, "Look to Jesus!" No discourse delivered on that Sunday by the most profound theologian or brilliant orator did such execution as that Methodist's plain, persistent exhortation. It converted the greatest preacher of the century.

People come to church on the Sabbath, after the wear and tear of the week—some of them with heart troubles, and others saddened by disappointments; others sorely tempted, or conscience-smitten; others longing for a word of comfort, having made a sad failure in their own attempts; some of them want a power out of themselves to lift them to a better life. Feeling the prick of sin through their own consciences, they desire to be delivered from besetting sins. More than one brings an aching heart, and longs for a comforter. If all these people could make their desires known, they would cry out: "We would see Jesus!" O my beloved brethren, is it not the chief demand upon the ministry that first, last, and all the time we should be holding forth Jesus the sin-bearer, Jesus the pardoner, Jesus the life-giver, Jesus the sympathizer and consoler, Jesus the intercessor, and the center and glory of the gospel of salvation? If we fail in making our congregations see him, then the most eloquent or erudite ministry is a pious sham.

Perhaps there is another reason for the paucity of conversions in many communities. It is that men of the world see to little of Christ in the daily lives of many who claim to be his representatives. There is no argument for Christianity equal to that which is presented by a pure, honest and noble life, inspired by the Spirit of Christ Jesus; and nothing repels the unconverted like the daily contact with those who profess Christianity and make it odious. Dr. Horace Bushnell once said: "We preach too much and love Christ too little." There are those who go home from church saying: "What a capital sermon! and then preach right against it by their sad inconsistencies of conduct. They devour sermons, but with no growth in consistent godly living.

We emphasize the word living. Is it church-going, or Sunday-school teaching, or praying, or even special acts of Christian service, that are the main duties of Christ's followers? No. All these good things ought to be done; but the weightier and more vital thing is to copy Christ Jesus with some impressiveness before a sharp-eyed world. An eloquent sermon may set forth how to live; but a true, faithful, holy life is the actual achievement. No words that Paul ever sent to Rome or Corinth have impressed the world like the "living epistle" in which he copied his Divine Master. Dr. Bushnell was right. There is vastly more good preaching than practicing. Our crucified Lord demands more of us than a single act of formal confession; he demands obedience to his commandments; he demands "much fruit," to prove that we belong to his vine; he demands fearless fidelity to conscience; he de-

mands a discipleship so distinct and clear-cut and consistent that when men see us, they may in us see Jesus.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

BUSINESS AND MORALITY.

The Chicago Daily Post sends forth in an editorial the following very sensible comment on some of the things which have been written recently concerning San Francisco. It is in line with what we said not long ago under the caption "San Francisco Not Unique in Self-Seeking:"

"An ingenious communication to the Outlook on 'A New Standard of Morality' deals with what the writer seems to consider a new aspect of the American moral consciousness. The letter is written from San Francisco and its author is evidently under the happy impression that the ideas against which he protests are peculiar to San Francisco and perhaps Wall street.

" 'I have talked with a number of leading business men,' he writes, 'and I find the same thing running through all their statements. * * * The fundamental doctrine seems to be that this country exists to do business in, to make money in, to get rich in; anything that interferes with this essential purpose is wrong, including the Ten Commandments.

"The writer goes on to say—what any one knows who has been in San Francisco since the graft prosecution began to threaten the bribe-giver as well as the bribe-taker—that while it is generally conceded that bribes were given by business men, these men should not be prosecuted because their prosecution would injure the credit of the city and unsettle business.

"The writer must have been living on a mountain top. Have not the cries, 'You are injuring the city,' 'You are shaking the confidence of capital,' 'You are unsettling busines,' been raised to check every attempt at social or political reform? And are we not in the very midst of a general wakening to the dangers, the suicidal dangers, of this conception of the republic as merely a device for carrying on the processes of money making?

"It is true that owing to special circumstances and perhaps because of the natural bluntness of speech prevailing in the West, these ideals are there more candidly expressed. But throughout the nation, especially since the civil war, the American people have fixed their thought and energy upon material acquisition and have come more and more to decide every question with that in view.

"The writer from San Francisco cites as if it were a novelty another very familiar American fallacy. He refers to the theory expressed in all the clubs and wherever San Francisco business men congregate, that when a corporate official is solicited by a public official for graft under threat of official oppression, it is the duty of the corporate official to protect the stockholders. That is, the duty of men who are officials of corporations is first to their company, and second, if at all, to the commonwealth.

"The prevalence of what the Outlook's astonished correspondent calls 'a new standard of morality' is the fact which in men who think causes the greatest anxiety today. But if our awakened realization of the existence of this standard has caused anxiety, it has brought with it the will to destroy it, and to renew in the national life that real principle of obedience to the law upon which all civilized society rests.

"In this spirit today we are renewing our truer ideals of civic and social duty."

The Home.

MORNING VEXATIONS.

A devoted little mother said to me recently, "The hardest part of the day for me is that before school time." I wonder in how many mothers' hearts the words find a responsive echo?

To begin with, there is the everyday process of getting children dressed. Shoes and stockings to be worked on plump little feet, buttons mated with buttonholes, tangles smoothed out of hair, cold water judiciously applied, starched blouses or dresses deftly arranged upon squirming little figures—these call not only for skillful fingers, but calmness of spirit. The easily ruffled tempers of some children, whose fretful hour is not the sleepy one at bedtime but the one before breakfast, do not sweeten the process.

The situation is scarcely improved when little fingers begin to do the work for themselves or for each other. There may be less fretfullness then, but there is more play. To the normal child dressing is an interruption to the real business of life, and in the tumbled bedclothes, disordered pillows and their own untrammeled state of semi-undress there are vast possibilities of delight. A glorious unconcern for the flight of time remains even in the last hurrying minutes after the breakfast bell has sounded, and as the mother takes her seat at the table her feeling is easily that of exasperation.

A child's table manners are not apt to be soothing. I have seen a Chinese baby of two handle chop-sticks with a dexterity which I envied, but for an American child to manage knife , fork and spoon seems a different matter. Bad positions about the table, distaste for some article of food, chatter and nonsense and high flow of spirits, interrupting the more sedate conversation of their elders, never seem more annoying. Then there is the liability to accidents. "Like the notorious 'Goups'," sighs the mother:

They spilt their broth on the table cloth,
O, they lead untidy lives.

Happy the households—are there many in these days?—where quiet settles for a few minutes over the little group as they kneel for family prayers, a truly grateful calm in the squally period.

"Home work" makes the climax to the morning. The word is a direful one in the family. To the older children it represents the chief burden of their lives, to the young a standing grievance, to the mother constant interruption. She is perplexed to know what is the best time for this home study. If she decides on the morning hour it is not because that is ideally good, but only better than the short period of sunshine after school or the tired time after tea. But she knows full well that too often number work of curious reckoning, spelling which conforms to no rules and penmanship for which she blushes will be the product of the toilsome effort.

At last the school bell gives warning, and drooping spirits revive. With goodbyes and kisses and shouts the little band tramps out to join the daily pilgrimage to the common Mecca, and within the home the reign of peace begins.

How do we mothers meet these mornings, often experienced, if not always so turbulent? Two principles, I believe, ought to guide us. There is a Chinese saying which runs somewhat in this wise: "Patience,

patience, patience! Of all virtue patience is the most indispensable." This is the first and greatest need, to be prayed for with every evening petition and in our first waking moments.

The other is better generalship. This chaotic period can doubtless be brought to a greater degree under "the reign of law." One never sees such commotion over getting dressed among children on a farm where there are duties, in doors and out,, regularly required of them. Before real work a matter like that sinks into insignificance. Many of our problems arise because the sturdier qualities are not being called out in our children. But just as sterner duties develop obedience and dispatch, so it is quite possible for a firm demand, not irritable but inflexible, on the part of the parent to bring about similar results. "Mamma expects you to be ready for breakfast;" "Mamma expects you to learn your lessons with out fretting"—such requirements will bring many a little loiterer to time. If thus the home machinery can be made to run more smoothly, is it not a better way than heroically to endure the friection?—Lucy Ward Beecher.

THE USES OF PAIN.

Many Christian people look upon pain as an affliction, a cross to be borne and met resignedly. Christian Scientists deny the existence of pain.

Both these views are wrong; we should neither deny the existence of pain nor accept it as inevitable.

One of the important laws of the universe is self-preservation, and pain is one of its agents. Suppose, for instance, that the hands could be burned, or the stomach overloaded with indigestibles, without pain ensuing, how long would it be before the hands were a mass of scars, and the stomach worn out?

Is it not then obvious that instead of bewailing pain, we should learn its meaning and appreciate its intent.

In Nature's realm all is cause and effect. Health and good feeling are the normal attributes of man. Consequently pain, which is disagreeable, must have a cause which is abnormal. No organ in good condition does its work painfully. When it does, it is an infallible sign of disorder. Viewed in this light, we realize that pain is a blessing, because it is the signal of wrong conditions, which it is our duty to right.

Pain is the red flag of danger, and if we heed it not, the consequence will be of our own making, not of pain's.—Health Culture.

Vacation has taught fathers and sons a good many lessons, but none more startling than the fact that boys grow up. And what is stranger, your boy is growing up. Some day he will be a man; some day he will be where you are, and life will have pushed off on him the responsibilities you bear today.

And yet—God forgive us!—too many of us fathers are trusting schools and clubs and haphazard circumstance to fit our boys for this inevitable usurpation. We are too busy to give them the companionship we owe them; too indifferent to their unspoken hopes to share in and shape their ambitions. Life and work close in upon us and we forget that they and not we ourselves are to be our successors.

We have not reached yet the blear-eyed Utopia in which parents breed children and society brings them up. Despite the polygamy and polyandry of the divorce courts we are still a nation of parents and children. And just because we are thus settled in families, fathers and mothers ought to be friends of their children. The more complicated our social life becomes, the more imperative does this duty and—as all sermons say—this privilege become. It is not merely that such friendships make parents better parents, and children better men and women; they will make more gentle that approaching usurpation which for a moment startled us when we saw our boys could run almost as fast as we, and could plan almost as wisely and as vigorously as we. For we shall surrender to friends.

Schools and school teachers are no substitutes for fathers and mothers. The winter has its opportunities just as truly as the summer. And the home can have its friendships for father and boy just as truly as have the trail and the camp and the farm. Happy is the boy who knows this. And happier still the father.—The World Today.

The Quiet Hour.

Help me to make my will mine own,
  To choose for once my way.
For strength to follow what I've willed,
  For strength, O Lord, I pray.

Save me from slipping down again
  In that sweet soft decline
To dally with my evil self—
  My will, my will is mine!

Ah! how with my whole soul I long
  For steady constancy,
Lord, keep my tide of purpose full,
  Give me the victory!

—J. Edgar Park.

PRAYER.

Most merciful and blessed God, we come in the name of Jesus to seek Thy blessing. How much this can convey of light, strength, peace, joy, we have never yet fully known. We pray that we may do so now; for it is Thy favor which makes heaven what it is: the absence of it makes hell what it is. O Lord, bless us! Thou knowest our condition and our needs, and Thou canst give blessings to us in the way most suited to our wants. If any of us are not Thy children by faith in Christ Jesus, Lord, by Thy Spirit, make us such. If we are, improve us daily, by making us more like Thyself. We would be wholly Thine, would follow Thee fully, would cleave unto Thee with full purpose of heart. Help our weakness and confirm the desire of our souls. Amen.

THE HABIT OF DOING ONE'S BEST.

This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character; it affects one's bearing, one's self-possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity; he is not easily thrown off his balance; he has nothing to fear; and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams, and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency; the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes

will give soul-satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done, and all of his faculties say "Amen" to what he is doing, and give their unqualified approval to his efforts —this is happiness, this is success. This buoyant sense of power spurs the faculties to their fullest development. It unfolds the mental, the moral and physical forces, and this very growth, the consciousness of an expanding mentality and of a broadening horizon, gives an added satisfaction beyond the power of words to describe. It is a realization of nobility, the divinity of the mind.—Success.

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

"Have you ever studied the art of self-defense?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his inquisitor with a quiet smile, and then answered, thoughtfully:

"Yes; I have both studied and practiced it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly, "whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply.

Somewhat abashed the youth stammered out, "Solomon's! And what is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other, "'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

For a moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh, and looked at his friend anxiously to see whether he was serious. But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough; and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth as his muscular companion added, with a solemn emphasis, "Try it."

The recommendation is worthy of everyone's serious consideration. There must be times in the lives of all when we need a system of self-defense; and to go into training on Solomon's method will avert many a painful conflict. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."—Exchange.

THE BLESSING OF WAITING.

God's best gifts come slowly. We could not use them as he wants us to use them, if they did not. Many a man who is called of God to the doing of the work in which he is pouring out his life, and rightly convinced of God that God means to bring that work to abundant success, nevertheless wonders and chafes because "results" do not come. But growth and strength in waiting are results—bigger results, just now, than the results that are impatiently longed for. No one who has ever done really great things for God did them quickly. Paul had time to realize this as he lay in prison at Jerusalem and Caesarea. Moses, if he was like the rest of us, must have wondered "why" many times during the delays in Midian and the Sinaitic Wilderness. Jesus himself must have had a constant battle with the same temptation during the "thirty silent years." And Abram developed not hopelessness but confidence in God. God means to send us that success in his work that we so eagerly pray for. But he cannot send it until the blessing of waiting has first fitted us to use the later blessing aright when it comes. Our acceptance of this preliminary blessing determines our receiving of that for which we wait.—Sunday-school Times.

PRAYER MEETING INGENUITY.

A Few Words from the Board of Home Missions.

Hundreds of churches have never adopted the plan of a monthly missionary prayer-meeting, and many others who religiously follow the order of topics contained in the Presbyterian Handbook groan each month over the prospect of reciting anew the rigidly formulated petitions for the divine blessings upon "the great missionary cause." The monthly meetings in some churches are the dullest in the calendar. Sometimes congregations attack with a real exhiliration by way of contrast the consideration of predestination and preterition. The reason for the dullness of missionary prayer-meetings is not far to seek. If the Lord to whom the hackneyed petitions are addressed had as little specific information about the cause upon which our prayers are meant to call down blessing, as the prayers give evidence of others' having, he must be recklessly indiscriminate in his bestowments. Our missionary prayer-metings make a draft upon divine knowledge such as must put even omniscience to the strain.

A missionary prayer-meeting is foredoomed to dullness if nobody gets ready for it. In the treatment of some topics fairly satisfactory results may be gained by a draft upon the general religious consciousness, but missionary topics do not belong to that class. The "general religious consciousness" needs persistent and systematic replenishment when it comse to the missionary business.

There are now all sorts of form programs available. Each of the missionary agencies publishes them in greater number and variety. Probably they are better than nothing. But they stand in about the same relation to wholesome missionary pabulum that the predigested foods do to the cook's output. The only way to keep a digestive apparatus in healthy working order is for each person to do his own digesting with the equipment supplied by nature for the purpose. The wholesomest prayer-meeting will not follow the order of anybody's "pre-digested" programme, but it will throb with the vital processes of those who are putting the business through.

Predigested foods have saved the life of many a man of spent vitality, and pre-digested programs have doubtless saved many a missionary meeting from complete collapse. But the man or the missionary meeting which makes such the steady diet is doomed to a sickly existence. Each pastor and missionary committee man owes it to his own vital organism to keep his ingenuity at work in the missionary business. A program which has cost somebody real effort is the only one which produces a healthy missionary meeting. A digestive apparatus was meant to work; that is what it was provided for; keeping it at work is the condition of health. Ingenuity is meant to be set at work; it is the organ provided to save missionary meetings from going sickly.

The Board of Home Missions is eager to help in rescuing missionary prayer-meetings from their debilities. It can supply some pre-digested programs which are splendid of their kind, and those who demand such are urged to apply. Better still, it has much other material to supply which has not been pre-digested. Missionary meetings certainly have little excuse for dullness these days when home mission information is overflowing the columns of the daily papers and the pages of the popular magazines, not to mention the

fund of missionary literature specifically so-called. Sanctified ingenuity will do the business for any missionary meeting, however dull. Write to the Home Board to announce that your ingenuity is at work and to secure material to work on.

Among the Churches.

Nordhoff.—The church rejoices in the nearly competed new manse. Beautiful for situation, it is an attractive addition to the town.

Oakland, Union Street.—A unanimous call has been extended to the Rev. Joseph Newton Boyd of Ventura to become pastor of the church. The pastorate has been vacant since June, when the Rev. Dwight E. Potter resigned to take charge of the work of the Foreign Missionary Board of the Pacific Coast.

Santa Monica.—The resignation of the pastor, the Rev. H. P. Wilbur, was made necessary because of threatened physical breakdown. The church under the eight years' leadership of Mr. Wilbur has been prospered, and the best wishes of the congregation follow him as he goes into the mountains for a period of quiet rest.

Weed.—A new building has just been dedicated, in which is regularly maintained a free reading room. The Sacramento churches have donated two boxes of good books. It is hoped that great good may result from the privileges of this reading room, as saloons are much more abundant than institutions of righteousness. Already theattendance at the services of the church is remarkable in that there are three times as many men as women in attendance.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Moore left on Tuesday morning to attend the Washington and Oregon Synods. He is to represent at all the Coast Synods the Seminary and the Assembly's committee on the Repair and Reconstruction of California Churches and Institutions.

The Presbyterial Sunday School Institute of Benicia Presbytery is to be held at San Anselmo on the Tuesday following the meeting of Synod, Oct. 23. It will be in session through the afternoon and evening. Drs. Landon and Moore are on the program, as are also Rev. H. K. Sanborn of Oakland and Rev. Arthur Hicks, Synodical Sunday School Superintendent for California. The principal speaker will be Rev. J. V. Milligan, D. D., of Portland, Ore., superintendent of Sunday School Missions for Oregon. Rev. R. A. Crechton, '06, of Healdsburg is chairman of the committee of arrangements.

President John Willis Baer, LL.D., of Occidental College, plans to pay the Seminary a visit on Tuesday, Oct. 13th, and will address the students at 11 o'clock.

Rally Day was observed in the San Anselmo church on Sabbath last. The Sunday School united with the congregation in services at 11 o'clock. Rarely has so large a congregation assembled in this church. It was necessary to bring chairs from the Sunday School room. The Board's program was followed in the main, and a generous offering was given for Sunday School work among the foreign populations. Dr. Landon preached a short sermon to the children and a longer sermon to the general congregation, giving them as a battle-cry for the winter's campaign, "For God and for Man," based on Gideon's battle-cry, "For Jehovah and for Gideon." The young people had a large rally service in the evening.

Rev. P. M. Walker, '06, is fully occupied in his work at Fall River Mills. He preaches at three other points and occasionally visits fields beyond. He is well adapted to his work.

PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTITUTES.

The Sunday School Board of the Presbyterian Church has for some time been considering the holding of Sunday School Institutes. The first of these in the Synod of California will be held in October, immediately follwing Synod.

These are to be held under the direction of Presbytery's Sabbath School committee, wherever possible. The three Institutes, the dates of which are fixed, are as follows: San Francisco, Tuesday, Oct. 22; San Anselmo, Wednesday, Oct. 23; and Oakland, Friday, Oct. 25. Rev. J. V. Milligan, D D., Superintendent of Sabbath School work in the synod of Oregon, will be one of the prominent speakers at both the afternoon and evening sessions of these Institutes. Various subjects in connection with the work of the local schools will be considered, as well as the broader interests of Sunday School missions.

A number of persons prominent in Sunday School work will participate in the program. It is desired that as far as possible our schools and churches may be represented in these Institutes. They are to partake of the nature of informal conferences and we believe that one of their principal results will be that our officers, teachers and workers may become better acquainted.

All who are interested in Sunday School work are cordially invited to attend these conferences.

ARTHUR HICKS, Syn. S. S. Supt.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY INSTITUTES COLORADO.

Interdenominational Missionary Institutes have been held in a number of our Coast cities. They have developed Christian fellowship, interest in mission study classes and deepened spiritual life of missionary workers. But it remained for the Rev. Dwight E. Potter, the recently elected secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions for the Western district to put through a series of distinctly Presbyterian Missionary Institutes—the first we have any record of in our church. These Institutes immediately followed the fall meetings of the presbyteries of Denver, Pueblo, and Boulder, the Institutes being held at Denver, Pueblo and Fort Collins, all in the synod of Colorado. The home and foreign missionary work of the Presbyterian Church were the subjects discussed at each Institute.

The aim of an Institute is, not like a convention to secure large crowds of delegates and have simply inspirational addresses, but to have representative men

and women and young people who will discuss best methods and study problems, compare plans, take notes, in short the aim of an Institute is to develop leaders in all lines of missionary work. While the programs consisted of Bible exposition and some inspirational addresses, the most of the time was given to conferences and normal mission study work, three classes each on the "Uplift of China" and "Aliens or Americans?" being held at each Institute. Besides the pastors those on the programs were Dr. C. E. Bradt, Dr. Kirkwood, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Potter and Miss Julia Fraser. The local arrangements were in charge of the chairmen of presbyterial missionary committees; no collections were taken, but a registration fee of 25 cents admitted to all sessions and covered necessary expenses; over $100 worth of missionary books and maps were sold and most hearty expressions of appreciation of the Institutes were heard on all sides. The success of these distinctively denominational Institutes deepens the conviction that they are one of the wise ways for pushing the Kingdom and more such Institutes will be held in the near future on the Coast.

THE AMERICAN ISSUE.

There are many problems before the statesmen of this country—the tariff, the trusts, the immigration, the ghosts of state rights, the insular problems, Hawaii, the Philippines, the Porto Ricans, Cuba, Panama, and San Domingo, all of profound interest and some of them of intense and pressing claims. These problems, however, are temporary, and whether they be solved or not the nation may not be vitally affected. The tariff is as old as the nation. Expediency demands a high tariff. Certain industries protected make abnormal profits, the reaction comes and the industries cry out against the competition of the whole world. It is safe to say that there will always be a tariff problem. It is also safe to say that it has two sides. The political theorists favor free-trade, the practical, matter of fact, short-sighted politicians favor a high tariff. Both parties within limits are no doubt correct. It is a temporary question and will come and go with the tide of trade and commerce.

The trust problem is more serious but law will regulate the trusts. In a free country the ballot, the legislature, the judicial system, will finally control and limit the combination of wealth and restrain the greed of corporations Building roads, establishing schools, will go a long way in the solution of the Hawaiian, the Philippine, the Porto Rican problems, and with patience the insular problems may be solved in a manner to reflect credit upon the nation.

The real and vital issue before the American people is one of degeneracy of conscience. We do not discuss at this time that mooted question of a "community conscience" further than to say that there seems to be a place in civil society for such a psychological condition as a "community conscience." The moral restraint by some "power of the air" is taken off and society becomes reckless. We do not know how much a personal devil has to do with the corruption of the so called "community conscience" but we do know that some great agencies are at work. The selfish greed for gold, for values, for money power is at the bottom of the movement to destroy this greatest effort of mankind to govern itself in righteousness. This problem is a moral one. It is evident that the sense of fairness has suffered, the sense of justice has been impaired, the great underlying foundation principles of American liberty have been or rather are being corrupted. The greatest concrete enemy of this country is the organized liquor power. The American saloon is not only a method of distribution of liquor but a vast school of vice. It seeks to corrupt the political life of the nation. It encourages all forms of gambling, of beastiality and social degeneracy. It masses, predetermines and votes in block the evil contingency in every community. It has no principles of patriotism. It flourishes best in times of demoralization.

There is another terrible symptom of national disease It is a variety of anarchy. It organizes purposely and of intent outside the law. It is precisely on the same basis of the Roman Catholic Church in France. It wants to have the protection of civil law but refuses to be under civil law. It is a law unto itself. Its leaders seek to destroy the power of the courts. It talks plausibly of arbitration but its real aim and purpose is to evade and invalidate civil processes. That spirit has taken advantage of the real grievances of the laborer and has cunningly masked its anarchistic principles, raised a cloud of dust, discounted the churches; here and there it has waxed bold enough to tear down the American flag and defy the authorities. It has the politician absolutely at its mercy by a cunning manipulation of the laborer's vote. It has the press completely and almost absolutely suborned by skillful use of that effective agency of evil, the boycott. We do not confound this anarchistic spirit with legitimate labor organizations. It is foreign to the labor unions in purpose. It is seeking to use the labor unions to destroy the civil government. When these labor unions march and countermarch through the streets of our great cities they are exercising the rights, enjoying the freedom, the liberty conferred on them by the civil government. This spirit of anarchy is always present and on the corners of streets seeks to poison the very atmosphere with rank disloyalty, and the whole movement of the workingmen by the adroit diplomacy of anarchistic leaders is made to appear in rebellion against the government that protects them. This, then, is the summary: The liquor organization and the anarchistic leaders in the industrial and labor world are two dreadful enemies seeking the destruction of the American government.

The Presbytery of San Jose meets in the Presbyterian Church of Santa Cruz, Cal., Monday, Oct. 14th, 1907, at 7:30 p. m., and will be opened with a sermon by Rev. John W. Dinsmore, D. D.

F. H. BABB, S. C.

Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
  Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
  Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
  The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
  Unseal the sacred book.

Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
  Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
  And let there now be light.

God, through himself, we then shall know,
  If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
  The depths of love divine.

—CHARLES WESLEY.

KATIE'S SATURDAY.

"Dear me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said Mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and, as perhaps you are too, we will skip the breakfast, and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of those things which trouble you. One thousand will do!"

"O mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down ten." So Katie wrote:

"1. It's gone and rained, so we can't go out to play.

"2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

"3. ———

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and, oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: "O mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

"I guess I'll tear up the paper now, mamma," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mamma, "why not let the troubles come before you cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you only wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of crying and worrying at all."

ASSISTANT FARMERS.

"Onions, turnips, beets, tomatoes, peas, celery—my! I guess I'll have as grown up a garden as grandfather's is!" exclaim[illegible] Willie, happily, as he named over [illegible] different seeds he was going to plant [illegible]s soon as he got the "corner lot" ready for the beds.

Suddenly he stopped digging and began striking his hoe with all his strength into the soft soil.

"What's the matter, Willie?" called grandfather from the onion bed; "what have you found?"

"One, two, ten, twenty—why, hundreds of them, grandfather, and they'll eat every seed I plant!" exclaimed Willie, excitedly, as he began to cut the soil with his hoe more vigorously than ever.

"Hundreds of what?" and grandfather raised himself from his knees.

"Worms, grandfather; and I'll not have a single thing come up."

The little fellow's face looked a very picture of despair, as visions of early vegetables—a surprise for father—that he had planned to take back to his city home suddenly disappeared.

"Why, I never call them worms."

"But they are worms—angle-worms, grandfather."

"Yes, but I never call them so," laughed grandfather at the serious little face. "I call them farmers—my assistant farmers—and the more work I have for them the better I like it."

"Farmers! Worm farmers—and work? Why, grandfather, all they do is to squirm and wiggle."

"Certainly, that's their work. Don't you see, they angle their way through the soil, and so make it light and loose. They are regular little ploughs, fertilizing the soil, too, as they plough, so to speak."

"But—but, grandfatner, don't they eat the seeds while they are resting?"

"No, indeed; my little assistants don't destroy, they only aid in my crop-raising."

"I didn't know I was going to have some hired help this summer when you gave me my garden," laughed Willie.

"You are not going to," chuckled grandfather as he returned to his onion-bed; "they work for nothing!"—Sunbeam.

THE CROSS SQUIRREL.

Once there was a squirrel that did not like its home, and he used to scold and find fault with everything. Its papa squirrel had long, gray whiskers, and so was wise—beside which he could shake his whiskers quickly. He said to the squirrel, "My dear, as you do not like your home there are three sensible things you could do—

Leave it,
or change it,
or suit yourself to it.

Any of these would help you in your trouble."

But the little squirrel said, "Oh, I do not want to do any of those; I had rather sit on the branch of a tree and scold."

"Well," said the papa squirrel, "if you must do that, whenever you want to scold, just go out on a branch and scold away at some one you do not know."

The little squirrel blushed so much that he became a red squirrel, and you will notice that to this day red squirrels do just that thing.—Bolton Hall in the September St. Nicholas.

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THE DISBANDMENT OF THE KOREAN ARMY.

The folowing article is from the Seoul Press, and sheds some light on the conditions prevailing in Korea. This is an editorial in the issue of August 2:

"The Korean troops, recruited, as they were, mostly from the scum of the population afflicted with all the vices incidental to a lax discipline, have always been regarded by all right-minded observers as a standing menace to the public peace and tranquility, and since the disastrous incident of July 19, it must have been apparent to everybody that the disbandment of the Korean army was a measure of most urgent necessity. There is reason to believe that the necessity of the measure was recognized in responsible quarters almost immediately after the incident in question. But for obvious reasons, it was considered advisable to defer the carrying out of the measure for some days. Among these reasons, the most important, we believe, was the necessity of increasing the strength of our garrison all over the country, so as to be prepared for all eventualities. With the arrival of the reinforcements about two regiments strong, from Kokura, and the completion of their disposition over the southern peninsula which has hitherto been practically without any Japanese garrison worth speaking of, everything was ready for the disarmament of the Korean troops. This was, accordingly, done yesterday morning with a promptitude and efficiency reflecting no small credit upon the authorities concerned, Japanese and Koreans. It is to be deeply regretted that the execution of the measure caused a rather serious bloodshed, involving the death of a well-known, valiant officer and a number of scarcely less valiant non-commissioned officers and men. Regrettable as it is, incidents like this had been anticipated, and it has to be confessed that the loss of life has not been nearly so serious as we feared it might be. Yesterday's disbandment was confined to Seoul, the disbandment of the native garrisons in the interior being unavoidably deferred until the Rescript of disbandment had had time to reach the particular localities where these garrisons are stationed. However, it is not expected that the measure will occasion any serious difficulty outside of Seoul, for in no other place is the Korean garrison stronger than a few hundred men. Of the 7,300 men composing the whole Korean Army, about 4,000 have been in Seoul, the remainder being distributed among eight places. It will, therefore, be safe to regard the execution of the important measure as already practically complete.

CHILDREN LOVE POETRY.

A child at its play is a natural rhymer, having also a latent sense of metrical truth, writes Grace Duffield Goodwin in Good Housekeeping. Take any bright child of four or five and see how imitative he is, how readily he forms a little idea-less verse upon some simple model. His thought comes later; he will find the rhyme, and, after a brief struggle, the meter, and then he will instinctively choose poetical words. He heaps them together in splendid meaningless masses, but out of it all you will get a sense of color, of beauty, of richness. He has emptied his treasures. Every lovely word he knows is there regardless of its meaning. To him it is lovely, not because of any attempt at an embodied idea, but because of its soft vowels, its singing consonants, its beat of music.

A child of five listened to an older person reciting softly that most exquisitely musical poem of Hogg's:

"Bird of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet by thy matin o'er moorland and lea
Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling place;
O, to abide in the desert with thee."

After a moment of deep thought she arose, waving her arms slowly like a bird in flight—"It's like wings, mother," she said.

Here is an instinct to be trained for service. It is ministered to in the nursery so long as the old-fashioned, simple rhymes will answer the purpose, but the child of four or five, who refuses longer to listen to the rhymed inanities which satisfied his first sense of musical numbers, is left without provision. The critical age for the budding little poetry lover is from four to eight, and if those years are not filled with something which answers to the developing instinct, that instinct seems to die, and with it perishes a great factor for happiness in mature life.

FOR INKY FINGERS.

A girl I know has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other school-boys and school-girls should know too.

"It's so needful, mamma," she says; "all boys and girls get ink on their fingers, you know."

"Surely they do, and on their clothes as well," said her mother.

"I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they get there," responded the girl; "I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink spots off my fingers. See!"

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match-safe and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink-spot. One after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of inky black rings.

"There," said the girl, after she had finished. "Isn't that good? I read that in a housekeeping paper, and I never knew they were any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now; it's just splendid!"

So some other boys and girls might try Alice's cure for inky fingers.—Harper's Round Table.

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THE HOUSE OF PRIDE.

I lived with Pride; the house was hung
  With tapestries of rich design.
Of many houses, this among
  Them all was richest, and 'twas mine.
But in the chambers burned no fire,
  Tho' all the furniture was gold;
I sickened of fulfilled desire,
  The House of Pride was very cold.

I lived with Love; all she possessed
  Was but a tent beside a stream.
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
  She wove around my sleep a dream.
And One there was with face divine
  Who softly came, when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
  And made our life a sacrament.

—Rev. W. J. Dawson, D. D.

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A GREAT RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLY.

The National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States which is in session this week and next at Cleveland, Ohio, in meetings continuing for ten days, has the largest attendance which it has ever had. Between 900 and 1,000 delegates are in attendance, and there are besides a large number of visiting ministers and laymen who are not delegates.

All of the great national societies of the Congregational churches are in convention now at Cleveland in connection with the National Council, and many of the great questions and problems which confront the Christian world are having earnest and able consideration.

The address by Dr. Washington Gladden, which we publish this week, is well worth careful reading. It is the utterance of a Christian statesman, one of God's modern prophets.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

That was a precious eulogy which the wise man gave to the virtuous woman when he said, "In her tongue is the law of kindness." We feel instinctively that whatever may have been the fashion of her form or features, her face had that beauty which outlasts the ravages of time; through the veil of the flesh the kind and loving spirit shone out. Let us rejoice that we are under this law, that we are commanded to be kind one to another.

This spirit blesses every relation of life. Society finds in it one of the strongest pillars it can raise for the support of its vast, complicated framework. When men shall come to look upon each other with the spirit of kindness, what mighty barriers which have hindered the progress of our race will be thrown down. When to the spirit of jutice, shall be added the grace of kindness, then the time which the great human-hearted poet sang of will hasten on

When man to man, the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

If this spirit is found permeating the life of a community, then that community is by the measure of this spirit prepared to do what God wishes to be done, what he intended when he made man a social being and gathered men into communities large or small. As another has said, "How plain is the social destination of man! born, as he is, into the arms of love, sustained from the beginning by human kindness, endowed with speech and placed among fellow-beings to whose feelings he cannot but respond, into whose hearts he yearns to pour his own, and whose rights, feelings, and interests are commended to his regard by a law of love and justice written within him by a divine hand." How easy it is to see that among the good laws of God, this law of kindness has a high place. How community life, and national life, and the world life which in our day is felt as never before; all need this spirit. The showing forth of the spirit of kindness would unite men together in bonds stronger than bands of steel, and bring in the day of universal brotherhood.

But it is when we turn to the life of the home, and get there our closest view of the working of this spirit that we see how full of blessing it is, both to those who show it and to those who receive it. How it helps to lighten the daily burdens. How by it the soul is comforted and cheered in the midst of trouble and sorrow. How it binds the hearts of parents and children together. Oh, to have the blessed perfume of the spirit of kindness filling the home each day, who shall describe its blessedness or measure its far-reaching transforming power; it makes that home however high or however lowly like the place where the good man meets his end

"Close on the verge of heaven."

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN ITINERANT VACATION.

The vacation was planned for sight-seeing. The party consisted of three, two ladies and myself. One had never been east of the Rocky Mountains, the other not for forty years. We went light, suit cases sufficing for our wardrobes, feathers and finery were left in California. Round trip excursion tickets via Ogden, Salt Lake City and Denver to Chicago, returning via New Orleans, were purchased. Over 5,000 miles of travel for $72.50, what an opportunity to see much of the nation at small cost. Combinations that make such journeys possible are not evil. The trip to Chicago was planned so that the party did not spend more than one night at a time in the sleeper. Stops were made in Ogden, Salt Lake City and Denver long enough to permit of seeing these places. The painful funnyisms of the sight-seeing car conductors ought to be prohibited by law, at least new jokes should be attempted. The journey between Salt Lake City and Denver is through magnificent mountain scenery, the masterpiece of railway engineering is that through the Royal Gorge. The ride on the observation car is surpassingly entrancing. The rushing waters, the tortuous canyon, the towering cliffs, the majestic peaks, the speeding, rocking train combined to produce sensations indescribable.

When Nebraska was reached King Corn was encountered. What a monarch he is, what territory he rules. Nebraska to Massachusetts, Virginia to Quebec, his silvery tassels tossed in the breeze and his rustle made music. Where does it all go, what is done with it is the question one asks as the train rolls through counties and states of it. It is the great American cereal.

The most unpleasant feature of the journey was the necessity of "tipping." What a demoralizing, vicious practice it is. Black, white and yellow, male and female, every person rendering a service expects a fee even though they are paid wages for the service. Call for drinking water in an hotel and the boy who brings it lingeringly waits till the door is closed, the porter who calls a carriage for you stands expectantly,

soon do the servants in hotels gauge the newcomer and render service according to his generosity. The attitude of the red-capped railway station porter is interesting in view of the assurance of the company's folder that he is there to render every possible assistance free of charge to passengers, especially to ladies. Not once did one of them come in the true spirit of helpfulness and take the grips from the ladies; they stood as though waiting to be hired. But it is in the dining car and dining room that the full power of the "tip" is realized. One experience will illustrate it. A party of three breakfasted in a dining car. When the change came a small coin was handed to the waiter; it was received without a word. At dinner time the party was placed at the same table, purposely probably. The waiter proceeded to teach the needed lesson. He gave close attention to the other table. After a proper time he came forward and received the order sheet, looked at it and walked off. In his time the food was brought. One of the meat orders was unfit to eat. The waiter had disappeared. The steward was called and the condition of the meat pointed out. It was carried away and after another wait the new order was brought without the side dish which went with it. It was waited for but was not brought and the meat was eaten. The meat was tough, the potatoes sodden, the coffee cold, the meal a failure, but the waiter had revenge. What is to be done? The steward was evidently leagued with the waiter and the guest is helpless. From what I observed I believe it is customary for the waiters to share their fees with the steward. If the news item recently published is true that the Federation of Labor is going to abolish tipping by instructing the Waiters Union to forbid its members accepting them, it will earn the gratitude of the traveling public.

The American public have to pay twenty-five cents to secure admission into the grounds at Mount Vernon. It is putting the home of Washington on the same level with some of the homes of impoverished European grandees who need the visitors' fees to help them live. The fees at Mount Vernon go to keep the grounds in order. Surely our country is rich enough to see that the grounds are kept in order and make it unnecessary that any visitor to this shrine should pay his twenty-five cents as if he were entering a circus. It is a mistake.

This journey gave opportunity of seeing some interesting sky-lines. Of all that I saw that of New York City is the most humanly interesting to me. The ferry boat ride from Jersey City to Twenty-third street reveals it in all its diversity. Such buildings cannot be seen in any other city in the world. Some say they are ugly, but to me they were impressive. The latest addition is the Singer Manufacturing Company's Building under course of construction on Broadway, near Liberty street. Thirty stories were raised with eleven more to complete it. Six hundred and twelve feet, one inch is to be its height—the Washington monument is outclassed. I was told that already offices were spoken for in the top story. The New Yorker was not apparently much interested in forty-one story buildings when we were there—it was the 700-foot Lusitania on her way from Europe that held the public notice; wireless messages were telling the people of her progress. Forty-one story building, 700-foot steamers and wireless telegraphy fit into the spirit of New York. It is a great city. Its parks, libraries, art galleries and universities reveal a generous people who though rich are not unmindful of the less fortunate and put in their reach the thing that will inspire them to better lives. One day in the Metropolitan Museum is an inspiration. Reluctantly we left this city and regretfully saw the sky-line fade away as our steamer pushed its way up the Hudson.

What an interesting ride it is from the North Station, Boston, to Tremont street, especially to the western tourist accustomed to the rectangular streets of his home city. It was between five and six o'clock that we started on a car to our hotel. When we reached Adams Square the crowd appeared and when the car turned into Washington street it seemed an impossibility to ever secure a passage. Such streets, turning in unexpected directions and seeming to lead nowhere. Some people complain of Boston's streets; they should be imprisoned. I would not have them otherwise. It is really refreshing to be in a city where one suddenly discovers he is lost. I was lost five times in two hours and moved in the most delightful atmosphere of uncertainty. Then the historical tablets, how unexpectedly they burst on one's view! One wishes he had literally a "Rubber-neck" after a day of sight-seeing in old Boston. Faneuil Hall, the Old State House, King's Chapel, the Old South Church, what pictures they conjure up in the mind. Six days in Boston equals six months of historical reading and the memories of the visit are refreshing to the soul.

From Boston to New Orleans via Montreal, Niagara Falls, Chicago and Memphis is a long and interesting journey. New Orleans is unique among American cites. Twenty-three years had passed since I last visited it, still the memories of its picturesqueness lingered with me and I expectantly looked forward to this visit. Alas! the modern spirit has reached this city. New Orleans is typical of the new South, the old and new mingle much to the disparagement of the old. The French Market is dilapidated and partly deserted, the modern department store is taking its place. The balconied house of the old regime stands beside the modern sky-scraper; it begins to feel out of place. The levees are still piled with cotton and the sleepy negroes are lolling upon the bales, but near by a great steamer is loading its thousands of bales with modern machinery requiring a minimum of help. Soon, too, the mills will be in the cotton fields and the old cotton levee will be of the past. The new South is coming, the people are awakening to its possibilities and it seems to me that it is a good place for the young man starting in life to go.

I had seven Sundays to myself. Services were attended in Chicago, Philadelphia, Northfield, Boston and El Paso. Unfortunately for me many of the pastors were like myself on a vacation. Congregations were generally small. Courteous ushers provided good seats, but only once did any other person speak as we came in or went out of the church. We went to worship and not to be coddled, still it would have been pleasant to grip some hand that had the touch of good fellowship. Traveling is lonely, days may pass without speaking to a person outside one's own party except it be the hotel clerk or a ticket agent.

We planned to spend a few days at Northfield to rest and see something of the life there. On arrival at the hotel I signed my name with the prefix Rev. for the first time. I hoped this would secure me an introduction to some pleasant fellowship. But it did not. We were there three days and not a man spoke to me but one until about an hour before my departure, when as I paid my bill the assistant manager talked a few

minutes and hoped I would return. We attended the morning prayer meeting in the parlor, went to service twice on Sunday and attended one of Dr. Pearson's lectures. I was disappointed. The worst of all my experience was in Chicago. I attended the Congregational Ministers' Monday Meeting and sat for about an hour and a half among, probably, one hundred brethren without a word of greeting. This was more surprising in that I had introduced myself to the secretary of the meeting before the meeting was called to order. A former California minister came in after the meeting opened and took a vacant chair beside me. In a few minutes he recognized me and gave cordial greeting, but he left before the meeting closed and I was alone again. Still I enjoyed the meeting, even when Dr. Hitchcock was uncomplimentary to San Francisco it did not detract from the interest of his address.

These are some impressions of a decidedly interesting vacation from which I have returned with a new appreciation of our nation's greatness.

SAMUEL C. PATTERSON.

A MESSAGE FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY CHRISTIANS.

An Address by Dr. Washington Gladden, the Retiring Moderator of the Congregational National Council, Given at Cleveland, Ohio, October 8, 1907.

The three years which have elapsed since we turned our faces homeward from Des Moines have been eventful years. It is not necessary to undertake any resume of the things which have been happening; the conviction that the time in which we are living is epochal is not long absent from any sober mind.

Most of us have lived through periods which were clearly not critical; when the current of time lapsed gently from decade to decade with hardly a ripple. But such a time is not the present; its movement is swift and tumultous; our faiths, our philosophies, our social conventions, our political and industrial institutions, are tossed upon its plungin flood, and we are watching to see how many of them will outride the rapids.

These perturbations are not local. Like the shocks and eruptions which have rent the earth's crust and ravaged great cities, they have appeared in many places, and we seem to hear a great voice saying: "Yet once more I make to tremble not the earth only but also the heaven." And even as the everlasting hills totter and crumble under the impact of inscrutable subterranean forces, so the political dynasties which deemed themselves secure against all enemies have been rent and riven by powers whose existence they hardly suspected.

Who of us would have predicted, three years ago, that before our re-assembling the greatest despotism the world has ever known would be shattered into fragments? We might have hoped that, as the issue of war then raging, Japan would win a substantial victory; but that the result of that victory would be the complete collapse of the Russian autocracy; that this great military power would be reduced to political chaos and financial beggary; that the Czar would be, in effect, a prisoner in his palace; that the all-powerful Grand Ducal conclave, whose dominion was absolute, would dwindle and disappear; that the whole body politic of this vast empire would become so thoroughly permeated by democratic and socialistic ideas that no reasonable hope could be entertained of a restoration of the autocracy—who of us could have dreamed? The foundations of that despotic rule seemed to have been laid in adamant; the army and the navy appeared to be irresistable weapons in the hand of an irresponsible despot; the expectation of any popular resistance to such an engine of oppression would have appeared to most students of politics utterly visionary; yet today that autocracy is the jest and byword of the nations. No stable rule has taken its place, nor can any such thing be hoped for, in the near future; years of tumult and disorder are likely to pass before the foundations of justice and good will can be securely laid; the only sure thing is that the Western World's last and mightiest stronghold of absolutism is in ruins.

Less spectacular, but perhaps no less significant, are the portents visible in that great Eastern Empire, whose civilization, for so many centuries, has been stationary, whose law has been tradition and to whose habitual mood any kind of gospel was a heresy. A people, not, indeed, without God in the world, for He leaves no land and no age without witnesses of His presence, but surely without hope; a people who refused to think of better days to come; who were always looking over their shoulders for the light upon the way before them, and thus forever walking in their own shadow—this people has been roused and stirred as never before in all their history. What is about to happen in China it would be hard to predict, but it is evident that something very serious is taking place. It is hard to see how anything short of a complete reversal of the prevailing mode of Chinese thought can result from the contact of China with the Western World. Western civilization is ruled by the future. Chinese civilization has always been ruled by the past. They are moving in opposite directions. If their contact is so close that they are forced to move together one or the other of them must change its course. We are fain to hope that Western civilization will not be the one. What a tremendous revolution this means, the mutterings and upheavals now audible and visible in that ancient society may give some indication. Nothing more portentious has been seen in history than the ground swell of that great deep of humanity, now for the first time answering to the tidal movements of the universe.

Such are some of the overturnings in other lands, of which, during the past two years, we have been witnesses. The world in which such things are going on is not a commonplace world. The era in which changes of such vastness are in progress is one in which thoughtful men will be vigilant and heedful of the meaning of the great voice by which the earth and the heavens are to be shaken.

But it is not to the things that are taking place on the other side of the world that our attention has been chiefly drawn. Enough has been doing at our doors to keep us wondering. The earthquake that demolished one of our fairest cities was scarcely more dramatic than some of the upheavals that have taken place in the industrial and social order. What we have been witnessing is a new apocalypse —an uncovering of the iniquity of the land.

First came that exposure of the shame of our cities, in which we were forced to see how dreadful are the conditions under which the governments of many of our great municipalities are administered. Most of us knew something of this, but few had any adequate conception of the extent to which graft and corruption were rioting in the places of civic power. It has been a ghastly revelation; the danger is that in our purblind optimism we shall slur its significance. There may be cities in which the boodler does not flourish and where the grafter is unknown, but it is not best for any of us to cherish, in behalf of our own localities, too much municipal self-complacency. We in Columbus were thanking God not long ago that we were not like unto those publicans of St. Louis and Philadelphia, but our mayor inserted the probe, and some of our officials are in the penitentiary.

The causes which produce these effects are widely operative. Everywhere there are millions of capital whose business interest it is to have weak or bad city government, and what we have seen is the natural consequence of this. The shame of our cities is due to nothing but the commercialization of the public conscience. So long as it is the popular belief that it is the chief end of man to make money, we cannot reasonably expect that men in civic office will follow any higher rule. Office will be for such men a business opportunity. It is the practical philosophy of the mart which has come to ripeness and rottenness in our cities.

In the midst of these exposures of municipal depravity came the astounding discoveries of misdoing in a quarter which most of us had always believed to be the dwelling place of fidelity and honor. No shock to the public faith could have been greater than that which was suffered in the insurance investigation. The names in these directories were the most honored names in the business world. To conceive of their being privy to such things as have been proved against them would have been impossible three years ago. Nothing but the relentless logic of facts could

have forced this conviction upon us. The foundations of civilized society have not often been so rudely shaken.

The packing-house investigation which followed was scarcely less disquieting. That a business on which the life and health of so many millions depend could be managed with such a cynical disregard of human welfare, would have been incredible to most of us three years ago.

The disclousures which have been made, during the same period, through prosecutions by the nation and the states, of the powerful combinations between railways and the big shippers, intended to crush competition, and aggrandize the strong at the expense of the weak, have also brought to light a state of things which may well cause anxiety to every upright citizen. This titanic plunder has been proceeding, year by year, in utter contempt of law; and it is one of the chief means by which have been heaped up the swollen fortunes which are such a menace to our liberties.

Coupled with this monumental extortion of the discriminating rates is the piratical finance whose aim it is to load all the greater public service industries with debts, the interest of which must be paid by the public. Billions of fictitious capital have been thus created, and every consumer of the land is thus compelled to contribute to the earnings of men who live in ease and opulence upon supposititious wealth which represents no addition made by anybody to the common weal.

While these rank injustices have been growing and these flagrant inequalities have been accmulating we have witnessed, with solicitude, a widening of the breach between the wage-workers and the employers of labor. Whether we like it or not we must recognize a rapidly growing tendency to separate our people into antagonistic classes. The growth of a plutocracy, the increasing power of the tremendous aggregations of capital, must foster such antagonisms. Conditions like these have no place in a democracy. The growing resentment of the many whose industry is exploited for the aggrandizement of the few is not a matter of wonder. We must not imagine that such a reign of greed and oppression as that on which we have been glancing can be permitted without inciting bitterness and hate and social mutiny. Accordingly we have to own that the relations between the people who own the instruments of production and the people who use them are more and more strained; on both sides the battle lines are sharply drawn and the signs of the times are often disquieting. We have just passed through a heated criminal trial which threatened to precipitate a war of classes. The question whether Haywood was guilty or innocent of the crime charged against him was made, from the start, by multitudes on both sides, a subordinate question. On the one side there was an angry determination to punish him, whether he were guilty or innocent, because he was a member of a labor organization; on the other side, there was a furious demand that he be set free whether he were innocent or guilty, because he representd a labor organization. The thousands of workingmen and women who paraded the streets of several of our cities, in advance of the trial, prejudging the case and threatening vengeance if he were convicted, furnished a spectacle on which no good citizen could look without a sinking heart. It is to be hoped that these tens of thousands do not, after all, represent the rank and file of the American working classes. At any rate we must confess that we saw, in that demonstration, a symptom, an ugly symptom, of the hatreds and resentments that are threatening the life of this republic.

It must not be imagined that the things which I have been describing are the only kind of things which have been happening in this country during the last three years. All over the land at every season the sun has been shining on the evil and the good, and the rain has been falling on the just and the unjust; the gracious benignities of nature have been vouchsafed us; plentiful harvests have made glad the heart of man; fidelity and honest toil have earned their meed of happiness, and many a deed of mercy or of heroism has made life beautiful.

Nor must we harbor any doubt that in the large view all things are working for good, and that there is a far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves. I am optimist enough to be sure that God is in His heaven and that all's right, in the long run, with the world. But I have also read history enough to know that this secular forward movement is consistent with many lapses and reverses; and that while "Humanity sweeps onward" many peoples and nations, with whom it once seemed that the hopes of humanity were identified, have halted in the march and been trampled into the dust of the dead generations. The material triumphs of American civilization are splendid, but I do not know that this nation, from that point of view, has any better guaranty of enduring life than Rome had in the days of Augustus, or Egypt in the days of the Rameses, or Babylonia in the times of Hammurabi. And these social phenomena, upon which we have been looking, are certainly startling enough to challenge the attention of all serious men and women. They may not bring us to the point of crying out with Isaiah, "Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, * * * From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and festering sores;" we may be able to discern many saving elements in our social life, and yet it may be possible for us to see that there are influences at work in our society which no patriot can afford to ignore.

It is idle, it is fatuous, to hide from ourselves the fact that we are facing, here in the United States of America, a social crisis. The forces which are at work here—the forces whose operation I have been pointing out—mean destruction. The tendencies which have been gathering strength since the Civil War—the tendencies to the accumulation of power in the hands of a few; the tendencies to use this power predaciously; the tendencies to boundless luxury and extravagance; the tendencies to the separation and the antagonism of social classes—must be arrested and that speedily, or we shall soon be in chaos. A social order which makes possible the rise of a Harriman or a Rockefeller is a social order which cannot long endure. These swollen fortunes that many are gloating over are symptoms of disease; they are tumors, wens, goiters; the bigger they are the deadlier. They are not the reward of social service; they are the fruit of plunder. We have made them possible only by permitting the gate of opportunity to be made narrower and the burden of toil more unrequiting for millions of the poor. They exist only because by our acts we consent to monumental injustice. A society which tolerates such conditions cannot live.

It is because we have begun to have some dim conception of this truth that we are moving, now, toward the correction by law of these grave injustices. We must exterminate them; that is the fight in which there must be no faltering. If we would not be destroyed, we must destroy the destroyers. This is the truth which our brave President, by word and deed, is always enforcing upon us, and he is entirely and everlastingly right about it. He means that the law shall do all that law can do to prevent and punish the rapacity of the strong. He means that our democracy shall not harbor subtle and cryptic tyrannies, forms of robbery with webs like gossamer, that drop on us out of the dark, and entangle us when we are asleep; impalpable spoliations that drain away our earnings in driblets and leave us not only poor but ignorant of what has impoverished us. These are the arts by which swollen fortunes are heaped up in these days, and our President is bound to put an end to them. He means that the gate of opportunity shall not be shut; that the ways of freedom shall be kept clear for the climbing feet of the high and the lowly. If he has any worse purpose than this he has well concealed it, and though there are many who hate him and malign him, those to whom justice is dearer than policy and courage than finesse honor him and trust him and thank God for him.

Everything that law can do to restrain and extirpate these unsocial forces must be done—this is President Roosevelt's policy, and I trust we are all with him in it. The least we can do to save this country from destruction is to enforce with all rigor the law which punishes every kind of robbery and extortion, and especially those artistic schemes of plunder by which our plutocracy has been created. But after President Roosevelt and those who now stand with him and who may come after him have done all that law can do to extirpate these social injustices, I greatly fear that their roots will be found imbedded in the soil and their sprouts springing up right and left and growing amain. Law can do something, but there is a great deal that it cannot do because, as Paul says, it is weak through the flesh. It deals only with the external act, it cannot touch the inward motive. What our social order most needs is not more or better laws, nor a more rigorous enforcement of law; it needs to be permeated by a better morality; to have its whole conception of the meaning and purpose of

life revolutionized. The trouble with this social order of ours is not a matter of forms and methods; its ruling ideas are wrong ideas. Ever since we got rid of absolutism and feudalism and paternalism we have been trying to build our civilization on the basis of moral individualism. Self-interest has been recognized as the regulative principle of the social organism. All our laws, all our civic and industrial organizations have been based on this principle. That self-love is the mainspring of human action, and that all rules of conduct must be adjusted to this as the supreme controlling motive, has been the assumption of all our political and practical philosophy. We have not denied the existence of good will and kindness, but we have contended that these were minor and subordinate forces; that no reliance could be placed on them as regulative principles of human action; that society was rightly organized by giving practically unrestricted play to the working of self-interest. In the family, of course, and to some extent in the church, we have recognized the supremacy of altruistic motives, and we have set them free in our philanthropies; but these are lesser interests; in all the central, masterful, absorbing affairs of life, in industry, traffic, politics, the spheres in which by far the largest part of our activities find exercise, we have insisted in enthroning the principle of self-interest.

That this principle had not worked very well through the old days of absolutism and aristocratic feudalism, we could see; but we laid that failure to the monarchs and the aristocrats. When one man behaved selfishly there was trouble, that was evident; but there was a fond hope that when all men had free rein to be as selfish as they chose, all would be well. Our notion was that when all political yokes were broken and democracy came to its own, the principle of "every man for himself" would give us universal welfare. We have had, now, a few generations of democracy, long enough to test the operation of this principle. The phenomena upon which we have been looking give us the result. Here, on this broad continent, with every vestige of political privilege swept away, under a pure democracy, such social conditions as those which we have been considering have been developed. Inequalities of the most glaring sort, oppressions that are continental in their reach, a race of plunderers more powerful and more cunning than ever before appeared in history, with great lawyers to aid them in their predatory schemes; a reign of debilitating luxury that would put to the blush the Romans of the decadence, and, as the fruit of the tree, misery and poverty at the other end of the social scale, and deadly hatreds steadily deepening, and threatening revolution—this is the logical, natural, inevitable outcome of the moral individualism on which we have been trying to build society. Instead of its being true that democracy will transfigure egoism, we have found that no form of society can march hellward faster than a democracy under the banner of unbridled individualism.

That, past all doubt, is the way we have been going. That, and nothing else, has precipitated the social crisis which we are confronting. You will hear a great many other explanations of it, but they are all superficial; the bottom trouble with it all is that we have been trying to found a social order on selfishness. The word to be spoken to this industrial and social order of ours, is the word that John the Baptist spoke, and that Jesus caught from his lips and repeated: "Repent! Change your minds! Your idea of what life means is fundamentally wrong. You are building your whole civilization on a false basis. You imagine that human beings can live together usefully and happily when every man lives for himself. You cannot live together in that way. You will simply devour one another. The weak will always be the prey of the strong. You will have strife, confusion, misery as your perpetual portion.

"You were made to share in one another's good, to be helpers, one of another; not to strive and fight but to cooperate. It is not that you are to neglect your own interests in promoting your neighbor's; simply to identify yourselves in interest with your neighbors; to love your neighbors, not better than yourselves, but as yourselves. This law of good will, which is simply the law of justice, nothing more, will bring peace and welfare to all."

Such was the challenge of Jesus Christ to the social order which He found existing, which was, in its fundamental principles, the same social order that exists today, the same social order out of which have grown our rotten cities and our insurance piracies, and our rebate robberies and our meat trusts and our labor wars. He condemned it, as radically wrong; He called for its reconstruction upon a ruling idea which would change the direction of human conduct. And this, as anyone may see who will read the synoptic gospels, was the main thing that He came into the world to do. To establish in this world the Kingdom of heaven was his mission; He assumed that men would be ready for heaven if they lived the heavenly life upon earth.

If the world could only have learned from him that great truth what ages of strife and misery would have been spared us! But, alas for human stupidity! the truth which he meant that we should learn first, the head-stone of the corner of his teaching, has been ignored or rejected through all the generations. We have learned many things of this great Teacher. We have learned much about the ordering of our homes; His love and peace abide in many of them. We have learned to honor womanhood, and to hold sacred and precious the life of little children; we have learned to show compassion to the sick and the blind and the deaf and those of clouded mind; we have learned to be merciful to the criminal and kind to the needy; we have learned to trust, for ourselves, in the love of our Father in heaven; to believe that he is ready to forgive our sins, to comfort us in trouble, and to take care of us when life is ended; all this and far more is precious gain; no word can tell how much it is worth to our sinning and sorrowing humanity.

But he has always wanted to give us so much more! If we could but have taken his yoke upon us and have learned of him how to order the relations of our social lives, how to live together in factory and shop and counting-room, how much happier and better off we should have been! Some of us would not have been so rich, many of us would not have been so poor.

To this part of the teaching of Jesus we have, however, persistently turned a deaf ear. For other parts of our lives we confess that he has good gifts; but in all this part of our lives—and it includes by far the larger portion of our thoughts and energies—we do not yield to his authority. Here we have insisted, another law that his must rule—the law of strife, the law that gives dominion to the strongest. So it has come to pass that through all these centuries the chief part of the work that Jesus came to do has been left undone, practically unattempted. The consequences we have seen, in that culmination of the world's selfishness which tonight we have been reviewing.

But how has it happened that the chief thing which Jesus came to do has been left undone? Was there no agency here to which this work has been entrusted? Had he no representatives in the world on whom he could depend for the application to human society of the saving truth which he came to teach? It would seem that the Christian Church must have been intended to be such an agency. We often speak of it as the Body of Christ; we mean that it is the social organism which his mind controls and in which his spirit dwells. Doubtless that was what he meant his church to be.

That the life of Jesus has been, in some imperfect way, manifested to the world through the church, most of us believe. How very imperfect the revelation has been, all of us know. The church is the light of the world, but often it has been but a dark lantern, quenching the ray that it ought to have reflected. Doubtless our Master knew that it would be so; human nature in its crude condition is hardly transparent to the heavenly beam; ages of cleansing and purification must pass before the light will shine through.

Therefore the church which is, after all, only a human agency, has very dimly understood its Lord, and very imperfectly represented him. Often and often it has utterly misplaced the emphasis of his teachings; it has put first things last and lowest things highest; it has spent its energies on trifles and shirked the great tasks for which it was commissioned.

Thus it is that the truth which Jesus always made central in his teachings has never yet been made central in the teaching and the life of his church. For many centuries it waited for him to return in power and capture by miracle the kingdoms of the world; then it suffered this expectation to die out and shifted its hope to the regions beyond our sight, putting all the stress of its appeal upon the escape of the faithful from this world to another.

It is this overdone unworldliness of which the church of the present day is the inheritor. For while we must make no sweeping statements, and must thankfully and hopefully recognize the existence of a strong minority of disciples to whom, as to their Master, the establishment of His Kingdom in the world is the chief concern, it still remains true that to the vast majority of modern Christians the main business of religion is to keep people out of con-

tact with the life of the world, and to get them safely away from it when they die. And while there are now not a few of the leaders of the church who are interested in the real work that Jesus came to do, there is still a host of them like the occupant of one of the most conspicuous pulpits of Christendom, who, when asked if his church had any institutional features, answered, "God forbid! My own deep conviction is that the institutional church is the devil's own invention," and who then went on to testify: "I detest these semi-social and semi-political subjects. I have never touched them in the pulpit. Of course, as a private individual I have my own private opinions, and I vote. But when God makes a minister he is to declare the unsearchable riches of God in Christ Jesus, and he is limited to that." That is the tone; you hear it continually; the business of the church is saving souls for heaven; it has nothing to do with making a better world of this. How little such a man knows of what "the unsearchable riches of God in Christ Jesus" really are!

It is because the church, to so large an extent, has long been under the control of such a sentiment as this; because it has turned its gaze away from the world that Christ came to save and has fixed it so intently upon the heaven for which it hopes or the hell which it dreads, that the work which He came to do in the regeneration of human society has not been done. We can forgive the mediaeval saints for forgetting their social obligations; most of them had but few; but how a Christian man in a democracy, with the chrism upon his head of God's ordination to rule this world rightly, can separate his religion from his social obligations is hard to understand. And we cannot forgive the Christian church—the Christian church must not forgive herself—for failing, in these great years of freedom and opportunity, to leaven human society with the truth as it is in Jesus.

What has the Christian church been doing while these powers of piracy and plunder have been gathering their forces and spreading their nets and heaping up their spoils? Where was the Christian church when the grafters were ravaging the cities and the rebate robbers and the frenzied financiers and the insurance sharks were getting in their work? For the most part she has been standing by and looking on, winking her eyes and twiddling her thumbs, and wondering whether she had any call to interfere.

The prophets of old had no such embarrassment in defining their function. Here and there a prophetic voice has been heard, in our own time, but against these monumental injustices with which the nation is now in a life and death grapple, the church has lifted up no clear and effectual protest. Indeed she has gathered into her communion many of the most conspicuous of the perpetrators of these injustices—they are nearly all church members—and has made herself a pensioner upon their bounty, and has been content with preaching to them the "simple gospel" that such men always love to hear!

It is a sad business, brethren, a sad and shameful business; and I am afraid that most of us have had some part in it. But I wonder if it is not true that in this hour of the nation's testing, the church is beginning to awake to some sense of her past infidelity and her present opportunity. I wonder if she knows that **now**, NOW is for her the accepted time and the day of salvation. Is she not aware that the treasure with which she has been intrusted is for the redemption of the society in which she is living? Does she not comprehend the fact that the morbid and threatening social conditions which have been appearing during the last three years are due simply to the absence from industrial and civil society of those elements which it is her business to supply? If she had made men hate robbery, as they ought to hate it, there would have been not rebate robbers. If she had enforced upon the world as she ought to have done, and could have done, the social ideals of Jesus, there would have been no frenzied financiers. If the Christian church, with her present membership and social influence, would but accept, heartily, for herself, the simple truth that Jesus taught about life, and would begin honestly and bravely to put it in practice, society would soon be filled with ideas and sentiments in which such unsocial evils as those which we are now confronting could not long endure.

And this is the work to which in this great day the church of Jesus Christ is summoned. It is a day of judgment. Those who have ears to hear, can hear a great voice saying "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the Prince of this world be cast out." What we are witnessing is nothing other than the culmination and collapse of the existng social order which rests on moral individualism. And the church of Jesus Christ is called to replace this principle of selfishness and strife with the principle of good will and service. It is called to give to society a new organic industrial and civil society on Christian principles. This is its business in the world, a business too long neglected, but not now impossible, if the church can discern this time and gird herself for the work.

This social change cannot be an instantaneous metamorphosis; the processes of growth are never so; but it can begin at once, and the vitalizing, transforming energy will soon make itself felt in every part of the social organism. It will be a great thing if the church can grasp the idea of the thing to be done, and can believe that it is possible. It is not necessary to work out the methods, all at once; let them be developed as needs arise. It is only necessary that the church shall know that she is here in the world to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; to seek it, not by turning her eyes to the skies but by fixing them upon the world; to seek it and find it here, in shop and store and factory and mine, in bank and counting-room, in kitchen and drawing-room, in sanctum and studio, in public office and private station, wherever human beings join hands or touch elbows in the tasks and pleasures and comradeships of our daily life. To fill all these human relations with the spirit of good will and kindness, of unselfish ministry; to make men and women feel that the great joy of life is not the joy of strife but the joy of service; to populate this world with a race of people whose central purpose it shall be, not to get as much as they can but to give as much as they can—this is what Jesus came into this world to do, and what his church will be doing as soon as she comprehends her mission.

When she takes up this task with full purpose she will get some light on questions that now puzzle her. She will be able to see that while these social injustices which now disturb our peace have been culminating, her own growth has been seriously retarded. The Christian church has not been making, during the last decades, the kind of progress that she ought to make. Her membership increases very slowly; her benevolences languish; there are signs of decrepitude that none of us is willing to confess. The strenuous efforts that have been made to replenish her forces by evangelism have not been effectual. Upon the outside masses the appeal has little power. It does not now appear that an evangelism whose objective is the individual sinner is likely to accomplish much until some things are done for which the world has long been waiting. The fact is plainly apparent that the church has lost her grip on the world, and she is not going to regain it until she finds out what is her real business in the world. Her enfeeblement is due to her failure to grapple with the task assigned her. Let her address herself to that with faith and courage and she will soon find her resources returning. It seems to me that the responsibility now resting on the church in America is something tremendous. If this nation is destroyed the guilt will lie at the door of the church.

Carry your thought back for a moment to what we were saying at the beginning of this hour. What has wrought the ruin of Russia? It is the church of Russia. The church of Russia has not only failed to enforce the social teachings of Jesus Christ, she has flatly repudiated them. Under the lead of that mighty prelate whose philosophy of society, more than any other teaching, has shaped the entire policy of the empire, the minds of the ruling class have been filled with ideas and sentiments which are distinctly anti-Christian. The revolution registers the doom of a social order resting on stark egoism, and of a church which stood sponsor for that social order. For us this tragedy holds a note of warning. I do not think that the church in America is promoting an anti-Christian social order; she is simply permitting it to exist. She must prevent its existence or she will go down in the ruin which it is sure to bring.

Recall, now, for another moment, that other tremendous phenomenon on which we were looking—the awakening of the Orient. How is our nation to be affected by the rapidly hastening contact between that civilization and our own? It will not be long before the East and the West will be hurled together—not, I hope, in physical combat,

but in a commercial and intellectual competition which will test the strength of each. Our safety in this struggle will not lie in fleets or forts; the critical contest will not be fought out with carnal weapons. It will be a contest between ruling ideas, between types of character.

If we can meet the onset of the Oriental hosts with a thoroughly Christian civilization we shall save ourselves and them. If we can arm ourselves with the mind that was in Jesus—with justice and truth, with honor and kindness, they can never overcome us; we shall subdue them, and lead them in the paths of peace. A thoroughly Christianized nation, Christian in all its policy, seeking always to do them good and not evil, putting forth its energies to befriend and serve them, would have nothing to fear.

A Christian people, living the life of the Sermon on the Mount, not greedy of gain, following simple ways, lovers of peace rather than strife, could go into a contest of this nature with no anxiety; but a people whose vitality had been lowered by the kind of influences now tending to prevail in our society; who had grown luxurious, effeminate and false; who had been in short Russianized by the selfish philosophy which has dragged Russia to her doom, would be overrun and trampled out of existence in its contact with Oriental paganism.

It rests with the Christian church to determine what kind of a people it shall be that enters this contest, now swifly impending. To get ready for such work as this will call for sober thought and strenuous amendment. If the church would gird herself for work like this, she will need to lay aside every weight and the sins that so easily beset her; she will be constrained, in many ways, to simplify her own life and revise her social standards. Deepest of all her needs will be the need of a better acquaintance with Jesus and a more genuine faith in him, not merely as the Deliverer from the pains of hell, but as the Messiah, the Lord and Ruler of life in this world.

I think, also, that the church which expects to transform and unify humanity, will find some work to do in restoring her own unity. There is many a rent in Christ's seamless robe which she must mend, if she would hide her own nakedness. So long as the main business of the church was supposed to be getting people out of the world to heaven, the scandal and shame of the schisms was not so serious. The saying has always been: "One road to heaven is as good as another." But when it is understood that what we are seeking is the unity and peace of human society; that our business in the world is to banish hateful and destructive competitions, and to bring men together on a co-operative basis, then our sectarian divisions will smite us in the face whenever we open our mouths to speak our message to the world. While the church was consenting to the moral individualism which has been tearing society in pieces, she might keep her countenance when confronted with her own divisions. But when she begins to apply the principles of her Master to the wars of classes and the strifes of interests in the outside world, she will hear a stern voice saying, "Physician, heal thyself!"

That the church will hear the call of her Master in this great crisis, and put away her weaknesses and scandals, and rise to the mighty task that awaits her, I cannot bring myself to doubt. That society cannot live upon the old basis of selfishness and strife is becoming increasingly plain, even to many outside the church. That the church will fail, in this juncture, to discern this fact and to seize her great opportunity I cannot believe. "If," says a modern prophet, "society continues to disintegrate and decay the church will be carried down with it. If the church can rally such moral forces that injustice will be overcome and fresh red blood will course in a sounder organism, it will itself rise to higher liberty and life. Doing the will of God it will have new visions of God. With the new message will come a new authority. If the salt lose its saltness it will be trodden under foot. If the church fulfils its prophetic function, it may bear the prophet's reproach for a time, but it will have the prophet's vindication hereafter."

If we do anything here worth while it will be in strengthening the ideas and forces which shall make the law and the spirit of Jesus regnant and effective over the whole of our social life. If, we talk together here,, we can come to a clearer understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus; if we can learn to believe in Him; to feel that His way of living is the right way; to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, as Jesus has shown it to us in the Sermon on the Mount; to feel that the simple life, the quiet life, the loving life, into which Jesus invites us is the best and happiest life; if we can consider all our missionary work, and our philanthropic work and our educational work as methods by which we are seeking to guide men into the way of Jesus; if we can go home from this place, at the end of our sojourn here, with the new purpose in our hearts of raising up a generation of men and women who believe in Jesus Christ as Lord and Ruler of this world, and who are ready to accept His law of love and govern their lives by it, then it will be well for us and for the world that we have come together.

Among the Churches.

Petaluma.—This church has given a call to Rev. E. B. Hayes of Oregon.

Berkeley, First.—The pastor, Rev. Dr. Lapsley A. McAfee, has gone to St. Helena for a much needed rest of ten days.

Vallejo.—At the last communion, three new members were welcomed into the fellowship of this church. In the evening the pastor concluded a series of six sermons on the Epistle to the Hebrews.

San Jose, Second.—The pastor, Rev. Thornton A. Mills, has received a call to the Presbyterian church at Schenectady, New York, and has signified his wish to accept the call. The church, although regretting to part with Mr. Mills, will no doubt vote to allow him to close his pastorate here. The new field is a very attractive one, and the church feels that it is only right that he should accept the opportunity for this larger service.

San Jose First.—The frame work of the new church is nearing completion and rafters are being put up for the roof. It is hoped by the contractors that the plaster may be put on the outside before the winter begins. The plans were drawn by a Los Angeles architect and the cost will be about $40,000. The building is large and commodious, and withal something in which the city as well as the church may well take pride.

RED BLUFF.

We are glad that Pastor Sharpe has again returned to his work and that Mrs. Sharpe has been spared to him and to us. Little Malcomb is an addition to the manse.

At the last service of September H. C. Brooks and Dr. Frank L. Doane were ordained as elders. Dr. Doane is a son of Elder Scott Doane, who has been the faithful clerk of the session for years. This increases the eldership to seven, although Elder J. D. Keyes has gone to Berkeley to live.

The wife of Dr. J. M. West, one of the elders, was taken from the earth recently after a prolonged illness.

At the communion on October 6 over eighty partook. A liberal offering was taken for home missions. Mrs. K. L. Robinson, the pioneer woman graduate of Berkeley, united with the church at that time.

Sunday-school starts with a larger attendance than last year and interest increases. Mr. Garrett deserves much credit for his faithful services as superintendent.

The trustees have in view the lining of the building

with metal ceiling. A new carpet will be laid and ere the winter we hope to be in excellent quarters.

The little monthly which was started last year has been resumed. It seems to meet a popular demand and may prove a channel for much good.

ORDINATION ANNIVERSARY AT BLUE LAKE.

An interesting event took place Wednesday evening, Oct. 2, at Blue Lake, Humboldt county, Cal., when Rev. William Baesler, who has been in charge of the work for fifteen years, under the direction of the Home Mission Board, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination.. The services, which were largely attended, were held in the prettily-decorated church. On the platform were seated Rev. Baesler, Rev. J. S. Todd, D. D., of Areata; Rev. E. P. Shier, of Eureka; and Rev. Charles Philip Hessel, of Areata. Rev. Shier gave an excellent address, taking as the keynote, I. Thes. 5: 13. It was full of information concerning the labors of the minister of the gospel, and at the close, the speaker eloquently set forth the blessedness of Christian service. Rev. Hessel read the Scripture lesson and offered prayer. The reminiscent address of the grand old pioneer worker of Humboldt, Dr. Todd, was one of the best ever delivered, and the beloved minister held the closest attention of his audience. Special musical numbers were rendered by Mrs. T. A. Smith, Miss Florence Peltreau and Miss Bertha Tulmore, of Blue Lake; Mrs. Everett Spring and Mrs. Hessel, of Areata.

Rev. Mr. Baesler was ordained at Shrewsbury, N. J., Oct. 4, 1882, by the Presbytery of Monmouth. Two weeks later, he was married to Louise Brinkman, who has been of great help in the work. In his ministry at Blue Lake he has been highly successful. The region is occupied for the most part by woodsmen, due to the important lumber industry. The past year Rev. Mr. Baesler distributed among the camps 500 pounds of Christian literature, which represents 120,000 pages. He also donated various other periodicals. The Presbyterian ministers of Humboldt presented Rev. Mr. Baesler and his wife with a silver bread tray, in commemoration of their silver wedding, celebrated this month.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

The Seminary church is enlarging its work. Mr Sidney McKee of the Middle Class has been engaged to open a new work in the Bush Tract. This is a mile and a half northwest of the church. From the Bush Tract to Fairfax real estate is selling rapidly. When the electric road is extended, as it probably will be in the spring to Fairfax or even to Point Reyes, there will be a rapid influx of population and a new church will be needed. For the present Mr. McKee will endeavor to hold Sunday evening services in the homes o the new community and possibly opn a Sunday-school service in the afternoon. Mr. Charles L. Campbell of the Middle Class has been engaged as pastor's assistant. His work will be principally that of a Sunday-school missionary, through the valley.

Rev. Andrew J. Whipkey, '05, who has been rendering faithful service at Council, Alaska, has been directed to move on to Cleary City. Missionaries in Alaska must follow the miners and locate where the people are. Mr. Whipkey's field is peculiarly lonely and difficult, btu he does his work cheerfully, without murmuring, thankful for every opportunity to do good.

Rev. George D. B. Stewart, '92, has retired from the pastorate of the church at Ukiah, where he has been for several years.

It isreported that Rev. Herbert E. Hays, '04, is doing fine work as pastor of the Third Presbyterian church in Salt Lake City.

Dr. Day supplied the San Rafael church Sept. 29 and Dr. Landon last Sabbath. The church is looking for a supply from British Columbia for the remainder of this month.

Prof. Peterson and his family returned last week from their visit in Canada. He resumed last Sabbath his work as temporary supply of the new St. John's Church, Berkeley.

Mrs. Dr. Alexander has taken her letter from the Seminary Church to St. John's Church, San Francisco. She was one of the charter members of the Seminary church where she has been much missed since her removal to that city shortly after Dr. Alexander's death.

THEOSOPHY IMPRACTICAL.

To be endowed with a well balanced mind is a great blessing. Theosophy is the name given lawless thinking. Theosophy cuts loose from responsibility to God, from responsibility to man and finally from responsibility to itself. It is mental anarchy, and intellectual riot. The restraints usually imposed upon the processes of reasoning are given to the wind. Theosophy mixes dreams, visions, speculations, theories, into one vast confusion of ideas. Mrs. Annie Basant, the president of the Theosophical Society is in this country to "harmonize" the theosophical societies which are in serious discord. She visited California some years ago. We had the opportunity of hearing her lecture to an "esoteric" circle. She claimed that she had reached the stage of an "Adept" and understood all theosophical things. She said she could see thought in a variety of colors. She maintained that she had been in the world for several thousand years. There were present a considerable number of alleged "adepts" but none of them were able to deny that she had been reincarnated several times. It is now given out that she believes the soul of Madam Blavatsky has been transferred to her. There is something extremely pathetic in the study of this finely balanced, nicely adjusted, but undirigible form of insanity.

ZIONISM A VANISHING DREAM.

The Springfield Republican has clearly stated the case. It says anent the recent meeting held at The Hague:

"Zionism among the Jews has plenty of inspiration but no stomach and lungs. The recent Zionist congress at The Hague was well attended and the delegates were earnest and intelligent, but they got nowhere because such a movement has no terminal. The idea of repeopling Palestine with Jews and refounding there a Hebrew state is fantastic and can never be made to work. The Zionist movement serves, however, the purpose of agitation in behalf of the Jewish race; it focuses attention upon the present grievances of its persecuted members in certain countries. If the condition of the Jews in Russia should markedly improve the Zionists would immediately shrink in numbers and the Palestine project would scarcely be heard of."

The eastern press thinks that the question of statehood for New Mexico and Arizona should be adjourned for at least ten years. In other words the press thinks the country is tired of the agitation. It is perfectly evident that the two territories cannot be united amicably in one State.

The Home.

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils:
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE MONEY STANDARD.

There is a power abroad today which has set up its standards in the midst of God's fair earth, a power which claims and obtains almost universal homage. The name of the power is money, and its worship is called success. You have read of human sacrifices among savage tribes; but have you ever paused to count the human sacrifices that are daily offered at the altar of Mammon? This worse than pagan god has erected his idol not in the fastnesses of savage wastes, but in the midst of Christian people. His shrines cumber the ground of the cities. His temples overshadow the temples of the living God. His power is upon the sea and upon the land. No place is too exalted, none too lowly for his worship. He has invaded the thrones of kings, he has frustarted the counsels of rulers, he has damaged nations in their dearest interests, he has suborned cabinets and senates, he has perjured parliaments, he all but divides empire with the God of hosts. And, saddest of all, the pagan god was satisfied with his victim's life; when the victim's blood stained the altar the pagan god was appeased. But the god of Mammon demands and obtains the victim's immortal soul. Now if his service be entered he will gladly receive the proffered allegiance. If you make wealth the one purpose in life and stake your hope of success upon its acquisition, it may be that you will have it in abundance. Give up your freedom, stifle every noble aspiration, banish the bright dreams that live in your souls today; be false to the truth false to your ideals, and it may be that his golden hoard will be yours. Come and go at his beck and nod, plan and scheme for him until the brain reels, work for him as no slave ever worked for a master, and his wages. the wages of a wasted life, mayhap be yours. But think not though a golden treasure beyond the dream of avarice be at command, think not that you have success. Know, that with this quest alone in view, you are foredoomed to bitter failure. If you possess all that he has to give and only that, then your life spells defeat. You have given all and you are betrayed. It were well if even hope remained.—Exchange.

DRINK.

It is the patronage of the rum-shop far more than it is the low wage that spells squalor in homes, heartbreaks for wives, and every woe for the helpless and dependent. Hence comes rags, hence comes desolation, hence comes every form of brutality, vice and crime that disgraces humanity. Few wives are beaten, few homes are turned into hells because of hard work and low wages; it is the drink devil who wields the whip and brings the hell. There is no taskmaster who drives so cruelly as he, or lays on so heavy a lash. Much labor, both in its character and in its rewards, may be akin to slavery, but there is no bondage so galling, no servitude which exacts so much and gives so little, as the slavery of strong drink. Among all other good and true aims set before them, let the trade unions declare an unalterable and deadly enmity to the drink traffic, and they will achieve a larger good for workingmen than in all other efforts to which they can put their hearts and hands. Boycott the saloon, order a general strike along this line, and there will be a result in the homes and by the firesides of the world's toilers that will rejoice and bless humanity.—Leslie's Weekly.

ETIQUETTE OF THE ELEVATOR.

"There is no one to pass authoritatively upon the etiquette of the elevator," said a critical citizen to a "Star" reporter, "but it strikes me that the line should be drawn, and a little study of the question has resulted in this conclusion with me:—

"I think the line should be drawn between business elevators, those in office buildings, stores and public buildings generally and those in hotels. In the latter a man should remove his hat and uncover in the presence of women passengers, and in the former he should not, and there should be no deviation from the rule.

"The differentiation in the established courtesy shown by men as a great class to women may easily be made clear, though there are some of our fair sisters who would keep a man on his knees all the time and never give him a chance to stretch, as others would have him uncover in the street cars, which are inclosed compartments frequented by both sexes, and give him a perpetual cold in the head.

"If men should remove their hats in the presence of women in the elevators of business and public buildings they should by analogy take them off in Pullman cars, the cabins of ferryboats, in street and railroad cars and coaches, in closed carriages and omnibuses, in the stores; go uncovered in the corridors of the capitol, the congressional library, the national museum, the corridors of the public government office buildings, railroad stations, and, in short, in all places under roof in which the two sexes publicly mingle.

"Certain it is if a woman expects a man to uncover in a public elevator, it is the height of absurdity for her not to be indignant if a man rides with her with his hat on in a closed carriage; yet not one of our sweet cousins would think for a moment that a man should do this, though he is closer to her in one compartment than in a public elevator, and he is either slightly or well acquainted with her in the bargain.

"In the elevator of a hotel, however, it is another matter. Here the two sexes meet upon more personal terms, as it were, and the relationship between the sexes is more of that in private houses. There is an atmosphere entirely different from that in the elevator

of a business or public building, and it is one which demands of a man more courtesy toward the opposite sex than in the latter place.

"I have always thought, therefore, when I see men uncover in store and public building elevators that they lacked a discriminating knowledge of gentlemanly instincts rather than, as they evidently suppose, showing such to woman shoppers and visitors to the departments."—Washington Star.

The Quiet Hour.

O Source divine and Life of all
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know Thee truly but in this—
That Thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tones of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law!

—J. STERLING.

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING.

It is a mystery; it has always been so; it must be so to the end. For on the one hand is our fixed experience of the love of God and on the other is the pain, perplexity, and grief which he allows. A shallow philosophy argues either that God is not good or that he lacks power. That was the mind of the wife of Job when, in the collapse of fortune, she advised her husband to curse God and die. A like shallow despair is found in the life of those who have given up the battle and merely drift with the tide. This is not the best of all possible worlds, and nothing in God's word ever claimed that it was so, but it may well be best for something. And it must be our wisdom, as those who are called to share a part in life, to ask and discover for what it is best.

The rough and tumble, the temptation and suffering of the world cannot be aimless. We are like men set forth upon a great adventure. Some may like the changes and viscissitudes of travel for their own sake. They are the strong. But others may accept the journey either for the gains to be made along the way, or for the end to be attained at last. The expectation of home is more to them than ease at any inn. These are the courageous and the hopeful; and these beyond question get the most from life. The journey is not easeful, but it is well worth while. The way is not smooth, but it appeals to brave and venturous hearts. And the great end which is to crown endeavor arms even the weakest to attempt the great experience, since He who made the way is also its companion.

This is the way in which our Lord looked upon life. He calls us to courage; he warns us of trials; he assures us of his presence; he awaits us at the end. He even appeals to us with the assurance that our sufferings are sure, but that they have their offset in present reward as well as final victory. He takes the trials of the world for granted with no inquietude of heart. He has not a thought to waste upon the proposition that God cannot be good unless he makes an easeful world. He thinks of it as a practice ground for souls, and turns his gaze upon the final victory. In his view it is a greater triumph for God to train strong and triumphant men than to lead us by smooth ways into a place of listless ease.

The only joys that last and grow in this life of ours are the joy of trust and the joy of overcoming. To live in the midst of trouble with joy of soul is the mysterious art of faith and love. The little craft toss and sway with the waves and are driven in peril by the storm. But the great ships of faith are piloted by Christ and laugh at the tempest. We are called to a manly and courageous life, not to a whining and retreating one. Set forth, then, into the midst of such trials and perils as God shall allow to fall upon you and fear nothing. Cultivate the courageous spirit and joy will follow soon. The mystery of life and suffering is real enough; but not daunting to him who walks with God.—The Congregationalist.

PRAYER.

O Thou, true Fountain of all life and light, our Father and our loving and unfailing Help, without Thee we are poor and sorrowful, but in Thy service are made strong and free. Aid and establish us in the work which Thou hast given us to do, refresh us in our weariness, give us peace of heart and fill us with good courage and delight in service through all the changes of our days. Blessed be Thou, our loving Father, for all the joys that we have known, our victories won, uplifting after sinful falls, the rich outpouring of Thy life in Jesus Christ our Lord, simplicity of faith, peace of the trustful heart and joy of brotherhood. None can replace Thee; and in Thy abundance our souls have confidence and rest. Make us channels of Thy grace and help to others, according to Thy mercy, and let Thy kingdom come, O Lord of Love.

Young People.

JOHNNY.

He can scamper a mile to the baseball field,
And he never feels the heat;
But, oh! it's so far to the corner store—
So far for his aching feet!

He can run to see the circus come in,
And stand and watch by the hour;
But the post-office building is so far away,
And there might come up a shower!

He can get up at five on the Fourth o' July—
It's really no trouble at all;
But eight is too early on all other days,
And his mother may call and call!

He can sit up all hours to frolic, and not
Get sleepy or tired a bit;
But if there's a lesson, or problem to do,
He goes fast asleep over it!

O Johnny, dear Johnny, how funny you are!
And when will grown-ups understand
That hard things seem easy, and easy ones hard,
To youngsters all over the land?

—Emma A. Lente.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

"Mother's helper!" said mother, as she kissed Milton good-bye. "What would mother do without him?"

Milton felt very tall and strong as mother disappeared around the corner, leaving him alone with Baby Erma while mother went to market.

"I shall be six years old next month," he said to Baby Erma, "and I will take the best of care of you. Come, let us have a race." And Milton started across the yard, taking baby steps so that little sister could catch him easily.

The race was soon ended, and Baby Erma thought it such fun that she begged for another, and, when she had caught him again, for another.

"Now, let us play horse," said Milton, as he helped Baby Erma from the place where she had fallen. "I will be just a walking horse, then you will not fall down again." And he harnessed himself with a jumping rope and handed little sister the reins.

"Ge-up!" said Baby Erma. "Whoa!"

What fun it was! She thought big brother the best of playmates.

"Come on, Milton," called the voice of Mervin Walters as he stood on tiptoe and looked over the gate at Milton, "we are all going to have a game around the corner. Hurry up!"

Milton stopped without even a "Whoa!" and his little driver stood still, too.

How he longed to go with Mervin! Every boy in the block had new marbles. Milton had some, too,—bright, shining ones,—and he had just learned to play. But he remembered his promise to mother, that he would keep little sister in the yard.

"No, I can't go today," he replied bravely. "I promised to take care of baby."

"O, let her take care of herself," urged Mervin. "She is big enough; besides, I know I can shoot straighter than you. Come on, and I'll show you."

That was the hardest of all to bear. Milton knew that he could shoot better than Mervin. He could almost hit a marble three steps away, and he would have liked to show Mervin how to do it; but he knew that Baby Erma could not be left alone.

"No, I can't go," he said again. "I will play tomorrow," and he trotted away slowly.

"Good morning, little man," called another voice from the gate. "I hear that you are taking care of the baby today."

Milton stopped and looked up to see a real soldier, with real brass buttons on his coat, looking down at him from over the gate.

"Yes, sir," answered Milton, and then he hesitated, for he was not quite sure that he knew how to talk to a soldier. He had never before heard one speak, and he wondered how this soldier knew about him.

"I heard you tell your friend why you could not play marbles," continued the soldier, "and I said to myself, 'That boy is brave enough to be a soldier.'"

"O, do you think so?" asked Milton, eagerly, as he climbed up on the gate to get a better look at the shining brass buttons. "And do soldiers look after babies, and where are you going—to war?"

"When real soldiers were little boys," answered the soldier, "they did whatever their mothers asked them to do, even if they thought playing marbles would be more fun. No, I am not going to war now. We are going to have a parade today, and we will pass here. Look for me. I shall ride a horse, and be in front of the other soldiers. Good-bye, little soldier. I must go now." And he reached over the gate and shook hands with Milton and Baby Erma.

Milton stood at the gate, looking after his soldier friend and wondering when the parade would pass, until, urged on by his little driver, he turned around and trotted about the yard.

"Mother, mother!" he called, as mother opened the gate an hour later, "what do you think happened today? A real soldier said that I am brave enough to be a soldier. And, mother, do you think I am?" he asked after he had told mother all about it.

"I am sure you are," answered mother, as she took him in her arms. "I could trust you anywhere. Let's go out to the gate and watch for the parade. I heard about it today, and it is almost time for it to pass. I hear the drum now."

Far down the street came a "Rub-a-dub-dub, a rub-a-dub-dub!" and Milton ran to the gate and climbed up to watch for his soldier.

Mother followed after, and seated Baby Erma on one of the gate posts.

The "Rub-a-dub-dub!" came nearer, and soon the whole band could be heard playing "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

Crowds of people lined the streets and cheered as the band passed by. Then they cheered again and again, for they saw the soldiers coming.

"O mother," cried Milton in a voice that could be heard above the cheering of the people, "look! look! There goes my soldier!"

"Why," exclaimed mother, in surprise, "that is the captain!" The captain, who sat straight and tall on the prancing black charger, with a glitetring sword at his side, heard, and turned and smiled at Milton over the heads of all the people.

"He was really the captain, mother," said Milton over and over again after the soldiers had passed, "and some time I will be his soldier."

"Yes," replied mother, "you may be his soldier some day. You will be strong enough, I know; for you are mother's little soldier now."—Edna Everett, in Kindergarten Review.

NED'S BIRTHDAY WISH.

The birthday cake was beautiful,
A mountain high and white,
All trimmed with name and age in red,
And candles burning bright.

"Now, children, wish!" said mamma dear,
"And blow the candles out!
I see Ned is thinking hard,
What can it be about?"

"I wish—I wish—" said Ned, and paused,
Another look to take,
"I wish," he finished solemnly,
"It was a bigger cake!"

FOUND HIS EQUAL.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina has visited San Francisco. The graft prosecution, the earthquake and fire, and the bubonic plague have not been heard from since his arrival. The city has been overwhelmed with the sensation. The following little episode enlivened his lecture.

"I will prove to you," said Senator Tillman, "that you yourself do not believe the negro to be the equal of the white man. First let me ask you if you are a man of family?"

"I am," answered the man from the rear of the hall.

"Have you a daughter?" asked the senator.

"I have," was the reply.

"Now let me ask you," continued Senator Tillman, "would you allow her to marry a 'nigger'?"

"A negro man, yes, but not a negro scoundrel," was the reply.

The senator started in amazement at the unexpected answer, when suddenly some one in the audience cried out: "It's a negro you're talking to."

Tillman leveled his gaze to the rear of the hall and discovered that it was in truth a negro whom he had addressed.

We do not pretend to be an expert on the question of equality of races, but we think our readers will agree that the colored gentleman in this case had the senator at a disadvantage. The senator was short on his knowledge of the Japanese question and long on his race hatred of the negroes. It has been suggested by one correspondent that the senator left his "pitchfork" and brought his muck rake. He spoke piously of the school board as follows:

"I don't consider the Japanese and negro questions parallel at all, except inasmuch as they both touch on the subject of race and caste," he declared. I haven't studied the thing thoroughly, but I've of course caught glimmerings of it here and there in the eastern press reports, especially about the time your sniveling, snarling, snuffing school board went back to Washington to make fools of themselves by whining about something without knowing what they were whining about or what they wanted. When you start to climb a hill you ought to know what you're climbing for and not rush around and down the other side when you are half way up, and I'm not referring to that school board alone, either. Oh, no. The people of California are all in the same fix. They are making a lot of rumpus over the Japanese question and they don't any of them know what they want."

He thinks San Francisco is bad, but with all due consideration to the senator we would rather have the company of the average San Franciscan than that of the race-hating senator. His coming has met a "long felt want." San Francisco has been in great need of a sensation. Senator Tillman has supplied that want.

THAT CANTEEN.

Major-General A. W. Greely, commander of the Northern Division, in his annual report says:

"If the canteen is not restored there should be enacted legislation similarly restricting the use of liquor by all federal officials or employees. Whether justly or not, the enlisted men regard it as class legislation, not only restricting privileges, but also imputing unreliability to them as a body."

This sounds very "dry," dryly "dry." General Greely has hardly forgiven Major-General Funston for pouring the San Francisco liquor into the gutter at the time of the earthquake and fire, and the people have scarcely ceased to be thankful that General Funston was at the head of affairs instead of General Greely on that awful morning, April 18, 1906. Nearly everybody believes in the honesty and integrity and good intentions of General Greely, but nobody is surprised that he is gulled into favoring the liquor dealers' association. He belongs to the old regime. Any commander in this day who wants to "fire" up his soldiers with liquor instead of patriotism should be retired. His argument is amusing not to say childish. He thinks it is class legislation to exclude the canteen. He would be nearer the mark if he should contend that introducing the canteen would be class legislation. There is no canteen in the Post Office department, none in the navy. There is only one reason which is pressing upon General Greely: The officers take advantage of their liberty and drink liquor. The absence of the canteen condemns them in a concrete and emphatic way. It is class legislation to permit the officers to have wine on their tables while the rank and file have none. It would be a good thing to require absolute sobriety in every officer of the Army. The officers of General Greely's way of thinking think they see a vision of the time when liquor will be banished from their side-boards. There is coming a new era, a new patriotism, a new military ideal wherein manliness, soberness, and intelligence shall form the base. The defense of the country will hereafter depend on an intelligent and loyal army. The canteen will not return we venture to hope. The miserable grog shops that infest the army camps should be banished. Unless we shall see the whole military branch of the government on its knees before the liquor dealers association, the most powerful organization for evil in the world, the army canteen, will not be reestablished. We all love General Greely because he got back from his polar expedition all right, but no one has thought of him as a temperance reformer.

PARCEL-POST IS LIKELY TO COME.

It is said that Postmaster General Meyer will recommend the Parcel-Post and some sort of Postal Savings-banks in his next annual report. The voice of public opinion is largely in favor of such an experiment. It is well known that many of the European countries already have such a system and find that it works fairly well. There is however some opposition. The Chicago Journal thinks that such a system would break up all the small country and cross-road stores. It says:

"A parcels-post will drive out of business into bankruptcy the innumerable merchants who now prosper in the country and in small communities. It will operate for the benefit of great mail-order establishments which are already, with the aid of freight rates and the express companies, altogether too active for the peace of country dealers. Having the advantage of large capital and the ability to make extensive purchases, they can buy cheaper than small merchants, and when they have the use of the government postal service they will be able to undersell local merchants everywhere." The suggestion to put the government into the savings bank business seems to us a question requiring some careful thought. The savings bank business requires a good deal of financial ability. It would not be easy to command ability, financial ability to inaugurate such a system. The fact that such a system is in successful operation in England is not a convincing proof that such a system would be successful in America. The general principle of high security and low rate of interest is a sound one, but the problem is whether the depositor would stand as low a rate as 2 per cent. It is now well known that the United States government could borrow all the money it wanted at that low figure. The question of making money earn interest is a highly complicated one. It is probable that Mr. Meyer is the best informed man in America on this question and no doubt Congress will be largely influenced by his opinion.

THE POWER OF PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

The only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least,—his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him,—is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers,—is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silent and unconsciously is this influence working, that man may forget that it exists.

All the forces of Nature,—heat, light, electricity and gravitation,—are silent and invisible. We never see them; we only know that they exist by seeing the effects they produce. In all Nature the wonders of the "seen" are dwarfed into insignificance when compared with the majesty and glory of the unseen." The great sun itself does not supply enough heat and light to sustain animal and vegetable life on the earth. We are dependent for nearly half our light and heat upon the stars, and the greater part of this supply of life-giving energy comes from invisible stars, millions of miles from the earth. In a thousand ways Nature constantly seeks to lead men to a keener and deeper realization ness and rebellion against life. Without knowing why, you chafe and fret in their presence. You lose your bearing on life and its problems. Your moral compass is disturbed and unsatisfactory. It is made untrue in an instant, as the magnetic needle of a ship is deflected when it passes near great mountains of iron ore. * * *

Man cannot escape for one moment from this radiation of his character, this constantly weakening or strengthening of the power and the wonder of the invisible.

Into the hands of every individual is given a marvellous power for good or for evil,—the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really is, not what he pretends to be. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidness, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities. Life is a state of constant radiation and absorption; to exist is to radiate; to exist is to be the recipient of radiations.

There are men and women whose presence seems to radiate sunshine, cheer and optimism. You feel calmed and re[illegible] and restored in a moment to a new and stronger faith in humanity. There are others who focus in an instant all your latent distrust, morbid- of others. He cannot evade the responsibility by saying it is an unconscious influence. He can select the qualities that he will permit to be radiated. He can cultivate sweetness, calmness, trust, generosity, truth, justice, loyalty, nobility,—make them vitally active in his character,—and by these qualities he will constantly affect the world. * * *

No man can ever isolate himself to evade this constant power of influence, as no single corpuscle can rebel and escape from the general course of the blood. No individual is so insignificant as to be without influence. The changes in our varying moods are recorded in the delicate barometers of the lives of others. We should ever let our influence filter through human love and sympathy. We should not be merely an influence,—we should be an inspiration. By our very presence we should be a tower of strength to the hungering human souls around us.—The Majesty of Calmness, by William George Jordan.

THE GLORY OF MAN.

It is always helpful to remember that character in man is the end of all God's enterprises directed earthward; that the divine process of world-building is instinct with purpose and that man is in view throughout. But in order to be character, there must be choice, for character in its final analysis resides in choice. There can be no character without choice. As Savonarola says, "If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if not victory, no crown." Hence if man is to be man and not a mere automaton, there must be an alternative as between the principles of good and evil. Hence the alternative placed before man is his first Eden home. Hence also the call, "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live." And so it becomes a question as to whether this shall be a world with such a being as man to crown it with the dignity and glory of his voluntary choice of good, or a world with man omitted. Says Bruce, in "The Providential Order," "Better the human with all its possible tragedy than a world with man left out of it." And though its consummation seems remote and undiscernible now, still it is not possible to say with Tennyson,

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill?"

In any event the fact of God is the answer to the problem arising out of the fact of sin, though God is in no sense the author of sin.

In a more practical sense, God is the answer to the problem of evil in the world, in that he has provided a practical and efficient remedy for it in the salvation through Christ. God has no problems of thought or of knowledge as has man. He dwells ever in an atmosphere of light. But the conquest of the hearts of men by the power of love is a problem even to God. This is the problem which he is working out in the gospel; the problem in the solution of which he makes us his co-workers. To us it seems a slow work. But God is solving it and will do it completely. Sin abounds, but grace much more abounds. The race has proved a great sinner, but Jesus Christ will prove a greater Saviour.

"Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made."

—Rev. W. F. Anderson, D.D., in "The Compulsion of Love."

"I WILL COME TO YOU."

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come unto you."

As long as God lives and our souls live, so long does this pledge stand. It is true, we cannot always feel this presence. But we can always know that it is there, always think of it, so long as thought endures, always rest upon it forever; and the reason why this promise is given is that we may hold fast to this truth. There may be a moment in the very depths of sorrow and anguish when the presence is hidden from us. But is it not because we are stunned, unconscious? It is like passing through a surgical operation. The time comes for the ordeal. The anaesthetic is ready. You stretch out your hand to your friend: "Don't leave me; don't forsake me." The last thing you feel is the clasp of that hand; the last thing you see is the face of that friend. Then a moment of darkness, a blank—and the first thing you see is the face of love again. So the angel of God's face stands by us, bends above us, and we may know that He will be there even when all else fails. . . . .Amid the mists that shroud the great ocean beyond the verge of mortal life, there is one sweet, mighty voice that says: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. In all thy afflictions, I will be with thee, and the angel of My face shall save thee."—Henry Van Dyke.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

It is an easy thing to be kind and pleasant "when we feel like it." When the mind is at ease, the body in full vigor, the conscience at rest, how natural and easy it seems to speak kindly, to smile cheerfully, and to look at the bright side of things. Some people call this religion, and think it is the only genuine article. Surely this is a mistake. This kind of amiability is simply the result of bodily fitness, and may exist with little or no real piety. The amiability that counts is different to this. It is all that this is—and vastly more. A touch of indigestion, a twinge of rheumatism, a trifling annoyance puts this kind of amiability to flight. The smile disappears, the kind word flies, the outlook changes entirely. This amiability is at the mercy of every east wind, of every chance loss. Thank God, religion gives a smile that persists, kind words that do not die with pain, and a cheerful outlook that no misfortune can obscure. The true Christian life is not at the mercy of the "feelings." The Christian smiles when his heart is full of trouble; he speaks kindly and scatters sunshine when his own spirit is sore oppressed, he lightens the burdens of others when his own burden is heavy and hard to bear. Have you this kind of religion? Do not think it is right to act as you feel. Christians act as they ought, no matter how they feel. If your heart be full of sunshine, let it out; if it be full of lurid lightning, shut it in. Your duty is to make the world brighter; and in doing it your own gloom will disappear. Costly goodness is the cheapest kind; it always pays.—The Christian Guardian.

Visitor: "Is your daughter going to make her debut this season?"

Mrs. Montague-Jones de Smythe: "Gracious, no! Madame Rosalie attends to all that. We don't have to do our sewing no more!"—Punch.

A NOBLE CAREER.

The Life of Louis Pasteur.

If the general reader wishes to obtain an insight into a career which combined epoch-making research in both chemistry and medicine with a character in which simplicity and devotion and all the best qualities of the Christian were combined to an exceptional extent, he should read this truly fascinating Life of one of the greatest scientists of the nineteenth century. The teacher in search of apt and beautiful illustrations of single-minded devotion to high purpose will find here illustrations far surpassing those in Smiles' "Self Help," which, by the way, was one of Pasteur's favorite books. It is impracticable for us to follow the steps of Pasteur's life and researches. Our task must be rather to give a few illustrations of the beauty and simplicity of Pasteur's life. The son of a poor tanner, when pursuing his work under adverse pecuniary circumstances at the age of twenty-six, away from his father's home, the latter wrote acknowledging some presents: "I should prefer a thousand times that this money should be still in your purse . . . spent in some good meals. There are not many parents, my dearest boy, who have to write such things to their son." His first great discovery of the cause of the dissymmetry of the two kinds of crystals of tartrates having been made, he rushed out of the laboratory like Archimedes of old, saying, "I have it," and forthwith embraced a great and unforeseen road in science. Already his experiments were leading him towards medicine, although he was not a medical man, for he discovered how broken crystals could be made to resume their original shape, and at once thought of the analogy of this phenomenon and the healing of wounds. His study of tartrates led naturally to that of fermentation, and opened up the world of biology for his conquest. The steps by which his investigations, although at the beginning entirely theoretical, eventually led to most important results is too long for reproduction in these columns, but it led him at this early stage to speak eloquently and forcibly on the rights of theory in teaching. His studies on fermentation led to problems closely associated with "the impenetrable mystery of life and death." He proved that spontaneous generation did not occur, refuting all the experiments which had been previously relied upon in support of its occurrence at this point is quoted an amusing sixteenth-century recipe for the creation of mice—put some dirty linen in a receptacle, together with a few grains of wheat or a piece of cheese. Voltaire is quoted in a dictum which is more weighty than many ascribed to him. "It is very strange that men should deny a Creator and yet attribute to themselves the power of creating eels!" Pasteur was early met with the objection to the "de novo" creation of living matter, which is still commonly heard in connection with the supposed fresh creation of the germs of infectious diseases. If all comes from a germ, people said, whence came the first germ? We must bow before that mystery, said Pasteur; it is the question of the origin of all things, and absolutely outside the domains of scientific research.

The account of the way in which Pasteur discovered the cause and made a cure of the terrible epidemic disease among silkworms which was destroying the silk industry of France must be read in full to be appreciated. His filial and parental piety both received heavy shocks while pursuing this work. Writing to his daughter on the death of his father, he said: "Your prayers will have been acceptable unto God." Shortly after the death of his daughter, at whose bedside he had watched long nights after spending exhausting days in his laboratory, he wrote to a friend:—

My philosohy is of the heart and not of the mind, and I give myself up, for instance, to those feelings about eternity which come naturally at the bedside of a cherished child drawing its last breath. At those supreme moments there is something in the depths of our souls which tells us that the world may be more than a mere combination of phenomena proper to a mechanical equilibrium brought out of the chaos of the elements simply through the gradual action of the forces of matter.

Pasteur never allowed his scientific researches to interfere with his faith, and he died with a crucifix in one hand. When starting to investigate cholera a friend remarked: "Studies of that sort require much courage." "What about duty?" said Pasteur, simply. The difference between German and French investigators came out strongly in Pasteur's work. Much of his work might have been made the source of enormous profit, and Von Behring and others in Germany have done so under similar circumstances. In England and France there is a better record. When Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie expressed surprise that Pasteur had not turned the application of his discoveries into legitimate profit, he replied: "In France scientists would consider that they lowered themselves by doing so."

At the age of forty-six Pasteur had a paralytic stroke, from which he recovered in a few months. Far from regarding this attack as a signal to give up work, he returned to his beloved laboratory before his recovery was complete, and he still had before him twenty-seven years of valuable work for humanity. Although soon afterwards his work was partially interrupted by the Franco-German War, he soon resumed it and extended it, always associating in his person the faith of an apostle with the inquiring patience of a scientist. In scientific inquiries he always acted on the following aphorism: "If we are inclined to believe that a phenomenon is so because we think it likely and possible, let us endeavor to remember, before we affirm it, that the greatest disorder of the mind is to allow the will to direct the belief." And yet an ardent kindness of heart was ever urging him on in his researches, and he fulfilled more perhaps than any other investigator. His own words: "It would indeed be a grand thing to give the heart its share in the progress of science." At another time he said: "The best proof that an observer is in the right track lies in the uninterrupted fruitfulness of his work." The pioneer work of Lister in surgery, which was directly based on Pasteur's researches, and has led to the saving of many hundreds of thousands of lives, is the most striking proof of the accuracy of this statement. In older days purulent infection often with fatal results had been looked upon almost as "an inevitable and necessary disease, an almost divinely-instituted consequence of any important operation. Lister's work proved that it could be entirely avoided. We cannot forbear another quotation, although our space is already exhausted. Looking upon human life, in spite of sorrows, of struggles, of heavy burdens, he was confident that "no effort is wasted." He considered that "the greatness of human actions can be measured by the inspirations which give them birth." He was convinced that there are no vain prayers. If all is simple to the simple, all is great to the great; it was through "the Divine regions of knowledge and of light" that he had visions of those who are no more. We cannot follow the course of his investigations on anthrax, fowl cholera, hydrophobia, &c. Nor can we here discuss the vexed question of vivisection, though a reading of this book would be a useful corrective to those who think that the whole truth is on one side of this debatable subject. We must come to his last years, when his name was honored in every country, when the Pasteur Institute had been built by his countrymen, and when in taking it over he had, although still full of enthusiasm and desire for further work, to admit that he was "vanquished by Time." We may conclude by quoting some of the words he had pronounced four years before his own death over the grave of his friend Littre: "Blessed is he who carries within himself a God, an ideal, and who obeys it; ideal of art, ideal of science, ideal of the Gospel virtues, therein lie the springs of great thoughts and great actions, they all reflect light from the Infinite."

* **The Life of Pasteur.** By Rene Vallant-Radot. Translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Popular Edition.—Methodist Times.

TWO WAYS.

Wouldst thou be wretched? 'Tis an easy way;
Think but of self, and self alone, all day;
Think of thy pain, thy grief, thy loss, thy care—
All thou hast to do, or feel, or bear.
Think of thy good, thy pleasure, or thy gain,
Think only of thyself—'twill not be vain.

Wouldst thou be happy? Take an easy way;
Think of those 'round thee—live for them all day,
Think of their pain, their loss, their grief, their care;
All that they have to do, or feel, or bear,
Think of their pleasure, of their good, their gain;
Think of those 'round thee—it will not be vain.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might hap—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.—

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The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

—Goethe.

Remember, it is looking downward that makes one dizzy. Look up, and your brain clears, your heart grows calm, your strength comes to you for every task and every emergency.—Selected.

All great men have been dreamers and have had dreams of their future. But not every dreamer has been a great man. The truly great man is a practical idealist.—Mr. W. Dunn Foster.

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2 lbs. S.C.S. 75c Tea, any flavor, or 3 lbs our Celebrated 40c M. & J Coffee.....	1.00
2 jars of Preserves or 4 pkgs of 12½c Mush	.50
1-lb. tin Pepper or Mustard....	35
1-lb. tin Pure Baking Powder..	.30
5-lb. pail Pure Leaf Lard, or 2-lb. Square Best Butt r.....	.70
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Toasted Corn Flakes.....pkg	.12½
Solid Pack Tomatoes, 1 lb tins doz	.60
Welch's Grape Juice, pints...2 for	.45
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FAITH.

I cannot see the distant shady trail
That winds among the gnarled oaks and ferns;
And yet I know that, on beyond the blue,
For me a quenchless love light burns.

And so I climb and feast among the flowers,
And at the midnoon dream beneath the pine;
While, at the flaming sundown red, I sip
My own eve star's ambrosial wine.

And when at last I mount the far-off crag,
I know that, on the happy, wind-blown crest,
The wished-for hand shall flash the long-sought light,
And in the splendor I shall rest.

—Henry Meade Bland.

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THE CONGREGATIONAL NATIONAL COUNCIL AND CHURCH UNION.

As the Pacific Presbyterian goes to press this week no definite action has been taken by the Congregational National Council on the matter of Tri-Church Union. But it is evident that it will suggest to the churches that the move be forwarded. Early in the meeting at Cleveland a committee consisting of twenty-eight persons was appointed to give special consideration to the question and to report thereon to the Council. Open meetings of this committee were held twice a day for several days in a room which seated about three hundred persons. This room was crowded, and delegates from all over the country presented the action taken by churches and associations on the Chicago Plan of Union and discussed the same at great length. Largely and strongly the sentiment was in favor of union. Many were greatly enlightened on the subject and changed from an unfavorable to a favorable position. The prevailing belief was in effect that the Chicago Plan of Union did not endanger the autonomy of the local church. However, it was widely admitted that it would not be possible without considerable division to bring the Congregational churches to adopt it, and the thought was that the National Council ought to seek and secure such expression in the Act of Union as would give all needed assurance to this end. That being done, it was the general belief that the movement would be so strongly toward union that it would be consummated in a few years.

Very few could sit in those meetings at Cleveland and listen to the talks from the representatives of Congregationalism from different parts of the country, and not come to feel that it would be almost sacrilegious to try to thwart this movement. It was made evident that while a few of the churches were so self-sufficient that they could go on and do well without it that for very many it left them in an almost hopeless struggle.

From Pennsylvania, from Indiana, from Texas and from a dozen other of the Southern States there came strong pleas for the consummation of the movement for union in order that Congregationalism might be nationalized and saved also from practical extinction in large spots here and there all over our land.

It was made evident that the church was facing one of the great crises of ecclesiastical history, and that it was incumbent upon each local church to give most earnest consideration to the interests of all the other churches.

The people of the Pacific Coast may rest assured that the National Council at Cleveland will do nothing to block the movement for union.

A GREAT RELIGIOUS ASSEMBLAGE.

The Congregational National Council, which has been in session at Cleveland, Ohio, for the last ten days, closes its sessions this evening.

It has been a great meeting—the most largely attended of any of the meetings of the Council. Inasmuch as the several societies of the Congregational churches of the United States held their annual meetings in connection, there was a program of exceptional interest. The addresses covered a wide range of subjects, and many of them were remarkably able. We give some of them in full this week; others in part.

THE WORLD-WIDE OPPORTUNITY.

An Address by Samuel B. Capen, President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

For convenience, we speak of home and foreign missions, but they are becoming every day more and more closely blended together.

The world has become so small because of steam and the cable that there are not as formerly any far away missions. Moreover, with the modern methods of travel people of other nations are coming here by the millions. Home missions in some places are becoming almost foreign missions. And the opposite is equally true. Foreign missions are becoming home missions. Bohemians educated in the American board schools in Austria become preachers in America. Syrians trained to some extent in the mission schools in that country are at work helping to solve the problem of the foreigner in Fall River, Lawrence and Lowell. So we see how the work is interlaced and intertwined.

I think it will be admitted by all thoughtful persons that foreign missions not only represent the greatest need, but that it is a work in its magnitude which challenges the men of today to do their utmost. Let us take the work of the American board as representing the foreign field of Congregationalists. It contains approximately 80,000,000 of people, practically the same as the population of the United States. In the United States there are 138,477 Protestant ministers, with 20,000,000 members of Protestant churches. In the foreign field, which is extensively ours, we have but 566 American missionaries, 4,064 native preachers and teachers, and 67,000 church members. In the whole of China the average is one minister for every 100,000 people. The average parish of the ministers of the United States is estimated to be about 700.

That the greatness of this work may be still more evident, let us take this state of Ohio, with its population of 4,500,000 and thousands of Protestant churches, with more than 100 universities, colleges, academies, etc.

Two of our stations in the Shantung province in

North China have 5,500,000 people, or 1,000,000 more than in this whole state of Ohio, but with only nine missionaries. Or, to narrow it still more, the population of Cleveland is 460,000. What would we think of Dr. Hiatt and Dr. Bradley and Mr. Pratt caring for all the religious, educational and medical work in this city alone, with twenty native helpers just out of idolatry? And yet these proportions represent the average conditions abroad. Is it not fair to say then that our field abroad is the place of greatest need?

In view of the unparalleled openings in the far East, a veteran from the front writes: "My greatest anxiety is not over the awakening here, but over the awakening of the churches in America to the opportunities which now confront them."

It must be said that the place of greatest difficulty in our foreign missionary work is still here at home. This has been said many times before, but repetition is necessary. God is continually repeating things to us in nature. The message of next spring will be much like the message of last spring. I am not forgetting the silent revolution that has been taking place in this country the past ten years. The sniff and the sneer about foreign missions which were so prevalent have almost entirely ceased. Last winter Carnegie hall in New York city was filled to overflowing to listen to the story of a brave, modest, devoted missionary, Dr. Grenfell, who told of his wonderful work in Labrador. Similar audiences met him wherever he went. He is worthy of all the help that can be given, and all the praises bestowed, but if he were here this morning he would be the first to recognize that he is but one of thousands of men and women who have gone from comfortable homes to bury themselves in the dark places of the earth that they may there plant the cross of Christ. Slowly but surely the world is coming to recognize the greatness, both of the men and their work.

Nor am I forgetting that we have come at last to an international consciousness. It is becoming more and more evident that we cannot live for ourselves alone. The battle of Manila bay, the destruction of Cervera's fleet, made our nation as never before a world power.

John Bright, during our civil war, declared that if the United States of America should survive forty years, there would not be a gun fired in the world without the permission of this nation. This has not become literally true, but certainly when the nations of the world threatened to divide up China, it was Mr. Hay who declared that there must be an "open door," and there was an "open door." It was the influence of this nation that brought to an end the war between Japan and Russia. It was the influence of this nation that made the first Hague conference a success, and has been its principal sustaining force ever since. Who does not rejoice in the proud position the delegates from this nation have taken in the second Hague conference? All this has given new prestige and opportunity to American missionaries.

There is a special service which the Christian men of this country can do at the present time. The centenary missionary conference in Shanghai, the presence of our own deputation in China, and the silent revolution almost that is going on there, call our attention naturally at this meeting, to our work in that great empire. The wonderful progress of Japan and the history of the past year as related to the difficulties in California, have kept that nation also prominently in mind. We are more and more seeing the necessity of increasing our efforts in these two nations. To reach them wholly with the Gospel is to bring the speedy triumph of the kingdom of God in all the world. While the purpose of the administration toward these nations has been what we could desire, yet we have many among us that would advocate a policy toward these people when they come here that is unworthy of a Christian nation.

Japan has loved us as a friend. The picture of our great men, like Washington and Lincoln, are in the schools and homes of the people. Her statesmen recognize the greatness of our service to the nation, in helping to give her prestige and power among the nations. They have no wish for war; we have nothing that they desire to take from us. There has recently been held in Tokio the sixth World's Student Christian federation, with representatives from tweny-five nations. The delegates were welcomed by the Japanese ministers of foreign affairs and of education. Marquis Ito wrote: "I welcome foreign delegates as fellow workers in the noble cause of love and peace between nations."

The secular press declared that the first great world conference to be held in Japan would help to obliterate the line that separates the east from the west.

In a non-Christian Japanese newspaper recently there was a paragraph headed, "Wanted: Christian Teaching," and it then went on to say: "It is a pity that the large town of Oita should have but one resident Christian. If an evangelist will come and hold meetings here, we guarantee him an audience."

Marquis Ito recently said: "The true civilization is that which rests on Christian principles. As Japan must gain her civilization on these principles, those young men who receive Christian education will be the main factors in the development of the future Japan."

Baron Maejima, another prominent statesman, says: "I believe we must have religion as the basis of our national and personal welfare. No matter how large an army and navy we may have, unless we have righteousness as the foundation of our national existence, we shall fall far short of the highest success. I do not hesitate to say that we must have religion for our highest welfare, and when I look about me to see what religion we may best rely upon, I am convinced that the religion of Christ is the one most full of strength and promise for the nation."

We are told that the sentiment of this paper and these statements fairly represents the feeling of the influential men in Japan who recognize the need of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which has helped make the United States such a power in the world. In the light of such testimony the Christian men of this nation should assert themselves and express their maledictions upon the men or the papers that would stir up strife. All this talk about the necessity of fighting for the mastery of the Pacific is abhorrent to the conscience of our nation. The Master said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Methinks if he were here today that voice that spoke burning, blistering words against the Pharisees and hypocrites of his day would be heard saying, "Cursed be the war-makers, for they shall be called the children of the evil one," a motto which might be well posted in the editorial rooms of some of the "yellow press."

Let us show our increasing love for China and Japan by doubling our work among them. Let the

men in our churches make such a public sentiment that war shall be forever impossible.

There has never been such an opportunity before, and we ought to thank God for the honor he has given to us to do such work for him. What can be more glorious than to have a share in leading men out of the darkness into the light, and to have our eternal years made rich and glorious by the presence of those whom we have helped to save? One man in an eastern city has invested $100,000 in Christian work in India, and he has a record of 60,000 persons who have become Christians, because of the schools that he has planted. Who can tell to what this work will grow? Very soon these thousands will be millions. He might have spent that money in a few years on a yacht, or some other unnecessary expense. Which is giving him the most satisfaction today? Which will give him the most satisfaction 100 or 1,000 years hence?

We are told that "In the olden days the call for a Scottish clan to assemble for battle was sent by swift runners, who bore a blood-dipped cross. O'er peak and fell, by mountain streams and through peaceful hamlets, sped the messenger, till he could speed no farther. Then he thrust the cross into the nearest hand, with the cry, as voiced by the poet of the highlands:

"The musterplace is Lanrick Mead;
Instant the time! Speed, clansman, speed!"

And he who received the weird symbol dropped plow in furrow, left stag at bay, or bride at the altar, and hastened on with Clan Alpine's fiery cross. In the hands of his church militant God has placed a blood-dipped cross. From man to man he bids us speed the message. Are we ready to do it? The destiny of many a soul depends upon our answer.

A MOVEMENT FOR THE SOLUTION OF SOME OF OUR RACE PROBLEMS.

An Account of the Christian Leagues of Georgia.

By Ex-Governor Northern.

I am to tell you something of the origin and the operation of the Christian Leagues for the solution of the problem of the races in Georgia.

It is, however, not to be understood that there is any greater racial antagonisms in my state than in the other states where similar conditions obtain, but that we are earnestly endeavoring in Georgia to adjust such differences as do exist and that we are making gratifying progress in the effort.

Georgia has a white population of 1,181,000 and 1,035,00 negroes. No state in the union has a greater negro population than Georgia. Several Southern states have more negroes than whites, but not so many in number as Georgia.

From these sudden and occasional outbursts of passion and violence, it must not be supposed, for a moment, that there is no kind of harmony between the better elements of the races in Georgia and at the South. Quite the contrary is true. The good class of negroes is intelligent, progressive and resourceful. Its religion is not a sham; its education has not spoiled it; its ideals are good; its social standards are high and its life wholesome and elevating. It has been lifted from heathen darkness to its present attainments, by the power of the grace of God. If all American negroes were of this class, as we have it in Georgia, there would be no "negro problem" anywhere.

In Georgia, we have tried all kinds of remedies, from the Kuklux, during reconstruction, down to the more civilized system of our public school system of this day, without any material or special change for the better. The negroes have the same opportunities, under our system of public instruction, as do the whites, and in this remedy for existent evils the two stand on a common level.

Lawlessness on the part of the whites is as severely censured and condemned in Georgia as lawlessness and violence by negroes. Candor compels me, however, to say that the whites are not always as promptly brought to punishment.

In addition to equal educational advantages, there are provided for the negroes equal industrial opportunities. I do not believe there are now twenty-five trustworthy negroes in my state to-day—male or female—out of employment who could not get work in fifteen minutes, if they wanted it. Negroes have acces to all the trades and all the professions.

The problem of the races involves the relations of the Anglo-Saxons, as a people of power, to the negroes, who are a people of weakness. Therefore, the problem with us must be settled by the superior wisdom and superior judgment of the superior race, in righteous and just consideration for the inferior race. The white man must take a masterful initiatory leadership and determine the course of conduct, after the fullest, most painstaking and complete investigation, and, in kindly conference with the best element of the negro race, reach the most equitable adjustment possible, for the best interests of the two. This we have begun to do in Georgia.

Representing a body from among the best citizens of Atltnta, I have canvassed nearly one hundred counties in my state, discussing before the people the re-adjustment of the relations of the races and organizing leagues to study the question from local and general conditions.

This course was adopted because of the marked success obtained in the change of conditions in my own city, Atlanta, immediately following the riots, just a little more than a year ago. The whole country was startled because of the dreadful happenings of those few disastrous days. We set promptly and industriously to work to know what to do to remedy the evils that came to us and to prevent the recurrence of the awful crimes that followed.

Citizens first arranged to meet the immediate demands that followed upon the unfortunate victims. A committee of discreet men was appointed to investigate the causes and the results, with the view, first to bring to punishment the violators of law, and, second, to reimburse those who had suffered material loss through the destructive methods of the mob.

For some years we have had in the city an organization of Christian business men known as the Business Men's Gospel Union. As president of this organization, I called a conference of the executive committee and asked them to make answer to the editorial that had just appeared in the Constitution and say whether or not we should make effort to "blaze a trail."

There came unanimous and hearty response, show-

ing prompt readiness to undertake the service for the city. As we had never undertaken work of any kind until we had submitted our plans to the Ministers' Alliance in this city, we called together the leading ministers of the different evangelical denominations and offered our services, under their direction, to undertake the work they had suggested for the solution of the problem. The service was heartily acepted. With the way opened, we then asked for a conference with a limited number of negro ministers and negro laymen. With these, our executive committee met in the hall of the colored Y. M. C. A. I opened the meeting by reading our Lord's prayer, as recorded in the 17th chapter of John. After a short prayer service, the meeting was thrown open, to be addressed by any one who felt disposed to speak upon the scripture read as a basis, and looking to a union of sympathy and co-operation between the races, to effect a full readjustment of the relations between the two. Everything said by the negroes met our fullest endorsement, and we began, at once, to organize a league between the Christian white people and the Christian negroes of the city, looking to the better observance of law and closer sympathy of interests.

The movement met with most hearty favor and had approval and co-operation from the best people of both races.

Under the influence of these continued conferences and announced action by the league, together with sympathetic action by a city civic league, with one of our most prominent lawyers at its head, the conditions in the city were greatly changed and the relations of the races brought into harmony and helpful sympathy, so that such scenes as were enacted a year ago will never be possible in Atlanta again.

So marked was the local change that it was determined to attempt to repeat the same conditions in other counties in the state.

That portion of the state having the bulk of the negro population has been visited and leagues have been organized and action entered upon, led by the best white people and the best negroes in the several communities, who will undertake to conserve the best there i s in the two races and to bring all the good into co-operative action for the best community interests. The two brought thus together are supposed to be able to leaven the whole lump, including the bad white folks and the bad negroes and make good of them all.

This is to be accomplished, first ,by the silent yet comanding influence of the character of the men who are standing in the communities for righteous living. Just as the courthouse and the jail silently warn against wickedness and violence, so these men silently invite to good behavior and righteous citizenship.

It is next expected that these leagues will, in every available way, inculcate reverence and respect for the law and obedience to its demands. It is specially insisted that the people of the community—white and black—shall be brought together at stated times, to be addressed by some member of the league upon community life and civic duty, and that the ministers of both races, all over the country, will preach from time to time upon law and order.

About two months after our troubles in Atlanta, the white ministers and the colored ministers, by request, preached in their several churches the same day on law and order. The congregations were large and attentive. The effect was powerful. The city papers all reported it the greatest day in the history of Atlanta.

It is a painful fact, obtaining all throughout the land, that we have so far forgotten government and law, that restraint and instructions are neglected and forgotten in all the churches. Men and women in the churches abuse the authority of the gospel and trample upon its standards with absolute impunity, without rebuke or censure or effort to control. When this is done in so high a relation, what can we expect in the observance of the law of the state? Against these things we are struggling in Georgia, as are all the people elsewhere.

After we shall have educated all the people up to higher ideals, we have every reason to believe large and lasting good will come from our efforts through these community leagues.

Finally, how does it work?

The afternoon of March 3d last I spoke in Southern Georgia to a large mixed assemblage of white people and colored people, looking to the organization of such county leagues as I have just described. On the night of the twelfth of March—nine days later—there was an atetmpt to commit a horrid crime by a negro. The negro was shot, but escaped. Within twenty-four hours thereafter he was delivered by negroes into the hands of the officers of the law. An incident like this has never before occurred in the state. It shows not only the returning of confidence, but the spirit of co-operation on the part of the negroes in handling criminals.

Since the organization of these leagues, three-fourths of the crimes committed in the state that have been heretofore handled by violent mobs have been settled by the courts, under due process of law. The results have been fully up to our expectations, and public sentiment is changing every day for the better.

God has provided a way out of these horrible conditions, and we really seem, at last to have found it. We have not by any means secured the future. Great revolutions must move slowly, but I am sure we have entered upon the way of the Lord, and He will lead us if we only trust Him, willing to follow His guiding hand.

AN ADDRESS BY THE REV. AMORY H. BRADFORD, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The Creed of a Philanthropist.

The first article of this creed is: We believe in the universal brotherhood of man. We believe in the brotherhood of man because we believe in the Fatherhood of God. This faith led to the foundation of this Association, whose object is the service of humanity in the spirit of Jesus Christ. Our fathers never asked where a man was born, or as to the color of his skin, but only as to the greatness of his need. The deeper his degradation, the more imperative was the call to service. Their golden text was "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me." They did not think that God made a mistake when He created some men black. They revered the image of God whether it was set in ivory or ebony. Those men may have occupied no great place in the eyes of the world, but they were heroes in the service of their fellow-men. I recall the names of a few of them—Whipple, Joscelyn, Ware, Strieby, a

stately procession of humble but prophetic spirits who fought the good fight for brotherhood. Of them the world was not worthy. They labored in obscurity, but their biographies are written in the hearts of thousands whom they have saved from ignorance, degradation and crime. In these more prosperous days, when the mantle of slavery no longer darkens the land, and when both races and individuals are left to shift for themselves, there is a tendency to forget, and to belittle the standards which our fathers uplifted, and in the service of which they died. The ease with which the children of the Pilgrims, and even of the old abolitionists, allow the ideals of their fathers to go down is pitiful. They are taking up the cry of inferior race, of social inequality, of negro domination. But discriminations between men ought to be drawn at character and never at color. Those who are great enough for God to have created ought never to be counted fit only for man's abuse and neglect. The universal human brotherhood ought frequently to be re-emphasized. This is a compromising generation. The present tendency to call one race inferior to another; to teach that any should be satisfied with less than the rights which belong to all men, is unworthy of those who bear the Christian name, a violation of the teachings of history, and a cause of unrest and controversy which bodes dark days for the future of the Republic. The question of inferiority is purely relative. Ancient Thebes was a city of three million, five hundred thousand population. Heroditus says it could put into the field seven hundred thousand fighting men. It was a city of colored folk in which white men were regarded as inferiors. In Nubia and the Soudan, and even in Egypt today the first families of Virginia and the Brahmins of Boston would be looked down upon. Questions of superiority and inferiority are always relative. There is another side to this question. There are signs that the colored races throughout the world are uniting to resist the encroachments of the white races. Japan has shown Asia that without danger it may adopt the instruments of civilization. The East is slowly but surely waking. When China and India are aroused; when the Africans in various parts of the world appreciate their possibilities, I fear there will be a fearful day of reckoning for the white races; and in that day Anglo-Saxons will not escape. There is one door of hope, and that is that those who are now arrogant may see their mistake, and recognize that their protection for the future is in the manifestation of a geunine spirit of brotherhood. It is as true of races as of individuals that—"Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire." God hath made men of one blood. The color of the skin is nothing; the condition of the character is everything. With malice toward none but with charity for all, let us emphasize as the first article in the creed which made our fathers the heroes they were:

We believe in the universal human brotherhood.

The second article of our creed is:

The best in culture and opportunity is none too good for the poorest in humanity.

And who are the poorest? Those who were born in slavery? Booker Washington was a slave. Those who were born in poverty? Abraham Lincoln came out of a log cabin. Those who have been unfortunate in their birth? Henry M. Stanley was a foundling. The question of worth is also always relative. Mohammed was a camel-driver, Luther was a miner's son, Hugh Miller was the child of a stone-quarry, James Ferguson was a farmer's boy before he became an astronomer, one of the first of American artists is a negro who lives in Paris, where his color is no bar to social recognition. The best is none too good for the poorest. Believing that doctrine we have gone to the rice swamps and the sugar plantations with the same kind of training which makes white men manly; and have never yet failed to find, in large numbers, those who would respond to the confidence. The hardest rocks take the finest finish and the blackest men sometimes become truly cultured.

The best gifts which the oppressed raecs can receive are education, religion and opportunity. The colored population of the United States, when emancipated, had had no education except that acquired in the school of slavery; their religion was superstition; and the door of opportunity was shut against them. To these people this Association has taken schools, colleges and the friendship of many of the noblest of American men and women. Some have been given manual-training, others languages and literature, others the domestic arts, and all ethical ideals. Inflexibly, and constantly, we have insisted that the best was none too good for the poorest. Think of the schools and colleges which this Association has either started or fostered. When Hampton was weak it was given friendly assistance; when Atlanta was a child it was led by our hand. Taladega, Straight, Tougaloo and Fisk, these are some of our older daughters. The blacks have been treated exactly as whites of similar character and ability would have been. He who is fitted for a day laborer should be taught to be a day laborer; he who is qualified for a mechanic should be taught to be a mechanic; he who has natural ability for a doctor or lawyer should be educated as such, and those who have spiritual intuition and moral character should be trained to be moral and spiritual leaders, whether they come from the black-belt, the mountains of Virginia, or the Back Bay of Boston. And all men of all races and classes should be given an equal opportunity in training, in labor, in the exercise of the common human rights. No man should be handicapped by imaginary inequalities; if any exist they will come out soon enough in the struggle for existence. Our ideal is far from realization. We have ridden rough-shod over those who have been weaker only because they have been less numerous. Anglo-Saxon is a knightly name, and those who wear it ought to be entitled to it not by their brutality but by their chivalry. The old humanity damned the weak, the new humanity bears its burdens; the old humanity oppressed the poor, the new preaches the Gospel to them. The teaching of Jesus is practical; it is intended for our own, and not for some imaginary Republic.

When General Delano was Secretary of the Interior, in General Grant's administration, he is reported to have said that this Association had done more for the oppressed races in this country than all other agencies combined, including the government. The late Dr. Curry, himself a Virginian, once made a similar statement, using almost identical words. If this Association is worthy of the praise it has received it is because without fear or favor, in the face of contumely and ostracism, its missionaries have believed taught and practiced the truth that the best in training, religion and opportunity is none too good for the poorest in humanity.

The third article in our Creed is:

The worst may sometime be made the best.

Every civilized people has had its era of barbarism.

Egypt, Greece, Rome, Germany, all Anglo-Saxondom were formerly in a condition as low as Central Africa today. Japan has suddenly taken her place among the world-powers, but hardly more than fifty years ago she was as far from civilization as the black-belt is today. The ancestors of those who now invoke lynch-law offered human sacrifices, roamed the forests like savages, and tore their meat with their hands like wild beasts. Civilization is the monopoly of neither whites nor blacks. It has been relative to time and place. The question is often asked whether history shows any great civilization among colored people. The sands of time cover many decadent civilizations. Japan, China, India, Egypt, Persia, Assyria, have all been world-powers, and these were all composed of colored races. Ancient Thebes was as near to the Soudan as New York to Chicago, and inhabited by a people as much like the Soudanese as Texans are like Virginians. These people built the Hypostyle-Hall at Karnack, decorated the Tombs of the Kings opposite Luxor, and raised the Colossi. It little becomes us to speak too sneeringly about races which have achieved such things. New discoveries are daily being made in the Desert and even in the Soudan, the ancient home of the Negro. The voices from the silent ages, with no uncertain sound declare that the worst may be made the best. It is the lesson of Judea, of Egypt, of Rome, of modern Europe. As with nations so has it been with individuals. Our work is with those who have never had an opportunity. What they may achieve we as yet may only dimly discern. I never hear slighting remarks concerning the possibility of improving the colored race, without impatience. It has been my privilege to serve many of the best equipped and most renowned institutions of learning in our country. I have been present at examinations and commencements; I have listened to the addresses of graduates, both men and women and, if I could have closed my eyes and been unfamiliar with racial accents, when at Atlanta I might have imagined myself at Harvard; when at Talladega, at Amherst, and when at Tuskogee, at Cornell. The colored people may be children but they are fast becoming mature. Those who have never tried to uplift them have no faith in their possibilities; but those who have had large experience are surest of success. I do not minimize the vastness or the complexity of the task. The problem is involved and perplexing. In many parts of the country the race is worse than when it was emancipated. It has been freed from one kind of slavery to drift into another. The descent has not been by compulsion, but by neglect. Its condition at the North is often worse than at the South, and its ostracism more complete. Here and there schools and churches have created new and improved conditions; but the outlook for the race as a whole is depressing. Its young people are growing up without ethical ideas or a decent environment. Many are becoming paupers and criminals. No wonder that they are disliked by lovers of quiet and order; and yet, depressing as the prospect is, it is the most encouraging in the history of the uprising of a race. The serfs in Russia were emancipated before the slaves in America, but the negroes in America are far in advance of the serfs in Russia. Not yet fifty years have elapsed since emancipation, and, bad as many of the colored people are, as a whole they have made more progress in the same time, and have reached better conditions than England had reached fifty years after the Roman Conquest; or than Germany had reached in the days of Feudalism, and Germany had been free from Rome for centuries. The depravity, the vice, the crime of the colored population have caused discouragement, and not without reason, but there is a brighter side. Mechanics and fishermen with little training and poor environment, in the providence of God, were made the moral leaders of all time. History, from the Exodus onward, is the record of the upward movement of those who have been slaves. Men should not be judged by their achievements, but by their possibilities. None should be condemned because of their birth or lack of opportunity. Culture is a mightier force than heredity. A fair chance ought to do more for a man than a white skin. If the negro, the Indian, and the Chinaman are given as generous treatment and as ample opportunities as the English and French men, there is every reason to believe that the same results will appear. If they do wrong let them be condemned; if they are criminal, let them be punished swiftly and surely; but let them have an opportunity to be men. If they fail, then the failure is theirs. But our belief, founded on long experience, is that the worst of humanity, if permitted to have equal training and allowed fair competition, may sometimes be made the best.

The fourth article of this Creed is a patriotic one. It reads as follows:

America for all its people and all its people for America.

No nation can live and prosper, when any large proportion of its citizens feel themselves to be unjustly treated. An essential of prosperity is the consciousness of the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges. Before any nation can be strong, its people must be both outwardly loyal and inwardly enthusiastic. One tenth of the population of America is colored. It will never become a majority. The proportion is too small for it ever to be dominant in social or public affairs, but if antagonized it is large enough immensely to hinder the wheels of progress. If our colored people are enthusiastic Americans, they will add valuable qualities to our Republic; they will furnish the warmth and fervency, the patriotic enthusiasm and moral passion which our colder temperaments can seldom supply. They have faults, many and grievous, but they make faithful friends, loyal servants and brave soldiers. They will pick our cotton, shepherd our cattle, sing our songs, paint our pictures, and fight our battles. Such a people have immense possibilities of instruction and of inspiration. Their favor may be won by justice and sympathy. When discriminations are made at character and attainment rather than at race and color, the feeling of injustice is avoided, and those who would have been enemies are made friends. A people which can produce such orators as Washington and Price, such a poet as Dunbar, such scholars as Kelly-Miller and Dubois, such faithful friends and servants as guarded the homes of the Confederate planters while they were at the front in the Civil War, and such soldiers as those who climbed San Juan Hill side by side with our President are worth propitiating and making friends. But if they are treated unjustly they will be remorseless enemies, as we should be under similar circumstances.

Two courses are before us. We may make the colored people realize that they are inferior, fit only for menial occupations, condemn them to Jim Crow cars, and the back doors of railway stations and restaurants; or we may treat them like men with human possibilities; we may recognize worth whenever it is found;

we may open before them the doors of all the opportunities for which they are fitted, and make them know that all who live righteous, thoughtful, aspiring lives will be given the rights and privileges of manhood. If the first course is followed, the colored race may be kept down by sheer force of numbers, but the oppressing race will never have peace. Ten million people smarting under a sense of injustice, would be an awful drag on the progress of any nation. If the other course is followed, this republic will have no better servants, no more grateful and loyal citizens, and in time of peril no soldiers who will fight more bravely, or die more gladly, in its defense than those whom it had not only freed from physical slavery, but lifted into the liberty of the children of God.

From its earliest days I have been familiar with the leaders of this Association. I knew the men as I knew the conditions which gave them their unique opportunity. I see them passing before me today, as brave a company of patriots as ever fought the battles of any cause; as knightly a procession of heroes as ever marched in quest of the tomb of our Lord. Even as I speak I almost catch the light of their faces and almost hear the echo of their voices. They seem to be addressing those who have taken up, and are carrying on the work which they began. Unitedly, with the emphasis and enthusiasm of those who have heard a message from the excellent glory, confidently as those who know that that message has been confirmed by history in every age, they ask us to be loyal to the ideals which they uplifted, which they served, and to which they gave their lives. If the Creed is our creed and their self-denying devotion is repeated in us, all the citizens of our republic may sometime realize their unity and be one in the church, the republic and the Kingdom. The articles of that Creed I have ventured to condense as follows:

We believe in the universal human brotherhood.

We believe that the best in training and opportunity is none too good for the poorest in humanity.

We believe that the worst of men may be made the best.

We believe in America for all its people, and in all its people for America.

GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY FROM JAPAN.

An Address by the Rev. Dr. J. H. DeForest at the Cleveland Meeting of the American Board.

We of Japan bring you, father and friends, good tidings of great joy, that are sure to affect all nations. God has called a great and powerful nation in the far East and surnamed it Dai Nippon, though it did not fully know him. I asked an English general whom I met on the battle fields of Manchuria, "How do you account for this series of unbroken victories on land and sea by the Japanese?" His reply was, "You have asked a frank question and you shall have a frank answer. I am a soldier and have little or nothing of religion, but I believe that God Almighty had a big job to do here in the East, and He raised up Japan to help him to do it."

This non-religious soldier felt awed in the presence of a power that was so signally using the army and navy of Japan. The Japanese themselves felt this same unspeakable strength from some divine source, and repeatedly to me in conversations, and in their official reports, declared that over and above his majesty's virtues, over and above the fearless courage of the soldiers, their unbroken victories came from Tenyu, "By the Grace of Heaven."

I wish the Christian world could have the same blessed vision of this historic, gifted nation, outside Christendom, called of God to stand with Him and do a larger work than at Port Arthur and Tsuechima —a great world work of righteousness and justice and peace. That alone would inspire the Church of Christ to get better visions of God's great plans, and thus to work with him in the accomplishment of those plans.

First of all here is the first oriental people who have taught us of the West to respect them. Because Japan has profound self-respect, it has made good its right to be respected by others. I think this is one of the real blessings Japan has given us Anglo-Saxons. They have called us down from our conceit and masterful manners. We have been obliged to give up our old idea that they were inferior to us, and to recognize them as one of the first great powers of the world. It follows that mission methods have changed very much for the better. We no longer think and pray and speak about them as "heathen" and "idolaters;" we no longer call their religion false and only superstitious to be uprooted. No one can look with sympathy at this great people and not believe that God is their father, always has been, and has led them, by rich religious temperament and by powerful morals, and thus fitted them to do some world work with him whom now they are beginning to know as Christ revealed him—their Father and Saviour as well as ours.

Under these changed political and international conditions, mission methods are undergoing a change so rapid that they will soon attract the attention of the world, and will affect the missions of every other land. This change I call the abolition of exterritorial Christianity, that is, of all foreign control, financial or spiritual. From the side of the Japanese Christians, it is the open avowal that the responsibility for the extension of the Christian religion throughout the Empire rests wholly with them. What the English general said of the Japanese nation we can say of the growing church of Japan—'God has a great work out there, one that we foreigners, no matter how gifted or numerous, could never do and so He has raised up a body of consecrated men and women who see with prophetic insight and clear intellects this one thing—that God has put the responsibility on them for the evangelization of their nation, and they have openly accepted this divine responsibility.

They have already experienced something of Gethsemane and Calvary and they know they must lose their lives in order to gain them in a renewed and redeemed nation. Already the real work, with its growing burdens and joys, is theirs, not ours, nor the American Board's. And instead of reporting to you today how many churches and church members we have, with great joy we announce we have none, and never shall have any more in the empire of Japan. The one essential thing to report ourselves is that in this evolution of Japanese Christianity we have been liberated from mission methods that belittled our work; that was the chief source of misunderstandings and frictions, that robbed us of the privilege of being brothers; and that quenched our sympathy—the only real thing the Japanese care for. And the one thing to report about them is that they are making a Japanese Christianity that is sympathetic with all God's

great preparation as seen in their history; that therefore is touching national life and moulding the moral standards of the people outside as well as inside the churches as no foreign work could; and that they are now recognized as one of the best givers of spiritual life to all classes, educated and ignorant, male and female, from the nobility to the peasants.

Now, it is pitiable—the question so often fired at us by Christians everywhere, "Have you finished your work and going home?" The swift answer is, "No! We have only begun our work." Methodist missionaries are being liberated by the self-effacement of their best beloved and twice decorated Bishop Harris, in order that their Japanese Christians might elect their own bishop. The American Episcopalians are being liberated by the steps they are taking for the election of their first Japanese bishop. The Baptists are being liberated, because they are paving the way for a great united church in which Baptists shall sit down with all other Christians around one common table of the Lord. The Presbyterians are being liberated by their growing recognition of the right of the Japenese to control their own work everywhere. These and other missionaries are being freed from the obstacles perpetually arising when foreigners try to dominate mission work among a self-respecting, self-governing, spirited nation. We are freed to the vastly better and wider work of cordially and sympathetically working with them as helpers of their joy rather than as having lordship over their faith.

It will pay you all to keep your eyes upon the Y. M. C. A. work in the East. This is, in my judgment, the most tactful, sympathetic, and therefore the most successful and also the most conspicuous piece of Christian work in the East. Their foreign secretaries are young men of exceptional ability, organizing their work on lines so wide as to astonish us all, and doing it so well that they have received even his majesty's approval in the shape of a gift of $5,000. But the secret of their success is in effacing themselves, and in making the work truly Japanese, which they gladly and ceaselessly did with all their heart and mind and strength. This entire work, their buildings and funds, all stand in the names of some of Japan's great educators, members of the diet, and business men, while the names of the foreign secretaries are written last on the official list. Under this warm hearted and able leadership they have so managed as to extend their work to the battlefields of Manchuria, and their crowning success is that world convention of students in Tokio—the first world convention of an kind in the nations of the East.

The thing for Boards to learn from this remarkable movement is this, that from the first these young men avoided exterritorial methods, and so through these decades they have had no such misunderstandings and frictions as have been the misfortune of our mission and of other missions. We have been, if I may criticize our methods, too much under the influence of the hateful sentiment—'so long as we furnish the money we shall control the work.' This has poisoned the hearts of many in Japan, and it is time this saying was forbidden in missionary literature. If there were anything the Japanese hate it is that for mof authority that comes from holding the purse. And this the Y. M. C. A. has always avoided. In fact the Japanese Christians need money; the frankly say they need money more than they do missionaries.
hands tens of thousands of dollars, without any other condition than that they are to be used for evangelistic work or educational work or church building they could do more to evangelize their nation in this generation than five times the number of missionaries there now could do, and possibly at one-fifth the cost. Nay, we missionaries would then be liberated from financial authority and from the care of tables and consequent frictions to give our whole strength with joy to aid the Christians to make Christianity that shall fit the best traditions of their nation, and fill them all with the life of Christ as our Christianity fits the best traditions of our republic and is the force that makes our real life.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD HEALTH.

Rev. Chas. R. Brown.

The leaves of the tree, rather than the fruit, were for the healing of disease. The leaves represent that which is incidental, a kind of by-product. The main business of the tree was to produce fruit; it bore fruit every month—"all manner of fruit"—and undoubtedly the same kind of fruit as that named by the apostle. "Now the fruits of the Spirit," he says, "are love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness, faithfulness, mildness and self-control." These useful moral qualities are the fruits of the Spirit; the type of character here indicated is the fruit which the tree of life is intended to produce in the garden of human experience. But incidental to its main purpose, thrown in as you might say, there is a further ministry to good heatlh—"the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations."

I wish to make this distinction clear at the outset. because in all our communities there are groups of religiously disposed people who make physical healing the central object of their interest. They talk about it, think about it, write about it incessantly. And in doing this they narrow down their religious interest to the business of raising leaves. When the judgment day comes it is to be feared many of them will have "nothing but leaves" to show, for the reason that they have slighted the weightier matters of useful and unselfish service in their zeal to "demonstrate" their ability to keep these perishable bodies in good trim. To do this is unduly to exalt that which is incidental and make it central.

We shall part with these physical bodies of ours very soon at best. The great question is not therefore whether a man has a good liver and a sound stomach, but whether he is sane and true, whether he is upright, unselfish, serviceable in his personal character. These groups of people who make physical healing their chief concern can show a considerable number of cures of a certain sort—they are in the leaf busines and it would not be strange if they did produce large crops of these leaves. But when you make inquiry as to the general yield of fruit in the form of useful service, when you ask them about providing homes for the orphans and the aged, about making provision for the poor through wisely administered and generously sustained charities, about bringing to bear better influenecs upon the neglected portions of our cites through social settlements and other valued forms of endeavor, about providing well-rounded Christian men and women thoroughly furnished for every good work, they have not much to say for themselves. They have unfortunately been occupied almost entirely in raising those leaves which are for the healing of certain minor bodily ailments.

But having indicated this distinction between what is central and what is incidental to the main purpose of the Gospel, I want to ask what is here offered us in our Bible for our health. The church of Jesus Christ ought to "teach health," not as its chief business but as a leaf on the tree of its main purpose, which is to produce the good fruit of Christian character and service. We have been unnecessarily frightened perhaps by the nonsense and wildfire which so often characterize this phase of religious experience. We have neglected what had better have been patiently cultivated with intelligence and love. We would not have so many religious **sideshows** today if the performance in the **main** tent had been to a greater degree well-rounded and complete. We ought to be able to offer to all who come, the total helpfulness of the Gospel of the Son of God.

It has seemed to me that in the last half of the nineteenth century there was a wide-spread tendency to depend too much on the without and not enough on the within. Westward the star of empire took its way for centuries, seeking new fields for material development. Now, as some one said the other day, "Inward the star of empire takes its way." There has come a wholesome reaction from the almost idolatrous trust in material things and a quickening of interest in forces unseen. Men and women have begun anew to cultivate, to honor, to confide in, that which is within and this disposition shows itself in many ways. The kingdoms of this world, bodily health, mental development, social charm, useful action, are, by this movement from within, becoming kingdoms of the Spirit of Christ—no longer rebellious, no longer separate and independent, but submissive and harmonious kingdoms of the Spirit of Christ.

And I believe the main hope of our Christian world for improved health, and for the consequent larger joy and effectiveness, lies not so much in the increased efficiency of medical science in dealing with disease, when it has actually fasctened upon the patient, important as this is—I believe our main hope lies in so strengthening the inner life as to secure increased immunity from the inroads of disease.

Here is a gold mine, not far away in the mountains, but deeply buried in your own inner life! It has never been adequately worked. You have your mind and spirit always with you, and they are always in touch with all your members. These forces may be utilized, by intelligent faith and a wisely directed will, in a way that will put you in possession of wonderful values which for years, perhaps, have been hidden under the soil of thoughtlessness and indifference. You can if you will, dig down and develop that which is within you, so that it will earn for you and for those you love, priceless dividends!

Let me indicate to you this morning, then, certain points in this gospel of good health as it stands declared in Holy Scripture.

First, right thoughts—"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." This does not mean that a single thought will cure a cancer or even fill an aching tooth—the men who wrote the Bible were not crazy. It does mean that states of mind tend constantly to register themselves in consequent physical conditions. Morbid conditions of mind mean, by and by, morbid conditions of body. Weakness, irresolution, fear, prepare a soil altogether favorable for the seeds of disease. On the other hand, healthy states of mind—minds free from all grudge, bitterness, envy, minds filled with faith and hope and love—make for health as do sunshine, fresh air and pure water. As a man thinketh in his heart, steadily and insistently, be it up or down, so he tends to become!

It is a great deal harder to so cultivate right thoughts, right desires, right purposes that they shall always bear rule within, than it is to go and take something out of a bottle—the real heights of human experience are never reached without hard climbing. But the cry "Good health for a dollar a bottle" is rapidly becoming a spent force. The cry of good health at the price of the cultivation and training of all one's powers, physical, mental, spiritual, by bringing them into joyous harmony with the revealed will of God, is now to the fore. And this mode of treatment has this further advantage, that it may include the culture and development of the entire inner life in a way that taking something out of a bottle does not. Many of us will live to see the day when there will be growing on all sides these trees of life covered with leaves for the healing of the nations. Strive to reach the point where you can look up and say, "Thy thoughts are my thoughts, and thy ways my ways, O Lord," and you will have gone far toward the realization of the high claim, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

In the second place, high expectations—"According to your faith be it unto you." The language of Scripture is almost always the language of great expectation, the only condition put upon it being the receptivity of men. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it"—there is no lack of material with the Lord. "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord; make your consecration complete, and see if I will not open the windows of Heaven and pour you out such a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." "Stand up straight, the ceiling is high!" According to your faith, your openness, your willingness, your capacity, be it unto you! There is nothing shadowy or unreal about it—men do become very largely what they expect to become in that hidden faith which does not utter itself always in words, but shows itself in shaping the aspirations which control the life. Include within the firm grip of your anticipation this physical nature, and according to your faith be it unto you!

The people who are always expecting to catch every disease that is going, rarely fail—they usually catch them all. The people who live in perpetual fear and dread and apprehension almost always realize, not their worst fears—that would be expecting too much—but a good working per cent of them. Acording to their expectation, it is unto them. And on the other hand, the quiet, serene confidence of the intelligent physician, of the trained nurse or of the well-poised individual in ordinary life, is like a steel armor against all the attacks of disease, as each one goes courageously about his business. According to their faith it is unto them, and the result is vastly different. If you could each one form the habit of going about with those familiar words from the twenty-third psalm on your lips, in your mind, deep imbedden in your heart,—"I will fear no evil for Thou art with me!"—I do not say it would enable you to lie down with rattlesnakes or to drink water out of a malarial swamp unhurt, but it would add to your prospects for good health, in some cases thirty, in some sixty and in some a hundred fold. Pitch your expectation high—look for the best, hope for the best, strive for the best and according to your faith be it unto you!

In the third place, firm resolution—"O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt!" Here is a mother whose daughter was afflicted with

one of those nervous maladies—epilepsy we call it now—which baffle the skill of our best physicians to this hour. It seemed to the people of that day, untrained in scientific diagnosis, as they saw her writhing in her distress, that she was "greviously tormented with a devil." The mother was an outsider, a Canaanite, but she came boldly to Christ saying, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. Have mercy on my child." She was not only a heathen, she was noisy and inconsiderate. The disciples said, "Send her away," but she only cried the more earnestly to Christ. Then Jesus said to her gently, "I am sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," yet she was not repulsed—she said, "Lord help me." But Jesus said, further testing her resolution, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs." And the woman replied, "Yes Lord, the dogs eat the crumbs which fall from their master's table—give me a crumb of divine help." Her determination leaped all barriers of race and distance, all obstacles which a chronic and painful illness interposed! And Jesus said to her, "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Faith expressing itself in determination had won—her daughter was healed!

If you will stand up, your mind and heart made right with God to the fullest extent you know, and in God's name say "Let there be health," and keep on saying it resolutely, trustfully, hopefully, it will work wonders. I do not say that no disease can stand before you, for you are not omnipotent, but I do say that you will set in operation one of the great healing forces of the world. All about us there are people who have stopped talking about their ills, stopped thinking about them, stopped pitying themselves, who are saying in the way indicated, "Let there be health" and there is health! It is done unto them at last even as they will. When people fix their eyes on something high, fine, useful, linking their determination with the purpose of God for them, and say bravely and steadily, We will! We will! We will! they are putting themselves in a position to come off more than conquerors through Him who loves us.

I have tried to practice what I preach in this matter. I have never been one of those people to whom Ian Maclaren refers, who are "so brutally and offensively healthy as to feel no true sympathy for those who are fighting ofr their very lives." I was not born a very robust baby and many of my years have been years of physical struggle; and with some of those ills I struggle yet. But some eighteen years ago I learned better how to fight—I gained some new weapons; I began to parctice a different formation. This has meant a long series of victories. I have been in the active pastorate now over seventeen years, and in all that time I have never missed any kind of an appointment on account of sickness. It is sixteen years this winter since I first began to hear people discuss the grippe, which had then become epidemic under that title. I think I could write a natural history of the grippe, giving all the symptoms in order and all the results of it. This endless discoursing upon it was not beneficial to those who did it —it is never wise to talk without a purpose, and unless one is talking to his physician or his nurse or his pastor or some member of his family about his ills for a purpose, he had better not talk about them at all. But with all the cases I have visited and with all the discussion to which I have listened, I have never had the grippe myself; I never expect to have it, and I do not rap wood when I say so, for there is nothing magic in it. Some honest attention to God's laws of health which are as sacred as the ten commandments; some ability to cherish right thoughts and maintain a serene confidence, and some power of resolution have been sufficient thus far. Insist on being well; go to bed with that idea and get up with it; carry it about with you as you carry your own face and hands—and somehow you are apt to find that it is unto you even as you will!

And finally, faith in God—"Have faith in God," Jesus said to his trembling disciples. In an eastern city there is a certain hospital, which I used to pass and repass, and it always did me good just to look up at it. The building is brick, but set in the front of it is a broad marble slab, and on it in letters of gold are these words, "HAVE FAITH IN GOD." It is a Christian hospital as you might imagine. Hundreds of sufferers borne thither in the ambulance or assisted up the walk by loving friends, have looked up at those words as they passed in at the door—I am sure the words gave an added courage to many an anxious heart! Hundreds of sufferers have there been cured as human intelligence and love co-operated with those healing forces which are divine—and as they walked away perhaps they looked back at those words of gold and were deeply grateful to Him who had wrought with his servants for their recovery! Have faith in God—they are good words to have on a building devoted to healing, or in a home, or in one's heart! They will always help!

We have often been afraid to aim boldly for that simple, original, spiritual potency of early Christianity which in the days of the apostles healed the sick at the same time that it was saving the soul from sin. But even if we tried and failed, it would do us good to aim high. And under the blind leadership of certain fanatics, many people have been led to feel that if they undertook to exercise faith in God's power to heal directly, they were estopped from using any material remedies. This is all nonsense. The Almighty is not so touchy as to withhold his spiritual aid, because the patient is also using some material remedy which He Himself created for the use of his children. Those narrow-minded people ought not to think that God is another such an one as themselves!

But we are told, with an air of finality, that there is no record that Jesus ever used drugs. That is true—there is no record that he ever did. There is no record that he ever used an elevator or a telephone, but he would be a foolish man who would insist upon climbing the stairs to the top of a high building or doing his errands on foot, because Jesus never used an elevator or a telephone. Sometimes a drug, which God made and men have learned to use, will accomplish a certain result more easily and quickly than it could be accomplished (if indeed it could be accomplished at all) by purely mental and spiritual forces. He would be a foolish man, indeed, who would lightly decline its help.

And the very people who declaim so loudly against the use of drugs in time of sickness, all use soap. Soap is a drug; it is sold at the drug store; its action is chemical. If a person were given plenty of hot water and time enough, he could wash his hands, his face or his clothing clean, without soap, but it can be done more quickly and easily with soap; and for that reason all sensible people use this drug we call soap. The very people who become so agitated over the use of drugs in healing disease, constantly use soap without realizing, apparently, how very funny they are making themselves by their inconsistency.

Have faith then in God, with no fear whatsoever that you are discrediting your faith in Him by employ-

ing all those useful aids which He has created and appointed for our benefit! Have faith in God, and gather to yourself all the mighty aid which you can claim out of the Unseen for your perfect restoration!

Take these gospel ingredients, right thoughts, high expectations, firm resolution, faith in God! Mix them together, shake them well, use them freely! You need not measure them out narrowly with a drop tube or a teaspoon—there is nothing in them which will hurt you—take as much of them as you can contain. They will do you good and only good. I do not offer them as an infallible panacea for all the ills there are—I am not crazy either. We cannot, even with these aids, banish all suffering, disease and death. One whose right thoughts, high expectations, firm resolution and faith in God, utterly transcended anything we can hope to attain in this present world, suffered. "He learned obedience by the things that He suffered," the Bible says. If any enthusiast in his presence had claimed that there was " no reality in sin, sickness, disease or death," He would have regarded such an one as not altogether in his right mind. When wicked men drove nails through his feet and hands, and when they pierced his side with a spear, He suffered and died. In like manner if you are overtaken by cruel accident, or if you are loaded down with more work and care and necessary anxiety than you have strength to bear, you will suffer and it may be you will incur some painful illness. And the time will come when we shall all suffer and die. I make no unreal or extravagant claims then for this gospel of good health, but I know from the Word of God, from long years of experience, and from wide observation, that right thoughts, high expectations, firm resolution and faith in God, are for our health. They are leaves on the tree of life and they may be used for the healing of the nations.

Among the Churches.

Vacaville.—The Rev. H. H. Coontz has been invited to supply the church for the next three months.

San Francisco, Lebanon.—At the communion last Sunday, six persons were received into the fellowship of this church. Congregations are growing steadily.

Berkeley, Grace.—At the last communion twenty-five were received into membership of the church, nine of whom were baptized, and united upon confession of faith.

Calistoga.—The Rev. W. D. Kidd has resigned the pastorate here, to take effect the 31st of October. Mr. Kidd has had a call to the church at Sterling City, Butte county.

Petaluma.—This church rejoices in the coming to the pastorate of the Rev. Edwin B. Hays, of La Grande, Oregon. Mr. Hays is a nephew of the Rev. G. W. Hays, of Petaluma. He has spent five years in Oregon, and was the retiring Moderator of the State.

Berkeley, Westminster.—A boy's club has been organized in the church and already fourteen members are enrolled. One of the qualifications of membership is, that each boy shall attend Sunday-school three Sundays out of each month. The club has the name of "The Knights of Westminster."

Berkeley, First.—It is expected that the new auditorium will be completed by November 1st, and that at that time the new organ will also be installed and ready for use. The church will have a seating capacity of 2,000, with wide galleries running around the main auditorium in the form of a horseshoe. The entire cost of the edifice when completed will be $80,000.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. and Mrs. Wicher are rejoicing over their first-born, a son, who was born on Thursday evening, Oct. 10th. Their many friends are rejoicing with them.

Rev. Edwin B. Hays, '95, of La Grande, Ore., has received a unanimous call to the church at Petaluma. He has also been invited to take charge of the Piedmont church, Portland, Ore., but will probably accept the call to Petaluma.

Rev. A. Roy Thompson, who studied here for two years and who has been at Nooksack, Wash., for the last year and a half, has gone to Stites, Idaho, to take charge of the church there. A new church building has been erected at Stites and the work brought to a vigorous condition under the leadership of Rev. James Thompson, Jr., '06.

AMERICA AND JAPAN.

The visit of Secretary Taft Japan and his great speech at Tokyo last week will go a long way toward allaying the sensational report of the commercial newspapers of America. In referring to the San Francisco incidents the Secretary assured Japan that the matter would be honorably adjusted and that to the entire and reasonable satisfaction of Japan. Concerning the talk of war Mr. Taft goes on to say:

"Why should Japan wish for war? It must stop or seriously delay the execution of her plans for the reform of Korea. Why should the United States wish for war? It would change her in a year or more into a military nation. Her great resources would be wasted in a vast equipment which would serve no good purpose, but would tempt the nation into warlike policies. Why should she wish for war, in which all the evils of society flourish—and all vultures fatten? She is engaged in establishing a government of law and order in the Philippines, fitting those people by general education to govern themselves."

Concerning the Philippines Mr. Taft recognizes that Japan has all she can do in the Orient and that the obligation of America is such that no thought of selling the Philippines can be entertained. The suggestion of war between America and Japan is wicked and infamous. There is no cause for war. This talk of war must be traced in both countries to irresponsible sources. The people as a whole do not remotely dream of such a world-wide calamity. He concludes his great speech as follows:

"It gives me a pleasure to assure the people of Japan that the good will of the American people toward Japan is as warm and cordial as ever. The suggestion of a breach in the amicable relations between them finds no confirmation in public opinion in the United States." That is precisely the attitude the Advocate has taken from the first. That is the attitude taken by Bishop Harris. Far away be the day when the present delightful friendship between

Japan and America shall be disturbed! So long as such broad-minded and clear-seeing statesmen as Roosevelt and Root and Taft are at the helm no trouble will arise.

CARNEGIE LIBRARIES.

Bishop Matz of Colorado thinks the Carnegie libraries are "sinks of corruption," where Voltaire and infidel and sensational reading is doing much damage. If Bishop Matz would tell the whole truth he would say that these libraries refused to be expurgated by the Roman hierarchy and hence war has been declared. The public libraries in many places are under the dominancy of the hierarchy. If any fuss is made about it the trustees are turned out. The public school text-books, the public libraries, the public press, in fact freedom of any kind unless it has been passed upon by the hierarchy is not tolerable. We have no doubt but that there are books in the Carnegie libraries unfriendly to the Christian religion. That is to be regretted, but Rome must learn at some time that she cannot control the thinking of the world by an edict directed against free libraries.

The good town of Stockton is waking up to the damaging presence of the saloon. The police and fire commissioners of that city have recommended to the city council that the saloons be closed on Sunday. They go on to say that the sentiment of the country is in favor of a stricter regulation of the liquor traffic. They strongly recommend that all saloons and tippling places be closed on Sunday. All the territory in San Joaquin county, including the city of Lodi, outside the city of Stockton, is to have a Sunday closing law and the prohibition of the sale of liquors on Sunday. They say, "We, the Board of Police and Fire Commissioners of the city of Stockton hereby earnestly and sincerely and deliberately recommend to the mayor and city council that it would be wise and expedient and for the best interests of Stockton and for the welfare of every tax payer and lover of peace and good order, to pass a Sunday closing ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor either by wholesale or retail within the limits on Sundays." The Board of police and fire commissioners have the sincere thanks of every decent man in Stockton. We sincerely hope the recommendation will be adopted.

One of the physicians in Chicago thinks embalmed beef is about the same as smoked bacon and pickled meat. He thinks the use of boric, benzoic, and salicylic acids not so injurious as the active ingredients of smoke and vinegar. "Should any one try to get a law passed," he said, "forbidding the use of vinegar or smoke in the curing of food, he would be laughed to scorn. And yet no chemist, educated physician or physiologist can deny the fact that, dose for dose, the active ingredients of smoke and vinegar are much more dangerous than the acids named. Vinegar is eight times more potent than any of the preservatives which have come under the ban." The dear people are very much in the dark on the whole food problem. We think it still pretty safe to eat fried chicken and corn cakes, maple syrup, and California fruits.

Governor Hughes has signed a bill making it a misdemeanor and punishable by fine to solemnize a marriage unless a license has previously been obtained. Formerly in New York the parties made an official statement to the minister and upon that statement the minister was authorized to solemnize the marriage. The runaways not only in New York but from the surrounding states will be no longer possible.

The Home.

AN HOUR WITH THEE!

My heart is tired, so tired to-night—
How endless seems the strife!
Day after day the restlessness
Of all this weary life;
I come to lay the burden down
That so oppresseth me,
And shutting all the world without,
To spend an hour with thee,
Dear Lord,
To spend an hour with thee!

I would forget a little while
The bitterness of fears,
The anxious thoughts that crowd my life.
The buried hopes of years;
Forget that mortal's weary toil
My patient care must be.
A tired child, I come to-night
To spend an hour with thee,
Dear Lord,
To spend an hour with thee!

A foolish, wayward child, I know—
So often wandering;
A weak, complaining child—but O,
Forgive my murmuring,
And fold me to thy breast,
Thou who hast died for me,
And let me feel 'tis peace to rest
A little hour with thee,
Dear Lord,
One little hour with thee!

—The British Weekly.

HOW TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

The bringing up of a family is a very serious piece of business, and how to start writing on the subject is somewhat of a puzzle to me this morning. To begin with, a home to be a perfect one must have several children in it.

The first thing to teach the children is implicit obedience to the commands of father and mother. To give a child its own way is fatal to its future happiness. When father or mother says "No!" that ought instantly to end the matter. All further discussion is out of order.

Give your children all the education that your circumstances will permit, and use all the judgment you can concerning what to do with your boys. Some will run to one thing, while others will show a liking for other pursuits in life. It is very difficult to decide what trade or profession to put your boys at. My observation in life has been that it is best for boys to take their own chances as to what vocation in life they will follow. Success in life is generally "up to them."

The girls can be better handled. It is well to bring them up, at first, to be good housekeepers. It has always been my plan to have one do the cooking, another to be the nurse in time of sickness and one to be the business one of the household. I think I made the mistake of not having one of my girls make it her duty to be a good reader, so as to interest the sick ones in the family when illness knocked at the door and demanded admission. I have felt keenly the omission in this respect lately. You may smile, but I tell you to be a good reader is on mean art. I am a poor one

myself; but too old now to take lessons or practice the art.

While each member of the household should be perfectly free to express his or her views, it is generally best not to cultivate home discussions of public questions, as such disputes often end in unpleasant wrangling.

Let each member of the household greet the others every morning with sweet smiles and welcome words. Brothers and sisters especially ought to be agreeable, and strive to make the family circle all that it should be as far as peace among them is concerned.

Each member of the family have their peculiarities. Some are naturally smarter than others, and the smart ones should be very careful not to take advantage of that fact to the detriment of the others. Those of the family who are musicians should do all they can in that line to amuse the others. Those gifted with song should never refuse to use that gift for the benefit of the others who are not.

Some are more passionate than others, and their defect in that way should be daily overlooked by those of a more peaceful nature.

The intellectual portion of the family should beware of calling those who are not, "stupid" or other terms that have about the same meaning.

On one thing all the boys and girls should be united, and that is in striving to do all they can, by words and actions, towards showing father and mother that they love them with all their hearts. For, after all, love in the family circle is what cannot be left out if peace is desirable.

Nagging in a family is one of the methods that will upset all discipline and pleasure. The less of it the better.

Home ought to be the sweetest spot on earth, and the sweetness of home depends on every member of the houshold doing his or her best to make home as near perfection as possible.

If any of the family have good traits they should exhibit them to perfection at home. It is well to be as near perfection as possible when away from home; but be sure to be the personification of goodness at home, when father, mother, sisters or brothers are surrounding you.

Be careful of each other's feelings; study well the dislikes of the members of the household, and act accordingly.

I have been in homes that would make a saint angry to live in them, and while there I have been filled with a burning desire to leave as quickly as possible. "Get out of this place as soon as convenient" has been the burden of my thoughts until out again in God's great acres.

Hallowed are the homes where peace and a Christlike spirit dominates, and awful are the homes where the parents and children do all they can to make each other miserable.

One home comes to my mind while writing. The father and mother looked at each other over the dinner table as if they were anxious to start a scrapping match; and the children, not to be outdone by their parents, actually made faces at each other. Of course, arguing was a part of the meal. There was everything on the table that was good to eat, but none of them appeared to enjoy the provender. There was no Christ in that home, and the Devil appeared to have full swing.

Order from the garret to the cellar in a home has much to do with its happiness; and the mother who can run a home with smoothness is a household angel to be thankful for.

There are many things that tend to make a pleasant home that will suggest themselves to my thoughtful readers, especially if they are desirous to go to Heaven in a little heaven of their own.

In brief, the pleasantness of home depends upon the individual efforts of each member; and that one of a household who does not feel sufficient responsibility ought to be ashamed of it.

The homes of America are the bulwarks of the nation, and may God roll upon us all a love for home that will make us feel like doing all we can to make "Home, sweet Home," the dearest spot on earth.—Geo. R. Scott in Sabbath Reading.

A MILE WITH ME.

By Henry Van Dyke.

Oh, who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,

And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea;

And the quiet rest at the end of the day—
A friend who knows and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that clear the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain—
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again!

Young People.

OBEDIENCE.

By Phoebe Cary.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves,
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

DARROW'S GOOD FORTUNE.

"Driver! What were you thinking of to leave the heaviest piece of baggage for this boy to carry! That suit-case is full of books. I've a mind not to let you drive us over. 'Twould serve you right.

"I—I don't mind it," panted the boy, as he straightened himself. "I'm—big, and—and strong, you see!"

"Yes; I see you are strong; but you'll not be strong long if you overlift like this. Driver, I say!"

"An' it's mesilf as is doin' him a favor, sor, wid lettin' av him wait on me passengers. Ef he jumps the worruk, then he loses the job, that's all!"

"Wait, Clara! I shall call another cab. Hi, there!"

"Oh, don't, sir! Please don't. I mustn't lose this job, sir. And I don't mind, sir, indeed, I don't. It's easier than some I've carried."

"Oh, it is! So muc hthe worse! Here!" and he slid a half-dollar into the small hand, "come to the Laurel House in about an hour! I want to see you. Come to the gentlemen's reading room."

"Oh, thank you, sir! I'll be there!" And as the irate driver drove away, Darrow turned a double handspring; after which he started home with his prize.

"What do you s'pose, mother? Oh, I hope he wants me to do something else!"

"Such riches!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, that makes seventy-five cents today! You'll be earning as much as I do before long."

At the Laurel House, Mr. Emmons questioned the boy kindly, and learned that Darrow gave his money to his mother, who was "taking care of sister, and baby, and me, and all of us; till now, I'm so grown up that I do some of the taking care of us."

"The doctors have sent me down here to play golf," said Mr. Emmons. "Would you like to be a caddie, Darrow?"

"I should like to be your caddie, sir."

"Now you're flattering me. I'm not always like this; sometimes I'm cross." He drew down his eyebrows.

But Darrow only grew more serious. "Then I'll try all the harder to please you, sir."

"Indeed! Well, I expect to remain through the season. And I want one boy to be ready to play, or not to play, as I chance to feel. How would a dollar a day suit you?"

"Oh, oh!" Then he grew sober. "You don't mean it!"

"But I do mean it."

Then I can make mother take a vacation like other people. Oh, I'm so glad to be grown-up—'most!"

"Be on hand, then, in the morning. And—let me warn you, you'll earn that money! Good-night.

Darrow found a free place on the sidewalk, turned a few more handsprings, then flew home to relate his new business engagement.

The days passed. Mr. Emmons was pleased, and more, with his bright little caddie. One day he noticed two of the other caddies smoking cigarettes. And he noticed, too, that they were offering one to Darrow. He couldn't see whether the boy took it or not, but it set Mr. Emmons to thinking.

"Darrow," he said the next morning, "the doctors tell me it is because I have smoked too much that I am in such wretched health. I see that some of the caddies are smoking cigarettes. Now, I don't want you to do it. If you do—I shall look for some one else." He paused to glance sternly at the boy.

"But you won't have to look. I'm not going to smoke. The boys say there isn't any harm—not if you have the money; but I shan't do it. Not if they give me the cigarettes. I've promised not to."

"There is harm in it, Darrow. I would be a well man today if it hadn't been for tobacco. And I have smoked little for the last few years—only four twenty-five cent cigars a day. That doesn't seem"—

"Whew! a whole dollar! Every day! Just what I'm earning. And all the money mother had before I was big enough to help take care of us. My!"

"I want you to know that smoking is bad for a man," continued the gentleman. "Whenever I'm cross it's because I want a cigar. It is harder to break the tobacco habit than it is to carry suit-cases full of books." Mr. Emmons sat still so long that Darrow thought he was through with him, and was turning to leave. "See here! I don't like to have this battle four times a day and not feel that somebody besides myself is the better for it. I used to pay that dollar to the cigar dealers without a murmur. Now, just as long as you will keep from learning to smoke, Darrow, I'll give that money to your mother."

Darrow couldn't help it. He opened his mouth and gave a yell that startled the nervous man nearly out of his golf togs. Then he began to turn handsprings, and kept them up till Mr. Emmons was dizzy.

"Here! Darrow! Stop that! You'll get vertigo. Come here! Is it a bargain? Then shake!"

Later in the day Darrow approached his new employer. His face was serious and long. Indeed, it was very long. "I don't believe you know how much that dollar 'mounts up to. Why, why, it's over three hundred dollars a year! And not count in the Sundays!"

"But we're going to count in the Sundays. They weren't counted out of the other game, although we don't play on that day, and there's no reason why they should be out of this."

Still Darrow felt that he should look after the interests of this reckless employer of his. "Are—are you sure you can spare so much?" he asked anxiously. "Won't you need it for something else?"

Mr. Emmons laughed. "You are the best medicine I have found yet! I'll do my best to get along without that dollar a day. But any time I should feel unable to afford it, why, you'll let me out of the contract, won't you?"

"Sure! 'Cause, you see, I'm getting bigger every day. So, maybe mother won't miss it by—the time you get to need it."

"Good for you! I see yo uare an honorable man Shake hands again! Suppose you and I become business partners, hey?"

"All right!" Darrow put out his brown, grass-stained hand into the slender one held out to him

"You don't ask what the business is"

"Why, anything you are doing, sir. I'll do the same thing—best I can."

"There you are!—flattering me again. I shall begin to think myself a pretty fine fellow if this keeps up. But there's one thing: Although you and I are business partners I want you to attend school regularly during the school terms; so as to learn how to take my place by and by—that is, if you don't go to smoking, or doing something else I shouldn't like in my junior partner."

"I'll be very careful, sir."

"That's right! Now, remember to ask your mother if I may come over to talk with her tomorrow, will you?"

Darrow didn't quite know what all this meant, but something inside of him was so very glad that he turned handsprings at every street corner all the way home.—Izora Chandler.

REST BY THE WAY.

Christ never said much in mere words about the Christian graces. He lived them. Yet we do not merely copy him. We learn his art by living with him, like the old apprentices with their masters. He says "Follow me. . . . and you will find rest." Perhaps if we knew how much was involved in the simle "learn" of Christ, we would not enter his school with so irresponsible a heart. For there is not only much to learn, but much to unlearn. Many persons never go to this school at all until character has almost taken on its fatal set. But it can be done—and there is rest in the school although there is also much work.—Henry Drummond.

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If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the almost invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessing—only the iron in God's hand is gold.—O. W. Holmes.

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LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
  Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
  With forward face and unreluctant soul;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
  From what the future veils; but with a whole
  And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
  O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
  Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

—Henry van Dyke.

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A GREAT ASSEMBLAGE OF GREAT PEOPLE.

It was with such words as the foregoing that Ex-Governor Northen of Georgia spoke of the National Council of the Congregational churches of the United States which concluded its ten days' session in Cleveland, Ohio, last week. Another remarked as he looked over the assemblage: "Put together the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States and they would not make so fine a body of men as is here assembled.

Great questions of the day were considered by some of the greatest men of the nation, and all in all those in attendance received large inspiration for the work before them, and which they have already begun to impart to others.

Perhaps the strongest part of the ten days' program was that devoted to the work of the American Missionary Association, whose mission it is to educate and evangelize the black people of the South, the Indians here and there throughout our land, and the Chinese and Japanese who have come to our shores. Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court was one of the speakers, and his address was such a statesmanlike production that we shall publish it in full in our columns next week.

Bishop Galloway of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, met with hearty welcome and approval when he declared unequivocally for just such educational and religious advantages for the black man in the South as are furnished for the white man. There was dissent, however, when the bishop declared that power in the South must always remain in present hands; that it is with the wealth and intelligence, and must so remain. That it will be vested ultimately with the intelligent is beyond question; that it will remain with the white man has not yet been determined. It will remain with the fittest, whether white or black. Nor could any one sit in that Cleveland assemblage and listen to the able utterances of such black men as Dr. Proctor of Atlanta, and fail to realize that in the presence of culture all objections to social equality must sometime vanish, and men and women everywhere be given or denied recognition for what they are and not because of the color of their skin. It is with pleasure that we give to our readers this week the address made by Dr. Proctor at the meeting in Cleveland. May his kind increase, even though the supremacy of the white man in America should be endangered!

Home Missions of course attracted large attention at Cleveland. During several days there was gathered large inspiration for conquest. President Mills of the national society said in his uplifting address:

"A few days ago we listened with throbbing hearts to the appeal for the proclamation of the Gospel in foreign lands. We felt the tremendous exigency of the case. We called upon our souls for a deeper devotion, for a larger measure of sacrifice on its behalf.

"But I ask you tonight to remember that Foreign Missions fail if Home Missions flag. We glorify, and rightly, the Haystack Meeting; but if there had been no home missionary service as the supplement of that foreign missionary vision, our cause abroad could never have reached the magnificent proportions of today. The measure of the development of power at home, our degree of aggressiveness now in conquering for Christ our prairies and mountains; our villages and cities, is the measure with which, ten, twenty, fifty years from now, we shall be doing our work on other shores.

"For many years we have cried, "Save America to save the world," but how tremendously this plea is emphasized by the trend of our national life in the last ten years! There is, on the one hand, the emergence of America to its new place of world-influence and its intimate connection with the problem of international significance on the other side of the globe. And there is, on the other hand, that tidal movement of the oppressed from across the seas pouring into our America in unprecedented volume, binding us by constantly multiplying cords to the old homes of our new citizens, so that as never before the purity and nobility of our ideals may make themselves felt among all nations.

"If, then, it was worth the while of the apostles of the Middle Ages to sow the seed of the kingdom in Gaul and Germany and Britain, if it is worth our while to send our messengers across the seas to China and Japan and India and Africa—and may God multiply their number!—surely there is a supreme call to send men to evangelize our own land, and purify the fountain of our national life."

The Rev. Dr. Kelsey of Hartford, Connecticut, speaking of the inspiration there is in the study of our equipment, said:

"One of the things purposed and provided for is that every Christian disciple should be equipped for heroism in service and for conquest.

"Men on a modern battleship have courage because they know their ship, their guns and the skill of officers and men. They know what they can do.

"In the city of Hartford a new rifle is being made that will shoot five miles. Its bullet will go through five men a mile away. The inventor says that a thousand men armed with these rifles could stand against twenty thousand armed with any rifle now in use. He says that a six inch gun of this pattern will shoot thirty-two miles. Equip an army, and a navy, with these guns and they would fear nothing except an equal army and navy similarly eqiupped.

"But every soldier in God's host is equipped with an arm of might which no human weapon or defense can withstand. The spirit of God is in every one of us. This enduement is for service, and it is real in us, as it was in Jesus and the apostles.

"Our weapon of conquest is the Word of God, which is now, as ever, the sword of the Spirit. We have the one message of life for men, which is more great and wonderful than any one of us have yet conceived. It is not a conventional set of facts or system

of doctrine, or conventional anything. It is the evangel of redemption and of life, full, perfect and eternal. We have the one message which the world is waiting for and, for the most part, has not heard. Oh! the world in America has heard us preach; but has it heard the Gospel?

"In a recent conversation with a prominent business man, who travels much and knows men, he said: 'I am never long with men in Pullman smokers, for example, but conversation drifts to the question of Jesus Christ. Men like to talk about him. And, he added, 'All of this talk of men that they are unfortunate, have made certain slips, have certain weaknesses, etc., is bosh. Men know they have sinned and they want to know of the cure and that it is sure.'

Speaking of the leadership, Dr. Kelsey continued:

"Again, enthusiasm, confidence, a spirit of heroism that gives conqeuring might to an army is evoked by its leader.

"I met this summer a man who was under Sheridan. He told me the story of Winchester, of the surprise and scattering of our soldiers; of Sheridan's ride to the scene; of the rally of his men, the stand, the charge, and the victory. This old trooper said: 'When it was known that Sheridan had come, every man had courage.'

"When Grant was in command and had set his face to go to Richmond, every man in his army and every patriot in the north land knew that he would get there. The army and the country were inspired by their leader.

"The career of Napoleon is the story of men and armies inspired by his wonderful personality.

"Our army is commanded, led, by the Christ of Galilee and of Glory. 'Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations.' Here is command. Here is purpose. Here is a promise of victory. Here is assurance of the presence of the Commander in Chief on the field. John saw him in Patmos walking in the might of his glory in the midst of the candlesticks, which were the churches.

"He plans the campaign. He distributes his forces. He guides and nerves the arm of the individual soldier. He leads to conquest.

"I saw a picture some years ago. The artist had tried to reproduce on canvas his conception of Jesus leading the progress of the world. He had painted a heroic figure, set forward in the picture and behind him were apostles, martyrs, reformers and all the leaders of the world's life, following Christ. It was a great and true conception of the place and power of the personality of Jesus. He is the leader of our hosts today, our ever-living Lord.

"You and I are dull, or dead, if we are not filled with courage, inspired, thrilled, by the personality of our leader, who leads as the victor, always conquering and to conquer."

During the afternoon that was devoted to "Spiritual Foundations," the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of Los Angeles spoke most impressively on "The Call of the Cross in Home Missions." We give the address in full this week.

We have pleasure in giving also an address by President Stanley Hall of Clark University, the noted writer on Psychology and kindred subjects.

A thrilling address was given one evening by President Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Theological Seminary, which we will give in full next week.

An address which struck a high note was given by President Northrup of the University of Minnesota, at the banquet one Saturday evening at Oberlin. It had a ring which many were delighted to hear, answering as it did some rationalistic utterances of a few day previous. It should be noted that President Northrup did not hear the rationalistic statements, and that his address had been prepared several weeks before the meeting. We shall give it in full next week.

TRI-CHURCH UNION.

Action of the Congregational National Council.

At the meeting in Cleveland the following report of the committee of twenty-eight, appointed by the Council, was unanimously adopted:

The committee of twenty-eight to which was referred the report of the committee on Comity, Federation and Unity, begs leave to report that it has had the same under prolonged consideration, and recommends the adoption of the following minute:

The National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, in session at Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 8-17, 1907, having heard a remarkable volume of testimony from all parts of the country, hereby records its conviction that our churches will go forward to consummate union with the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and the Methodist Protestant Church.

We recognize in the Act of Union adopted by the general council of the United Churches at Chicago, the fundamental principles by which such union must be accomplished. The aim of that Act is the desire of our churches. The Act provides for a representative council of the united churches, combines their benevolent activities, and conserves their vested interests. It makes provision for the gradual amalgamation of their state and local organizations, leaving the people of each locality free to choose their own times and methods for the completion of such unions. It contemplates, as the result of a continued fellowship of worship and work, a blending of the three denominations into one. This is the end to which the Act of Union looks forward, and these are essential means of its accomplishment.

We recognize that, for the consummation of this union, each denomination is prepared to modify its administrative forms. Among our ministry and churches there have arisen divergent opinions both as to the interpretation of certain clauses, and as to the effect of certain provisions in the Act of Union; while in some details therein proposed important criticisms have been made.

We recognize further, that the other church bodies, when they convene for consideration of the Act of Union, may likewise find that certain of its features can be improved.

We therefore invite the other two denominations to unite with us in referring the Act of Union to the general council of the United Churches, to afford opportunity for perfecting the plan of union; the general council to report its results to the national body of each denomination.

We also recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

1. That the committee on Comity, Federation and Unity to be appointed by this council be authorized to act with representatives of the other two denominations in procuring the reassembling of the general council to the United Churches, and also to act in

behalf of the National Council in aiding the consummation of the proposed union, and in further advancement of the cause of Comity, Federation and Unity among various Christian bodies.

2. That, in case the committee on Comity, Federation and Unity, find it desirable to add to its members for special service, it have authority to do so.

3. That our membership in subsequent meetings of the general council of the United Churches be thoroughly representative of our churches and elected in their state organizations; the securing of such elections on a proper ratio of representations in the various state bodies, and the filling of vacancies to be in the hands of the provisional committee.

4. That a committee consisting of Rev. Drs. Washington Gladden, W. D. Mackenzie and William Hayes Ward be appointed to present this action to the United Brethren in Christ and Methodist Protestant bodies.

The foregoing report was signed by all the members of the committee who were present at the conclusion of the discussion, namely: Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, New York, chairman; Rev. William E. Barton, Illinois, secretary; Rev. C. S. Nash, California; Rev. Geo. E. Hall, New Hampshire; Rev. C. S. Mills, Missouri; Rev. Washington Gladden, Ohio; Rev. W. D. Mackenzie, Connecticut; Rev. J. W. Bradshaw, Ohio; Mr. C. H. Rutan, Massachusetts; Rev. C. E. Jefferson, New York; Rev. S. B. L. Penrose, Washington; Rev. J. W. Strong, Minnesota; Hon. J. M. Whitehead, Wisconsin; Rev. C. S. Morgan, Illinois; Mr. Rossiter W. Raymond, New York; Rev. P. S. Moxom, Massachusetts; Rev. A. T. Perry, Ohio; Hon. J. H. Perry, Connecticut; Rev. W. H. Day, California; Rev. H. H. Proctor, Georgia; Mr. W. H. Laird, Minnesota; Mr. E. P. Johnson, Ohio; Mr. C. M. Vail, Illinois; Mr. C. C. Morgan, New Hampshire.

Unquestionably a large majority of the members of the National Council would have much preferred to hand down the Act of Union to the churches at once for a vote thereon, had it not been for the thought that this slower course would allow for such slight modifications as would make possible a practically unanimous vote on the part of the churches.

It will require about five years now to consummate the union, but it will be a larger and a more efficient one than it would be if it were to come sooner.

THE CALL OF THE CROSS IN HOME MISSIONS

William Horace Day, D. D.

In five passages in the Synoptics, Jesus states discipleship in the terms of the cross. The first time it is in the tenth of Matthew. He was speaking to a group of men "forbidden the ways of the Gentiles," but sent to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." It was the first home missionary band in the history of the Church. What was the idea behind this phrase? No denial of self was too severe when the Kingdom was at stake. It was not the idea of John who lived the restricted life, limiting his food to locust and wild honey, and his clothing to a single camel's hair garment. His was the thought of the ascetic. Our Lord came with the conception of the abundant life, eating and drinking, given in unrestricted service of men, but in response to a real need. It was the ideal of the strong man who trains down that he may be able to carry more and further.

1. The Call of the Cross to the Home Missionary.

We consider this general principle of discipleship in its relation to home missions, and therefore it is the call of the cross to the home missionary of which we will first speak. To this home missionary group our Lord said, "He that doth not take his cross and follow after me is not worthy of me." Jesus' ideal of self denial is essential to the efficiency of the home missionary. In the home missionary community the odds are very great against the pastor of the little struggling church. The absence of the strong man from its fellowship is particularly striking. Here, as elsewhere, the momentum of material success carries men far out of the course which leads to the spiritual. The high-power car with selfishness at the wheel, running down the long grade into the valley of ease, is hard to turn. But there is one note, and only one, which is strong enough to reach the car filled with the "honk-honk" of successful egoism: that is the call to a sacrifice which is heroic. It is the only sufficient message.

On one occasion, when large multitudes were following, Jesus seemed to have been particularly conscious that popular interest was but superficial, and he uttered the remarkable teaching in the fourteenth of Luke about counting the cost. His great fear seemed to be lest the average man interpret the burden of discipleship too lightly, and forget that it meant self-sacrifice. No less did he realize that there is a universal quality in the heart of the most engrossed man which can be touched by the appeal to the cross. The weakness of our religious work in such a community, as in all others, has been the presentation of non-essential or unimportant forms of Christian self-denial. When a man's preaching gives supreme emphasis to the petty casuistry of amusements instead of the great facts in moral life, it is hardly to be expected that he can reach a strong man. While there is a sentimental appeal to the sacrificial that debilitates, there is another sort which appeals to those great forms of self-denial for which, if need, one "renounceth all that he hath."

As one looks from the upper stories of a great city building, he realizes that each of the neighbors towering into the sky is the expression of one or more efficient lives. When men realize that the sacrificial life, as Jesus presented it, "tests high" in effetciveness, the appeal of the cross will have new force.

That the most splendid efficiency depends upon the acceptance of the call of the cross, is repeatedly demonstrated in our home missionary work. I knew a young Yale fellow who came a couple of years ago to southern California. Among other open doors was an opportunity to take charge of a little church struggling along in one of our villages in the foothills. He and his bride decided that for them that was the call of the cross. They accepted the isolation and unaccustomed deprivations gladly. In a year and a half they had drawn the community together; had interested the unusual, as well as the average, people; completed a church costing thirty-five hundred dollars; had put their musical ability at the service of the young people, and they were rendering, acceptably, some of the best music. Just now a number of them are going away to college to whom it would never have occurred, had it not been for the inspiration which that young man and his wife brought to their community. Last spring he had a call to a delightful family church, when we asked him to consider an entirely new field in which we believed a church could be established. One or two others had looked the ground over and had decided,

in spite of the great promise apparent, that there were too many possibilities of failure. Again, he and his wife decided in the cross-bearing spirit, and accepted the place.

A few weeks ago I met with a committee which determined to let the first contract for a parish building to cost $21,000 as a part of a most beautiful Gothic church which would require $100,000. In these few months a church of seventy-five members, growing Sunday-school and Endeavor society has been built up, and seventy thousand of subscriptions have been secured of the one hundred thousand needed. Work has been accomplished, and the men of that community have been persuaded to make great sacrifices; but sheer ability, though this young missionary has it, would never have been effective had it not been permeated by the underlying quality of sacrifice. Home missionary effectiveness cannot be secured unless a man is willing to pay the price in the self-denial life. How shall we enlist the ablest men to serve as pastors of these dependent fields? The appalling condition with which the Church is confronted, as our theological professors assure us, in the marked decline in the numbers and the quality of students in our seminaries, compels us to face this side of the question. It must be the sturdier appeal which our Lord exemplified that should be presented to the student body, of various colleges. We cannot ask them to go to the seminary from motives of even the most disguised self-interest, on the one hand, nor etherial other worldliness of the religious sentimentalist. It must be to a sane union of the two motives. No man has a right to be satisfied to remain perpetually as the leader of a company when he could be the leader of a regiment. The dual motive of either with the weight of the balance dipping toward the side of self-surrender is absolutely imperative. It is like the grip of our San Francisco cable cars. It must be two-jawed, one from the side of proper self-development, dominated, however, by the motive of self-denial. These two, pressing against each other, the lower never above the higher in equilibrium. This makes a grip strong enough to carry the top of the hill of difficulty.

If we are equal to the hour, we must present a plan making possible a practicable immediate response to the call of the cross. The church, on the one side, to discover how our dependent work is to be sucecssfully done, and how to develop ministerial capacity fitted for the heaviest work.

There is a similar dilemma before the medical profession: How shall men be provided for the non-lucrative professional service in the great city? And how shall men be developed to the highest professional skill? The medical graduate is asked to volunteer for such service in various institutions, with low pay and hard work. So many are ready, that the places can be secured only by undergoing the most rigid test of personal fitness. This system has secured great numbers who gladly render the non-lucrative service both because it satisfies the personal conscience, as well as equips a man for the highest subsequent success.

Many are looking for a way of adapting these methods to religious needs. Could we not enlist our students for dependant work in the remote places, calling them perhaps to a three-year enlistment during which they should be expected to endure hardness and to work under orders? Still further, to exalt the home missionary calling, and secure efficiency, devise a system of competitive tests which should determine whether a man was equal in ability to the highest standards of service. If this could be intelligently done, we should have home missionaries, and to spare. The dependent fields themselves would, in many cases, be led to self-support because such combination of ability and consecration would accomplish what ability or consecration could not do. And, still further, instead of fear that evangelism in our churches was a spent force, they who in such practical ways had learned the joy and power of the cross-bearing life, would have new success in proclaiming it. The results to the men, it seems to me, would be no less marked. After their term of service had expired, it would be from such trained men that our strongest churches would look for satisfactory leadership.

2. The Call of the Cross to the Church.

This brings us to the more general call of the cross. A crossless church can never enlist a cross-bearing and a cross-proclaiming minister. In the sixteenth of Matthew, we hear our Lord teaching his disciples and those that were listening. He was in reality reiterating the call of the cross to that nucleus from which was to come the Christian Church, when he said, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." It was the call of the cross to the church.

One of the most hopeful signs of life among Congregationalists is the realization that the church is accomplishing but part of the results which the Master has a right to expect at our hands. The unobservant met the Lusitania with great applause because she had established a new record from Queenstown to New York, and had maintained an average of 23 knots an hour. To many others, her performance was a disappointment because she had been built to average at least 26 knots an hour; the masterbuilder must have been sad at heart amid the shower of international congratulation. In the same way, happy as we are because so much is done, we realize that the Master must be grieved because we have done so little.

Some of the most important proposals before the National Congregational Council are being considered because we are ambitious for efficiency. There is going on amongst us a federalizing tendency. We realize that if Hamilton, the federalist, had been defeated the development of local self-government in the United States might have been quite as satisfactory, but we should not have been fitted as a nation to fulfill our world duties, nor would we have been equal to the task of acquiring a proper public control over the great inter-state corporations. We Congregationalists are federalizing by slow degrees because many have an idea that our church should do more than develop local self-government. It should render a national and world service which requires some degree of denominational solidarity. The great social problem shows in every relation of modern life. The discordant elements feeling the upthrust of the underflowing social conscience must be unified and harmonized. The church is the only institution which can bring that to pass. If she fail, it will be because she has failed to hear the call of the cross. The wide conviction among men that the church is a monopolistic institution, controlling the output of the cold shoulder and marble heart, and that the North Pole, if ever dscovered, will be found in her bosom, indicates that there is a failure somewhere. We may quite justly believe that the journalistic thermometer prepared by the enterprising woman reporter, is not a true test of the vitality of church life, but we may well learn from a one-sided criticism and seek without cant to make

the life of the church fragrant with the perfume of true neighborliness. We can attempt to make the very atmosphere of the sanctuary of such kindly warmth and sincere fraternity as shall make it impossible for the solitary soul to go away uncheered.

If the law of the self-denying life shall be fundamental in our churches, we shall again see devoted parents consecrating the babe in the cradle to the ministry or to missionary service. We shall see the fountains of benevolence open afresh, and, in proportion to our prosperity, pouring out their streams in the support of whatever blesses and uplifts mankind. But at heart it is a personal problem, rather than one which the religious community can meet. It is for us who have, in any sense, been called to positions of leadership, to walk with our Lord and hear his call so often reiterated to the first disciples, to take up the self-denying life.

> Search me, O God, and know my heart.
> Try me and know my thoughts;
> And see if there be any wicked way in me.

The heroisms of the acts of the apostles are by no means ended. The other day a home missionary pastor from the southern end of our state came to see me, and when he went away I felt as though I had had a moral tonic. In the most unconscious manner he discussed with me the situation in his parish. I was familiar with some of the hardships which he was enduring like a good soldier. Hot weather that is so severe that I should hardly dare to report to you the readings of the thermometer. One day his wife said to him, "Have we got any chickens around the house?"

He said, "Of course we haven't."

"But," she objected, with feminine persistence, "I certainly hear them under the kitchen."

Investigation proved that a package of eggs put under there to keep fresh had hatched out and they unintentionally went into the poultry business. The delights of tin food would not be appreciated by the majority of us. Even the milk came from a tin cow. You don't wonder that they were rejoiced when our Bible School sent them a real Jersey.

Their town was in the region threatened by the great overflow in the Colorado River. The stream came eating its way towards their ranches and homes, and all of man's ingenuity was pitted against nature's power. One Sunday just at service time there was an alarm, and instead of preaching thirty minutes, the minister preached a sermon with a spade twelve hours long, while his wife and the little Ladies' Aid Society carried coffee and refreshments. The months wore on. The railroad and Government had not succeeded in diverting the flow back to the old channel. In the neighboring communities the ministers had all given up because there was no opportunity for religious work. But this man stood by his neighbors. One day, just before the successful closing of the main gap, his wife sat in the buggy holding another horse for her husband for 3 hours with no interval save for food, while the men fought the flood, hanging like grim death trying to pile an added inch on the dyke as the water rose. Pluck conquered, and the town was saved. He was telling me these things while considering a call to another parish, and I couldn't do else in the light of the long strain which he and his wife had endured than to advise him to accept the new opening. The word came next day that he had decided that he could not leave his post for he must stand by his neighbors and he was fighting, not for a ranch or a store or any material success, but he was fighting with the rest because he heard the call of the cross.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

God has thrust into our hands vast home missionary opportunities. We can only meet this task by beginning to hear our Lord's call to us as to the church, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

SOLVING THE RACE PROBLEM.

From the Viewpoint of a Black Man.

By H. H. Proctor, D.D., Atlanta, Georgia.

"Back to Christ." This is the cry that has been ringing in our ears for many a day. If it is sincere, it is bound to be followed by that other cry, "Back to the Church." Since for its highest efficiency the Christian spirit must have a local habitation and a name, and since experience shows that no organization can meet this vital necessity as does the church Jesus himself divinely ordained, the Christian church becomes a necessity. This is emphatically true when we consider the great problems of the day. All great problems are fundamentally moral, and morality is simply the outside of spirituality. Notwithstanding other useful organizations, it is no reflection on them to say that the Christian Church is the only perennial fount of spiritual power. Pillar and ground of the truth, the Church is the ultimate factor in the solution of the problems of humanity.

In the discussion of a problem a prime necessity lies in the locating of that prbolem. For a long time men have been concerned about the location of the North Pole, and lately new interest has been aroused over the exact location of the South Pole. I am not advised as to whether these important points have been exactly defined. But of one thing I am sure, and that is, of the location of the race problem. The South Pole of the race problem is located in the low black, and the North pole in the low white. Without the low black and the low white there would be no race problem in this country.

I say the South pole of this problem is located in the low black. I am confident that the majority of the white people of America have an inadequate conception of the large number of progressive, hard-working, high-minded black people in this country. There are among the Negro people some as fine specimens of American citizenship as the nation affords. I could point out a few black men who would make good presidents. On the other hand, it would be surprising were there not among this people some very bad elements. Civilization involves a winnowing process, through which the baser elements are sifted out for destruction or transformation.

In the case of the black man, slavery arrested that process, and as a result there are found among the freedmen and their descendants a surplus of weaker elements. This element is the black man's burden. It is, in part, because of this element that wholesale injustice, proscription, prejudice and mob violence against us finds its excuse. Remove this element, and a large part of the problem that vexes the nation would be done away with.

If the South pole of the race problem lies in the low black, the North pole of that problem is found

in the low white. I believe that some of the finest specimens of the white race are indigenous to American soil, and some of the rarest of them are in the Southland. The manhood of the white man has been rarely tested as it has by the peculiar conditions in the South, and as one who was bred and born in the South, I want to say that there are not a few Southern men, although unknown to the world, who are among the rarest spirits in white. On the other hand, there are not a few low whites, the opposite of these, and in these lie the largest part of the problem in the South. They have the power of their race without its light;—that makes a dangerous institution. It is in view of this class that demagogues rave, and it is because of it that good men submit to archaic customs and unjust enactments; it is this class that gives the white South its bad reputation. Transform the low white, and the problem of the Negro is simply one of progress. As it is, however, the progress of the black too often complicates the situation. The true solution of the situation consists in raising the white and the black at the same time. The North and the South poles of this problem must move simultaneously.

The one supreme need in our country, black and white, North and South, is a practical application of the pure religion of Jesus. And it is most fortunate that both races in the South are amenable to the religious appeal—the South is the most religious part of the nation. The real need of both white and black is to live out their religious sentiments; that would solve their problem almost like magic.

"What ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." We of the South can have no better ideal towards which to work than that. Both races have need to make their religion practical.

I have an illustration of this from the white man's point of view. Just after the recent Atlanta riot I had a call from a plain Southern white man,—a Georgia cracker. His appearance at my door caused some apprehension in my household, in view of the fact that my life had been threatened because of the part I had taken in breaking up the places of evil that infested the city just before the riot. A desperate character had come to my door with the expressed intention of taking my life. Therefore, when this queer-looking man appeared my family was somewhat disturbed.

After inspecting this strange-looking visitor, my wife advised me not to go in to see him. But I did, and on entering the room this peculiar-looking man sprang right up and grasped me by the hand, saying: "My dear brother, I have been led by the Spirit of God to come here and let you know that all the people of my race do not feel toward you as some of them do. My heart has been stirred when I have thought of how some of my people have been treating yours, and I have come to pray with you." He was an illiterate man, but as we knelt and prayed together I experienced a power I have rarely felt. For the first time in my life a Southern white man had to come into my home to pray with me. Now, expand the feelings of that one man to every white man in the South, and it will be found that the Christian religion has gone a long way to solve the problem.

It is in the spirit of this man that former Governor Northen has organized his Christian League which is uniting the better men of both races for the control of the worst of both races, and the fruit of this movement is being felt all over Georgia, and I believe it will ultimately triumph in the South. It is a practical application of the principles of Christianity to the white man's religion.

Recognizing that the peculiar genius of the colored people lay in their religion, the American Missionary Association, in the beginning of its work in the South, established, with rare foresight, churches at strategic centers. Among the very first of these, if not the first, was the First Congregational Church of Atlanta, of which I have now been pastor thirteen years. This church has a remarkable record. Beginning forty years ago with ten members, it now has over six hundred. Its members are hard-working, home-loving and progressive people. During all its history not a single member has ever been accused of a heinous crime, or stirred strife between the races. Every member of the church is pledged to total abstinence, and the first temperance society in Georgia was organized here; we therefore claim a share in the great movement that has swept the saloon out of Georgia, and that is making for a solid dry South. It has a chain of city missions belting Atlanta with a ring of fire, by which we bring the best element of the race in helpful contact with the lowest.

Now, the way to solve the race problem from the black man's side is to expand the life of this church to the race as a whole.

The peculiar genius of the Negro people is religion, but it lacks practicality. It is too much up in the sky; it needs to learn of Jesus so as to put its feet on the ground, go about and do good. I have studied my people closely in the heart of the South for the last thirteen years, and I have been moved to put in Atlanta the kind of a church I am confident my people need — not only in that city, but in every city, village and hamlet in the South. It is a church with institutional facilities, — a church home.

There is contemplated in the structure we are hoping to erect these features—a reading room, filled with the choicest of reading matter, that the value of intelligence may be inculcated; special facilities for religious education in the Sunday-school department, that the value of divine truth may be appreciated; a gymnasium for the development of the body, that soundness of body may be promoted; a bath-room, that cleanliness of person may be instilled; a model kitchen, that the importance of efficiency in this art may be taught; a sewing room, that skill with the needle may be acquired; in short, a social and religious center for the race in the very heart of the city.

Each one of these features is a sore need on the part of the colored people of Atlanta.

This is to be open night and day. For thirteen years I have sat and seen the unfortunate ones of my race pass by my church door on to the dives. But they were not wholly to be blamed; the doors of my church were locked and barred, but the doors of the dive were open and inviting. I have decided to open my doors. But larger facilities are needed. I told my people this, and this last summer they have pledged $12,500, that we may enter upon this larger social service. I asked the white people to help us, and in less time than one year after the riot they pledged for this work $3,500, which is $1,000 more than we asked them for. But more money is needed, and I am going to ask the churches of the North to

have a hand in opening up this door of light. The doors of darkness are being shut to the black man in the South; this is good; but the doors of light must be opened. Having had a leading part in shutting the doors of darkness in Atlanta, necessity is laid on me to be equally zealous in the opening of a door of light. And what better thing than that this door should be opened in the heart of the Southland by the hand of the black man, the hand of the Southern white man and the hand of the Northern white man—that invincible triunity—for the solution of the problem in the South.

The Atlanta riot is a dramatic reminder that the danger points in the South for the next generation are in the cities. The raw elements of both races are rushing unprepared to the trying ordeals of city life. Unless the moral forces are unusually efficient there is danger ahead. The black people are apt to be neglected; my heart is set on their salvation. Atlanta is the strategic center of the South. The encircling hills of the city are crowned with Christian colleges for the colored youth. To plant here a model church for the colored people will mean that these young people who come there from all parts of the South will carry its vision with them, and thus instill into the people wherever they go, even in the dark corners of the South, the larger ideal of the life of the church.

Recent disturbances in the South, the passage of unfriendly legislation and the growing sensitiveness of the colored people, have combined to produce a spirit of restlesness in the race, and unless institutions like these are established which the people can look up to and tie to, they will become discouraged and dispersed. I believe that it is better that the bulk of the colored people should remain in the South and work out their destiny on their native soil. While there have been days of darkness for the black man in the South, and all these days are not yet over, I believe that a better day is dawning. I believe in my people with all my soul. I believe in the better element of the white people of the South; ultimately my people will receive from their hands every right to which they are entitled. Of this fact there has been no better guarantee than this, that the better elements of both races are getting together. The Christian religion forms the only platform they can both stand on with mutual self-respect.

Some time ago I heard a hot-blooded young Southerner say that the race question would be settled in the next ten years, and at the point of the sword and by the drawing of blood. That young man was right—and he was wrong. The question will be settled at the point of the sword and by the drawing of blood—but I thank God that it will not be in carnal warfare. The question will be settled by the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and by the blood of Christ, which is the life of love. This is the spirit in which the American Missionary Association has done its work, and in this hour of racial adjustment in the Southland it finds its vindication after forty years of working and waiting. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy, and great should be the joy of the men and women of this organization who have sown the seed with such fidelity, generosity and zeal all these years.

"This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO PUBLIC EDUCATION.

By President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University.

Christianity has a record as unique as it is magnificent in the history of education. Jesus himself was a great teacher, brought a new doctrine and gave a new theory and rule of life. He invented the parable which made nature and social life eloquent of spiritual truth and which was a pedagogic device more portable and more persisting than Plato's myths. His disciples were commissioned to preach and teach; Paul was a great master of polemic and hortatory exposition; Origen called the Holy Spirit the divine pedagogue because it led into all truth, and Tertullian called its still small voice the new muse of truth. When in 529 A. D., Justinian's famous edict closed the four great schools of classic philosophy, the church took possession of the world of culture and slowly evolved a new system of thought and life; Rome became the great patron of learning, wrought out a new philosophy; established universities at Bologna, Salerno, Paris, Oxford, Monpeller, Prague, Cambridge, Vienna, Idelberg, Florence, and about fifty others, all before the year 1400. Long before this Charlemagne and Alcuin had established cloistral, cathedral and other schools where reading and writing and the seven liberal arts were taught to all comers and Latinity had given Europe one international language, that of culture and of the church. For centuries the liberty of teaching and learning was almost complete and we Protestants are prone to do scant justice to the educational foundations laid by the Catholic Church in its great formative period.

When she began to grow suspicious of the learning she had so sedulously fostered and the Renaissance and the Reformation arose, we find Luther, Erasmus, Calvin and Melancthon establishing schools, reconstructing courses of study, and nearly two-score new universities were founded under the influence of the Reformation in Europe. It was again profoundly felt not only that schools of high and low grade were the hope and the method of the Christian propaganda, but that ignorance and superstition were the parents of sin and that enlightenment was the surest way to bring men to true religion. Thus, it came about that almost down to our own times the clergy have been its teachers, leaders, and inspirers of most of the best things that have been done in education. This was true of the Catholic Church, of Lutherans, Puritans, Anglicans, and the rest. Many a high school and college in this country owed its origin to religion. Belief in education has always been one of the first articles in the unwritten creed of Christendom. Even when the influence of the clergy began to decline in the higher academic grades of culture, they were long its chief representatives to the masses and established and directed elementary schools.

Now, however, in all Christian lands, among Catholics and Protestants alike, this educational supremacy is either lost or in various stages of decline. There has been a growing aversion to clerical influence in education and complete secularization and laicization of the schools is today the ideal goal in many high places. It is high time for the church to awake to this situation and to realize all that it involves; to know the extent of this pedagogic defection; to seek to fathom its causes; to trace out its consequences, and to do its

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

utmost to find the cure. We are still doing much, and let us thank heaven and take all possible courage from the large remnant of education efficiency still left us. We still have the Sunday-school, though its work needs much reconstrustion to be brought abreast of the methods of secular training. We have the splendid work of the Y. M. C. A., but it reaches but a very small fraction of the young men of the land who need it; our theological courses are improving, but how slowly when compared with other lines of professional training, for instance, in law and medicine, technology, and pedagogy.

The Church, in all its branches collectively, has a score of charitable and reformatory agencies and institutions that are doing the Master's work among the poor in slum and remote districts; the influence of the pulpit is potent against evil in high places and in low against corporate greed oppression, industrial malpractice, social evil and political corruption. Many denominations have established colleges in this country, but as a class they are relatively declining before the rapid advance of unsectarian institutions. In all these great causes, the church not only prays, but works; it not only follows, but sometimes leads; it not only preaches, but acts; but our efficiency is still below the great traditions of the church in the past. What we are doing we know, and are perhaps a little too conscious of it, so I bespeak your sympathy in my rather unwelcome task of trying to point out first some of the difficulties and adverse influences in the present situation.

1. The separation of church and state, while a great, is not an unmixed good, for it has involved abolition of religious training for our entire public school system. Boys and girls are most susceptible to religious influence during the teens, when practically all confirmations and most conversions occur, and at this age more than at any other religion is the bulwark of morality and nothing can fill its place. It has been said that were religion all false, we should have to invent and apply it if we had the wit to do so, for its influence upon the emotional nature, which is now at its flood-tide, and for the restraints which it puts upon the lower propensities which now burst into sudden strength while the intellect is yet too undeveloped and uninformed to control them. A number of careful consensuses show that very many of our children pass through not only the required but even high school stages of schooling without knowledge enough of Scripture even to understand the commonest allusions to it in literature. Despite the brief morning reading from Sacred Writ sometimes practiced, many American children leave school when legal requirements of attendance are satisfied and others graduate from secondary schools and even colleges who have never felt even the literary power of the great passages of the Old and the New Testament and with no coherent knowledge whatever of the Bible as a whole.

I will not take time to report on the as yet somewhat discrepant conclusions in statistics of these recent studies, but all agree that the proportion of children thus densely ignorant is very great and that for a decade or two it has been steadily increasing. Our Catholic brethren complain that the schools are godless, and we Protestants who gave the Bible to the laity have yet more and more to complain of Bibleless schools.

2. Meanwhile, what is the state doing in its secularized public schools? During 214 days of the year there is no school in the United States, the average length of the term time being only 151 days. Thus, about five-eighths of the time the American child could not attend school, if he wished to, but is exposed to all the evils of idleness, and who can name a single evil which pedagogues are so fond of charging up against truancy that should not equally be charged against vacations which the truant simply prolongs? Thus, during considerably more than half the week days of the year. the school and usually the grounds are closed to the children.

How about attendance when school does keep? Of the 23,500,000 children between fifteen and eighteen years of age, 16,500,000 enroll and some 7,000,000 who should, do not do so. Those who enroll actually attend 105 days out of the 151 on which school keeps, and are absent on the average about one-third of the time. Thus, we can say roughly that less than half the children who should be in school are actually there during less than half the week days when school is in session. All these statistics are from the last report available, viz., for the year 1904-05. Boyes estimates that 8,000,000 American children under fifteen are constantly schoolless, and that there are at least 1,400,000 illiterate voters, and of course a vastly larger number of illiterates of both sexes above ten years of age, which is the usual basis.

The average pay of public teachers in this country is $55 per month for males and $42 for females, the latter constituting 76 per cent of all. Far less than half of our nearly half million teachers have ever had any professional training and between one-third and one-fourth of them leave the professions every year. This poorly paid and untrained army of raw recruits is our chief hope against illiteracy and all the evils that it entails. They must Americanize the children of the million immigrants that now are landing on our shores each year. Yet our faith in the permanence of democratic institutions, of civic purity, business integrity and personal virtue has come to rest more and more upon these schools and teachers. Do and can they thus constituted justify this faith?

Almost the entire control of our schools today is in the hands of local boards who determine the amount of money to be raised and expended for education, provide school-houses, text-books, employ teachers, fix their pay and the length of the term, etc. Under this system the more ignorant a community is and the more in need of good schools, the less likely are the boards that represents them to see this need and the less the chance that they will be able and willing to meet it. While superior and devoted men can sometimes achieve excellent results the system itself is bad and, low politics, sordid views, false economies and vaccillations are too common, while favoritism and graft are not unknown. Men but little above the average intelligence and virtue of the community, and whose chief desire is to please their constituents and win popularity enough to climb higher up the political ladder of the school board are about as unfit custodians of the vital interests which in a Republic center in education as could be found.

Again, has the school moralized a country where divorce has steadily increased for twenty years in every state save one that keeps such statistics, so that there are now a trifle more divorces in this country in one year than in all the other Christian lands combined.

We have 2921 courts with power to grant divorce, as against England one, Germany twenty-eight, France seventy-nine.

This country leads in homicides, which for the last dozen years amounts to from 8,000 to 10,000 per annum, a higher rate than in any Christianized and civilized land, enough being slain here yearly to populate a small city. About two per cent of the slayers are caught and punished as against over ninety per cent in Germany. The percentage of juvenile crime which is rising in general is increasing faster here. Despite all agencies old and new, there has been a remarkable increase of hoodlumism in American cities within five years, and the proportion of convictions to population by age is greatest here during the middle and later teens.

There are many causes of this feralization of youth, besides the long vacation during which many houses and estates are closed and tempting. A new one is that while we have been raising the minimum age of child labor, we have not succeeded in keeping the child in school during these years when he is barred from so many occupations by these new child-labor laws, so that after satisfying the requirements of the law of school attendance boys who will not continue their education are now unable to find employment. Yellow journalism, with its daily chronicle of crime, the increase of urban life that forces so many lower propensities into precocious development before the powers of control are matured, the fact that our schools appeal essentially to the intellect and strive principally to inform and smarten it, the fact that 90 per cent of all the school boys in the United States satisfy the requirements of the law without ever having been under the influence of a male teacher and that women are not the best trainers for boys in their teens on the duties of citizenship, political life, voting; and that budding manhood demands some masculine treatment—these are some of the difficulties with which we have to contend.

Secular education is popularly supposed to abate superstition. Does it do so? A recent writer collected over 7,000 confessions of superstitions concerning such matters as salt, fire, moon, owls, cats, mirrors, horse-chestnuts, days of the week and year, birthdays, numbers, warts, right and left hand, charms, precious stones, money dreams, sneezing, weddings, and nearly one hundred other such topics. These confessions were all by American students of academic grade who were preparing to become teachers and one-half of all were more or less believed in and nearly all had been believed in earlier in life. They are relics of very low savage culture and related chiefly to death, disease, money, love, etc., and show that our education, science and civilization have done but little to weaken the old faith in luck, signs, etc. Not only miners, sailors, gamblers, lovers, but masses of our fellow-citizens are credulous in different degrees, not only about many such things, but toward palmists and fortune-telling by cards, stars or diviners by scores of omens, hoodooes and mascots, while rank morasses of occultism, crasser forms of spiritism dominate most of the lives of some, if not some of the lives of most. It has even been asked whether education, by bringing children together, has not done nearly as much to diffuse as to check these superstitions. However this may be, it is clear that those who linger in this outgrown stage of thought and to whom the world is a chaos and not a cosmos, are not truly educated.

Again, surely good citizenship requires common honesty, business integrity, fair play and truth telling. Are we progressing here? What about the appalling revelations made within the last three years in so many places concerning the adulterations of drugs and medicines, patented and others, foods and drinks, about our growing money madness, and what is becoming of business integrity under the methods of competing cheapness of productions, trusts and combinations that control the prices and output and even of the interests of life, about secret rebates and the suppression of the natural laws of competition? How many will say anything that goes and do anything that shows and have at heart really adopted the maxims of Sterner and Nietzsche and scruple at nothing that succeeds and regard nothing with remorse except being found out, and whose supreme goal in life is to get rich, make display, give themselves all the pleasures their bodies can bear? What about the awful statistics of drink and the growing laxity in the sexual relations in both high and low classes, or our race suicide as seen in the steadily decreasing birthrate and the steadily increasing infant mortality under five, and especially under one, which is greater in our cities than those of any other land? Are we awake or sleeping, and dreaming concerning these general tendencies and ineluctable facts or are we living in a fool's paradise, and is our national optimism like that of Dr. Pangloss, who cheerily praised God and insisted that his was the best possible life at every progressive stage of defect and human leadership. Can a nation lean toward barbarism amidst electric lights, autos, telephones, splendid homes, schoolhouses, and churches that are teeming with wealth, swarming with promoters, with get-rich-quick schemes, as well as with noble philanthropists and reformers who are bravely stemming the tide. Is it not high time for yet larger and more constructive and concerted effort for confession on the part of church and school that much as has been done, the best endeavors and achievements of the past and present must be exceeded and grow pale before still greater accomplishmnts?

We delude ourselves if we think that all these evils can be overcome by punctuality and order, the personal influence of music and history, emphasizing and teaching respect for authority, self-government, good churches, and good examples of teachers. Yet those are the only cures I find in the latest discussion of pedagogy on the subject.

Let us, then, finally glance at a few of the schemes of betterment that have been lately and seriously proposed. One thoughtful writer, Mr. H. M. Boyce, in "The Science of Penolagy,," suggests further centralization of educational effort in a national bureau at Washington with three long-tenured and highly paid commissioners, who shall not only collect and distribute information like the present Bureau, but shall prescribe a general plan of instruction for the whole country and advise both national and state legislation, and that both together shall distinctly reduce local autonomy. Especially the states must assume control of all schools, assess, collect and distribute the school tax, prescribe the length of term, salaries and text-books, the qualifications of teachers, and compel the attendance of all children up to sixteen. This, it is urged, would slowly remedy many evils.

Another urges that every educational agency must now be co-ordinate and that not only public but private schools and the training of all delinquents and degenerates and juvenile courts should be correlated so that all children of school age, whether in or out of school, should be taken account of. Hitherto these

agencies have been directed by very different methods and with very diverse degrees of intelligence. Normal courses should fit teachers and care-takers in all these lines.

Under such a system, each child could be placed in whatever position he would get the most good and wasteful misfits both of pupils and of teachers would be avoided. The child is now a legal personage and belongs to the state as well as to the home, and the former should assume co-guardianship.

It is now nearly twenty years since the public schools of France were secularized and all religious teaching forbidden in them. Fearing an increase of juvenile immorality when religion was expelled, and in view of this ominous void thus created in a curriculum to which they had been so accustomed, the French at once created courses of a new kind for moral and civil instruction for every grade. They ransacked their own history and literature for stories illustrating exceptional and even dramatic acts of virtue, and selected many morals and apt quotations to impress social duties and personal virtue. Fearing that conscience was not sufficiently infallible or strong, patriotism and the noble pagan sentiment of honor were appealed to, also—the latter, with great effect.

There are many prizes, medals, public testimonials, and special columns in the press to commemorate all children who have done noble acts. Love and pride of country and the instincts of the true gentleman and lady are made into a kind of secular religion. All this is well and these courses have already justified themselves, but they are not enough. Youth always has and always will need religion to tide it safely over the adolescent crisis of life, for it can be made to supply a yet far stronger incentive to virtue than the ideal of good citizenship or of honor, potent as these are.

The German method recognizes not only the aesthetic and the moral, but the intrinsic value of religious training and has enforced religious instruction in the public schools for more than a generation on the fololwing plan:

About every child or its parents must elect near the beginning of the school course, either Catholic, Lutheran or Jewish training. Each of these three churches should nominate the teachers of its own faith who must, however, pass a stringent examination as to their qualifications by the state which pays them, and these should teach in the school buildings, and examine and look after the moral and religious needs of their pupils one or two half days per week, inculcating Scripture, church history, creeds, forms of worship, and give spiritual guidance enough to fit them for confirmation. Thus, Rabbi, priest, or clergyman has access to nearly all the school children, so that it is impossible for them to grow up in such dense ignorance of Scripture and religious matters as is increasingly prevalent here.

This scheme could easily be made practicable here for Jews and Catholics, but the dissident Protestant sects, despite several efforts, have not, so far, been able to agree as to the method or matter of instruction, so that in this respect the difficulties here are very similar to those encountered where mission boards representing different denominations have tried but failed to unify their work in heathen lands to avoid the stigma, despite the injury that this insistence upon denominational differences is causing in both fields. Could all or the chief Protestant churches agree upon a course of religious training for public schools, the German scheme would be as workable here as it is there under an established church.

Failing this, we must abandon finally all thought of bringing public education again under religious influences, however generic, and take up the prodigious task which the French have faced of devising a national scheme of training in morals without the aid of religion on some ethical culture basis. The most sagacious school men, however, are now realizing, as never before, that education of the heart and life in right conduct must be made the chief goal of pedagogic endeavor. On this basis there is one line of effort now opening which seems a promising basis on which the churches of all creeds and the secular schools can heartily co-operate, and that is what a recent writer calls "the re-awakening of the physical conscience."

The last quarter of a century has witnessed a remarkable revival of interest in physical culture, college athletics, clubs in high and grammar schools, leagues like that of New York city with President Roosevelt at its head, hundreds of Sunday-school athletic organizations, gymnasia, the Pope's hearty sanction (he having lately witnessed the contests of all the athletic societies of Italy in the Vatican gardens, become their patron, and conferred 250 gold and silver medals) congresses of school hygiene, playgrounds (covering 75 acres in Chicago, 110 in Philadelphia, 200 in Boston, a single one in New York to cost $2,500,000);—all these represent a new and immense movement extending over the entire civilized world, even to China and for women, where the movement has already brought forth imperial decrees forbidding the use of opium and foot-binding. In Japan, as in Germany, under the influence of the Turner societies, the stature of the soldiers has actualy increased from this cause, but what is more important is its effects upon the soul. Athleticism, plays and games rightly directed give a new sense of loyalty and heartiness, a healthy tone of emotional life, more patience, courage, fraternity, and perhaps, above all, brings into operation a new love of personal purity of body and soul. This great tide of human culture already shows signs of the approach of a general "physical renaissance such as the world has only seen twice or perhaps thrice, and which preceded by about a generation the most brilliant periods in the intellectual history of mankind." Health means wholeness and holiness and is the best natural basis of the new practical Christianity. It means more enthusiasm of humanity, and this wisely directed unlocks ideals and wins the heart to the good, the beautful and the true and does vastly more than our old modes of secular training ever dreamed of to give a clean soul in a clean body, and what better goal has religion than to make the body the temple of the Living God?

Finally, the churches, while maintaining as long as they will their denominational differences of creed and forms of worship on Sunday, should now formulate a program of week-day education in the broadest sense of that now rapidly expanding word. Leaving trinity, incarnation, revelation, miracles, salvation in another world and all other dogmas, however precious, to believers to be chiefly Lord's day mat-

ters, let the churches waive all these distinctive doctrines during the week and seek ways and means of concerted effort to resume its ancient function of the care and guidance of the souls of youth in practical morals and in personal enthusiasm for pure and true living on this earth.

By its long deterioration from insisting upon dogmas and its diminished interest in science, humanism, and nationalism in the past, it forfeited to the state its natural function, and now the failure of the state to perform this supreme task of moralizing the rising generation affords the church a new and vast opportunity of resuming its lost functions.

Putting aside all claims of ecclesiastical authority and every theological shibboleth, can we not join hands, animated by a simple but fervent love of man and by the crying moral needs of the present and the young and set the world again an example of supreme service in a crisis of divine need? To do this we must abandon once and forever the old uncompromising spirit that demands all or nothing, and realizing that absolute truth and virtue are rarely attainable on this earth, and understand that the second and twentieth best is vastly better than nothing and well worth doing. If the state will not have Scripture, the world's greatest insipration of righteousness and its chief text-book in pscychology, let us study the Brahman method of introducing carefully selected ethical writers made up by religious men of the best proverbs and most inspiring classics and all bibles of other religions

If we are not yet ready to attempt the methods of the German schools, by which Catholics and Protestants seek to combine their pedagogic efforts in a few fundamentals, at least let a few of the Protestant sects unite their efforts in the mission field and cease to maintain expensive sectarian organizations there and then let them try to denominationalize each of their colleges and seek, by so doing, to confirm, broaden and deepen their common Christian character. The state will never tolerate again any creed or confession. Its religion is patriotism, and the school is now its nursery, as it was that of the Church.

Science will never assent to the dogmatic method, but Christianity should not be expurgated from the art, religion, history and humanities which it has done so much all these centuries to create and without which even they cannot be rightly understood and without some knowledge or feeling for which our children are like deaf mutes studying music. Better virtue without Christianity than Christianity without virtue, if such an antithesis were even conceivable.

Let us then recognize the good of things as they are and accept the inevitable with joy, and according to the old stoic maxim, try to rise to the opportunity of leading this great impending movement for moral eduation more pressing and promising than anything in the history of schools for the last half century, and ourselves work out a program—godless and bibleless, for it must be in name, utilizing to the uttermost the sentiments of patriotism, honor, mutual help and social service, realizing that Christianity itself is not all ecclesiastical or theological, but that a purely secular week-day religion can and must now be wrought out, and that the detailed methods for doing so are now within sight and reach.

SYNOD AFTERMATH.

The proper thing was done when Dr. Culton was called upon for the opening sermon and Rev. Chas. M. Fisher was made moderator. The universal comment was "A good sermon," and "A fine moderator."

Missionary and educational leaders were quickly to the front. Indeed, the general movement of the Synod which will have vital root to spring up, was "information for education."

The call to the men, **"Do business, or quit!"** echoed the tone of the correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, W. T. Ellis. All honor to the women—"who are doing manly work," but "men for a man's job!"

Potter did not potter when voicing the call of the 1,000 men of the Omaha convention. Not the least wise of the things he did was to put the emphasis otherwhere than on the $6,000,000 per annum needed. "Every member of the Presbyterian church directly responsible to his Master for 75 of the 100,000,000 which is the share of the church." That hits the nail.

It is a pity that the speakers for causes at home and abroad did not have the map of the world—the women's big map, for the shadows of the Mt. Hermon branches to fall upon. It is an inspiration to the audience when attention dulls; for an up-to-date map is most fascinating after a pointer stabs things that are doing into it.

John Willis Baer was applauded to the echo when he declared that he did not join the camp of those who cry that the great universities have all the bad and the small college has all the good. The small college which gives the honor to the Old Book by doing college work in it cannot afford to be out of touch with our great centers of culture.

Confidence will be given the college which cries, "Not more men, but more man,"—quality before quantity. Deliverance lies in making "this valley full of ditches;" men of quality alone can be depended upon to dig ditches. There can be no divergence of aim here for institutions big or little.

The cause of the Freedmen brought out the fact that the South is going dry because the business men see that they must ruin the saloon or be ruined themselves. This recalls the fact that one of the limits set to evil is its own reactionary effect.

Dr. Minton let the lead touch bottom when he broadened the definition of the work of the evangelist to cover all the genuine ministration of the pastor in the name of his Master. His terse sentence, "Even the infinite grace of God cannot use so many of our sermons," shows a place to make a quick beginning.

The presentation of the reports of the women justified the statement made on the floor that they were doing this work in a "manly way;" that is, by strict business methods. Take a peep at your wife's "Far West" and see.

Dr. Noble reported $900 deficit in direct gifts to Home Missions; but this is more than made up by the $2,000 increase made up of gifts to relief work after the Coast disaster.

The Synod made cordial the welcome to the Board's new field secretary, Rev. W. S. Holt, D. D. His ready Irish wit and evident capacity for detail are taken to promise well for the inauguration of this new departure.

Dr. Spinning's allusion to the inevitable conflict with the colored races the world over—of which the recent north coast incident made emphasis, should be

coupled with the story which tells us that Mohamedan Africa and Arabia are ready with a spark to flame into the old fanaticism, and then pondered—not turned down as a mere alarmist's cry. How much or how little blood will be in this conflict depend upon you; but as sure as God has a plan to lift men up, the conflict is coming.

Dr. Spinning was at his best—which is saying much; and his picture of the period of the lifetime of Dr. Holt, who had just stated that when he was born there was one Presbyterian church in the great West where there are now nine hundred, will not be forgotten soon. Dr. Spinning's climax in an address which rung with old time eloquence, was an exaltation of the ride of Whitman to its wider place compared with those of Sheridan and Paul Revere. No doubt the good Doctor's fame will rest upon that momentary inspiration when by the "aid of the apostle Paul, brought down for the emergency," he placed the first Home Missionary in the Moderator's chair and reversed the tide of Assembly church politics for a gen-greater thing, and will last the longer.

Mrs. Bidwell certainly becomes transfigured when the wrongs of her red brothers fill her heart. Every thread in the dress which clothes the tense little figure seems to cry for a tongue. May the long delayed help come before she is called to pass over.

The committee of arrangements is to be commended for inaugurating a consecutive series of studies for the devotional periods. Let the next committee of arrangements at Pasadena attack the more difficult problem of getting Synod to be devotional—not a mere corporal's guard.

May this writer venture to say that the continuous session—practically continuous from early morning to late at night, is against not only devotional services at the morning hour, but against the progress of business. And one of the greatest nuisances is the packing every crevice of Synod with adjourned meetings of Presbyteries. Less gas and more business while in the regular meetings of your Presbytery will make things work out better.

The management of Mt. Hermon is to be congratulated upon rising to the emergency of over one hundred unexpected guests. For Mt. Hermon itself, the sample was good—the sample between the cottage on the hill and the station at Felton, but this writer goes home with a grudge against the continuous session, which kept him from seeing more.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Tuesday, the 15th, was a memorable day at the Seminary. The Faculty and students assembled at 10:30 a. m. and listened to two addresses, one by our former professor of theology, Rev. Henry C. Minton, D. D., of Trenton, N. J., and the other by President John Willis Baer of Occidental College. Dr. Minton was warmly welcomed to the platform from which he has so many times spoken, and delivered an address which was a spiritual tonic. It was Dr. Baer's first visit to Anselmo. He was apparently delighted with all that he saw. He spoke enthusiastically of the co-operation of the college and the seminary in building up the Kingdom of God in California. His address on "Red Blood" was an inspiration which will long be felt. At the close of these addresses the students invited our guests and the Faculty to dine with them.

Rev. James Curry, D. D., '75, has recently published a history of the seminary. It is a very neat volume of about one hundred and fifty pages. It contains portraits of all the professors and principal benefactors who are now deceased. It also gives an interesting sketch of all professors, principal benefactors and students who have been associated with the seminary since it was founded. The price is $1.50, postpaid. It can be had of Dr. Curry, whose address is 908 West street, Oakland.

All of the Faculty but Dr. Wicher, and two of the students attended Synod at Mt. Hermon. It was an unusually interesting meeting. An increasing interest in the progress of the seminary was manifest.

Rev. Samuel H. Jones, '98, has undertaken a new work at Columbia, Nev., in the suburbs or vicinity of Goldfield.

Rev. Charles W. Anthony, '73, of Aurora, Ill., the first graduate of the seminary, is now in California. He was present at the meeting of Synod.

Dr. Moore was one of the speakers at the banquet given by the Presbyterian Social Union in Calvary church, San Francisco, on Tuesday evening, the 15th. President Baer was the guest of honor on that occasion.

Rev. George F. Whitworth, D. D., who died in Seattle, Wash., October 5th, at the age of 91, was for some years a director of the seminary and contributed quite regularly to its support.

Mr. Sidney McKee is encouraged in his work in the Bush Tract, the new mission of the Seminary church. Last Sunday evening the little room rented for the services was quite well filled. They are already thinking of finding a larger place. Last Sunday afternoon a Sunday-school was organized and fifteen enrolled.

Rev. Peter Erickson, who studied in the seminary during the year 1906-07, and is now pastor of a prosperous church at Drayton, North Dakota, was married Oct. 9th to Miss Emma B. Jamison of Drayton.

FOREIGN-BORN LEAGUE.

It is said in the dispatches that the foreign people in Chicago united and defeated the charter of that city. It is now stated according to the same authority that foreign-born leagues are being formed in many cities with the purpose of securing a continental Sunday. The continental Sunday restricts labor of every kind but emphasizes pleasure. It is argued that these foreigners hold the balance of power, that they will not support an American Sunday, that the only way to have any Sunday is to have a continental Sunday. There is a way to have a Christian Sunday: These foreigners must first know what Christianity is and then they will sustain a Christian Sunday. It is immensely important that these foreign leagues be given the Christian ideals. We frankly confess that we do not like the threatening attitude of this foreign-born league. We hesitate to believe that there is any wide-spread conspiracy among the foreign-born populations. If they combine to bring in the continental Sunday we see no reason why the same leagues may not make other demands and rapidly degenerate into a political menace. A continental Sunday is un-Christian and un-American and we hope it will not prevail.

Young People.

ONE MORE JUNGLE JOKE.

"Although you see me with my trunk,"
The Elephant exclaimed,
"I do not travel very much,
For which you're to be blamed."

"How's that?" the Leopard made reply,
In snarling tones of doubt.
"Why I should keep you here at home
I cannot quite make out.'"

"Pray listen, then," the Elephant
Returned, "and don't make shots.
While you're about I'm doomed to view
The old familiar spots!"

The Leopard rose quite cross, and growled,
"I must be off—ta-ta!"
But from the underwood the gay
Hyena laughed, "Ha! ha!"

—Felix Leigh.

HOW GOLD NUGGETS GROW.

Gold in its natural state, like many other products of the earth is an article of development. What its original elements are is still a matter of some speculation, but the fact has been demonstrated that a nugget of the precious metal left in its original environments will gradually though slowly, attract to itself minute articles of gold dust, and after the lapse of years possess an added value. Gold is known to have grown on mine timbers which have long been immersed in mine water. In the California State Mining Bureau Museums there is a specimen of a piece of jointed cap and post taken from the Comstock, where it had been under water for years, in which gold was formed in the joints and pores of the wood.

Gold is constantly being formed in rocks and veins and placers. Just what it is that the baby gold formation feeds on to effect its growth is not known; if it were a new and wonderfully lucrative industry might be born, and all other kinds of farming save the growing of gold might temporarily be abandoned. The formation and growth are due to mechanical and chemical action. As in the case of the animal or vegetable, existing gold has existed in some other state before assuming its present form. Waters which percolate through the earth's crust are said to contain substances from which gold is formed. Thus gold, like the animal and vegetable, must have water in order to thrive. The gold in the water is deposited when it meets the proper precipitant. The precipitant may be an earth current of electricity in the rocks.

It has been claimed that the nuggets found in placers are the formations from the waters that are not from decomposed quartz, as generally supposed. Those who so contend cite the fact that in the center of the nuggets can often be found a small grain of iron sand. This was the nucleus around which the earth current of electricity created or deposited in electroplating. During long ages this influence was at work causing the gold to form around the little grain of iron, and then grow to become a bright, shining nugget of gold much larger than any ever found in the veins of the ore.—Exchange.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

The life of "pages" in Congress twenty-five years ago was not one of work alone. We had our good times, and the close confinement made necessary by our work during the sessions gave to our holidays an added zest. It was on one of these holidays that three of us boys paid a visit to Mount Vernon, the ancestral estate of the Washingtons, some twenty miles down the Potomac from Washington city, writes an "Old Boy Page" in "The American Boy."

The little steamer Arrow made the trip every day, and on this particular day was loaded to the water's edge with a merry crowd, whose center was a little band of Italian musicians. The broad, historic river was delightfully smooth, and glistened in the morning sunlight. We ate popcorn and bananas and shouted at passing boats, just as boys do now on an all-day excursion, until near midday, when the little steamer rounded gracefully a bend in the stream, and "There's Mount Vernon!" came from a hundred lips.

From the boat landing a path leads directly up the steep hillside, shaded by forest trees, to the fine old house that stands in the open on the very brow of the hill. In our eagerness we boys ran ahead of the procession of sight-seers, and before we realized it came upon a group of people standing before the double-grated doors, behind which, in rude simplicity, stood two massive sarcophagi containing, as shown by their simple inscriptions, the remains of George and Martha Washington. We boys don't have to be told to take our hats off as we stand there and peer in through the iron bars, trying in imagination to pierce the darkness of the solid stone coffins and see the reverred forms whose pictures stand so vividly before our mind's eye. We do not need to be told to talk in whispers; it is an awe-inspiring place even for a careless boy.

A large company soon gathered, and we all stood solemn and speechless before the grim vault, while the leaves rustled and the birds chirped in the trees above us. I stealthily picked up a few pebbles from the gravel walk where I stood, and when out of sight of the rest of the company I stowed them carefully in my pocket to add to my collection of relics and mementoes.

Now for the old house on the summit. A dear old Virginia mansion with its broad stone piazza and its pillars of white, and back of it the Negro quarters and the capacious barn. Standing on the stone floor of this piazza, I looked up and down the broad sweep of the Potomac, and recalled that Washington was wont to sit here and converse with his visitors, and tread up and down its stone floor musing and thinking out mighty affairs of State, and that here his body lay in state on that eighteenth day of December, 1799, to be carried, about the middle of the afternoon, at the signal from a cannon on board a vessel at anchor in the river, to its resting place on the hillside below. I remember reading that in that little procession of cavalry, infantry, clergy, Masons, friends, neighbors, servants and immediate family there was Washington's war horse, led by two grooms in black. It was riderless that day, but carried saddle, holsters and pistols. Just behind it came the body of its master on a bier.

I walked with my boy friends up and down this piazza of now crumbling sandstone, and we tried to picture to ourselves the boy George Curtis and his sister Nellie, son and daughter of Washington's stepson, who had died, and after his death adopted by

George and Martha Washington. What fine times they must have had romping on this big lawn! And think of the dogs, and horses, and guns, and game in the woods, and ever so many faithful servants to do anything on earth for young massa and young missus!

Then we turned and entered the hospitable front door, to find ourselves almost immediately in the "Martha Washington reception room"—very insignificant as compared with the drawing-rooms of our own day, but yet imposing in its way, especially when seen through the eyes of memory. Here is old-time simplicity. Time-stained and time-honored paintings, some of heroic size, adorn the walls, and the great open fireplace yawns as of old. Here Lady Washington received her guests. It is the "East Room" in the old "white-house" made sacred by many a brilliant scene glowing with color and life from out the colonial days. We can picture the gallant Marquis de Lafayette leading Lady Washington in the stately dance, and officers and civilians, many of whose names are graven in imperishable history, with the lovely dames and damsels of old Virginia making merry at the simple court of the citizen President. Oh, could we but recall the twenty-second day of February, 1799, the last birthday celebration of the master of Mount Vernon! That was a celebration to remember, for on that day in this room Washington gave Nellie Curtiss as a bride to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis. Fifteen years before, Washington's birth had been celebrated at Alexandria, Virginia(by a ball. In Richmond it was celebrated as early as 1786, and in Philadelphia in 1790. After this celebration at Mount Vernon, when Nellie Curtis graced the day as a bridal flower, it became a day of national rejoicing.

Then we wandered through other rooms filled with relics of colonial days. We gazed with open eyes on the clothes the great general wore, his sword and camp equipments, the chair in which he was wont to sit, the family furniture and dishes. Then we went upstairs, to find ourselves in a little room with low ceiling and a single window, containing only a bedstead minus furnishings. Here was a "guard," whose duty it was to tell that in this room Washington died, and that looking out of this window he designated the spot where they were to lay him to rest.

I stood for a moment beneath the tree by the side of the house where Washington was wont to mount his horse and, calling to his dogs, gallop away to the chase, or, with sword and gauntlets and glittering aides, march away to war. I roamed about the grounds into the Negro cabins and the barns, and eagerly drank in the stories of guide-book and guide until the whistle of the little steamer at the landing below recalled me to the duty of the moment, which was to get myself back to my work in the big Capitol whose corner-stone Washington himself had laid so many years ago.

But I didn't go empty-handed, or rather empty-pocketed, for I had a handful of pebbles from the tomb, a piece of mouldy shingle from the roof, a small piece of sandstone which my boot heel had loosened from the piazza floor, and a cane cut from the growing underbrush in the woods back of the house. But a guard at the landing took the cane away from me, it being against the rules to carry anything away but memories, which I am thankful to say no one could deprive me of; and years ago the pebbles, the shingle and the stone went the way of all things mortal, and nothing now remains to me but my story.

RICHES IN CHRIST.

The riches of Christ differ essentially from sheer possession. The riches are measured by our capacity to appropriate character values. A man may actually own a fine art gallery and yet have no education in art which will enable him to appropriate its real values. A person may actually own a piano and a dozen of the best musical instruments and have no capacity to get the music out of them or to appreciate it when produced by another. The music riches are dependent on the musical education, on the capacity to appropriate music in the terms of music. The soul may stand in the presence of the natural heavens and not be able to mark off a segment and call it his very Christ confers riches of personality, riches of character, riches in good influence, riches in faith. A sense of adequacy in spirituality, a cleanness of mind, a purity of heart, fairness, honesty, uprightness are among the assets of a Christian life. Rich toward God is better than being rich toward the perishable and vanishing things of this world. own, but the soul sensitive to the beauty and glory of the natural dome above us does own it. It is an asset to the divinely instructed soul. The riches of Christ are the capacity and moral and spiritual power to understand Christ, to comprehend the atonement, to know the meaning of the Christian life, to measure his love, to realize his companionship, to enjoy the divine fellowship. Then first of all, riches are not sheer luggage, not impedimenta, not lands, not houses; these may or may not come, but riches means the possession of the higher personal values

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The San Francisco Chronicle thinks President Roosevelt knows how to use the English language. That reminds us of the President's last message when he took occasion to say some things about the demogogues and foreign agitators in San Francisco who were running mad about that time under the wild inspiration and leadership of the Chronicle.

THE DESERTED DOLL SPEAKS.

She put me away last summer, and told me she didn't care;
She was weary of lips like cherries, and pink cheeks and golden hair;
She had fallen in love, she whispered, with a "cute" little Teddy Bear!

So I've waited in here in the darkness at her Highness' commands;
Oh, the hours I've spent in longing for the touch of her baby hands!
For, e'en though she loves another, she holds me in iron bands.

If my rival were only handsome, I would never have shed a tear;
But, ugh! that horrid monster that I never would let come near!
Oh, the thought of that bear and her Highness is driving me mad, I fear.

But I hope some bright, bright morning she will turn to her love of old,
And the Teddy Bear's place will be taken by her dolly's head of gold;
And the arms of her loving Highness will my waiting arms enfold.

Denver Republican.

HONESTY WITH LIMITATIONS.

Some men are very punctilious in paying their debts; a virtue that is of high rank and commendable at all times. They are not content to see the year close unless their accounts are balanced and they can begin the new year free from all indebtedness. At the same time many of these very men sit down at the table without asking a blessing or thanking God for His gracious loving-kindness. They have no family altar where the children are brought together, and on bended knee express their gratitude for daily mercies. They live from year to year at the expense of God's great bounty, yet forget all about their obligations. If it is a virtue to be honest with men, is it not a greater virtue to be honest with God? When God is calling for laborers, they withhold their sons and daughters. When He pleads for money to enlarge the work, their ears are deaf to the Divine entreaty. They have little thought for the house of God or for its ordinances. They tithe neither the mint, anise nor cummin and leave undone all the weightier matters of the law. Life and health and prosperity, the love of home and the pleasant blessings of life, create an obligation which they never try to meet. To be honest with men and dishonest with God makes a doubtful combination.—Selected.

THE BALM OF FORGETFULNESS.

There is a balm in forgetfulness. It heals all hurts and soothes all sorrows, and gives the soul time to grow strong again. We have sinned, we have suffered. Aye, but we have repented those sins in bitterness and tears. Now leave it all with the pitiful Father, and "forgetting the things which are behind, reach forth unto those things which are before." Sorrow, if too long indulged, enfeebles the soul. The best proof of our repentance of past sins is to try bravely to retrieve them, to sow flowers where we planted thorns—to be an active power for good. Sin is a terrible blot upon the life, but great is God's mercy to those who have repented, to those who fear him. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." The trusting heart will show its gratitude for the blotting out of its sins by "forgetting those things which are behind."

"Let the grass grow over your graves
Of sorrow and sin and care;
Let the grass grow over your saddened shame,
And your misery of despair;
Let the grass grow over your long-nursed woe.
And the fear of that awful doubt;
Let the grass row over the sin and the hate
That brought the trouble about."

Some people dream of happiness as something they will come to by and by, at the end of a course of toil and struggle. But the true way to find happiness is as we go on in our work. Every day has its own cup of sweetness. In every duty is a pot of hidden manna. In every sorrow is a blessing of comfort. In every burden is rolled up a gift of God. In all life Christ is with us, if we are true to Him.

"By all means use some time to be alone,
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look into thy chest—for 'tis thine own—
And tumble up and down what thou findest there."

---

told Tommy if he did not stop asking foolish questions he would send him to bed.

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"What is the secret of her complexion?"

"No secret about it."

"But she declines to tell."

NOV 1 1907

PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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THE GLORY OF WORK.

There the workman saw his labor taking form and bearing fruit,
Like a tree with splendid branches rising from a humble root.
Looking at the distant city, temples, houses, domes, and towers,
Felix cried in exultation: "All the mighty work is ours.
Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,
Every chopper in the palm grove, every raftsman at the oar,
Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod—
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiment of God,
March together toward His triumph, do the tasks His hands prepare.
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer."

—Henry Van Dyke.

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OUR RELATION TO THE JAPANESE.

The question of our relation to the Japanese continues to be one of large interest on the Pacific coast. The press dispatch a few days ago from Tokio, which gave it as the opinion of Minister Hayashi that not more than 450 Japanese ought to be permitted by his government to come to the United States each month, under existing conditions, is another indication that the Japanese are disposed to cooperate with our government in its desire that the Pacific coast shall not be over-run by the Orientals.

But it will be well for the unreasonable agitators amongst us to remember that the Japanese government is still insistent that its subjects shall be granted rights equal to those that are granted the subjects of other powers.

Whatever restriction of Japanese immigration we may have must, in justice to that people and to avoid trouble that might result greatly to the detriment of the United States, be on agreement with the Japanese government.

We have heretofore remarked that the people of California cannot rely on the daily papers of San Francisco and some other cities for an accurate estimate of the various phases of this great question. It is for this reason that we seek to present from time to time that which in our opinion seems to correctly portray the situation.

In a recent number of Collier's Weekly, Will Irwin, who has made a special study of the Japanese question and situation, writes as follows:

"Everywhere I found the Japanese superior in personal appearance and habits to the white laborers about them. I may add to that the testimony of an immigration official who has seen service in all the main ports: 'As they come through the office,' he said, 'they are by all odds the cleanest, the most intelligent in appearance,—altogether the best among our present immigrants.' So, too, a physician in a free surgical clinic said: 'I never saw a dirty Japanese. The rest are usually awful—but never a Japanese. Positively, they are our best patients in every respect.'

"They are not troubled with opium. A few of them drink. Their one great vice, which conditions in this country have tended to encourage, is gambling."

An informing article by Mr. J. H. Aiken concerning the Japanese in California appeared in a recent number of the Sunset Magazine, from which we quote:

"Curious to learn the point of view of the average I chatted the other day with a lad from Osaka who is doing housework and studying to be a teacher of English.

"'Are you going home some day to fight this country?' I asked him, as a cheerful off-hand opening.

"With a smile as indulgent as it was expansive, he closed 'Paradise Lost,' and replied: 'I think, master, all this talk of war is a nonsense and foolishness. Long ago, perhaps, when Commodore Perry first came to our country, we might have gone suddenly into such a fighting, but not now. Our statesmen are too old and too wise and our country is too poor to go to war with America; and we realize, too, that all this country of 80,000,000 people would not want such a thing.'

"'Tell me, Yito, I pursued. Why do you and your friends come to America instead of going to England or to France or to Germany, if your chief desire is a good education?'

"'Ah, he replied, 'it is not that alone. Our government each year sends a hundred or more students to Europe to see and to learn. But the poor boy who wants to learn and to make a living at the same time comes to California. He might learn as well in England—he might get a better education there, but wages are not so high.'

"'And what do you and your friends intend to do—make your home here, or go back to Japan?' I queried.

"And his reply was: 'I only know for myself and nine others who come from the same town,' said he. 'Eight of us expect to remain here, to make a living, to marry here—to marry a Japanese, of course—to become citizens, if we may, and to help make beautiful California more beautiful. Think of it—here in all this state are fewer people than in our one city of Tokio. We will help plant and farm and make all the big country fruitful. Why should we not do that?' he asked.

"'And do you not all want to be soldiers?' I put in.

"'We do not want to be soldiers, I am sure, to fight this country,' he replied with energy."

Notwithstanding all that the unreasonable agitators and alarmists are saying concerning the Japanese, we believe that the two articles from which we have quoted correctly characterize them.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Irwin says in conclusion:

"While the city has not made up its mind, it is vaguely anti-Japanese. The back country, needing Japanese, as it does, feels also a division of sentiment. Again and again I was a party to this conversation, or something like it: Would you vote against Japanese immigration if you had the chance, I would ask the rancher or up-country merchant. 'I don't know,' he would answer. 'I am sure I don't know. We need them, but—say, if they could only let down the bars for about 50,000 Chinese!'"

But this statement cannot be correctly interpreted or understood except in connection with the following by the same writer:

"The coast is judging the Japanese not by the new European immigrant, but by that pattern of old fidelity—that model for serfs—the Chinese."

This, taken in connection with what has heretofore been said concerning the Japanese, show them to be at least on a level with present European immigrants, and in some respects much superior to many of the Europeans.

AN ADDRESS BY JUSTICE BREWER OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

The Nation's Duty to the Black Man Made Plain.

By the census of 1900 the population of the United States between the two oceans was in round numbers 76,000,000. Of these 9,000,000 were of the colored race. They came to this country not as emigrants, not voluntarily, but forcibly taken from home and kindred, brought here and sold into slavery. Less than fifty years ago, in the midst of and as a result of the terrible struggles of the greatest civil war known in history, they were given freedom, and shortly thereafter citizenship. They came out of slavery ,burdened with ignorance, impurity and vice—the ordinary accompaniments of a condition of slavery. They came out through the sword and blood. Before the end of the war Lincoln said:

"Yet if it be God's will that it continue until the wealth piled up by bondsmen by two hundred and fifty years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

But beyond the money and the blood, something more must be paid before the full debt of the nation is discharged. The ignorance, superstition and vice into which this people were led by and during the years of slavery must be removed and they be lifted up to intelligence and morality.

Their uplift through Christian education is the principal work of the American Missionary Association. True, they are not the only objects of its interest and care. All the despised races in our borders are included. I have myself done a little preaching from the bench of the Supreme Court on the duty of Christian America to the heathen Chinese. What I said made but slight impression on that court, but it will yet be heard and heeded by the great body of American Christians.

But the numbers of the colored people so surpass those of all the others and their relations to the nation are so peculiar that not unnaturally we look upon the work of the Association as done among the colored people. And their very numbers attest the value of the work to the nation. Surely anything which is uplifting one-ninth of our population must be of profound interest to all.

It is not claimed that the Association is alone instrumental in this work. The states, especially those in which the bulk of the emancipated people dwell, the educational and missionary societies of other denomination, private charities and the personal labor of many, both within and without the Southern states, are busy in the effort in one form or another to uplift this people.

And when I speak of the labor of individuals, I turn naturally to that magnificent specimen of American Christian citizenship whom you will shortly hear, Bishop Galloway of Mississippi. They are seeking to make these people good citizens. Indeed, the fact that so many instrumentalities and individuals are devoted to this uplifting work is witness to the general conviction of its necessity and value.

But we are told that the colored people are of an inferior race, intended by the Almighty to be only hewers of wood and drawers of water. Why waste time and money in attempting to prepare them for anything else? Why suggest the possibility of something different? It only creates dissatisfaction. It only antagonizes the law of their being as established by the Almighty.

A short but sufficient answer is: Conceding their inferiority, grant, if you please, that they are the most inferior of God's human creatures, yet the Master said: "Unto one of the least of these, my brethren, unto me."

But assuming their inferiority, for the present, is it temporary or adherent? Assuredly, their environment has not induced growth or development. The equatorial sun of Africa encouraged indolence,—physical and mental,—and slavery forbad growth. It may be that this inferiority is only temporary. We have heard of inferiority before. It is not so many decades since man assumed to belong to a superior sex and believed that the education of woman as an inferior being was worse than useless. Enough that she was a cook and a nurse; a good housewife—his servant.

As Tennyson says in Locksley Hall, he held her as "something better than his dog—a little nearer than his horse." Yet today who does not glory in Holyoke, Wellseley, Vassar and Bryn Mawr, and in the varied co-educational institutions of the land? Who does not rejoice in seeing the girl as well as the boy in the public school? If any young man starts to go through life on the assumption that woman is an inferior being, he may sometime be unexpectedly startled into realizing his mistake. So it may be that these people under the higher conditions of life which will now surround them may rise into a status of being which shall cease to be an object of ridicule or contempt.

But even if it be true that the race is essentially and inherently inferior, it still remains true that it is susceptible of improvement. There is no being, possessed of any inteligence, who is not lifted up by education, and no one possessed of a conscience who is not made better by the influences of Christian morality.

Do you question this fact? Turn to the August number of the Outlook, and read what its distinguished editor, Lyman Abbott, says of his personal experience and the change which he has seen going on in the educational status of the colored race. In the summer of 1865 he visited the South. There was then no general education of the negro. A few desultory efforts were antagonized by the community, and attended with personal danger. "Today," as he says, "there is not a single Southern state which has not a public school system, not a single state which does not provide for the education of both races on substantially equal terms." Then, after referring to Hampton's wonderful work, he adds this of Tuskegee:

"Out of Hampton has grown Tuskegee. Last spring this extraordinary product of American democracy celebrated its quarter centennial. Twenty-

five years ago the state of Alabama—let the Northern reader note that it was the State of Alabama which called this institution into existence—appropriated two thousand dollars to start an industrial and normal institute for negroes, and sent to Hampton for a principal. Hampton responded to the request by sending Booker T. Washington, who began the school with a handfull of pupils in what was little more than a shed. Today the institution possesses twenty-three hundred acres of land, ninety buildings, over twelve hundred pupils, over one hundred and fifty teachers, an aggregate endowment, including its real estate, of over two milions in value; has sent out to serviceable life in the South six thousand men and women, two thousand of whom are engaged in teaching; and produced, as the famous banyan tree produces, a new tree by its roots—sixteen incorporated schools animated by its spirit and extending its work. President Eliot, in his address at the quarter-centennial, of Tuskegee, said that it had acquired more in the first twenty-five years of its existence than Harvard acquired in its first two hundred years. In view of this statement, I do not think it is any exaggeration to affirm that no other country and no other epoch has ever seen so striking a growth of a single educational institution through almost wholly private benevolence, chiefly bestowed in moderate sums. In its genesis, its organization, its teaching force, the sources of its endowment, and the service which it has rendered, Tuskegee is a monument to democracy."

A bit of my own experience: Into my former home, the City of Leavenworth, Kansas, during and immediately after the war, there poured from the South several thousand colored people. I was instrumental in opening the first public school for colored people in that city—I think in the state. I was present at its opening session, and what a disheartening sight. Bare feet, rags, unwashed hands and faces; uncombed hair, with no apparent conception of order or propriety—simply curiosity to see a schoolroom and what was done in it. Not long since I spent a Sunday in Hampton In its large church, built by colored people themselves, I saw hundreds of young men and young women, boys and girls, neatly clad, clean, well behaved, intelligent in appearance, earnest, thoughtful, and as I listened to the music of their rich voices and contrasted the vision before me with what I saw on the first morning of that school in Kansas, I felt sure that there was a future for the colored people, that there was an uplifting going on which all could recognize and which would be of permanent blessing to the nation. But whether inferior or not, they are American citizens. This is a government of and by the people—all the people. And whether one dwells in cultured Boston or in a negro cabin on a Southern plantation, he counts one in the grand total of American citizenship, and by his life and work elevates or degrades that citizenship.

The colored toiler may not equal a Bostonian in culture—who does? Doubtless, they who believe in the essential inferiority of the colored race look upon them as the lowest of American citizens—while every dweller in the Athens of America considers a true Bostonian as without a superior on the face of the globe,— or perhaps anywhere else in the universe. You may recall the story of the Bostonian who died, and, of course, went to Heaven. Some years thereafter he was followed by a friend also from Boston. Greeting the newcomer, he said: "You have no idea how much alike Heaven and Boston are;" to which the reply was: "That may have been true when you was on the earth, but Boston has of late made great improvement."

Boston has improved. She no longer permits a mob to lead Garrison through the streets with a rope around his neck, but, on the contrary, out of her wealth contributes munificently to the uplift of that race for whom Garrison spoke and toiled.

How much essentially inferior are these people? Who can tell?

Certainly, as stated, the environments of the past were against development. But does the condition under such adverse circumstances prove essential inferiority? Can we look for nothing from enfranchised slaves?

Let history answer. From that civilization which was then the highest in the world, the civilization of Egypt, there fled a band of slaves. Wandering through the wilderness, what did they amount to? What promises of greatness were disclosed- Yet the nation born of those fugitive slaves had a wondrous and mighty career, and out of that race came the great spiritual life and force of the world. And it must be remembered that there were five centuries between Moses and Solomon and fifteen between Moses and Christ.

Give the colored race half that time before you finally condemn. If within that period that race becomes a mighty factor for good in this republic, will not history point the finger of scorn at those who today cry inferior and refuse assistance in their development?

I do not know in what special manner the uplift of these people will bring blessing to the nation. I do not pretend that the Almighty has disclosed the great purpose of eternal councils in bringing them to these shores and leading them along the paths they have thus far trod. I only know that until you blot out the words of the Master, "Unto one of the least, my brethren, unto me," the path of duty is plain, and the result may be safely left with Him who holds the nations in the hollow of His hand.

God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

How special good and what good is coming from the uplift of that race may not be obvious, yet it is clear that great injury will result from a failure to uplift.

Sometimes I fancy that their warm-hearted, affectionate dispositions and the devotion and loyalty which spring from them may bring a special blessing to the nation.

During the civil war the thought of emancipation and freedom flowed everywhere through the length and breadth of the South, yet how little was the conduct of the mass of the slaves changed. They were left in charge of the plantations while their masters went into the army to fight to continue them in slavery. During these years they worked the plantations, took care of the women and children, and acted as though their masters were constantly present and watching. It was and is a matter of boast that there were few instances of disloyalty to the trust so reposed in them.

Now, many of the vast multitudes pouring into this republic are racially cold-blooded and selfish. Not

a few come tainted with the spirit of anarchy and are willing to destroy all social order in the hope of personal gain out of the wreck. These immigrants become citizens as we are citizens and as is this colored and enfranchised race. And while the colored brothers may be too fond of the chicken coop and the watermelon patch, they are firm believers in social order. You will find no Johann Most, no Emma Goldman, Czolgoss or Guiteau among them. In the struggle which may be expected to come between order and anarchy, may it not be that these people, grateful to the nation for their liberty and to the good people of the land for their uplift in knowledge, purity and social standing, will prove themselves a mighty force, upholding law, order and the supremacy of the nation? Stranger things have happened than that these people, crushed and wronged for generations, should become at last strong defenders of the nation and the community at whose hands they have hitherto received mainly injustice.

Let us look at the matter from another point of view: They are here. What shall be done with them. They cannot be driven from the country without their consent. They do not want to go, and we do not want to have them go because their labor is needed, especially in that part of the country in which they dwell. They are steadily increasing in numbers.

According to the census of 1880, 6,500,000; in 1890, 7,500,000, and in 1900, 8,900,000. While relatively they are not increasing more rapidly than the white races (perhaps not quite so rapidly), yet this is not owing to race suicide, for they know nothing of that, but rather to the neglect of their children. For instance, in the city of Washington, out of 1,000 colored children, 457 died within a year of their birth, while during the same time out of 1,000 white children only 183 died within the year. When better care is given to the little ones a more rapid increase in the colored population will be seen, — an increase very likely greatly surpassing that of other races.

They are here as citizens. Whatever temporary restrictions may be placed upon their approach to the ballot box, the time will come when all barriers will be broken down and they will enjoy everywhere the full rights of citizenship. But ignorant citizens are the prey and the sport of every demagogue who appeals to their passions, and if one-ninth of our citizens are so exposed the whole life of the nation is in peril. As they came from slavery they were ignorant and brutal, failing to distinguish between liberty and license.

Easily falling into the vices of the white man, they have become in many parts of the land an object of terror. The terrible crimes that are charged up to them, followed by the frequent lynchings, present a spectacle revolting and theatening. Society cannot endure upon that basis. It will end in a war of races, in which the destruction of the weaker will be certain. Reformation must of course be with them. They have got to understand the obligations of morality and purity. This cannot be brought about by force. All the dangers which attend do not diminish the number of crimes. Only the uplifting power of a Christian morality can be depended upon. They must come to learn that purity and morality are duties resting upon all, and any work which is being done to create in them the profound conviction of this truth is a work helpful to them and a blessing to the nation. It means personal safety. It means the good order of society. It means peace in the community.

But, it may be said, that this is a mere negative matter, the mere prevention of injury. But surely if they are to be here, anything that prevents injurious results from their presence is of importance to the nation.

But this is not all. There is a positive side. Even when crime is no longer chargeable to them, and more than to any other race, and the community in which they live is absolutely at peace, the nation will still need the work of this association. And first, in multiplying skilled workers. It is one thing to pick cotton or hoe potatoes, and something more valuable to make a watch or run an engine. The skilled laborer is worth more to the nation than the unskilled, and the industrial training at Hampton, Tuskegee and elsewhere is creating a higher class of labor in the midst of this people. Outside of the indirect results of such increased skill, the direct and necessary result is an addition to their commercial value to the community and the nation. And so far as the institutions under the care of the American Missionary Association are doing this work of industrial training, they are undoubtedly placing the nation in debt to them.

Still again, outside of industrial training, all kinds of healthful instruction help. They give a larger vision of human affairs and personal duty, make better citizens by reason of the fact that thereby is acquired a greater knowledge of the principles of government. I do not mean to say that by mere education you can make a good citizen, but I do say that without some education there is little hope that one will be.

But, after all, the principal work of the A. M. A. is religious. It is a Christian association. The state may furnish secular education, may train the hand and brain, but for the heart we have to look to voluntary associations like this. Church and state are separate, and whatever the state may do (and it can do and is doing much) in uplifting the race by the common school, that which more than anything else will fit it for usefulness is the power of religion; and as a missionary among these people, this association is doing work of incalculable value in their uplift.

So we stand before the American people and say here is one-ninth of our population coming out from the ignorance and immorality of slavery. We are making its uplift our business. We are striving to train the hand and the mind and to fill the heart with a love of purity and a sense of the beauty of holiness. As we are faithful in this work we feel that we make a strong appeal to the nation's assistance and gratitude, and we know that we shall hear our Master's Voice, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And, my friends, let these words of the Master be kept ever ringing through the chambers of the soul: "Lest we forget, lest we forget." If you say that the work is too great for us, remember that the everlasting arms of the Almighty are with you in this uplift, and failure is an unknown word in the dictionaries of Heaven.

THE PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANIZING THE EAST.

An Address by President Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Theological Seminary.

[We give here a stenographic report of the address given by President Charles Cuthbert Hall at the recent meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Dr. Hall has given the Haskell Lectures twice in India and has long made a study of the Oriental peoples and their religions. His address was one of the most interesting of the long list of fine addresses given at the Cleveland meeting. Dr. Hall is a rapid speaker, and the stenographer was not always able to get his exact words. But the report is, in the main, correct.—Editor.]

The problem is not only interesting and difficult in itself, but is quite a different one from that which was presented to the Fathers a hundred years ago, when the American Board was founded. At that time the conditions were almost the reverse of those that exist now. There was then almost no phase of residential experience in the East upon which to found a generalization. There was still less character knowledge concerning the East in any of its aspects. Therefore, those who a hundred years ago entered upon this great work were compelled, so to say, to take of faith in the dark. All this now has changed.

There is now a hundred years of residential experience in all parts, or nearly all parts, of the East on which to base a generalization. There is a very large amount of character knowledge concerning almost every department of Oriental life. Two very great changes (but in the meantime, the East itself has not gone on sleeping); there have been exhaustive changes in many particulars, one of which is that large sections of the East have now had a hundred years of contact with Western government and Western imperialistic conquests, which have certainly not made the situation less complexing for those who reside there today.

In the light of these new conditions, it is greatly to be desired that there might be a thorough re-study from every point of view of the whole problem of Christianizing the modern East; and it is equally to be desired that there should be a thorough study of the mental attitude in which the mind of the West should adjust itself for the approach to the East. In the main, the Christian attitude toward the East heretofore and largely up to the very threshold of the present has been commiseration, all condescension, all contempt! contempt!

The general attitude has been the attitude of looking down upon the Eastern races as upon inferior races on the part of large sections of the Christian church. This attitude of commiseration and condescension has been the result of zeal without knowledge, and on the part of the world it has been a dispiriting and unlovely exhibition of race exclusiveness.

Now, in view of this situation, in the study of the problem of Christianizing the modern East, it were well to reflect upon the spirit of the East. No one who knows that spirit, as the gentleman who has just addressed you knows it, will differ from me, I think when I say that a mantle of dignity rests upon the shoulders of the East, a mighty and noble dignity, which is not a mere memory of a vanished greatness, but is a living principle which in its proportions reaches up to the majestic; and nowhere is this attitude of ancestral dignity more clothed in the East than in conquered India.

The Western conqueror has had his will, and for fifty years his dominion has been absolute, yet today the greatest dignity of modern India is unbroken, and with all her limitations upon her, her aspect is superb; nor is there any gift more possible from the East than the gift of returning with sevenfold interest the contempt with which she is met by the nations of the West. We may think that we have outdone ourselves in the contemptuous aproaches to the East which Western nations have made, yet I assure you there is a sublimity which even we have not reached in the warm disdain with which the East looks down upon her invaders and her oppressors.

Now, this is to be taken into consideration:—the self-respecting dignity of the East, its grand tradition, and its sensitiveness. It is the persistent refusal of Western nations to recognize this; it is their disdain of it; it is their ridicule of it that accounts for the dismal history of the last three hundred years of Europe in Asia; it is misapprehension, misrepresentation, revolting cruelty, and heartless ridicule of sensibilities which marks much of that dismal reprehensible history of Europe in Asia. Yet, despite al these infelicities and all these exhibitions of the spirit of injustice, the inherent vitality of the worth of Jesus Christ, or shall I say inexhaustible power of Christ himself. is pressing upward in the East, as sometimes you may have seen in the common highway a plant germinating and rising with a mysterious power which lifts the stone that careless hands had thrown upon the seed.

Many a stone has fallen upon that germinating Christian seed in the Ancient East. There is the stone of political oppression—for example, in the governmental supervision of India. Far is it from my thought to enter into that painful subject upon its merits, yet it is only justice to a great pepole that have suffered and that are suffering with great intensity today, to say that some aspects of the history of the last fifty years in India suggests the stone that has been lying on the germinating seed, and which that marvellous vitality of Christ is slowly heaving up.

There is the stone of race prejudice. I would that I could go into that more exhaustively than is possible, yet the limitations of my time forbid me to do so, but all over the East where European communities exist there is this stone of race prejudice, and beneath it is rising marvellously a vital Christianity.

There is the stone of the influence of irresponsibility, lives lived in all manner of ways. All over the length and breadth of the East lies the discredit upon the name and law of our Lord Jesus Christ of lives that do violence to everything that Christ commands us to hold sacred; yet notwithstanding this the germ of a living Christianity is pressing upward in the East.

And I am bound to say it—there is the stone of an unsympathetic evangelism. There are those who are ministering in His Name most sincerely, who not only have no adequate conception of the religious experience that lies all around it outside of Chris-

tianity, but have no sufficient sympathy with that extra Christian experience and aspiration.

Now ,in the face of these conditions, complicating the problem of Christianizing the modern East, there is, I say, the upward push, the upward push like the seed beneath the stone of a vital growth of the power of Christ through the East. And how shall I describe to you the evidence upon which I base that assertion?

Let me speak for a moment of the unquestionable modifications that are taking place in the Indian faith. At many points we have an idea very largely spread that the Indian faiths, faiths like Hinduism and Mohammedanism, are fixed in the rut of their own inertia, and cannot be changed save by being swept utterly away. This, I believe, is an opinion which a close and wide observation of non-Christian religions will tend to supply, which is undoubtedly true; for example: in Indian Hinduism, through the length and breadth of India, the power of Christ is working in ways that are producing the most amazing modifications of the situation outside of the zone of recognized Christian conquests. For example, I have positive knowledge of the fact of great numbers of cultivated and educated Hindu gentlemen who have loved the Hindu Temple far in the past and have no longer any association with it or with the prescriptions of the Brahmins.

They are identical and wish to be identified with Hinduism, and yet in many instances they are sublime and simple worshippers of the personal God who in their thinking is invested with the attributes of wisdom, power, justice, goodness and truth with which our Christian faith invests the personal God. Yes, I could go further and speak of cultivated Indian gentlemen, yet ranking as Hindus, who are devout worshippers of our Lord Jesus Christ. And one might ask why do they not declare themselves?

The answer is a political one. Because the name Christian being identified with other characters is an offensive name. They will be worshippers of Christ in secret, but they will not be known as Christians openly. Be they right or be they wrong, their situation substantiates my point of modifications of the Indian positions going on outside of Christianity. I remember no sweeter hour, perhaps, than a Sunday morning in Bombay a few months ago, when, at the request of one who is still on the Hindu side, I had the pleasure of addressing the Prayer Union of Bombay, a union outside of Christianity, yet full of the spirit of Christ.

I remember well the Sunday morning as I drove to the hall and was met by the ministers of the Prayer Union and taken into a hall seated after our European fashion, where there was a gathering congregation of gentlemen and ladies who had broken castes and were following the liberty of the higher life.

The service was presided over by the Justice of the court, the Hon. Mr. ———, who opened with prayer. I then delivered my address upon "The Christian Conception of Prayer," taking my text from those words of the Epistle:

> "In everything with prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall guard your heart and your thoughts in Christ Jesus."

I spoke with my New Testament in my hand, and with the same sense of spiritual communion with those around about me that I would have had in an openly recognized Christian congregation—equal reverence, equal devotion, equal zeal for a vital communion with a loving God. This is one of the many instances that I could give of the modifications that are going on in the Indian faith. Icould carry this out by incidents drawn from Mohammedanism, but there is not time to do so, although I may say that Mohammedanism is a most wonderful study at the present moment in some quarters, for the development that is coming along gradually on highly spiritual lines.

The president of Robert College told me not long ago of a Mohammedan gentleman of whom he was very fond, who, stricken with a mortal illness and continuing to the end in the faith of his land by his nominal classification, found the greatest delight of his declining days and weeks in the study of the Fourth Gospel.

I could tell you of a visit which I paid in India to a Hindu prince, who, in his own language, said to me: "When I am ill, when cares of state press heavily upon me, ther is a book that is kept near-by me that I often read by the hour, because it gives me strength;" and that book was Thomas A. Kempi's "Imitation of Christ."

Now, this is going on all over over the East, and the evening could be exhausted in illustrations along this line.

Let me speak, however, of another of the evidences that the vital power of our Lord is growing more and more intense in the East. It is in the ready welcome that is accorded to any one who comes in the name of Christ, provided he comes with a new attitude of respect and appreciation toward the spirit of the East.

Meet the East on an equality, and not in any other way. Perhaps as an illustration of this, I may mention an invitation which came to me while I was in India. It came in his own handwriting from the Prime Minister of the Rajah. In the name of the Rajah the Prime Minister invited me to visit the city as a state guest and lecture in the college there. I accepted the invitation, and in an interview with the Prime Minister before lecturing, he said to me: "Of course, you realize that being here as a state guest you have a certain official position, and hence remembering the compact of the British government with India that as a government it will not seek to make proselytes, it will of course be expedient in the lecture not to make a direct appeal to people to embrace Christianity. Your own sense of good taste will guide you there. Please consider yourself absolutely free, however, to proceed to any extent in saying all that you may have to say regarding the "Christian idea." He, himself, a Brahman, presided at the lecture. Before me were the high men of this Hindu state, to whom it was the easiest and most natural thing in the world to declare one's whole heart regarding the Christian point of view, and the Christian gospel, who gave sympathetic and discriminating attention.

Then may I speak of one other evidence of the vital growth of this Christian proposition in the East. It is seen in the reverence—the reverence that is manifested in all the best minds. It is impossible to speak too strongly of the reverence that one encounters everywhere among educated minds concerning Jesus Christ.

I have known Mohammedan gentlemen vie with one another in their expressions of reverence for Jesus Christ; and on one occasion a Mohammedan gentleman presiding at one of our lectures arose at the close of the lecture and said: "Nothing that the gentleman has said in honor of Jesus Christ is stronger than I myself feel and testify to in this congregation," he himself being a strict Mohammedan.

And then one other illustration only shall I cite of the vitalizing power of Christ in the East: The increased initiative of Christian manhood in the East, —the increased initiative. Dr. DeForest spoke magnificently on this point of his experience in Japan. I can corroborate everything he has said from my experience in India.

During the last two months there has passed away from India two Christian laymen. They may be known to many in this audience, but they illustrate in a very distinctive manner this initiative of the Christian manhood in the East. One of them was a poor Christian Indian of the fifth generation. The other servant of the Lord to whom I referred was a Christian of the first generation, born in Hinduism, both of Calcutta.

Theirs was such glorious Christian experience that as I look back over all the Christian gentlemen that I have known in my whole life, I place these two up in the first circle.

In my last visit one of these gentlemen was so feeble that he had to be carried up to the room to which we went and then insisted on coming and being laid on the platform that he might preside. He was a saint of God, honored by Hindus and Christians alike for his illustrious grace of character.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, there is an initiative in the Oriental Christian comunity that is bearing glorious witnesses to the power of our Lord Jesus Christ. The seed has not only taken root, but it is wonderfully strengthend in its growth and prolongation.

And now to draw to a close this series of observations, we come straight to the conclusion of the whole matter. What is the aspect of this problem that is before us—the problem of Christianizing the modern East?

It seems to me that the essence of the problem is two-fold. On the one hand, it is to liberate the Oriental Christian community as far as possible and as quickly as posible from the sense of dependence and obligation to the West; and on the other hand, it is to unfold before the cultivated non-Christian men of the East the sovereignty of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let me speak for a moment on each one of these.

The essence of the problem of Christianizing the modern East is, I say, on the one hand to liberate the Oriental Christian community as far as possible from the sense of dependence upon and obligation to the West. This has already been set before you and finely unfolded by Dr. DeForrest. He has spoken exactly at the heart of this subject. Our attitude fifty years ago was necessary and normal, but fifty years have brought in all its changes of every sort. Take for example: The change that has come in India through the widespred diffusion of the English language. During this last visit to India I lectured 100 times in all parts of the empire to an audience which would run from 300 to 1,000 gentlemen. I never used an interpreter, nor thought of using an interpreter.

There was no more need of using an interpreter than there is in the meeting of this American Board tonight. Now we can understand that a Christian community absolutely familiar with English literature is a community which may be permitted to guide its own affairs. A half century ago there was erected a great hall in one of the cities of India, and when I was in that place there was held in that hall, one Sunday morning, a meeting of welcome, at which only Indian Christians were present, and that vast hall was crowded to the doors with only Indian Christians, andthe platform was filled with Indian gentlemen of distinction, officials of the government, —educated men, all of them Christian laymen. Now the supervision of the Oriental community by the West has become an embarrassment. It is the political situation that has made it an embarrassment, and the more fully and the more rapidly we can give ourselves to a policy that shall deliver the Oriental community from the sense of dependence and obligation, the more we shall do toward solving the problem of the modern East, because there are standing outside of that Christian community a great multitude of Indians secretly in sympathy with the Lord Jesus Christ, and with all the Christian community stands for, who refuse to identify themselves with that community because it seems to be an organization managed by Europeans.

And into this final thought I pour my heart. The essence of this problem of Christianizing the modern East is to unfold before the cultivated Oriental a consciousness of the sovereignty of our Lord Jesus Christ.

If we have anything that is really strong in our Western civilization, we owe it to our acknowledgment of the sovereignty of Jesus Christ—that we have seen him, and worshipped him, not as an heroic figure of the past, but as our God, Light of light, Life of life.

This is what has given us the strength, so far as we have it, of Christian character. I think of hymns that have grown out of the depths of Western Christian experience. Let me refer to some of them that you may know what I mean. I mention three that come to me as I speak:

> "All hail the power of Jesus' Name."
> "My faith looks up to Thee, thou Lamb of Calvary."
> "When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died."

These hymns may be taken as mere examples of an attitude toward Jesus Christ which has been the making of the American people so far as we have been made aright; and if there is today, as some fear that there is, a certain tendency to decadence in the religious life of the American people, I think we must attribute it more than to anything else to a disposition (if I may use use the expression) to override the splendid sovereignty of Jesus Christ in the interests of the fatherhood of God, forgetting that the fatherhood of God has only become intelligently known to human experience in Jesus Christ. "He that hath seen me hath seen my Father." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Now, this disposition, this latter disposition that I have described, —the disposition to override the sovereignty of Jesus

Christ in the interest of the fatherhood of God is precisely the religious position at which large masses of cultivated men have arrived in India. The idol temple lies far behind them. They have no more use for it than you or I have.

The vision of Jesus Christ in his deity and glory as the one who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, the one who set a mysterious example, is filling their field of vision.

The fatherhood of God is growing rapidly in the consciousness of cultivated men in India and Japan; but the sovereignty of Jesus Christ, in which is the very essence of the Christian religion, is the point at which men draw back.

Respecting Jesus Christ, "I yield to no one," they say; but why may we not classify him with our own religious heroes?

There is the essence of this problem. This Indian prince whose guest I was, made this remark to me: "I have visited the West, and the most wonderful thing in the West that I have seen is that which I may call the Christian character of some of your greatest Christian men." He says it represents certain qualities which we cannot produce in India; that admiration for Jesus Christ does not seem to produce that peculiar high type of character of which I speak. And he used this expression: "So far as I can analyze the situation, it seems to be necessary, to produce this peculiar thing which we call Christian character, that there shall be a mystical faith in Christ as Saviour."

Now, when a Hindu prince, learned in the law of his own people, reaches that conclusion unassisted, I thinks he points the way. What we want is to address ourselves to that exact problem.

How can we go in there with perfect love and perfect fellowship to them as our equals in every respect? How can we assist them in the discovery of the sovereignty of our Lord Jesus Christ? We want two things, so far as instructions avail. We want fresh Christian literature for the East. We want a treatment of these great and vital subjects of our holy religion in a spirit which is absolutely free from sectarianism and ecclesiasticism. We want a treatment of these vital subjects in a spirit which is absolutely free from controversy.

Let us have a literature that presents these things in a non-controversial spirit, and let us have literature in which the approach to all these subjects is taken up in a constructive relation to their own highest religious thinking. Let us have faith to do this. Let us produce a literature like this; and last of all, let us have men who will dare to go in this spirit. They may be ardent members of their denominations at home, and quite right if that be their conviction, but let us have men who can go, and who are free to go to the East, as ministers without one trace of sectarianism and eclesiasticism about them, without one breath of controversy proceeding from them, and in an attitude, toward the highest religious thinking of the non-Christian community, which is constructive and assimilating.

Rockefeller has made another gift to the Chicago University of $350,000 to be used in completing the library as a memorial to the late president Harper. The more of the millions tied up to education the better for all concerned.

THE SYNOD OF CALIFORNIA.

The Place of Meeting.

Mount Hermon has many natural charms. The cottage we ocupied on the high bank of a beautiful cottage we occupied stand on the high bank of a beautiful mountain stream. Its music is much sweeter than that of our neighbor's graphophone—the Zayante does not strain after high notes as it sings its sweet song. It does not lift up a harsh voice that makes you long for silence. In Nature's great concert hall there are many blending sounds much more delightsome than those the crowds hear in our ferry waiting-room, where a many-keyed instrument makes much noise, that we fear some children may think is music, and so thinking will grow up with debased ideals. The machine music of our day may cultivate a taste that will sadly cheat them out of the culture and enjoyment we all should sacredly cherish. Zayante's morning song and its lovely evening song of praise were pleasant to the ear and soothing to the heart.

Mount Hermon has an abundance of varied and beautiful foliage. Standing near its Zayante Hotel is the largest Madroria tree I have seen. It is "Madro-nya,' with music in its name—a native of the Golden West. No artist's touch can beautify its glossy trunk and leaves. It stands unique and quite alone among our forest trees. But the glory of Mount Hermon's forest is its splendid redwoods. Along its Sequoia's trail they rise in regal splendor and grandeur.

In the quiet of this retreat among the Mountains of the "Holy Cross" the Synod met, worshipped, held sweet fellowship, and performed the duties assigned it.

The Attendance.

This was the largest attendance in the history of the Synod.

Two hundred and thirteen enrolled members;—three hundred and sixty in all, in attendance, who had some relation to the Synod.

The retiring Moderator, Rev. Warren D. More, most courteously invited Dr. Herny C. Culton, of Winters, the last Moderator of the Pacific Synod of the Cumberland Church, to preach the opening sermon. His theme was "Heavenly Visions." The sermon was edifying and inspiring. He received a warm welcome, as did all of his brethren who were present for the first time.

The Synod honored itself when it elected Rev. G. W. Fisher, D.D., moderator. He is pastor of the Seventh Avenue Church, San Francisco. He presided with courtesy, ability and energy. Under his leadership, business was dispatched with promptness.

Our Eloquent Visitors.

The Synod was singularly favored in having a large delegation present as representatives of a number of our boards.

John Wilis Baer, LL.D., president of Occidental College, represented the Assembly's Committee on "The Presbyterian Brotherhood."

He was enthusiastic and eloquent in his appeals, and nobly defended and eulogized smitten San Francisco in its heroic efforts to restore to it more than

its former prosperity and glory. The spirit of the brave builders took possession of him, and he promised to return and tell the people whence he came. things they did not seem to know. His earnest cheering words were like Zayante's waters would be to a poor stranded prospector in Death's Valley, could they flow freely to him.

Dr. Minton, glad to be there, with all delighted to see and hear him, made two strong addresses. The one in behalf of the Assembly's Evangelistic Committee, had a happy blending of power and pathos, and made a deep impression for good.

Mr. Joseph Ernest McAfee's address on Home Mission problems and his introduction of Dr. Holt, our Pacific coast field secretary, was wise, witty and arousing.

We had two eloquent and stimulating addresses from Geo. L. Spining. He came as a member of the Board of Home Missions, to plead its cause; and, also, as a lifelong companion, friend and fearless champion of the Indians, to speak a good word for them.

Mrs. John Bidwell, with whose Chico Indian village, mission and work some of us have personal knowledge, has long been pleading and toiling for our defrauded and impoverished California tribes. She made an earnest plea in their behalf.

WhenDr. Holt of Portland was introduced on Friday evening at the close of the Home Mission day, he uttered both wise and funny things. When one, at the opening of his remarks, suggested the turning off of an electric light that hung in front of him, he gave his approval by saying: "Yes, that is lightning; there is nothing but gas on the platform." He is broad, but shortness emphasized. He explained that he was born in the East, where men grew tall while trying to look over the high places in the landscape. But he was early in life taken to the great prairies of the West, where one "only needed to grow tall enough to look over the grass." It is his mission to represent the Board in close and more intimate contact with workers in the field than any secretary has been allowed hitherto to do. He has had experience on the Foreign and Home fields, and is well fitted for his new and responsible mission.

Rev. Dwight E. Potter, who occupies a similar position with the Foreign Board,—practical, enthusiastic, aggressive, stirred up the pure minds of the brethren in regard to the personal responsibility of every Christian to give the gospel to the heathen world. He was busy laying plans for future conferences and campaigns.

Dr. Nolle reported the organization of twelve new churches, half of them organized under his own supervision; and also a goodly list of churches that have reached self-support.

He was recommended to the Board for re-appointment.

After listening to appeals in behalf of churches whose houses of worship had been destroyed and their members scattered, the Synod resolved to raise $25,000 for their benefit. A member from each Presbytery was selected to serve on a committee that will solicit each church in the Synod to give an offering for this cause.

A prominent place was given to the Sabbath School work.

Rev. G. V. Milligan, D.D., Synodical Sabbath School superintendent of the Synod of Oregon, was present as the representative of the Sabbath School Board. He gave an able address, in which he set forth the various phases of the Board's activities, laying special emphasis on the missionary department.

Rev. R. A. Crichton gave a very complete report of the general work of the Board and of the condition of the Sabbath Schools of the Synod.

In presenting his annual report, Rev. Authur Hicks, Synodical Sabbath School superintendent of the Synod of California, set forth briefly the work done by the five missionaries at work in the Synod. These missionaries are: Revs. Geo. C. Butterfield, Knore Bonde, H. G. Fumeawe, F. H. Robinson and Arthur Hicks.

Twenty-five schools have been organized during the year, with an enrollment of about 830. In all, sixty-one schools are being cared for by the missionaries, with a total enrollment of 2,200 teachers and scholars.

Four Presbyterian and one Methodist Episcopal churches have developed from mission schools during the year.

The contributions of our churches and schools this year for all departments of Sabbath School mission work are larger than for many years past. Mr. Hicks was recommended for appointment for the coming year.

The Synod declined, by a unanimous vote, to set its seal of approbation upon the guesses and speculations of critics who doubt or deny the authenticity of certain Books of the Bible.

The annual report of the "Woman's Synodical Society of Home Missions" and of the "Woman's Occidental Board" showed that they were hopeful in the midst of disasters and difficulties, and that their work was aggressive and full of promise.

The treasurer of the Occidental Board reported larger contributions than at any time during the past.

The Synod transacted much routine business that was finished on Saturday afternoon. Those who could remain over the Sabbath greatly enjoyed the morning address of Rev. A. B. Pritchard on "Prayer."

The Moderator preached a sermon from Hebrews i: 1-2, in which he exalted Jesus Christ as teacher and Lord, and prepared the way for the sacramental service.

The afternoon was spent in Mount Hermon's beautiful temple that is so fittingly adapted for study, contemplation and rest.

A five o'clock praise service and an evening temperance meeting, with addresses by Rev. E. L. Rich and Rev. Mr. Cockrum closed the beautiful day and a very precious season of fellowship and labor.

JAMES S. McD.

THE SYNOD OF WASHINGTON.

The Synod of Washington met in the First Presbyterian Church of Tacoma, Washington, with a full attendance, and, according to enactment of the General Assembly, was opened with a sermon by Rev. J. C. Van Patton, for fifty years, a minister in the late Cumberland Church, who from the basis of Phil. iii: 13, 14, urged the Synod to a forgetfulness of the

past and a stretching forward to achieve greater things for God.

Frank L. Hayden, D.D., was chosen Moderator and Rev. William Kirkhope, temporary clerk, and Rev. James Clement Reid, reporting clerk.

The new Presbytery of Wenatchee was erected, ten ministers and ten churches, consisting of the territory of the two counties of Chelan, Douglas and Okanogan, Washington.

David C. Chormley, D.D., was chosen to succeed himself as Synodical Missionary for the next year.

The Synod expressed its approval of the plans for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to be held in Seattle in 1909, petitioning the Directors of the Exposition to close its gates on Sunday during the entire Exposition season; also petitioning Congress to so condition its appropriation for the Exposition.

The Synod was honored with the presence of representatives of the Boards of Home Missions and Foreign Missions, and of the San Anselmo Theological Seminary.

William S. Holt, D.D., field secretary of the Board of Home Missions for the Pacific coast, made a strong plea for the churches of the Synod to move on to self-support, using his effective and never-to-be-forgotten illustration of the bunch-grass cow and her overgrown calf that also ought to be eating bunch-grass.

Mr. Joseph Ernest McAfee, associate secretary of the Board of Home Missions, addressed the Synod in behalf of the Laymen's Missionary Movement and the Presbyterian Brotherhood, making a special plea for the layman in the church courts.

Rev. D. E. Potter, field secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions for the Pacific coast, was present, and made a strong plea for an advanced work in missions.

Mrs. D. E. Potter, representing the Woman's Board of the Pacific, made a plea for wider study in churches and Sunday-schools of the missionary work, by which the great problems abroad are to be met.

T. V. Moore, D.D., of the San Anselmo Theological Seminary, depicted the difficult conditions of religious activity in San Francisco in recovering from the earthquake, as the Protestants are in small numbers, compared with the population, being greatly outnumbered by the Roman Catholics and Orientals, that the city is most ungodly and about the hardest place in Christendom to do evangelistic work. After his statement of the efforts of the Seminary to recover from the losses from the earthquake the Synod pledged $1,010 for the seminary.

The outlook for Whitworth College was shown to be bright, by President Krooze, but that also its needs were pressing and great. A movement was put on foot to undertake to raise $50,000 for a new dormitory.

An effort will be made at the next meeting of the Synod to so amend the rules that the Synod will meet earlier in the week and that also it be made a delegated body.

During the closing session of the last day it was announced that Dr. B. F. Whitworth ,the venerable pioneer of the Pacific Northwest, and who hitherto had seldom missed a meting of the Synod, was then at his home at the point of death, whereupon the Synod engaged in prayer and for the rest of the session there seemed to rest over the Synod a pall of gloom and sadness.

The Synod adjourned Saturday evening with about only one-third present, and many of them at once returned to their homes.

N. C. Minton, D.D., representing the Board of Education, arrived too late to address the Synod, but preached the sermon on Sunday morning and gave an address Sunday evening.

The Synod will meet at Ellensburg next year.
year.

EUGENE A. WALKER,
S. C.

THE PRESBYTERY OF SPOKANE.

The Presbytery of Spokane met in the Presbyterian Church of Odessa, Washington, Monday, September 30, 1907, and was opened with a sermon by W. S. Holt, D.D., Field Secretary of the Board of Home Missions for the Pacific Slope.

Rev. Roderic A. Finlayson was chosen Moderator and Rev. Albert M. McClain was chosen Temporary Clerk.

Brethren were dismissed as follows, viz: Rev. George L. Deffenbaugh to the Presbytery of Portland, Rev. Archibald J. Ross to the Presbytery of Chicago, and Rev. James A. Longbottom provisionally.

Brethren were received as follows, viz.: Rev. T. B. Southall from the Presbytery of Lexington, Presbyterian Church in United States; Rev. Wm. H. Hoole from the Presbytery of Great Falls, and Rev. Charles R. Scafe from the Western Colorado Association of Congregational churches.

The two first-named have already entered upon their labors in the fields of Odessa and Coulee City respectively.

Rev. Hugh H. McMillan was at his own request honorably retired, and the name of Rev. John A. McArthur was restored to the roll.

The installation of Rev. Albert M. McClain as pastor of the Kettle Falls Church was reported as having taken place September 24th; and the organization of a new church at Omak, Washington, was reported as having been effected September 22, 1907.

The seven overtures sent down from the Genral Assembly were answered in the affirmative.

The Presbytery was honored by the presence of W. S. Holt, D.D., Field Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, who, besides some very helpful talks, delivered an address on "The Gospel for an Age of Prosperity."

The Presbytery accepted the invitation of the First Presbyterian Church of Spokane to hold an Evangelistic Conference with Rev. P. E. Zartman on October 31, 1907.

The next stated meeting is to be held in the First Presbyterian Church of Spokane, Wash., Tuesday, April 21, 1908.

EUGENE A. WALKER,
S. C.

Chicago will soon have taximeters in all the cabs, showing how many miles the occupant rides and the price per mile. The device is a good one. It is to be inspected by a commissioner monthly.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles, Highland Park.—The Rev. William B. Gantz of Hamilton, Ohio, who accepted the call to the pastorate of the Highland Park Presbyterian Church, preached his first sermon as pastor-elect, on October 6th. Before the communion services, October 27th, the session received into the Church sixty-six new members, five of them coming on profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Surely the Lord is manifestly placing his seal of approval on this happy union of pastor and people. The membership is now almost five hundred.

Alameda, First.—Rev. Dwight E. Potter, formerly pastor of the Union Street Presbyterian Church of Oakland, but recently appointed Coast Field Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, occupied the pulpit on Sunday, Oct. 27, by invitation of Dr. Brush. Taking his theme from Mark 6: 37, "Give ye them to eat," the speaker in opening dwelt impressively upon the world-wide vista of need spreading out before God's people. Taking Christ's way of dealing with the multitude in the miracle of the text, Mr. Potter developed five important lines of effort to be followed as essential to the success of missionary work. These were: (1) Compassion, or full of sympathy for the souls in need; (2) Prayer unceasing for the work and the workers; (3) Intelligent organization in order that the energies available be conserved in the very best manner; (4) Utilization of all the means at hand and of the talent always ready in any community, only awaiting encouragement to be used of God, and (5) Wise distribution of resources in order that not only the front rank of the privileged few, but even the rear guard might be blessed. Mr. Potter's former charge, under the stimulating influence of his strong missionary spirit, has achieved the distinction of being the banner church in the Oakland Presbytery in point of average contributions to the Boards, reaching one cent per day per member. The Ladies' Aid Society, which is truly Dr. Brush's right hand "man," held one of its famous rummage sales last week and realized nearly two hundred dollars therefrom. These noble handwomen received and disbursed over a thousand dollars annually, coming to them in one form or another, and to their energy in no small part is due the satisfactory condition of the building fund and other enterprises. The last Synod laid upon the churches of Oakland Presbytery a part of the burden of caring for the stricken congregations of San Francisco, the Occidental Home and the Seminary, and Dr. Brush was named as the chairman of the committee. There will no doubt be a ready response to this appeal to supplement aid already given through the Assembly.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. Mr. Miller of Nanaimo, B. C., who has been supplying the San Rafael church for the past three Sabbaths, delivered a very interesting lecture on Browning before the students in the Assembly Hall last Friday afternoon. Mr. Miller has had a room in the Seminary and a seat at the students' table. Though his stay in California has been brief, he has attached himself to all who have made his acquaintance.

Cards are out announcing the marriage in Japan of Rev. Hironari Senouye, '04, and Miss Hatsu Yamaka. They are at home to such friends as may wish to call upon them in Morioka, Iwateken, Japan.

Rev. Josiah McClain, Synodical Missionary for Utah, visited the Seminary two days last week. He conducted the devotions of the students on Friday evening and addressed them on the subject of missionary work in Utah.

Rev. James Thomson, Jr., '06, after building a new church at Stiles, Idaho, and leaving the work well organized, has gone to a new field at Okanogan, Washington, where he will have another congregation to gather and another church to build.

THE COLLEGE BOY.

By Thomas F. Day, D.D.

He's the last to leave the nest—
  Birdling sitting on the rim;
Spreading wings for final test,
  To see how far they'll carry him.

Off he goes to college now,
  On the way to be a man;
  Weightier thoughts compress his brow,
  Larger deeds are in his plan.

On Life's broader thoroughfare
  Soon his eager feet will strike.
Be the badge his soul shall wear,
  "As Christ will,"—not "As I like."

Let him be a boy in truth—
  Pulses beating to the tune
Of the unspoiled joys of youth;
  Deep acquaint with Nature's rune.

May his manly purpose grow
  Like the fibred strength of oak—
Smitten by all winds that blow,
  Branches firm and stem unbroke.

Forthright may his virtues be;
  Yea or nay, his word sincere;
Heart of vestal purity;
  Hating cant and scorning fear.

Self-respecting, knightly bold;
  Couching lance in honor's cause;
Constant, true to young and old;
  Heedless of the world's applause.

Farewell, boy with chestnut hair!
  Hail the man that is to be!
Go with God, and nobly dare
  All that He shall ask of thee.

San Anselmo, California.

SABBATH SCHOOL INSTITUTES.

Following out the plan of the Board of Publication and Sabbath School work, three institutes were cisco, Benicia and Oakland.

In these meetings we were fortunate in having the

held during October in the presbyteries of San Fran- assistance of Rev. J. V. Milligan, D.D., Synodical Sabbath School superintendent of Oregon. He gave us a number of able addresses on "Teacher Training," "Evangelism in the Sabbath School," and "The Book We Teach," all of which were thoroughly helpful. No denominational meetings held in recent years have developed so much interest as did these institutes.

The closing meeting was held in Brooklyn Church, Oakland. Ten schools were represented by more than fifty delegates in the afternoon session, the number being doubled in the evening. About ninety persons partook of the bountiful dinner prepared by the ladies of Brooklyn Church.

The San Francisco meeting was held in Calvary Church and the Benecia Presbyterial meeting at the seminary in San Anselmo, both being well attended. The Presbyterial Sabbath School committees spared no pains to make the meetings successful.

The institutes will probably be made a permanent semi-annual feature of the work in each of the presbyteries.

It is proposed to hold, in addition, institutes for groups of schools, when desired, where the methods of work that have approved themselves will be presented.

The development of the missionary spirit in our schools will also be considered along home and foreign lines and in connection with Sabbath School mission work.

ARTHUR HICKS,
Syn. Sabbath School Supt.

WINE AND QUARRELS.

Two captains, one a total abstainer, the other not only a tippler but a rude insulting bully, recently had an altercation on board a government transport. The general proposition holds that a man who drinks is condemned by the man who refuses to drink. He resents the attitude of the abstainer. In this instance the drinking captain said: "The man who will not drink wine upon a special festive occasion is either a dope fiend or else he hits the pipe." There does not seem to be much connection in the statement. The facts usually show that the man who does not drink wine does not indulge in any social vice. The wine bibbing captain simply seems to have been hunting for trouble. The man who drinks wine loses the fine poise and balance of temper and courtesy which he otherwise would possess. In this case an important principle is brought to light. The old days of army drinking are passing and the new ideals of sobriety and temperance are gaining the ascendency. More and more the glasses are being turned down not only at social functions generally but in military circles specially. The Japanese officers were largely abstainers while the Russian army was full of vodka. The time is coming and now is when sober officers only will be trusted with the great affairs of the nation.

CACTUS AND SCIENCE.

Luther Burbank attracted a great deal of interest at the recent National Irrigation Congress, Sacramento, California. One of his latest and most significant achievements is the spineless cactus. He has sent a case of these spineless opuntias to the California State Board of Trade, where it has been placed on exhibition with the Sonoma County display. The specimens show the cactus leaves in all the stages of evolution from the wild plant full of thorns to the thornless leaf four times as large and heavy. It thrives well on the desert or on absolutely barren ground, where nothing else will grow. The leaves furnish food for all kinds of stock, including poultry. The fat young leaves make excellent pickles and are good food when fried like egg plant. They are also used as greens and produce a sweet meat similar to preserved citron. The abundant mucilaginous juice from the fruit and leaves is mixed with whitewash to make it lasting when exposed to the weather. The leaves are admirably adapted for poultices and as a substitute for hot-water bags.

The fresh fruit of the improved variety is unique in shape and color, superior to the banana in flavor and is usually sold at the same price as oranges, and can be produced at one-half the expense of producing oranges, apricots, grapes, plums or peaches, and there is never a failure in the crop, which can be shipped as safely as other deciduous fruits. The juice from the fruit of the crimson variety is used for coloring ices, jelly and confectionery.

The wires tell us that by imperial decree, Prince Chun, Prince Jui, and others in high office have been suspended for failure to give up the use of opium during the six months' period of probation allowed by the decree ordering the discontinuance of the use of the drug in China. The period has been extended three months and other officers warned that at the end of that time the decree will be strictly enforced. The decree was made September 21, 1906. The decree was lenient to officers over 60 years old. All other officers, no matter how great their craving, must abandon the habit within six months. If unable to discontinue the use of opium, they would be allowed to retain their rank, but would have to retire from office. Those who should falsely pretend to have abandoned the drug and continued to use it in secret would lose both rank and office.

The consular service is being instructed by the Commissioner on Immigration to scrutinize with care the applicants for coming into this country. The congressional commission on immigration may require all emigrants to secure a certificate from the consul of the port of departure. All this may not come to pass, but one thing is certain, the consul in these foreign ports is henceforth to be a determining factor in the immigration problem.

COMFORT BY THE WAY.

"I journey through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
Of Him on whom I lean—my strength and stay—
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

Thoughts of His love! the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling place,
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

Thoughts of His coming! For that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, and midnight shadows flee,
And what a sunrise will that advent be.

Thus while I journey on my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
Of Him on whom I lean—my strength, my stay—
I can forget the sorrows of the way."

KOREA'S CONDITION.

For several decades past Korea has been in a wretched condition, being unable to independently govern herself. For centuries past Korea has recognized Chinese suzerainty. After being saved by Japan from this miserable position, she became a shuttlecock between Japan and Russia. Now her last moment has arrived. The fair judgment of the world will welcome the advent of this end. Due to the victorious warfare of Japan, Korea consented to depend upon the advice of Japan in financial and other administrative affairs, and to carry on her diplomacy through the Japanese Government. Japan at the time took upon herself the obligation of protecting the Imperial Household and territorial integrity of Korea. The world gave recognition to this agreement. The graveness of the offense of the Korean Emperor in sending a secret messenger to The Hague can be compared with the sending of similar delegates to The Hague by the Emir of Bokhara (Russian territory in Central Asia) on a question of the relations between the Tsar and himself, or by the King of Annam with regard to France or by a Rajah of India intending to oust the British rule from Hindustan. Japan has a right in dealing with Korea similar to that Russia, France, England and other powers have over their dependencies with closest connections with them. Of recent years Korea has been a nominal independent state, and was not free from the control of intrigues and trickery. Korea is a source of indignation and a herald of war for her neighbor. This fact is proved by the two big wars in Manchuria. For this reason, there is need of changing the status of Korea and of eradicating the source of trouble above mentioned.—New York Tribune

CHRISTAN JOY.

What is the source of Christian joy? Its source is not found in pleasure, wealth, or education as such. Being a spiritual quality we look in vain for this joy in some material object. We know that men have been happy Christians who enjoyed little of this world's goods. The source of this joy depends upon our relationship to Christ. The joy of parenthood depends upon a relationship. The joy of friendship depends upon the laws that regulate friendship. Chrysostom describes his joy growing out of his friendship with Basil as follows: "I had many genuine and true friends, men who understood and strictly observed the laws of friendship; but one there was out of the many who exceeded them all in attachment to me, and strove to leave them all behind in the race, even as much as they themselves surpassed ordinary acquaintances. He was one of those who accompanied me at all times; we engaged in the same studies, and were interested by the same teachers; in our zeal and interest for the subjects on which we worked we were one." Here the joy of friendship had its source in friendship itself. To destroy the joy you must destroy the friendship. God is our Father, and there is a joy growing out of that relationship. Paul tells us to rejoice in the Lord. The Rev. F. B. Meyer remarks: "We may not be able to rejoice in our circumstances, friends, or prospects, but we can always rejoice in Jesus Christ." Sorrow, pain, loss, affliction, cannot destroy the joy of the Christian because these things cannot destroy our relation to God. But sin can rob us of our joy in the Lord because it breaks the bond of spiritual union. David knew this when he prayed, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation."

This joy has a mission. If it simply gave us a personal satisfaction it might make us selfish. Some people have a selfish conception of salvation. They want to have a good time by enjoying a good service. Their own spiritual life is their only concern. Some Christians pay little for their religion. They give little money and little or no service. David's prayer included more than personal satisfaction. He continues, "Then will sinners be converted unto thee." What is the mission of joy? It is the same as the sunshine, to cheer, to bless, to nourish life. Christian joy is spiritual sunshine. It draws men toward the religious life. Margaret Fuller records in her diary this sentence, "Emerson came into our house this morning with a sunbeam in his face." It is said of the Rev. Robert McCheyne, "He made you feel that the service of God was a cheerful one." The Rev. Theodore Cuyler found the life of McCheyne an inspiration, and says: "McCheyne's piety was eminently healthful, cheerful and saintly without being sanctimonious. He dwelt during the nine years of his fruitful ministry far away from the damps that arise about Doubting Castle, and hard by Beulah land, where the sunshine ever falls." We are to smile for God.—Rev. Henry C. Sperbeck, in Christian Work.

MILL'S CHANGE OF FAITH.

Shortly before his death, John Stuart Mill abandoned his philosophy of unbelief and "found his way to the light of Christian truth." This assertion, made upon the authority of the Lord Bishop of Durham, was recently published in the London papers, and elicits the following coment from The Episcopal Recorder (Philadelphia, June 6th):

"Those who are familiar with his later essays must have recognized how the cold skepticism of his early years passed away beneath the mellowing influence of the spiritual world, until not a few were able to say that they hoped he was 'not far from the kingdom of God.' This hope the Lord Bishop of Durham assures us may be more than a hope, for he declares that Mill died a Christian believer. Dr. Moule tells us that he gets his information from the late Dr. Gurney, the entirely reliable physician of Nice, who attended Mill in his last illness. That he was a man of lovely spirit, all who knew him could testify, and we are glad to have this testimony to the fact that toward the end light came to his sorely perplexed mind. We would not be understood as saying that Mill accepted all the doctrines of orthodox Christianity, but, rather, that his skepticism was meted out by the Spirit's influence, and before he died the dawn, with all its potentialities of midday splendor, had broken upon his mind. In this regard, this great essayist was like the late Mr. Romanes, whose sincerity of purpose was a kindly light that, through the encircling gloom showed the way home."

ARE MINISTERS' CHILDREN WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while to refute a fallacy which has been exploded again and again, and had never any real basis in fact? Yes. For such is the constitution of the average human mind that its beliefs rarely follow rational or logical lines, and nothing but precept upon precept will drive out a notion which has once passed into a popular saying. Such a saying in regard to the worthlessness of ministers' sons turns up every little while. There is no foundation for it. There never was. An occasional, very exceptional, case is seized upon with avidity by enemies of religion, and magnified preposterously. Then the thoughtless accept without examination what is thus recklessly flung out. So there comes to be a general impression adverse to the ability, if not the respectability, of those whose fathers have been clergymen. The falsity of it has been so often shown that nothing but ignorance, it would seem, could give it any further credence. But a writer in the September number of Munsey's Magazine, Mr. D. O. S. Lowell, deems it worth while to give attention to the charge, and presents such an array of figures, instances, names, that, as he well says, "we may relegate the slanderous old saw to the limbo of forgotten falsehoods." He supplies portraits of the following sons of clergymen as worthy specimens of their class: Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, John Hancock, Henry Clay, George Bancroft, Edward Everett, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Louis Agassiz, Henry Ward Beecher, Samuel F. B. Morse, David Dudley Field, Stephen J. Field, Cyrus W. Field, John B. Gordon, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Edward H. Harriman, Joseph R. Hawley, Francis Parkman, Robert G. Ingersol, Henry C. Potter, David J. Brewster, Levi P. Morton, Jonathan P. Dolliver, Richard Watson Gilder, Henry James, Lyman Abbott.

He takes up that useful reference book called "Who's Who in America," and finds records of the fathers given in 11,195 instances, 898 of which, or eight per cent., were ministers. The U. S. Census figures show that of the adult males one in 221 is a clergyman who may marry (counting all but Roman Catholics), so that the fair inference is that their sons are to all other sons as one to 221. According to this, if clergymen's sons were no more distinguished than those of other people, the total number in the book referred to would be fifty. But it is eighteen times this. The conclusion is irresistable. Expressed in another way, it may be said that the clergymen's sons, numbering less than half of one per cent of the total population, have gained eight per cent of the honors. Among

them are 23 bishops, 87 presidents of colleges, 203 professors in universities, 97 authors, 82 editors and journalists, etc. They have reached the Presidency of this country, not once in 221 times, but once in twelve and a half times. Of the 37 great men in the Hall of Fame at the New York University, one-fifth are clergymen's sons. The painstaking author of the article has investigated volumes concerning eminent men in England and Europe, with even more favorable results to the clergy, but there is no need that we give the record here.

It would seem that there should be no need, after this, for the most bigoted and blinded caluminator of the ministry any further to retail, in the presence at least of well-informed people, this utterly discredited fiction, which ought never to have gained currency, and which is directly contrary to every natural presupposition.—Zion's Herald.

ELEPHANTS ATTACKING A GRANARY.

A traveler, who was making a tour in India some years back, tells us that in his wanderings he arrived at a village on the north border of the British dowhich was stored a large quantity of rice. The people of the place described to him how the granary had been attacked by a party of elephants which had somehow found out that this granary was full of rice.

Early in the morning an elephant appeared at the granary, acting as a scout or spy. When he found that the place was unprotected, he returned to the herd, which was waiting no great distance off. Two men happened to be close by, and they watched the herd approach in almost military order. Getting near the granary, the elephants stopped to examine it.

Its walls were of solid brickwork. The entry was in the center of the terraced roof, which could only be mounted by a ladder. To climb this was not possible, so they stood to consider. The alarmed spectators speedily climbed a banyan tree, hiding themselves among its leafy branches, thus being out of view while they could watch the doings of the elephants. These animals surveyed the building all around; its thick walls were formidable, but the strength and sagacity of the elephants defied the obstacles. One of the largest of the herd took up a position at a corner of the granary, and pounded upon the wall with his tusks. When he began to feel tired, another took turn at the work, then another, till several of the bricks gave way.

An opening made was soon enlarged. Space being made for an elephant to enter, the herd divided into parties of three of four, since only a few could find room inside. When one party had eaten all they could, their place was taken by another. One of the elephants stood at a distance as sentinel. After all had eaten enough, by a shrill noise he gave the signal to retire, and the herd, flourishing their trunks, rushed off to the jungle.—Chatterbox.

WHEN TO CRY.

There are millions of little boys and girls in the world who want to do just But they do not always know just what the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now, I have often thought that there are little boys and girls who cry, now and then, at the wrong time; and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry.

But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise, and he told me:

"It is bad luck to cry on Monday.

"To cry on Tuesday makes red eyes.

"Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads and for the heads of older people.

"It is said that if a child begins to cry on Thursday, he will find it hard to stop.

"It is not best for children to cry on Friday. It makes them unhappy.

"Never cry on Saturday. It is too busy a day.

"Tears on Sunday are salt and bitter.

"Children should on no account cry at night. The nights are for sleep."

I wrote down the rules just as the old man gave them to me. Of course, they will be of no use to boys and girls that are past six, for those children do not cry. The wise man meant them for the little ones—the millions of little boys and girls who want to do the right thing and the very best thing. —Mary Elizabeth Stone, in St. Nicholas.

DANIEL'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, Nebuchadnezzar, king of a country called Babylon, made the king of Judah a prisoner, and carried him off to his own country, together with several of his friends and relatives.

Among them was a clever boy called Daniel, who soon became a great favorite with Nebuchadnezzar. Now, although the king of Babylon did not believe in God, but worshiped idols, he could never persuade Daniel to give up worshiping God. As time went on, Daniel became more and more important, and the king's courtiers grew very, very jealous of him, for though there was another king on the throne, he, too, thought a great deal of Daniel.

But at last these courtiers thought of a plan for getting Daniel into disgrace. They persuaded the king to make an order that any man who asked anything of anyone, except the king, for the next thirty days should be cast into a den of lions. Then the courtiers carefully watched Daniel, for they knew that he would be certain to pray to his God.

And though Daniel knew quite well what the king had said, he knew that it was better to obey his God, so he prayed to him just as usual. Then, of course, as the king was obliged to keep to his word, Daniel was hurried off to the den in which were several lions ready to eat him up.

But a wonderful thing happened! The hungry beasts would not touch him, and at last he was brought out quite safe and unharmed.

When the king heard of this, he began to think that if the God whom Daniel worshiped could take care of him like this, he must be a very wonderful God indeed; and he made up his mind to worship him, and to make his people do so, too.

And all this happened because Daniel had not been afraid to do what he knew was right. And if you and I just go on doing what we know is right, we need not mind if other people laugh at us, for that doesn't matter if we are obeying God, as Daniel did.—The Playbox

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It is a wise thing to set apart every day a little time to meditate on religious things. The best time possible is when you read the Scriptures and have secret prayer. A few minutes only, given to quiet, silent thoughtfulness about God and his love for you; about Christ and his seeking after you when you were lost, and his intercession for you now in heaven; about the spiritual world with its angels that go on missions of love and mercy to those who are trying to do God's will; about the heaven to which we are going and the immortal life which shall be free from sickness and sorrow and separation, will do a great deal to strengthen you in good and noble ways. It clears the air, and we are able to see things as they are. The world is so near to us, and worldly things press on us so fast and close that they sometimes seem greater than faith and patience and love and duty. We get to feeling that we cannot get along without succeeding in business, or the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, and that it is not so important to be good, and kind, and gentle, and patient, and pure; but a little quiet meditation on the great things of the soul, and the great destiny before us, clears the air like a thunderstorm in summer, and we see that one is badly cheated though he gain the whole world if thereby he lose his soul.—Louis Albert Banks, in "Chats with Young Christians."

DON'T FORGET.

Don't forget the old folks,
  Love them more and more;
As they turn their longing eyes
  Toward the golden shore;
Let your words be tender,
  Loving, soft, and low;
Let their last days he the best
  They have known below.

Don't forget poor father,
  With his failing sight;
With his locks once thick and brown,
  Scanty now and white;
Tho' he may be childish,
  Still do you be kind—
Think of him as years ago
  With his master mind.

Don't forget dear mother,
  With her furrowed brow;
All the light of other years
  Time is fading now;
Memory is waning,
  Soon its light will fail.
Guide her gently till she stands
  Safe within the veil.

"What's the difference between vision and sight?" "See those two girls across the street?" "Yes." "Well, the pretty one I would call a vision, but the other one—she's a sight."—Cleveland Plain Selected.

EUCALYPT.

Sleeping where airs from the ocean—
  Soft, salt-scented winds of the sea—
Are with birds and the spices and motion
  In the leaves of the eucalypt tree;
Sleeping where, blown from the beaches,
  Sands, surf-born and whited there be,
Sands swept into billowy reaches
  And quick with the breath of the sea.

Princess, my princess eternal! thou
  Sweet singer of songs of the sea!
Dream thou on in thy dreaming supernal,
Dream thou on by the eucalypt tree!
Vagrant, our way was in places
  Where only the rivulets be,
Thy soul felt the infinite spaces,
  Thy song was a song of the sea!

Steady, my heart, human weeping
  Is less than the sob of the sea.
There is all enough in the Keeping;
  All is well at the eucalypt tree.
Over against these sad beaches
  A shore complemental shall be,
The shore in its Uttermost Reaches—
  And she—and her song of the sea!
—E. I. Jones, Stockton.

LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE.

No plant can grow without light. The rays of the sun give the flower its bright colors and the fruit its rich juices. There is an alchemy in light that the chemist cannot imitate. It takes the crude substances furnished by soil and air and builds them into the rich and varied products of vegetable life. Through the night the plant grows, but only by the energy it has stored during the day. It has stored away sunshine to serve it through the hours of darkness.

The soul is like the flower; it was not made to dwell always in darkness. The Christian that prefers to shut out the light and to think that there is no light in the world because neither sun nor stars can penetrate the walls within which he prefers to dwell sins against his own soul. We need sorrow as well as joy, we need defeat as well as victory, we need darkness as well as light; but the darkness comes without seeking. The world shuts out the sun half the time, and the sky is clouded much of the other half. The seasons of unclouded day are not too many. We have no sunshine to lose, yet we have enough.

Does God ever send a winter without sending first a summer? Does he ever send a night without giving us first a day? If we are not ready for the winter, it may be because we have misspent the summer; if we are not prepared for the night, it is because we have not properly used the day. He sees the shadow that is soon to fall upon us; and so he kindly sends a season of blessedness and peace, during which we may store up light for the coming darkness.

Our Lord was not sent into the wilderness to endure the long fast and temptation before he was prepared for it by the opening heavens and the descending Spirit. Before he began his last journey to Jerusalem he was allowed to spend one night on the mountain talking with the prophets and with God. From that burst of glory he turned his face resolutely to the gloom of Gethsemane and the darkness of the sepulcher.

If God has no such visions of glory for us, neither has he any sorrows so overwhelming; yet there is darkness enough in the brightest life, and it is well to open the windows and let in the light, or even to pray him to drive away the clouds and send us his sunshine. What help have we in our infirmity unless we may recall the years of the right hand of the Most High?—

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TRUE REST.

The little cares that fretted me,
  I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
  Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
  The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
  The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might hap—
  I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
  Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
  Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
  Out in the fields with God.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.—

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ENTERING IN.

The church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer.
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirrred the air;
Without, the sweet, still sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.
Slowly the door swung open,
And a trembling baby girl,

Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
Stood in the aisle alone.
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower,
Her form swayed to and fro,
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment:
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture,
From holy thoughts beguiled?
Then up rose someone softly;
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)
If when sometime I enter
The "many mansions" fair,
And stand, abashed and drooping,
In the portals' golden glow,
Our God will send an angel
To show me where to go!

—Julia Dorr.

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MONEY GENEROUSLY AND WISELY DISTRIBUTED.

A few weeks ago there passed from the earthly into the heavenly life one who left a large part of her property to various beneficent institutions. We refer to the late Miss Loretta Denny of Seattle, a member of Plymouth Church of that city. Bequests were as follows: To the Congregational Home Missionary Society, New York, $10,000; to the Congregational Home Missionary Society of Washington, $5,000; to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, $5,000; to the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, $5,000; the Young Woman's Christian Association of Seattle, $5,000; the Young Men's Christian Asociation, $1,000; Salvation Army work in Seattle, $2,000; Crittenden Home, $2,000; Plymouth Church, $5,000; Old People's Home, $20,000; Consumptives' Hospital, $10,000; Women's Relief Society, $10,000; Seattle Girls' Hospital, $10,000; Seattle Seamen's Friend Society, $4,000; Fund for Injured Firemen of City of Seattle, $5,000; Pioneer Association for a Home, $20,000; University of Washington for a fellowship, $25,000. Miss Denny's estate was appraised at $296,000. She was a sister of the two Dennys, A. A. and D. T., pioneers on Puget Sound who passed away several years ago.

Last year Miss Denny gave The Pacific $500. She had long been a good friend to the paper, and always lamented the fact that there was not a greater interest among the Congregational people of the coast in it, reading it herself with interest and profit.

A few months ago the editor of that paper planned to go to Seattle to talk with Miss Denny about a gift toward an endowment. The lack of interest in that plan for the paper here in California led to its abandonment for a time at least. Suffice it to remark here that the person or persons who would bequeath $50,000 or an $100,000 to endow any one of the religious papers on the coast would make one of the finest investments for good ever made anywhere. There are as many good reasons for the endowment of a religious paper as there are for the endowment of theological seminaries and colleges.

THE PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION IN THE HOOSIER STATE.

It is said that 900 saloons have been closed in Indiana during the last few months by remonstrance, and that 709 of the 1016 townships are now free from the saloon. The slogan is "Indiana a dry state by 1912."

The following poem by the Rev. W. B. Grimes, a resident of the Hoosier state, is of interest in this connection:

The gin-mills in the Hoosier state
  Are stirred with fresh alarm,
And Demon Drink is made to think.
  From city, town and farm
Comes the glad news across the plain,
  In face of law's delay,
We're marching on, ten more are gone.
  We're closing ten a day!

The rustling in the Georgia pines
  Is borne upon the breeze,
That tolls the knell of Belial
  From gulf to inland seas;
Their doom is written on the wall,
  The courts can but delay;
The tide rolls on, ten more are gone,
  We're closing ten a day!

O mothers of the Hoosier state,
  Deliverance has come!
The mother's woe, the young man's foe—
  The licensed den of Rum—
Has heard its doom read clear and strong
  Above the battle's fray;
We're clearing ground, O list the sound,
  We're closing ten a day!

Come freeman, from your hiding place,
  Get in the battle's fire;
Be men of nerve and freedom serve,
  In Freedom's conflict dire;
The rum-shop's rule is doomed to die,
  The courts can but delay;
Gin-mills must go—foul dens of woe.
  We're closing ten a day!

The Century Magazine for November contains an unique and highly suggestive article entitled "The Natural History of the Ten Commandments." It is by Ernest Thompson Seton. In it he says: "Years ago I set for my theory that the Ten Commandments are not arbitrary laws given to man, but are fundamental laws of all creation. If this be true, I shall be able to trace them through the animal world. We can learn an unwritten law only by breaking it and suffering the penalty. My task, therefore, was to discover among the animals disaster following breach of the ten great principles on which human society is founded." Mr. Seton's studies have led him to conclude: There is a deep-rooted feeling against murder in most animals—against taking the life of one of their own species. As to the property question and stealing he says that the high development of the property idea among animals must be a surprise to all who have not studied it. "The producer owns the product; unproduced property belongs to him who discovers and possesses it."

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

By W. N. Burr.

I was waiting for a train at a small station in Northern California. With an hour of precious time that I could use with as much fredom from special obligation as a millionaire may spend money, I sauntered out to see the town.

Under such conditions my first thought seems always to be of the churches. I want to see at least the outside of the church buildings. In this town the first thing that I was obliged to look upon was the outside of many saloons. I lamented the fact that men ever see the inside of these dens of iniquity, and walked on to find the churches. By and by I saw two of them. Both looked as if they had lived in a fever-and-ague country all their lives, and had had the life almost shaken out of them. A man came out from an adjoining yard.

'What church is this?" I asked.

"The Presbyterian, and that one over there is the Catholic church," he replied.

"Are there any other churches in this town?"

"Yes, there's a little Methodist church down yonder."

"Good!" said I. "You are better off than I thought you were."

"Well, we are not very well off," said he sadly, as he walked on, "for we have six saloons to every church."

A little later I was passing one of the saloons. In front of it stood a dilapidated nondescript vehicle, hitched to which was the skeleton of a horse still breathing. I wondered how those bones could stand alone. I looked a second time to see if it could be possible that a little life remained in them. One could easily imagine where the owner of that "outfit' of misery might be found.

A half-drunken individual stood, unsteadily, near by, swearing. From amid the volume of oaths my ear caught these more pleasing words: "Any man who will treat a horse like that ought to have twenty years in the pen, close confinement."

I walked on, sorry for the beast, but infinitely more sorry for men who, physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually, degrade themselves and pull others along the down-grade road with them. A starved beast is a pitiable thing, but a man in a swine's wallow, with apparently no desire to get out of it—it is enough to break the hearts of men of higher vision.

Not a few of our California towns are dominated by the saloon, and by an appalling indifference to that for which the church stands. In some of these places are beautiful church buildings, with comfortable parsonages, but with scarce a handful of people willing to hold up the hands of the pastor that Israel may prevail.

These churches must have seen better days at some time in the past, else how were these beautiful structures ever built, with stained glass windows and pews of more than ordinary make, and their equipment for good work?

There is more than one such church building in Northern California, in towns of considerable size, that stands almost destitute of workers, and into which the perplexed pastor can draw but a comparatively small number of people, even the bulk of the membership, in some cases, as indifferent as any "outsiders."

There are two mighty strongholds of hindrance confronting the church in Northern Calinfornia—two that bulk large before me, as I think over what I have just seen on the ground, and no doubt "there are others"—the saloon and the card-party. I hesitated before naming these two powers that press men and women down the incline into life on the lower levels, lest my word be taken for that of the ordinary temperance lecturer, or cloudy-faced sputterer against "card-parties."

I do not believe that all the sin of the world comes spouting like a geyser from the saloon and the card-party. But the kingdom of God is my first love, and the church is the mouthpiece of the kingdom. Therefore, whatever tends to paralyze the tongue of the church as it attempts to utter its message, I cannot wink at. When the saloon and saloon politics dominate a community many men who have been trained to better things are swept downward and away from the church, that always stands at an elevation even though deserted, God's beacon pouring light upon humanity's pathway.

And when the card-party craze sweeps into a town many women yield themselves willing captives to a fascination that steadily presses them away from the church and relish for the life of the kingdom of God. By their fruits we may judge the interests that claim the devotion of the people. Neither the saloon nor the card-party bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and so help to build up the kingdom of God, that "is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

On the contrary, the influence of both saloon and card-club, as the card-club is just now making its demands, is set quite against the church and the kingdom. Many men who are not saloon patrons are in bondage to it in business and political life; and a multitude of women who cannot be persuaded to take up church work, or even to attend public worship with any degree of regularity, spend a deal of precious time and strength every week at the social card-table. The neglect of the sanctuary is putting the stamp of coarseness and low-planed ideals upon many a town in Northern California that was once faced toward better things. And the result is, people who desire that which is sane, sweet and wholesome for themselves and their children go where they can find it.

A choice element from the other towns is being attracted to Berkeley—why? Because something higher than saloon and card-club standards has prevailed in Berkeley. Let the careless thinker stop and look with some steadiness at the object lessons spread out before his eyes.

But what shall the tortured pastors who work in the towns where the ethics of the saloon and the card-table prevail, do about it? Walk with God, nurture the passion for souls, and hold on. Trite advice, but what other can be given?

Northern California is not the only portion of the world where church and community conditions are such as to make earnest pastors sick at heart. I know of one pastor who has sometimes dropped down before God in his study and cried: "O God, give me more of the vision of such a man as Dr. Arthur Smith, in China, who has lived and worked in a little town in that backward land for years, undaunted by near-at-hand conditions, inspired by faith in the kingdom as an enterprise that cannot fail."

La Jolla, Cal.

THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

Rev. J. B. Silcox.

The revival of religion is my theme. The theme is as old as Eden. What I have to say on it is as commonplace as the gospel.

The greatness of the theme is my apology and justification for bringing it before you. The conditions that confront us, as men and women concerned for the continuance of righteousness in the earth, compel us to give this theme our clearest thought and most mature consideration.

The comparatively few additions to the membership of the churches; the failure of the churches to interest the masses of the people in religion; the estrangement between organized labor and the organized Church; the decreasing number of young men offering themselves to the work of the Christian ministry; the revelation of low ethical standards that prevail in the management of great financial concerns; the spread of a materialistic malaria which tends to make the people lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; the increase of divorces—more in the United States in one year than in all other Christian lands combined; the consciousness that the divisions of the Church into so many sects are unjustifiable; and yet the unwillingness or inability to heal these divisions by making the Church one in organization, as it is one in faith and purpose, are some of the things which emphasize the need of a revival of religion.

There is nothing this world needs so much as the revival of religion, reading into the word revival and into the word religion all the nobler meanings that the gospel message imports into them. The revival of religion is the revival of spiritual life in the souls of men. It is a revival of hope and joy and courage and kindness and all the qualities that beautify and ennoble human character. It is the revival of righteousness in all the relations of man with man. It is a revival of faith in the great teachings and high ideals of Jesus. It is not merely a denominational need. It is a national need. This revival waits on the action of the church. "If My people, who are called by My name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their evil ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." (Chron. vii: 14.)

The responsibility of the church for the moral health of the nation could not be expressed in language more felicitous and forceful. As the flow of the fountain depends on the fullness of the reservoir, so the moral life of the nation depends on the spiritual life of the church. The church is the mother and nurse of moral life to the community and nation. The responsibility of the church for the moral health of the nation is emphasized all through the Bible. "For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, but Jehovah shall shine upon thee, and,"—as a result of the revival,—"nations shall come to thy **Light**, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." The revival of religion in the church means the return of the people to the church, and the return of the nation to righteousness. The need of a revival is impressed on us more from a forward look than from a backward look. I do not join the chorus of those who say that the former times were better than these. No good is gained by minimizing the real religious life that prevails in our midst. When Jesus called the Seven Churches of Asia to a higher life, he did not overlook or undervalue the many virtues which characterized those churches. The heights we have gained in religion are elevations which inspire us to higher heights of holiness and truth. Knowledge gained creates hunger for fuller knowledge. It is because we have made conquests that we desire to still widen the empire and extend the sway of sweet and pure religion.

The call for a revival of religion comes from quarters we would not expect. John Morley, characterizing this age as an age of transition in the foundations of belief and conduct, thinks that hopes have grown pale and fears dim, and that religion has lost power. He thinks "It is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man's life which it has been, and will be again. Conscience which has lost its strong and on-pressing energy, and the sense of personal responsibility, lacks sharpness of edge. The natural hue of spiritual resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of distracted, wavering, confused thought. The souls of men have become void. Into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secularity." Underneath all that is an earnest cry for the revival of a religion that will restore to man the lost hope, and make conscience a mighty power for righteousness in the land.

The Wall Street Journal of New York recently made a plea for the revival of religion. Business men who are patriotic see that if church attendance falls off, if family worship is abandoned, if Sunday is given over to pleasure, if the growing generation is not instructed in the truths of the Bible as their fathers were, then the foundations of character are gone, and when character goes, business will tumble and the nation collapse.

Daniel Webster saw this truth and gave it eloquent expression. What he said in his day is equally applicable to our day. He is making a plea for the revival of religion when he says: "If religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation. And the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and His word are not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt through the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and darkness will reign without mitigation or end."

These voices make it clear that the revival of religion is a great and serious problem—a problem for the patriot as well as for the Christian. No man can afford to put this theme aside lightly. We should be thankful for the discontent which characterizes the churches today. Discontent is a hopeful sign. It is evidence of the presence of the Spirit of God in our midst. It is 'the sound of a gong in the tops of the mulberry trees," which means that our God is leading us on to higher and better things as a nation and as a people. When a church becomes satisfied with itself, with its attainments and achievements, deterioration has begun. Mortification has set in. The church that does not get discontented with itself and reach out after clearer knowledge and fuller life is the church of the graveyard, and will go to the graveyard. And the sooner the better, lest it cumber the ground.

The Church of today is a larger church, a more spiritual church, a more ethical church, a better doctrined church than any church of the past. The Church of today holds its Bible with a more intelligent and appreciative grip than it ever held it. The Church of today understands Jesus Christ better, is more loyal to Him, than at any period in the past. To crown Him Lord of all, to make Him the one supreme authority in religion, to make His gospel regnant over all the activities of human life is the purpose and passion of millions of His followers throughout the world.

In pleading for a revival of religion, we mean that religion already exists as a blessed hope and beneficent power in the world—so blessed and beneficent that we want to see its power intensified and its benefits extended. We want the individual Christian to come into a richer experience of divine grace, and we want the church, now doing so humane a work, to fill a larger sphere of service.

To be specific, let me emphasize three things that will bring about and characterize a revival of religion:

First, the revival of religion will be a revival of appreciation of and devotion to the Church of Christ. We are in the Church because of the conviction that the best love and service we can give to the Lord is love and service to his church. There is no avenue or agency, no institution or organization through which we can do so varied and beneficent a work for our fellow-men throughout the world, as through the church. Its broad-visioned outlook on the needs and possibilities of humanity, its many-handed philanthropies, educational and industrial, elicit and give scope to all the manifold energies of our being. The best investment a man can make of his life is to invest it in the Church that Jesus loved and gave

himself to, that he might make it a glorious church, beautiful as a bride adorned for her husband.

I am a high churchman in the sense that I give the Church the highest place in my affectionate regard. I spell it with a capital C, and print it in italics, underscored. The Church stands for something in the community. It stands for the highest things of God, and it stands for the highest good of man.

Paul speaks of the Church as the medium or channel through which the manifold wisdom of God is made known to the world. He speaks of it as the household of faith, as the pillar and ground of the truth. He speaks of it as the body of Christ, as the bride of Christ. He bankrupts rhetoric in the use of similes and symbols to figure forth the power and splendor of the Church that culminates as the Church of the Firstborn who are enrolled in heaven.

I know something of history. I do not minimize the service rendered to humanity by other fraternities, but I affirm that no organization can come within astronomical distance to the Church in beneficent service to society. There is no organization that believes so intelligently in the Fatherhood of God, and so practically in the Brotherhood of man, as the Church of Christ. The Church plants itself on the oneness of humanity the world over. It overrides all racial differences, ignores all social differences, and binds in one divine fraternity all people that on earth do dwell. It refuses to call any man, or any race of men, unworthy the redeeming grace of the gospel of God. At its communion table all differences of class, caste, clime, color and creed vanish, and mankind meet on the broad basis that all are equal in their need, and equal in access to the impartial grace of God's salvation.

There is no organization on the face of the earth,—there never has been any,—that gives such practical expression to the oneness and divineness of humanity as the Church of Christ. It sends its ministers and missionaries to the darkest corners of creation, and bids them bend in loving service to the mental and moral enlightenment and uplift of every creature. We need to renew our faith in the worth of the church to the community, to the nation, and to the world. Macauley was right in affirming it to be "the chief instrument that has made for man's progress in knowledge and culture." Think what the Church has been to you personally. Think what it has done for your family and community. Who would care to live in a community where no church spire pointed the people to a higher life and diviner destiny? Who would care to bring up a family where no instruction was given in the commandments of God and no reference was made to the beatitudes of Jesus? Imagine a community with religion eliminated, the name of God proscribed, and all the sweet humanities nurtured by religion erased from the soul. Emerson may well ask: "What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship. Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple to haunt the senate and the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of faith is not lighted by the hope of other worlds. Age is without honor. Society lives to triffles, and when men die we do not mention them." Henry Drummond might well say as he did: "If it were mine to build a city, the first stone I should lay would be the foundation stone of a church."

In this age of colossal fortunes, when mammon lifts up her voice in the street and commercialism is centering men's minds on things material, the greater the need of the Church to lift her voice and remind men that man cannot live on factories and warehouses alone, and that pulling down barns to build bigger, and neglecting the house of the soul that is to live forever, is folly now as it was when Jesus Christ first declared it so. There was never a time when the Church was more needed to lift its voice in strong and tender tones, and say to men in the market-place of the world, "What shall it profit you, if you gain the whole world and lose the life of the soul, the hopes laid up for you in heaven.

The Church, I know, is not perfect. It is often weak where it should be strong. It is often tamely silent where it should be fiercely eloquent. It is often apologetically hesitant., * * * defiantly aggressive. It is often worldly and frivolous where it should be spiritual and serious. It is often racked by dissensions where it should be united in love. It has smiled upon practices it should have denounced, and tolerated evils it should have eradicated. Too often it has bent down to the low motives and fashionable follies of the world around it. Too often it has merited the rebuke of the Master, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." But when all this is confessed and admitted, it must also be admitted that the Church is the best institution we have for promoting personal religion and national righteousness; for honoring God and helping humanity. Let us renew our faith in the worth of the Church to the community and nation. Let us resolve to make it an increasing power for good among men. Let us put more love and labor into our own individual church, making it the center and source of all that refines and beautifies human life in the community.

The great revival which began with St. Francis of Assissi just seven hundred years ago, and which filled all Italy with the sweet religion of Jesus, and which paved the way and brought about the renaissance of art under Cimabue, and the renaissance of literature under Dante, this great revival began in a simple but significant way. With the love of God in his soul, St. Francis went out over the Umbrian hills, and with his own hands gathered stones from the quarries and repaired the dilapidated walls of the neglected chapel, so that faith should no longer be an outcast from the sanctuary. The resoration of that village church, making it a fit place for the presence of God, was the beginning of a movement that spread in benediction over all Europe.

Many a church now weak and dying might be revived into vigorous life and become a power for righteousness in the community if a few earnest souls would resolve to give themselves no rest until they had made their church a praise and a power in the community. "Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favor her is come,—yea the set time is come,—for thy servants take pleasure in her stones and favor the dust thereof."

This plea for a revival of interest in the Church was eloquently made by Ex-Governor Long of Massachusetts, last summer, at the tercentenary celebration of the First Church at Plymouth, founded at Scrooby and transplanted across the sea to New England via Holland. In his oration the Governor reminded the audience that this church became the "forerunner of this splendid American democracy, this shining American republic, —home of the free, —a very statue of liberty enlightening the world." He spoke of the opportunity of the Church of today in solving the serious problems that confront society. He called on the men "to consider whether the Church, the Pilgrim Church, is not their concern as well as that of the faithful preacher who mounts the pulpit, or of the good women who dispense its charities." That early church, he said, was the church of all the people,—of the men and women alike. He closed his oration with a fervent appeal to the men to "fill the church as they fill their places of business, rouse it from the lethargy which is their lethargy, and make it a mighty engine for the salvation both of the soul and the body of society. Then will it be a power again in the social fabric, and then will its ministers catch fire from heaven and inspiration from their flocks, and speak with the voice of a trumpet. It is the age of utility. Utilize the church." This reasonable appeal should be met with a hearty response.

The second specific form that the revival of religion will take is a revival of concern for the salvation of men's souls. The Church is a means to an end. Jesus organized the Church to carry on and complete the work which he began. Now it is one of the commonplace truths of the gospel that Jesus came to seek and to save the lost. It is a faithful saying, "and it a tremendously important saying and worthy of more consideration than is generally given to it, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The Church cannot give that saying too great prominence. It cannot make too much of it in her creeds and confessions. It canot too highly exalt it in holy hymn and jubilant anthem. It is impossible to unduly emphasize the Saviourhood of Jesus Christ. By no pleonastic redundancy, by no tautological repetition, by no hyperbole of exaggeration, is it possible to give too great perspicuity and force to this primary and colossal truth of divine revelation. The truth that Jesus came to save men stands

among the everlasting realities of religion, as Mont Blanc among the mountains.

There is no truth that deserves nobler expression—none that demands more eloquent emphasis than the truth that God's great heart of love goes out in yearning desire and saving intent toward every lost soul on the face of the earth. The ceaseless solicitude of God for the souls of men is the golden cord that binds all the books of the Bible into one. The salvation of men is the one purpose of God from Genesis to Revelation. This was the burden of the prophet's message and the theme of the apostle's sermon. This is the evangel that Jesus commanded his Church to proclaim. The business of the Church is to save men, and there is a sense in which it is true that every lost soul in the community is an accusation against the church.

If we are to be interpreters and proclaimers of the evangel of Jesus, we must rightly apprehend the great Bible words which Jesus used and taught his disciples to use. Take those great charter passages of the Church which declare in explicit terms why Jesus came, and notice two significant words: "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was **lost.**" "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not **perish.**" Drop out the words **lost** and **perish,** and those great gospel sentences have no meaning left in them.

We must read scriptural meanings into those words **lost** and **perish** if we are to rightly appreciate the gospel of Jesus. Those words **lost** and **perish** ought to ring in our souls with the sadness of a funeral bell. On the dark and mysterious background of these ominous words, God, in letters of gold, has written the message of saving grace:—

"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night our Lord passed through,
Ere he found the sheep that was lost."

Read again some of the other great Bible words and learn to comprehend their magnificent significance. "The **Grace** of God bringing **Salvation** to all men hath appeared." And again: "He will have all men to be **Saved.**" We cannot unduly magnify those words, Grace, Salvation, Saved. The apostles took that word **Grace,** the richest and most beautiful word in the Greek language, and made it the key-word of the gospel. Over against man's sin they put God's grace, and grace erased the sin,—blotted it out so that it ceased to exist. "Where sin abounded, **Grace** did abound more exceedingly." **Grace** saved the **Lost. Grace** brought **Salvation** to souls ready to **perish.** All that man lost through sin is restored through grace.

Those words **saved** and **salvation** are the biggest words in our language. We must not minimize them. We must read into them the large and divinely beautiful meanings that God's great gospel gives them. They are picked and packed words. In that word **salvation** there is packed all the good that God has for man, here and hereafter. When Portia, pleading with Shylock, reminds him that if cold, bare justice is followed, none of us would see **salvation,** she declared a great gospel truth,—the truth that he who misses the salvation of God misses the highest boon heaven has to give.

Higher eulogy was never paid to Paul and his associates in the gospel, that when from the lips of that devil-wracked, hell-tortured soul there came the testimony, "These are the servants of God who show unto us the way of salvation." O preacher, go and preach; singer, go and sing, so that you will compel the outside world to acknowledge that you are showing lost souls the way of salvation.

One day, as Stanley was pushing his way through the tangled forests of the dark continent, the wife of one of his native helpers lay in a tent a dying. In her helplessness she looked up into Stanley's face and said: "Master, this is a dark world, and we have lost our way." To multitudes of men and women all around us this is a dark world. They have lost their way, and need some one to guide them back into the ways of sweet religion. The guide must know the way.

A wounded soldier looked up into the face of the chaplain who was speaking to him of salvation, and said to him: "Make it so plain that I can get hold of it." There is nothing on which men need clearer teaching than on the way of salvation. The **conditions of Christian** discipleship need to be **made plain to the people.** There is force in the saying that more people would be saved if they knew how to go about it.

Jesus laid great emphasis on the saving of one individual soul. In his estimate, one human soul outweighs a world. When Andrew brought Peter to Jesus, when Joel Stratton let J. B. Gough into the kingdom, when John Kimball persuaded D. L. Moody to be a Christian, when that Christian servant girl brought young Shaft sbury into an experience of saving grace, they started movements of moral reform that touch the farthest shore, and reach to the latest time. When you have got the regenerated man, you are in the way of getting the regenerated society.

It is a revival of religion in the purest, largest, noblest, strongest sense of the word that all the great humane, philanthropic, reformatory movements of today need most.

Much is said in certain quarters about the psychological moment. The thing we need most is the psychological man. The psychological moment will be on hand just as soon as the psychological man arrives on the scene.

When you get the painter you can have the painting; when you get the poet you can have the poem; when you get the singer you can have the song; when you get the reformer you can have the reform; and not till then. Produce persons, and the rest follows. Every saved soul becomes a saving force in the community.

The Church must realize anew the joy and the glory of evangelism. It was the evangelism of Wesley that saved England from plunging into the earthquake horrors of a French revolution. The evangelist bringing the people into ethical relations with God outranked the statesman in service to the nation. It was the revival of religion under John Knox that laid the broad, strong foundations of Scotland's greatness—intellectual and industrial, as well as spiritual. Principal Forsyth is right in affirming that "Society is past saving by philanthropists. It needs mighty evangelists." To humanize and civilize and fraternize we must evangelize.

As churches, we need to give ourselves anew to the work of saving men. We need a revival of interest in the souls of men. We must go out and make converts, for, as Luther said, this is the mark of a rising or falling church. We must be so absorbed in this work that we can say with Paul: "I am become all things to all men that by all means I might save some." The whole church must be imbued with this spirit,—not the minister alone, but the whole membership—minister, choir, deacons, trustees, teachers, ushers, and janitor. The evangelization of the minister and the church must precede the evangelization of the community.

Much is said these days about the indifference of the masses to the church. The indifference of the Church to the masses is the primary and colossal indifference that confronts us. It is comparatively easy to break up the indifference of the people to the church, when once you have broken up the indifference of the Church to the people.

The whole church must glow with the spirit of evangelism. "O that my Saviour were your Saviour, too!" must be the heart-prayer of the entire membership. Every saved soul, with definite intent, must seek to save another. He who receives the gospel, and does not impart it, turns a living stream into a stagnant pool. Many people are doing what is called church-work, but relatively few are definitely aiming and working to win men to Christ. The church that has lost concern for the salvation of souls has lost the secret of Jesus.

Carlyle, speaking of the church of his boyhood, said: "If anyone happened to awake to the fact that he had a soul to save, he would go to that church, for there were saints of God there, and the real gospel of the grace of God was preached there." He put a great truth in that statement. Men and women will go to the church which shows most concern for their salvation. **Saving souls will make a church popular, and its the only popularity a church should care for or pray for.** It is not the polity that attracts men to a church, it's the gospel. It makes little difference who preaches the gospel, so that the gospel is preached, or by whom men and women are

brought into the kingdom, so that they are brought. Churches must prove themselves apostolic by apostolic zeal for the salvation of souls.

We need to catch the enthusiasm for the salvation of men that characterized and sustained John Wesley in those fifty years of devoted service in this work. Listen to him as he sings desire to save men:

"I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Saviour known.
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe Thy love.

My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive,
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live,
My every sacred moment spend,
In publishing the Sinner's Friend.

Enlarge, inflame and fill my heart,
With boundless charity divine,
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thine open side,
The sheep for whom the Saviour died."

That love of men, that passion for the souls of men, that compassion of Jesus for the lost must possess us if we are to do this work aright. It was this spirit that posessed Paul and made him become all things to all men that by all means he might save some.

This passion of Paul for saving men has been beautifully expressed by an English poet. Paul is represented as speaking and explaining the feelings of his soul, as he sees men who have not the faith of Jesus: Do we know anything about this intolerable craving?

"Oft when the Word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion, and the truth lies bare,
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
Melts in a lucid paradise of air.

Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,
Hearing their hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented in a show of things.

Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers through me like a trumpet call.
Oh, to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all."
—Rom. ix: 13.

The third specific form of the revival I plead for will be a revival of concern for the salvation of society. If the immediate aim of the gospel is the creation of a new man, the ultimate aim of the gospel is the creation of a new society. Social salvation is as much a part of the curriculum of Jesus as individual salvation. The program of Jesus calls for a saved society as imperatively as for a saved man. These two purposes of Jesus, the regeneration of the human soul and the regeneration of human society must be ever before us, for the problem of a better and diviner type of man lies in the problem of a better and diviner type of human society.

Ther is a reciprocity of influence between these two companion truths that we do well to recognize and act on. The community will be elevated only as the individuals that compose it are elevated. A pack of wolves will be no more humane than the individual wolves that compose the pack.

Jesus knew that men are where they are because they are what they are, and therefore he dealt primarily with the individual. He also knew that men are what they are because they are where they are, and he therefore sought to bring about a renewed society which would give every soul a morally helpful environment. A bird cannot fly with one wing, and the church cannot live and thrive and do its work on a half-truth. I know that individual salvation lies back of and must precede social salvation, because I know that you cannot build a marble palace out of mud bricks. You must have clean Christian men to make a clean Christian commonwealth.

I know that Jesus taught men that death does not end all; that there is a life beyond the grave as well as a life this side of the grave,—a heaven of ineffable bliss in the Father's house of many mansions. I know that he taught that, and thankful should we be that he did, for man must die, and he wants a religion that will plant the lamp of an immortal hope in the darkened tomb, so that he may take the death-angel by the hand and go out saying to die is gain. I know all that, and with glad emphasis I will preach it, but I also know that Jesus came to establish a kingdom of heaven on earth. He came to regenerate and reconstruct human society. We must remember that the kingdom which was so much in the thought and speech of Jesus was a kingdom of heaven **on earth.** It was not a post-mortem kingdom. The Beatitudes he proclaimed were not for a far-off heaven beyond the grave. They were for the governance of men here and now in this world. It is here on earth that men of the beatitude type are needed. It is the business of the Church to labor and pray for the regeneration of human society as for the regeneration of the individual human soul.

Jesus never intended his religion to divert men's attention from the problems and politics of this world. Not separation from, but affiliation with the interests of humanity, was what Jesus enjoined on his followers. Jesus spoke oftener of man's relation to man in this world, than of man's relation to God in another world.

The revival we plead for, the revival already knocking at our doors, is a revival of faith in the practicableness of the teachings of Jesus in their application to the industrial, commercial, and political problems which confront us. It is a revival of righteousness in human relations. It is an ethical revival, and it is ethical because it is spiritual. It is a revival of the Christian conscience, a revival that will enthrone the love of justice over all human transactions and relationships. It is a revival of thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself when you do business with him and when you go into politics with him. It is a revival that will bring in the golden age of the world by enthroning the golden rule of Jesus. It is a revival that will enable a man to pack a barrel of apples honestly and carry to the ballot box a vote untainted by bribery. It is a revival that will give the director of a life insurance company conscience enough to administer the sacred funds entrusted to him without gorging himself with wealth plundered from widows and orphans, so that he will no longer practice as a pirate while posing as a philanthropist.

The Church must concern itself with everything that affects the life of humanity. It must stand in the community as the organized conscience of the community. The more spiritual it is, the more secular it must be. The nearer it gets to God, the closer it must get to man. The more heavenly its vision, the more earthly its service. Because it has been on the mount of transfiguration with Jesus, the more ready will it be, and the more prepared will it be, to go down to the dull plain below and take the demon-possessed boy by the hand and lift him up; take the ill-requited toiler in the sweater's den and lift her up; take the impoverished emigrant that lands on our shores and lift him up to intelligent Christian citizenship. This is the work of Jesus, and because it is his work it is our work.

The men and women who are doing this work today all over the land are mainly Christian men and women. Seventy-six per cent of the workers in moral reform on this continent are communicants of Christian churches. The Church creates the men and women who create the reforms.

We do well to encourage ourselves in the fact that we are even now in the midst of a great world-wide revival which is pushing back the brutalities and cruelties of Paganism and exalting the beneficent ideals of Jesus. This is a better world than when Jesus came into it, and its betterment is due to his coming. Christianity has not been a failure, and it's not played out, either.

All the great movements that occupy the thoughts of the great thinkers and statesmen of the world today are movements for the uplift of humanity, and owe their inspiration to the gospel of Jesus. That word **humanity** is coming to the front everywhere, and it is **Christianity** that is putting it there.

This revival of interest in humanity, this revival of a philanthropy which ignores racial barriers and overrides national boundaries in the faith that all men everywhere are alike dear to God, and therefore no man and no race of men are to be called common or unclean. This revival or belief in the Fatherhood of God, and, therefore, in the brotherhood of man, and, therefore, that we we are our brother's keeper, and, therefore, the good of each should be the law of all; this revival of conviction that the love of God and man are one, so that wrong done to man is insult offered to God, and service rendered to man is worship offered to God; this revival of spiritual vision which sees the divineness of all human service, the sacredness of all honest toil, and which, therefore, manifests concern for those who "labor and are heavy laden," in doing the world's hard work; this revival of purpose to bring about a more just and equitable distribution of the good things that God's impartial love has so bountifully provided for all His children; this revival of the altruistic spirit which moves men and women to deeds of loving service after the imitation of him who went about doing good; this revival of humane sentiment and sympathy which led states and nations to come full-handed to the relief of the stricken city in the day of its desolation and ruin, nations bearing one another's burdens and so fulfilling the law of Christ; this revival of desire for the dawning of the day when war-drums will throb no longer, when battle-flags will be forever furled, and "in the parliament of man the federation of the world," this is the revival of the religion of him whose advent to the world was celebrated by heavenly choristers singing peace on earth, good-will to man, and who in his inaugural sermon declared that he came to preach the gospel to the poor, to proclaim release to the captives, the recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those that are bruised. This is the revival that is knocking at our doors for fuller recognition and nobler expression. This is the revival Jesus taught us to labor and pray for when he taught us to pray that our Father's kingdom might come and his will be done **on earth** as it is in heaven.

PRESBYTERIAN HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY INSTITUTES.

The most modern, effective and satisfactory means of promoting all branches of missionary activity seems to be the Missionary Institute, or School of Methods, for the instruction and training of leaders and for conference and discussion concerning missionary problems. Our home and foreign field secretaries on the Coast have found such a demand for institute work throughout the Presbyteries that they are arranging a series of Pacific Coast Institutes. The California campaign is to occupy November and December and the Institutes will be conducted by the following secretaries:

Rev. W. S. Holt, D.D., Field Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions.

Miss Julia Fraser, Field Secretary of the Woman's Board of Home Missions.

Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Western District Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

These workers are to be assisted by local speakers, and so much time is to be given to open discussions and conferences that all who attend will have opportunity to take part and to bring their best contribution in thought or experience to add to the value of the Institute.

Arrangements are now being made for eleven of these Institutes in California and the following dates have already been definitely fixed: Sacramento, Nov. 11th to 13th, San Anselmo, Nov. 14th to 16th, Watsonville, Nov. 18th to 20th, San Francisco, Nov. 21st to 24th, Oakland, Nov. 25th to 27th, and Fresno, Dec. 2nd to 4th. The San Francisco meeting is to be held in Calvary Church and the Oakland meeting in Centennial Church.

Wherever the Week-end Institutes are held the Secretaries will spend the Sabbath, speaking in such churches as the local committee of which the pastor is chairman may arrange. ,

These Institutes are not only to consider phases of Home as well as Foreign Missions but they are also to be conducted in the interests of every department of church work. It is especially urged, therefore, by those who are promoting them that every Sunday-school, every Endeavor Society, every Woman's Society and every Brotherhood should send specially elected representatives, who would be expected to make a full report of the proceedings upon their return and to suggest and help to carry into operation the wisest plans for missioinary activity in the local church. A good stock of missionary books and leaflets will be carried and one very important feature of the program will be the Mission Study Classes, to be taught twice a day; the Home Mission Study Class by Miss Fraser and the Foreign Study Class on China by Mrs. Potter. In some places classes in Gloria Christi will also be offered. Each morning and afternoon there will be open conferences on the various phases of missionary work, so that all classes of delegates will find something specially provided for their kinds of work. The Woman's Synodical Society of Home Missions and the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions are co?operating in these Institutes. Printed matter or other information may be secured by writing Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Albany Block, Oakland, Cal.

Very sincerely yours,

DWIGHT E. POTTER.

Among the Churches.

Oakland, First.—Forty-one entered into the fellowship of this church last Sunday.

Los Angeles, Westlake.—The Westlake Presbyterian Church will begin work soon on its new house of worship, which it hopes to have completed early next year.

San Bernardino.—The Rev. Jas. H. Speer has resigned and the Riverside Presbytery is asked to meet on the 11th to dissolve the pastoral relationship. Mr. Speer expects to return to the East, and take the pastorate of the First Union Church of New York, located at Lexington Avenue and Eighty-sixth street, near Central Park.

Pomona.—The new house of worship of the First Presbyterian Church will be the most beautiful structure of the kind in the city when completed. Recently the church trustees sold the brick livery stable property on Main street, a half-block north of the First National Bank, and will use the proceeds, $7,500, toward the cost of the new edifice. The livery property was a gift to the church from the estate of the late Mrs. Jane Rutan, from which estate Occidental College also received a generous remembrance through the administrator, J. A. Gallup..

Covina.—The corner stone of the Presbyterian Church of Covina was laid recently. The Covina Argus says: "The church is making wonderful strides under the leadership of its popular and energetic minister, who may be seen any

day working on the building and directing the labors of the workmen, almost all of whom are members of his own congregation. It is expected that, like the Baptist Church, this handsome church building will be dedicated free of debt. The building occupies five lots on the northeast corner of Second and Italia streets, 100x150 feet in size. The building, including the Sunday-school annex, will be 120 feet long and 65 feet wide. The main portion of the church is 65x73 feet, while the Sunday-school annex is 50 feet square. There will be a lecture-room, 20x31 feet, three vestibules, a choir gallery, secretary's room and a pastor's room. Above the main auditorium will be a balcony seating 150. The auditorium seats 300, this total being increased 50 by the Sunday-school annex. There will be twelve class-rooms, six on a floor, and a primary room, in the Sunday-school portion of the church. A basement, divided into a dining room 36x36, a kitchen 14x26, with plenty of pantry and store room, are features of the plan also. The main part of the building will be completed first, and will cost about $16,000. The Sunday-school section will bring the total cost to about $23,000. Cement blocks are being used in the construction, and are being made on the land, from river sand. It is planned to complete the building by the first of the year."

San Jose.—The Rev. Dr. Thornton A. Mills gave his farewell sermon as pastor of the Second Presbyteriran Church on the last Sunday in October. Dr. Mills said in the course of his sermon: "It is easy to say farewell. I do wish that you may fare well. But it is not easy to say farewell and goodbye, and leave you. In the years I have been with you, I have become very much attached to my home and friends. I am an ardent Californian in that I love California and all that it may become. And I love San Jose. I have never lived in a more beautiful city. I saw San Jose in its earthquake terrors, and I have never had a more forcible illustration of human kindness than the hospitality and free-handed giving of San Joseans to their more unfortunate neighbors of San Francisco. San Jose has better things in the future. I judge by the past. Some six or seven years ago, the leading paper of this city said in an editorial that anyone could use its columns for any purpose, if they paid its price. Today every paper in this city at least pretends to be for the best interests of the people, and the paper that would make such a statement as that quoted would soon cease to be supported. The sentiment of the people has changed. There has been a great change in the feeling of responsibility of the public officers, and we have better order in our city. There has been a great change in the temperance question. There is a local option law in operation in this county. We still have a long ways to go before we can stand with Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside in this respect. But the time will come when San Jose will banish the saloons, and one thing which makes me very sorry to leave is that I will not be here to help in that fight when it comes. I look for great things from San Jose. And if it is hard to leave San Jose, what shall I say of the Second Presbyterian Church. I cannot say farewell. I have so appreciated all the things you have said to me, and said of me. I wish I had merited them. I wish I had been more tender, and more helpful. As I look back, I wish I had helped you onward always. And as I go out from you, it is with the determination to be the kind of man you say I am. And now a word about your relation to me. We have been brought together in the Lord. It is the Lord's work. No man is necessary to the work. There is never an Elijah taken but his mantle falls on Elisha. Now, there is a new pastor coming, and I want you to give him a welcome. Don't say 'I did this because I like Dr. Mills, and I'll wait till I see how I like the new pastor.' Love him and make him feel it. You have loved me and I want you to love me and pray for me. Do not love me less, but love the new pastor with the same warm love."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Landon gave a lecture in the Presbyterian Church, San Rafael, last Friday evening for the Young People's Society. His subject was "Glimpses of European Cities."

Rev. Arthur R. Willis, '06, has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the new St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, San Francisco.

Last Friday evening the students gave a reception to all the households of the Seminary and numerous other friends in the neighborhood.

Last Saturday evening Mr. Fred W. Dickson and Miss Grace Dollar were married at the beautiful home of the bride, Falkirk Place, San Rafael. Dr. Landon officiated. Mr. Dickson is the son of Mr. Wm. J. Dickson of San Geronimo and the bride is the only daughterofMr. Robert Dollar. Both families are long-time friends of the Seminary.

Last Sabbath communion was administered at the San Anselmo Church. Five new members were welcomed by certificate from other churches.

Dr. Moore is supplying the San Rafael church.

Rev. J. R. Macartney, '96, is prospering in his work with theh First Church, Bellingham, Wash. When Dr. Minton was on the Coast visiting the Synods, he and Rev. A. H. Barnhisel visited Mr. Macartney and assisted him in organizing a Men's Brotherhood. The Sabbath congregations are large, and the membership of the church is steadily increasing.

AN EXPLANATION AND A CORRECTION.

In the report of the proceedings of the Synod of California, given in the Pacific Presbyterian last week, there was the following paragraph:

"The Synod declined, by a unanimous vote, to set its seal of approbation upon the guesses and speculations of critics who doubt or deny the authenticity of certain books of the Bible."

A friend writes us as follows concerning this:

"The Synod did **not** 'by unanimous vote decline to approve' &c. Synod **approved** the records of Board of Directors, but **declined to pass any judgment whatsoever upon the questions involved.** In this it showed wisdom. The vote was unanimous **neither** to approve nor to disapprove. This is quite another thing. The impression given by the little paragraph in the report is misleading."

The Pacific Presbyterian gladly gives place to this explanatory statement; and we agree with the writer of the note from which we have quoted that the Synod acted wisely in acting as it did.

Let those who advocate unlimited municipal ownership take into the account the "personal injury fakers" in Chicago who have taken more than $1,000,000 fraudulently from that city in the last four years. There is a colony of these frauds. They have lawyers regularly employed and have been robbing the city in a systematic way. This country needs first, last, and all the time, law. Utopias belong to the end of things, not in the process of events.

UTOPIA TO BE REALIZED.

Utopias are made up of sunshine within and without. Anybody can have a Utopia by behaving himself and planting a geranium, a gooseberry bush, and a potato patch. We read a few days ago that one hundred men and women, residents of Southern California, have banded themselves together in the organization of La Prosperidad colony association, which has for its object the setting up of a modern Utopia on the eastern coast of Lower California. President Diaz is to make needful concessions, the land is to be cultivated, families will receive an allowance for each child, men and women will work an equal number of hours for equal wages and no religion will be required. That is the same old story and has the same future to encounter It is one of those dreams that seem most real and by so much they are the more deceptive. Here is a fine chance for some scamps to play the mischief. A lot of innocent, confiding people will be led into a veritable death trap. Satan is always pleased when a lot of otherwise sensible people turn cowards in the struggle of life and go off to some Utopian scheme to be robbed and looted by Satan. We should rather be a man among men and live a month where people look into the faces of each other and feel individual responsibility to God and man than to endure a thousand years melted into a Utopian mass. There is no surer sign of mental and moral degeneracy than the presence of these Utopian schemes. Government ownership and paternalism in general are indubitable signs of a fundamental social reaction. Then the idea of going to Mexico from Southern California shows that there are at least 100 screws loose.

STUMBLED ON THE RIGHT THING.

The press is making a great ado over the action of Bishop Potter of the Protestant Episcopal Church because he gave a dinner in honor of the African Bishop Furguson. The affair took place in Richmond, Virginia, and is calculated to stir the Southern aristocracy to the center. The bishop of Louisiana also got mixed up somewhat with the color line. He declared at first that he would have dined with the Negro bishop if he had been invited, and then seeing his predicament squirmed around and faced the other way. If a man is a Christian gentleman there is no reason in the color of his skin why he should not be accorded all the courtesies of civil society. Some time ago a distinguished Chinaman passed through San Francisco and was given a banquet at a hotel. There were present members of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Merchants' Exchange, the Board of Trade, an Admiral of the navy, and many of the most distinguished citizens of San Francisco. One of the most absurd follies of which the weakness of human nature is responsible is race hatred. We do not often approve of the eccentricities of Bishop Potter. This however is a case in which he stumbled on the right thing.

CAST DOWN.

The Psalmist spoke for a good many people not only in his own day but in all the years when he said, "Why art thou cast down?" The soul seems at times to sicken and droop in despair. We look at the vast extent and the deadly character of evil. We think of its roots running down deep into the centuries. It has always been at work destroying social, civil and political institutions. It is still raging. The effects on the physical, mental and spiritual equipment of mankind cannot be measured. Finally, when we have dreamed out the problem of social, civil and political triumph there remains the great shadow of death. There is no answer, no reply to this cry of the soul except in Jesus Christ. The individual soul and therefore all souls need only to come into the sanctuary of God and by a personal faith in Jesus Christ find an absolute answer and a satisfactory solution to the awful problem of evil. One must remember that there is a difference between the actual personal problem of evil and the philosophical or theoretical problem of evil. The real personal problem of evil may be solved, dissolved and removed actually as far from us as the east is from the west, but the speculative problems concerning evil continue and will continue. The problem of redemption in Jesus Christ is a complete answer to the cry of the soul. There is no answer outside of Christ. "Why art thou cast down?" shows that the soul is awake to its awful danger. It is a clamor of the higher spiritual self. Faith in Jesus Christ is the complete answer.

WHAT IF D. C. SHOULD GO DRY?

Congress is trembling lest the Anti-Saloon League shall make the District of Columbia one of the dryest spots on earth. The White-House would be "dry." The ambassadors would have to drink water. It will be remembered that Congressmen are now standing in wholesome respect of the Anti-Saloon League. The President has rather defied the teetotal principle, and with all his bold aggression on the railroad and Standard Oil trusts has not yet said one thing against the whiskey monopoly. He has not yet spoken any words of approval of the fight in Georgia, in Alabama, nor of the oncoming struggle in North Carolina. We wish the District of Columbia no harm but we think it would be a good thing to exclude every drop of liquor from the seat of the United States government. If liquor should be excluded from colleges and universities and from the public schools why not from the District of Columbia? We hope it comes.

Dowie's son has ordered a plain $100 tombstone to mark the resting place of his father in Zion City. It is said that Dr. Dowie expected a magnificent mausoleum. It will be some time before Dowie will be forgotten. He was a monumental figure at least, and not a few people to their sorrow believe he was a monumental fraud. So many people have mausoleums these days that a plain tombstone is more significant. We knew an old Californian who never spent a cent for any philanthropic object except by hard grunting an occasional nickel for a glass of beer for himself, yet he set aside $100,000 for his mausoleum. He lived and writhed and saved in order to have a mausoleum. In a few years no one will know even his eccentricity. The mausoleum is not bad in itself, but there should be some deeds to be commemorated. Dowie should be forgotten as soon as possible, but we fear that the wrong he inflicted on a certain class of religious people will be remembered a long time.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company has enacted and put in force a rule that no intoxicated person shall ride on the cars of that company. On last Saturday two drunken men attempted to board the train at Santa Rosa but were refused. That is exactly as it should be. Drunken men have no more right to enter the cars filled with women and children than they have to enter the parlors of a private dwelling or a public assembly hall. This is a movement in the right direction.

The Home.

JUST THIS DAY.

So the pilgrim's soul wins through.
Just this day in all I do,
  To be true;
Little loaf takes little leaven,
Duty for this day, not seven,
That is all of earth and heaven,
  If we knew.

Oh, how needlessly we gaze
  Down the days,
Troubled for next week, next year,
Overlooking now and here.
"Heart, the only sure is near,"
  Wisdom says.

Step by step, and day by day,
  All the way.
So the pilgrim's soul wins through.
Find each morn the strength to do
All God asks for me and you—
  This obey.

—Selected.

ANXIETY FOR THE MORROW AND ITS CURE.

Perhaps there is no precept of Christ's which is more commonly violated than that in which he admonishes us against fretful worry about the morrow. Many Christian people who are wholly conscientious in their endeavors to obey the Master, either entirely overlook this admonition or think that there is no great harm in failure to heed it. Even when there is an uneasy sense of the wrong of the forbidden practice, an anodyne is found in the plea that it is natural for some people to worry. No doubt some people are, by temperament, more prone than others to gloomy, unhopeful outlooks. They seem to have a sort of natural genius for bothering about things, real and imaginary. But so, too, there are people who seem to have a natural bias towards other forms of sin. There seems to be a taint in the blood that makes them an easy prey to temptations of certain sorts. But a predisposition to any particular sin, whether of the flesh or spirit, while it may make the moral struggle more severe and demand special watchfulness, is no excuse for yielding to it. In each one of us is the sovereign power of will, and for its strengthening there is the offer of sufficient grace. Our excuses for surrender to besetting sins are forever silenced by the assurance that God is faithful and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape of which we may freely avail ourselves. This applies just as much to a tendency to faithless worry about the future as to any other constitutional bias to evil. The very purpose of the grace of the gospel is to make us conquerors—not of other people's besetting sins, but of our own.

It may help us to realize why Christ puts this sort of worry among forbidden things if we will bethink ourselves of the injury it works and of what it signifies.

For one thing, it destroys personal happiness. The woman who thought she had no right to be happy until she had first spent some time trying to be soundly miserable, had a false notion of what God desires in us. Happiness is not the chief end for which we have been made, but it is one of the ends, and we have no business wilfully to thwart the divine intention for us in this matter. But how can any one be happy who is all the time peopling the future with spectral fears, who is always foreboding some evil, who is forever dwelling on the possible misfortunes to which poor humanity is liable and imagining that they are all lurking in the shadows of the morrow?

This fretting, fuming spirit destroys the happiness of others. To live with people who cultivate it is like being drenched in perpetual fog. Their sighs and groans, their gloomy prognostications, the hopeless accent in their tones, lower the vitality of an entire household. They radiate depression as the sun radiates heat and light. Young and old alike are affected by their plaints and lamentations. No one has a right to becloud in this way the joy of others. It is the duty of everyone to disseminate all the cheer he can, to make other people happy, to create an atmosphere that is clean, clear and wholesome. People who cultivate a spirit that makes others miserable are guilty of gross and sinful selfishness. If they are professedly religious people, they are damaging their profession and destroying their influence. A repining, pessimistic spirit is no commendation of the gospel, but a misrepresentation of its aim and effect. People will not be attracted to a religion that seems to have no power to kindle joy or irradiate the future with hope. They naturally mistrust a faith that apparently affords its subjects no more comfort than those have who make no pretense of belief in a God of providence and love.

This spirit, moreover, is one of practical rebellion against God's method for our living. Christ himself set the stamp of his disapproval on it when he said, "Take no anxious thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." In other words, God's plan for us is that we shall appreciate and enjoy the blessings of the present and not embitter our spirits today by a habit of senseless brooding about tomorrow. Filial obedience in God frankly accepts the blessings of today and trusts God for the future. It says:

"I will not look for storms when skies are glowing,
With hues of summer sunsets painted o'er;
When all my tides of life are softly flowing,
I will not listen for the breakers' roar.
I will not search the future for the sorrows,
Nor peer ahead for lions in the way;
I will not weep o'er possible tomorrows—
Sufficient is the evil of today."

Furthermore, this spirit is wrong because it is essential unbelief. A prime article of the Christian creed is belief in the goodness and providence of God. Such a belief ought to act as an antidote to anxious thought about the future. A faith that does not enable us to be happy today because we are fearful of what the morrow may bring forth does not seem to be a faith that is worth having.

And that suggests that the cure for this fretting spirit is to cultivate real trust in God. He has given us enough ground for such trust, assuredly. He has not left himself without witness to his love and care and providence. He has given surpassing proof of his regard for us in the mission and work of his Son; and will he not with him also freely give us all things? Nay more, he has given to us, individually, evidences that his eye is upon us and his hand is ever outstretched

to bless. Strange, indeed, if we do not recognize this when we set ourselves to remembrance of the way in which he has led us. What then? Why, this, that the future about which we are prone to be anxious, is in his hands. Its events will not occur without his knowledge and overruling providence. If we can trust him for today, why not for tomorrow? If he has cared for us and our interests in the past, why doubt him for the future?

But we must act in harmony with this faith. We must deliberately set our wills against the intrusion of anxious thought for the future, and determine to cultivate the practice of frank enjoyment of present blessings and leave the morrow with God. In his "Life Thoughts" Beecher gives us an illustration that may help us to see our duty here and to perform it. "When I used to fish," he says, "if I had a short line and rod, I could direct it easily and throw it into this or that pool as I pleased; but if I let out my line till it was twenty or thirty feet long, I could not direct it, but I was the victim of every floating stick and jutting rock and overhanging bough. So I have seen men wading down the stream of life, jumping from stone to stone, slipping on this rock and falling into that pool, because their line was so long they could do nothing with it—a line that reached down forty years sometimes. Now, if you would avoid these difficulties, shorten your line. Let it reach over one day only; for 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' To the man who is living weeks or years in advance of the present, God says, 'Go back, go back to your duties. Work while the day lasts, and take no thought for the morrow. I am master down here."—Lutheran Observer.

Young People.

JOHNNY'S FAULT.

"Mamma, mamma, where is my coat?

"Why, I don't know. Is it not on the hall rack, where it should be?" came back mamma's reply from the kitchen.

"No; I've looked everywhere, and I can't find it."

"Did I not see you and Tommy Jones down in the orchard last night?"

"Oh, yes, I remember; we were doing tricks in the golden-sweet tree, and I took off my coat, and forgot it."

Away he went as fast as the legs of an eight-year-old boy could carry him.

In a very few minutes Johnny was back, but his hat was nowhere to be found. Mamma suggested that possibly he had left it in the barn, as he does sometimes.

"Oh, I know it is there; I was trying to stand on my head in a five-quart pail this morning, and I threw my hat on the floor and forgot it."

The hat was found, but mamma was again called from her work from Johnny.

"Mamma, I can't find my tablet, and it is almost schooltime. Oh, dear, I wanted to stop and see Tommy Jones this morning, and get him to go nutting tonight after school."

Tears which he bravely tried to keep back came into Johnny's eyes as he hunted for the missing tablet. At last it was found in the woodshed, where he had been attempting to teach his pet kitten to write.

As he was going into the hall, mamma asked: "Johnny, did you feed the bunnies?"

"Oh, mamma, I have forgotten all about them."

"I could not find your lunch-basket this morning?"

"Oh, mamma, we boys were in a hurry last night, and I forgot it and left it at the schoolhouse."

Johnny, with a kiss from mamma, started for school with a merry heart, not knowing how much needless work he had made her.

Mamma sighed as he closed the door, and softly murmured to herself: "I wish I could teach Johnny to put things in their proper places, and not to forget."

Then she went to the telephone and did some talking with papa.

That night, when Johnny came in to dinner the table was not ready. He could hear papa and mamma talking in the library, and he went in and asked, "Mamma, when are we going to have dinner?"

"Oh, Johnny, I was talking with papa and forgot it."

A little later, when they sat down to the table, Johnny looked around with a puzzled air, "Why, mamma, where are the potatoes?"

"Oh, Johnny, I peeled them and left them on the kitchen table while I went out to feed the bunnies, and I forgot all about them."

"What is the matter with this meat, mamma?"

"Why, I do believe I forgot to start the fire. I put the meat into a pan, and then I read a story in the magazine and really forgot the meat."

"May I have some bread and milk?"

"Johnny, I am sorry, but your papa was so busy today that he forgot to order the bread."

Johnny looked from papa to mamma with a bewildered expression. He had never had an experience similar to this.

Then, with quivering lips, he asked: "What can I have to eat?"

Mamma looked at him with a smile, and answered: "Take a drink of milk, dear, then go out of doors for a little while, and mamma will see what she can find for you and papa."

Johnny went out, and taking his pet kitten, went down into the orchard, and there he and the kitten pondered weighty questions.

After a little while, mamma called him, and this time he found a table spread with dainties such as bring happiness to a boy's heart. He was silent throughout the meal.

When he was snugly tucked in bed that night, and mamma was about to leave, he put up his arms, and drawing her head down close to him, he whispered: "Mamma, I am never, never going to forget any more, honest."—Ex.

JOHN ERICSSON.

The "land of the midnight sun" has no modern name so well known, to Americans at least, as that of the famous inventor of the "Monitor." Born in Sweden in 1803, Ericcsson's early life was passed amid the mines of the section of his native country in which he lived. The boy might daily be seen exploring the crude machinery used in the mines, while

the intervals of his time were employed in evolving strange inventions, with new combinations and improvements on what he had seen.

At nine years of age he had completed a sawmill in miniature and at thirteen was employed by the government to make some surveys for which he had evinced special aptitude. He afterward became a lieutenant in the army.

But this not proving congenial and not receiving the encouragement in the pursuit of his mechanical projects that he had expected, he leaves Sweden for England, where he remains a number of years.

Among the first of his earlier and more important inventions was that of the steamboat propeller. Ships had previously been moved by means of sails or lateral wheels revolving so as to strike the water in a perpendicular line.

Ericcsson saw that too much steam was required by such concussion of the water. Besides, warships could by this method of propulsion be soon disabled in action. Observing that a fish swam by using the tail, the fins merely aiding by an oblique motion the momentum first imparted by the tail, and also acting as a helm to give the direction, he conceived the idea of propelling a ship in the same way. By the aid of some friends, after a miniature experiment had proved successful, he built a small vessel behind which, in a barge, the navy officials were invited to enjoy an excursion on the Thames. While all worked admirably, the admiralty thought it impossible to steer large vessels and propel them both from the stern, and thus Ericsson had his labor and expense for his trouble in sailing the admirals!

At thirty-five Ericsson came to America, where, aided by a few patriotic persons, he successfully introduced his propeller. It is now generally used on fast ocean steamers.

The Princeton, the vessel on which it was tried, passed, sailed around and re-passed the Great Western, the swiftest vessel known up to the day of the propeller, before, driving a straight course, the latter had time to get out of New York harbor.

Another invention was that of the caloric engine for the utilization of escaping steam and the substitution of heated air.

But Ericsson is best known by the invention of the famous ironclad, the Monitor—"the iron raft with a cheese-box on it," as it was decsribed by the Confederates.

It was a gunboat of solid iron, built in New York, whose machinery was entirely hidden under water, except the round turret covered with five thin sheets of composition iron-plate, extending a foot and a-half above the water's surface. Two powerful cannon were poised so as to shoot out of an opening on one side.

After long delay and intercession, at which the proud inventor was not a little disgusted and chagrined, after such long-continued disappointments, the government at length concluded to try one such boat as an experiment, to cost $175,000.

On the 6th of March, 1862, the Monitor was launched, and ordered to Newport News, where the deadly Merrimac had already, before the Monitor's arrival, destroyed two large ships. At length arriving, the Monitor poured into her lordly rival such a broadside of effective shot at the water's line that the Merrimac, after attempting to run down the Monitor and hitting her twenty-two times without injuring her, was compelled to draw off. Captain Worden, who commanded the Monitor on this occasion, rode behind the hearse on a very cool August afternoon some years ago, when the body of the great inventor was conveyed from the cemetery in Second street, New York, to the Baltimore, which carried the remains of this illustrious man to his native land.

The lesson of Ericsson's life shows us what hard work, coupled with perseverance, will do. Silently hidden from human gaze, for years at a time, the great inventor plodded on. Discouragement never daunted him. The bleak day on which the procession moved, was not bleaker than the treatment he received almost his life long. It was a squally March day in 1889 when Ericsson's funeral was celebrated in Trinity Church.

These days were but emblematic of the atmosphere in which it was Ericsson's noble lot to work out the sublime spectacle of character and achievement which shed luster alike on his own land and that of his adoption.

How much, in the production of men like Gustavus Adolphus and our present hero, the religion of Luther, long dominant in Sweden, has had to do, we may only surmise. It is doubtless very much. That peculiar type of Biblical interpretation represented by the Reformation has produced many heroes. In Sweden, they say such is the respect for law, that the mail coaches are often driven by children over the loneliest sections of the country, no one ever thinking to disturb them. At any rate, it will always be pleasant to think of the sturdy honesty of old John Ericsson, refusing to have to do with the sharks and corrupt influences through whom his advancement might have been hastened.—Lutheran Observer.

FINANCIAL STRESS AND MORALS.

Every day brings us new explanations as to the cause, the theoretical cause, of the financial stress just now upon our country. To most of the people it is the concrete and very real fact that troubles them. The panic in the community feeling no matter how produced is itself the cause, the efficient cause, of financial distress. Money depends not only upon the amount of "dust" on hand but rather the amount of "dust" people are willing to allow other people and agencies to handle for them. Money is not money until it circulates. It might as well be locked in quartz in the mountains as to be locked in the private vaults of the alleged owner. It happens that anything, real or unreal, which frightens the public mind frightens the money out of circulation into the private vaults. On the eve of a presidential election it is more than suspected that the great money centers have created an artificial scarcity of money in order to touch the "pocket nerve" of the people. It is said that millionaires have sold stock at fancy prices to tens of thousands of small dealers and now propose to "squeeze" these small dealers in order to buy back the stock at a nominal price. The big financier proposes to compel the small dealer to sell at a reduced price. The small banks depend on the large ones and this system is a complete organization over the whole business world. The underlying supposition is that all bankers and money men are honest, but it often happens that one unscrupulous money king can compromise

the whole system of which he happens to be a part. If this financial stress is due to an artificial scare gotten up to freeze out and squeeze out the small investors and swell the swollen amounts of money in the hands of millionaires then we think the government of these United States ought to have brains enough, knowledge, valid knowledge enough and power enough to make the facts known to the public, fix the blame and punish the offenders in a manner which would make it hazardous to repeat the scheme. That such a manufactured scare, such an artificial reason for a financial panic is a crime against the whole people cannot be denied. If on the contrary this financial panic has its roots in wild speculation sweeping over the face of society and people have been buying ten times as much as they had money to pay for and that awful "pay-day" has come and they have nothing and can get nothing with which to pay, then we insist that the bank commissioners should have scaled down alleged securities and strengthened the reserves in all the banks. In any case the government, state and federal, has a duty to the public. Men nor corporations have any right to control conditions by which the whole people may be made to suffer. There surely is an adequate cause for such financial reaction. That cause should not be subject to the petty and changing notions of a few millionaires nor of a few rich corporations who are playing "hide and go seek" with the bewildered and bedizened public. People and nations now, as in the times of the Scriptures, perish for lack of timely and adequate knowledge. It is this blind feeling that arouses the wild agitator, creates socialistic anarchy, and threatens the very life of the republic. We suspect no one knows the real cause of this financial stress. If any one does really know, it is not to his credit or interest to tell. We counsel our readers to conservative patience. Do not believe more than a small per cent of the vagaries and theories afloat. Do not become alarmed. The country is all right and the honest banks will right themselves in a short time. Any credit system is subject to spasms. On the whole it is better to be liable to have spasms than not to have any commercial nerve upon which a spasm is based.

SOME INTERESTING LIQUOR STATISTICS.

There is employed in the manufacture of malt, distilled and vinous liquors $583,513,394, and about the same sum in the sale and distribution, making a total capital tied up in this death dealing business of $1,167,026,788. There are about 300,000 people employed in this liquor business. The business pays into the national treasury $199,035,911, about one-third of the income. To the State and local demands it pays about $100,000,000 more, making in all a revenue of about $300,000,000 annually. This shows what a death grip the liquor business has upon the finances of the nation. This immense money power is used in exploiting and ruining the American citizenship. If this could be used in legitimate business it would send a wave of joy over the face of the country.

St. Nicholas will have a unique serial feature, beginning in its November number, in the actual log, or daily record, of a "Bluejacket" on the cruiser Olympia of the United States Navy. "Three Years Behind the Guns," as this unusual true story is to be called, sets down, in a homesick lad's own words, the daily life and adventures of a clever boy who ran away to sea and enlisted on the Olympia in 1898, little dreaming that before his three years' enlistment was ended he would be on the commodore's ship in the Battle of Manila Bay.

BEGIN AGAIN.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
  Every day is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
  Here is a beautiful hope for you—
  A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
  The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
  Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
  Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
  Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never
  Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
  Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
  Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receives, forgives them;
  Only the new days are our own,
  Today is ours and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
  Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
  To face the sun and to share with the morn,
  In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
  Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, in spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
  And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
  Take heart with the day, and begin again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette argues that North Carolina, Georgia, and the South generally is too benighted to know a good thing when they see it. Only ignorant and densely prejudiced people vote for prohibition. The Wine and Spirit Gazette says: "The recent success of prohibition in Georgia and the dry wave that is sweeping over a large section of the South contains many elements of serious moment to the whole country. There is nothing Christian or humane, high or holy about it. It is a medley of nigger fear, fool fanaticism and hypocrisy. God save the Nation when we are compelled to accept from the South our ideals of morality, patriotism or humanity."

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, the president of the Nebraska State University, formerly the champion of 16 parts of silver to one of gold, in a recent address at Washington took up for monopolies. He has had a change of ideas if not of heart. We are waiting now to hear from Professor E. A. Ross, whose career at Stanford had too thick a silver lining. Extremists nearly always swing in the opposite direction. Just how Dr. Andrews can insist that prices are not controlled by monopolies is not quite clear. It certainly comes as a surprise from President Andrews.

Among the interesting articles announced by the Century Magazine for 1908 are: Recollections of Lady Randolph Churchill, General Grant's Last Days, Andrew Johnson in the White House, The Red City, which is a new historical novel by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The Century plans to keep at the front.

LUCY'S LIFE PRESERVER.

Mother came to the door with Lucy, to open the umbrella. It was no dainty, modern affair, with a silk top and a slender, pretty handle. This was the big family umbrella of stout blue cotton cloth, with a wooden handle, both large and strong.

"Hold it tight, Lucy," cautioned mother, "or the wind will blow it away."

Lucy took hold of the handle almost up in the wire framework to grasp it more securely. It needed both her plump little hands to reach around the handle.

The wind tried to snatch the umbrella away from her, but she held it too firmly. Then the wind tried to turn it wrong side out. But the umbrellas of seventy years ago were not to be trifled with, and the wind wrestled with it in vain.

So Lucy and her umbrella went bobbing safely along to school till they came to the brickyard.

The brickyard pit was the most fascinating place, but it was a spot forbidden as too dangerous. To-day the wind would be making fine waves on its water. Lucy knew. Her pace slackened.

"Of course, I wouldn't sail chips on it. I'd only look at the waves and the dimples the raindrops make in the water. Mother wouldn't care if I just did that," argued Lucy to herself.

So Lucy picked her way through the sticky, blue clay of the brickyard to the edge of the pit.

The pit was fifteen feet across and eight feet deep—as large as a room and deeper than a man is tall. It was dug to catch and hold the water used in mixing the clay to the right softness for molding into bricks.

To-day the pit was full to the brim, and the wind raised quite a sea. It was even more exciting than Lucy thought it would be.

In her eagerness to watch the waves chase each other across the pit, Lucy leaned forward a little too far. She lost her balance, a gust of wind pushed at the umbrella from behind like a sail, her feet slid on the slippery, wet clay, and the next instant she was struggling in the water.

Instinctively she had clung to her big umbrella, and it buoyed her up so that she did not sink. She shrieked for help, and the brickmakers, burning brick at the kiln heard her terrified cries, muffled though they were under the umbrella.

The men were sure the cries came from the direction of the pit. But when they reached it, all their astonished eyes could see was an open umbrella floating on the surface of the water.

As soon as they understood that the cries were coming from under the umbrella, they acted quickly enough.

They were none too soon.

The waves that had looked so enticing had got into Lucy's mouth and blinded her eyes; her clothes were soaked, and their weight was dragging her under in spite of the umbrella.

But the strong arms of the brickmakers reached over the pit and drew out the little girl, choking and very much frightened, but still clutching desperately in both hands the big umbrella that had made such a good life preserver.—Alice M. Farrington, in Sunday-school Times.

THE GREATEST JOY.

As there is a supreme love, there likewise is a supreme joy. The supreme joy is that which fills our hearts when we witness the salvation of sinners for whom Christ died. This experience and reward comes especially to the minister of the gospel.

This is not his only joy. Real joy possesses his mind and soul when in response to appeals to improve the material conditions of the Church, gifts are promptly and liberally poured into the treasury. Well does the writer recall such instances in his ministry when mite giving and mighty giving were witnessed until the amount required was in hand. Every pastor knows the satisfaction which flows from such a condition of affairs.

Genuine joy comes to him when he witnesses his people "growing in grace," assuring him that his labors are not in vain in the Lord. This growth is seen in greater willingness to bear the cross, greater freedom in prayer, and a dominating desire and purpose to do something that shall forward the Kingdom.

But no joy equals that which comes to the Christian minister or member, when he can persuade a penitent to yield to the call of the Spirit. How the conversion of souls will "hearten" a pastor! If other plans and purposes have failed, the saving of the lost gives gladness and courage, and lessens the distress of certain disappointments and defeats.

"O, the joy of knowing Jesus!" O, the joy of bringing others to Him; to kneel beside the weeping, struggling soul, to point the way of faith, to apply the faithful, comforting Word, to witness the dawning of "light," and to hear the words of glad deliverance—ah! tell me, Christian worker, is not this the supreme joy of life?

It is then, if ever, we may catch a glimpse of that which lies just beyond the pearly gates, while—

"Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat."

—The Rev. O. W. Scott, in Western Christian Advocate.

PLOWING AROUND A ROCK.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer to a writer in the Advance, "and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But today, when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was a little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and was so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles squarely in the face.

"Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, 'O Lord, remove that rock!' when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone!

"We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when if we would face the trouble and call it by its name one-half its terror would be gone.

"The trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

"Let us not allow our unmapped trouble to make barren the years or our lives; but may we face it, and with God's help work out our own salvation through it!"

Many a Christian has been plowing around a duty, a cross, a bad habit, and we know not what, for more than five years, afraid to touch it or examine it, and it stands in the way today as it did at first. Rout it out, man! It is an easy job when you once take hold of it.—The Armory.

The bow is often too heavy for us to bend, but we do not need to strain our strength in the vain attempt to do it alone. Tasks seem too much for us. The pressure of our daily work overwhelms us. The burden of our daily anxieties and sorrows is too much. Some huge obstacle starts up in our path. Some great sacrifice for truth, honor, duty, which we feel we cannot make, is demanded of us. Some daring defiance of some evil, which has caught us in its toils, or which it is unfashionable to fight against, seems laid upon us. We cannot rise to the height of the occasion, or bring ourselves to the wrench that is required. Or the wearing recurrence of monotonous duties seems to take all freshness out of our lives, and all spring out of ourselves; and we are ready to give over struggling any more, and let ourselves drift. Can we not then feel that large Hand laid on ours; and does not power, more and other than our own, creep into our numb and relaxed fingers? Yes, if we will let Him. His strength is made perfect in our weakness; and every man and woman who will make life a noble struggle against evil, vanity, or sin, may be very sure that God will direct and strengthen their hands to war and their fingers to fight.—Alexender Maclaren, D.D.

Character is bounded on the north by sobriety, on the east by integrity, on the west by industry, and on the south by gentleness.—Frances E. Willard.

Teacher.—"Johnny, can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

"Father says they smelt it."—Exchange.

BETTER THAN IS NECESSARY.

A certain business firm has upon its seal the motto: "A little better than is necessary." It is the secret of success in every business of life, from the first lesson to the last. Take it in school, for instance. One pupil may prepare his lesson perfectly, as far as limits of the text require; another, studying with broader purpose, does not stop with the limits of the appointed lesson, but seeks everywhere for deeper knowledge of the subject itself. Is there any question which work will rank higher in the end?

A young clerk in a store may be accurate, faithful, honest, and industrious—and stay there; another clerk may add to these necessary qualifications for his work, a personal interest in his customers which makes him remember their peculiar likes and dislikes and makes his serving them seem almost a matter of personal friendliness. Is there any question which will win the better trade?

A young girl at home may set the table and dust the rooms perfunctorily as a duty to be done faithfully of course but dismissed as soon as possible, or she may add a score of dainty touches to her work that will make it a pleasure to herself and a joy to others. "A little better than is necessary"—it makes the difference between being a slave or an artist; for, after all, it is in the spirit that the secret lies. To the high soul the "necessary" is always the very best that it can give.—The Word and the Way.

I imagine when Mary died, if God had sent an angel to write her epitaph, he couldn't have done better than to put over her grave what Christ said: "She hath done what she could." I would rather have that said over my grave, if it could honestly be said, than to have all the wealth of the Rothschilds. Christ raised a monument to Mary that is more lasting than the monuments raised to Caesar or Napoleon. Their monuments crumble away, but hers endures. Her name never appeared in print while she was on earth, but today it is famous in three hundred and fifty languages. We may never be great; we may never be known outside our circle of friends; but we may, like Mary, do what we can. May God help each one of us to do what we can! Life will soon be over; it is short at the longest. Let us rise and follow in the footsteps of Mary of Bethany.—D. L. Moody.

We know how to love our friends because they are no worse than we; but how Christ can stoop from without the circle of blessed spirits to love us, who are begrimed with sin, and bestormed with temptation, and wrestling with the lowest parts of humanity—that is past our finding out. He has loved us from the foundation of the world! and because heaven was too far away for us to see, he came down to earth to do the things which he has always been doing profusely above. Christ's life on earth was not an official mission; it was a development of his everlasting state, a dip to bring within our horizon those otherwise we could not comprehend—characteristics and attributes which God's pilgrimage on earth as a shepherd, in search of his wolf-imperiled fold. And when I look into his life I say to myself, "As tender as this, and yet on earth? What is he now, then?"—Henry Ward Beecher.

"Shall I charge up the amount the cashier skipped with to profit and loss?" queried the bookkeeper. "No," replied the head of the firm; "put it down under running expenses."—Philadelphia Record.

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Sugar Peas, new pack, tin only	8
Roast Beef, No. 1 tins, only	10
Corn Beef, No. 1 tins, only	10
Tomatoes, solid, No. 1 tins, only	5
Vienna Sausages, No. ½ tins, only	7
New Citron, fancy, lb.	25
Boiled Cider, quart 35c. bottles	25
Table Rice, new, clean	5
Salad Oil, American, gal.	90
Fancy Roast Coffee, 30c regular	26
Castile Soap, white imported, large bar	25
Men's Blue Serge Suits, finest	$8.50 to $9.50
Books, Novels, 25c; Christmas Books	50
Cranberries, best, gallon	50

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He treated her with coldness,
But she didn't mind a bit;
He treated her with coldness—
And seven plates of it.
—Chicago News.

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THE CALL OF THE CITY.

"Do you hear the call of the city,
  Do you mark how the men reply?
Thousands and hundreds of thousands,
  The throngs are hurrying by.
And those who have failed are many,
  And many are those who have won;
But the most of all the thousands
  Are the men who have just begun.

For "youth" is the call of the city;
  And the strong young men come forth
From the cheer of the Southern plantations,
  From the desolate farms of the North.
From the old New England homestead,
  From the lonely ranch in the West,
They bring their strength to the struggle,
  They offer the city their best.

They give their youth and vigor
  In eager sacrifice;
And out of the stress of their toiling
  Shall the City of Beauty arise.
They are worn and spent with labor;
  They are tossed aside again;
And the city is calling, calling,
  For the lives of other men."

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SAN FRANCISCO CONGRATULATED WIDELY.

The election of Dr. Taylor as mayor of San Francisco by a vote larger than the combined votes for the three opposing candidates is a matter for congratulation, and San Francisco is being congratulated from the ends of the earth. To have done other than elect Dr. Taylor would have been for the city almost suicidal—certainly the election of Mr. McCarthy would have been all that. And the effect of Mr. Ryan's triumph, on the minds of people elsewhere, would have been such as to have added immensely to the weakened confidence—widespread—in the will or power of the city to work out the needed reformation.

It is not surprising that the people of San Francisco go about their work these days more buoyantly. They have stood for the right, and they realize that increased sympathy and help are to be theirs henceforth from all over the land.

The Pacific Presbyterian is pleased to state that already there is more order in San Francisco. The people who are ever ready to violate the laws are not so bold as they were; and in different parts of the city they who are working in the ways which make for righteousness among the more depraved classes are receiving a protection from the police not heretofore given them.

Lest San Francisco should forget we suggest for her watchword for the year to come the words of one of her poets of years agone—Richard Realf—in "A Holy Nation":

"Clean natures coin pure statutes. Let us cleanse
The hearts that beat within us; let us mow
Clear to the roots our falseness and pretense,
Tread down our rank ambitions, overthrow
Our braggart moods of puffed self-consequence,
Plow up our hideous thistles which do grow
Faster than maize in Maytime, and strike dead
The base infections our low greeds have bred."

Would that that stanza could be so emblazoned before the eyes of the people of the city by the Golden Gate that it would sink deep into the minds and hearts of men and women generally, and make certain the upbuilding of such a city as would

"Put clearer radiance into human eyes,
And set the glad earth singing to the skies"!

San Francisco bowed down to the earth by calamity after calamity, natural and moral, made a good beginning last week. But has she learned the lesson God would have her learn so sufficiently as to persevere?

"Oh, I wait to see the glory of this land that fronts the West;
Land as yet unsung in story of earth's greatest and its best.
But it's future swims in brightness, and the golden Yet-to-be,
Shining with fame's spotless whiteness, lies beside this western sea."

Brotherhood! That is the word God would impress on the hearts of people here and everywhere. "Less of self, more of Thee"!

Men and women will not forget to their dying day the brotherhood of those few days following the great catastrophe which began shortly after five o'clock on the morning of the 18th of April, 1906. Inequalities and distinctions melted away, and people saw and felt in the altruism of those days, when the things of earth and time were lightly weighed, the beauty and joy of lives lived in accordance with the principles and teachings of Jesus. San Francisco must work to square for it, but must come up to that. The world must come to that.

GREATER SAN FRANCISCO

Considerable consideration has been given the matter of the consolidation of the cities on San Francisco bay during the last few weeks. It is a subject which will ere long become a very pressing one. The first step should be the consolidation of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda and the few small towns adjacent. Then, later, should come their consolidation with San Francisco. We cannot very long have by the Golden Gate a city of any great worth to our nation or civilization unless the people doing business therein and residing elsewhere have a voting responsibility and influence. Ignorance, vice and corruption will always be rampant and uppermost in a city situated and circumstanced as San Francisco now is.

A Berkeley editor is reported as having said in a recent meeting in this city, when the question of consolidation with Oakland was under consideration, that any member of the organization of business men which he was addressing who should favor consolidation would be a traitor to the city. This of course was meant to apply to all who favored consolidation. Count the present writer and this paper among the traitors, then! We are sorry for the man who made that declaration. It shows either short-sightedness or selfishness. And no man who aspires to influence among his fellowmen can afford to be either short-sighted or selfish. We have no hesitancy in declaring it as our most deliberate judgment that a thorough study of the question on the part of thoughtful unprejudiced persons will bring the conviction that the public welfare demands consolidation. It should be, of course, on the borough plan, such as has made so satisfactory the consolidation of Brooklyn and other cities into what is now known as "Greater New York."

THE BERKELEY POSTOFFICE.

It needs no special observation these days to make it evident that affairs in the postoffice in Berkeley are being well administered. It is to be hoped that Congressman Knowland will stand with the large majority of the citizens who are desirous that things continue as they now are and immediately on the assembling of congress make certain without further effort or controversy the retention of Mr. Merrill as postmaster. Such action on the part of all our representatives at Washington, interested in this matter, would stamp them with the mark of manhood. To bow to the will of the people, especially to the will of that class of people desiring the appointment of Mr. Merrill as postmaster in Berkeley, would not be a sign of weakness, but on the contrary one of strength.

Notwithstanding the fact that Congressman Knowland wanted another for this position, there would, in the light of all that has occurred since his choice was made, be no incongruity on his part if he were to go so far now as to make a hearty recommendation for the carrying out of the wishes of the people expressed in their request for the appointment of Mr. Merrill.

Centuries ago, Martin Luther, creeping slowly up Pilate's stairway at Rome, doing penance thus for sin, when half way up arose and descended. New light came to Luther then, and the world honors him in that he began at once to live up to that light.

When Congressman Knowland stood at first for the appointment of another man for the postoffice in Berkeley he was not aware of the strong sentiment against that action. Let him act now in accordance with the new light and widely people will honor him.

This is the first time that this paper has spoken on the subject of the Berkeley postmastership. But we are profoundly of the conviction that the interests of the public demand that there be no change in the management now, and make these suggestions as to a course for the happy ending of an unpleasant incident in local affairs.

Doubtless some way will be found to make the present incumbent the permanent official, even without the concurrence here suggested. But on this plan Congressman Knowland can "ride in the band wagon."

FROM CONGREGATIONALISM TO UNITARIANISM.

The Pacific gave space this week to "A Statement" by the Rev. Dr. W. W. Lovejoy, who has taken the initiatory steps toward a transference of his church relations from Congregationalism to Unitarianism. Dr. Lovejoy was for several years a professor in Pacific Theological Seminary, retiring therefrom about eight years ago, devoting himself mainly since then to private teaching and to literary work.

Dr. Lovejoy is a man of beautiful spirit and fine Christian character. His life, so far as we have observed it and heard of it, has been one lived closely in accord with the principles and teachings of Jesus.

He goes out now from Congregationalism to Unitarianism, but will not by this change separate himself from the high esteem in which he has long been held widely in that fellowship. The Pacific Presbyterian, believing that many of its readers will be glad to see Dr. Lovejoy's statement, gives it from The Pacific this week.

TRI-CHURCH UNION.

The committee appointed by the Congregational Council at Cleveland to communicate the action of the Council to the United Brethren and Methodist Protestant churches has done its work.

We quote from their communication:

"Since the meeting of the general council of the three churches held at Chicago last March, the Act of Union then adopted has been before our churches; but many among us feel that there has been insufficient time for a thorough discussion of it throughout the denomination. Some of our State and local bodies have had no opportunity to consider it; and many of those which have taken it up have been unable to give it adequate attention. Several of these bodies and a considerable number of churches have acted upon it, most of them favorably, but some of them adversely; and a minority of the delegates to the Cleveland council considered themselves to be instructed to oppose the Act of Union in its present form.

"Accordingly, the council at Cleveland when the report on the proposed union was laid before it, found it necessary to take up the Act of Union with great thoroughness, so as if possible to reconcile differences and reach a harmonious conclusion. A committee of twenty-eight was appointed, with instructions to hold open meetings at which all members of the council should be invited to report the action of the churches, and to present their own views.

"Eight of these open sessions were held, in a church always crowded, and no less than ninety-one ten-minute speeches were made before the committee, in which twenty-seven States of the Union were heard from. No other subject has ever been so thoroughly debated by our National Council.

After these open hearings, the Committee of Twenty-Eight spent the best part of three days in executive session, seeking to gather up and convey to you the spirit and intent of our churches as revealed in this illuminating discussion."

At this point the committee gave the finding of the National Council, as already published in The Pacific under date of October 24. Then the committee, which consisted of the Rev. Drs. Washington Gladden, W. D. Mackenzie and W. H. Ward, continued as follows:

"We trust, dearly beloved brethren, that you will find these words to be the utterance of a cordial and resolute purpose, on the part of our churches, to go forward with this enterprise.

"The great debate cleared the air and made manifest their intention. Some of us who have been most urgent in favor of this union began in doubt, before the Cleveland meeting, as to what our churches would do. We are not in doubt today.

"The minutes which we have reported to you above makes it plain that the Act of Union, in the main lines of procedure which it proposes, has met with the hearty approval of our churches.

"Many among us would have been glad to see the Act of Union sent down at once, as it stands, to our churches, with a brief explanatory statement of its meaning; but others thought that there were certain ambiguities or infelicities of statement which it would be better to have cleared up before it was submitted. It was proposed that we indicate the particulars in which it might be amended; but this we refused to do because it did not seem quite courteous to you. Those who favored an instant adoption of the Act of Union believed that such a policy would secure a large ma-

jority in the council, so strong was the sentiment for union of the three denominations; but it was felt that it would be better, even at the cost of delay, to adopt such measures as would secure at each step the consent of the whole denomination; and this is what, to the great joy of us all, has been secured.

"You will see, brethren, that the minutes which our National Council adopted, has three main portions. In the first of these is embodied a hearty adoption of the main principles of procedure laid down in the Act of Union; in the second there is a recognition of the fact that some of its language has been felt to be uncertain of interpretation, and that some of its detailed steps may prove uncertain in their actual working out; in the third there is full recognition of the fact that your leaders and advisers may likewise see room for its improvement in these matters.

"You will agree with us that no labor should be spared to avoid misunderstanding and to prevent division or litigation in any of the three denominations; and you will agree further with us that the prolongation of the negotiations farther than some of us had hoped would be necessary, will lead the ministers and churches of the three mutual brotherhoods in Christ, into further acquaintance and warmer mutual affection.

"Therefore, dearly beloved brethren, in the name and by the appointment of the National Council of Congregational Churches, we invite you to unite with us in further scrutiny of the Act of Union, and in appointing the General Council of the United Churches as soon as possible, in the light of all the criticism which individuals in the three several denominations may have passed upon it, to consider its details afresh and to lay it once more before the three denominations for their acceptance.

"We regret the delay, but our work will go forward with no interruption, and we shall be drawing nearer together every year. You will see that we made some decided progress in your direction by a restatement of our polity which looks toward a closer and more efficient union of our own churches. We believe that the counsel and the work in which we have been engaged is not of men but of the Spirit of God; and it will not come to naught."

We are of opinion that the denominations to which this is addressed will see the wisdom of the action at Cleveland and will unite in doing what has been so courteously asked of them.

There have been expressions to the contrary on the part of some United Brethren and Methodist Protestants; but these, we believe, represent only a small minority, and many of these expressions were made before the situation was clearly understood. Now that the action at Cleveland is fully before the brethren of these other denominations we mistake greatly their Christian spirit if they do not consent to enter into council once more.

The Pacific Presbyterian has pointed out heretofore that the changes in polity widely advocated among Congregationalists, even if this union should not be consummated, are such as to put it very close in that respect to Presbyterianism. We are of opinion that the Congregationalists, United Brethren, Methodist Protestants and Presbyterians will in a few years find themselves so nearly alike that union will be seriously considered. Congregationalists are beginning to realize that the best of what they term the freedom of the local church is found today in a large number of denominations, especially so in the Presbyterian.

"WAIFS OF THE SLUMS AND THEIR WAY OUT."

The Story of a Unique Work.

A remarkable work has been done among the boys of Chicago by Mr. J. F. Atkinson, superintendent of the Chicago Boys' Club. Mr. Leonard Benedict has written a book concerning it, which is published by the Fleming H. Revell Co. of New York for $1.00 net. This book sets forth in a graphic manner the salient features of this unique work, and is highly suggestive and valuable. The author says: "It has been my attempt to make this discussion as practical as possible; not to state theories and propound remedies for supposed evils, but rather to say what, through observation and through questioning others, I actually know to be true, and to relate what is actually being done to meet these real and definite needs. So let it be understood that this book is not sent forth merely to entertain or even to instruct; it is not a scientific treatise or a system of methods on boys' work, but rather a plea for a broader sympathy and a more practical helpfulness towards the unfortunate classes, especially the children. In the interests of Waifdom this book is sent out on its mission.

In a brief introduction the Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon says of Mr. Atkinson that he cares for the souls of the boys as well as their bodies, and is satisfied with nothing less than the salvation of the whole boy. "This work among the boys each day in the week is very much needed, for the Sunday-school touches them only one hour every Sunday, and thousands of them go to no Sunday-school. It is difficult for the church to reach them with its regular services." It is worthy of note that Mr. Atkinson is reaching a class of boys heretofore mainly unreached by other agencies.

The following paragraphs will show the life with which the organization has to do:

"Chicago's First Ward, which extends from the river on the north to Twenty-second street on the south and east and west from the lake to the river, includes the typical slum district of the city. Here there are 36,000 souls, from forty different nationalities, and jabbering in as many different languages. Here, where sin abounds most frightfully and where the population is most congested, the agencies for good are noticeably the least.

"In order to afford some idea of the conditions as they will exist in this ward a description of one of its smallest precincts may avail. Let us consider the twelfth precinct, which is bounded on the north by Harrison street, on the south by Polk, on the east by Dearborn, and on the west by Clark street. The entire precinct is only 235 by 700 feet, not as large as many a front lawn in more favorable surroundings. In this small inclosure dwell between two and three thousand souls, and almost every nationality and color and type are represented among them. Here on every hand are reeking, crowded tenements; open, unscreened saloons gambling dens, low theaters and cheap lodging houses and every other debasing by-product of modern civilization. This is the plague spot of Chicago.

"Included in this precinct are the worst portion of Custom House Place and South Clark street, both notorious for their character of wickedness and agency to deprave, and but few efforts to save and uplift the people. True, here or near by, are the Railroad Y. M. C. A., the Life Boat and Pacific Garden Missions, and other smaller agencies. All of these are doing noble work with their class; but none of them are to any

degree reaching the resident element of the district, at least, not the swarming children of the twelfth precinct, and it is these children who most need reaching.

"The Chicago Boys' Club has stationed itself right in the midst of this district, just outside of the precinct described, and is making its sole object to reach these children with the gospel and to give each of them a "man's chance.'"

The thing to be noticed about this institution, however, says the author, is not so much that it is located in the midst of a vile and needy community, but that it is located in the central and strategic part of the great and growing city of Chicago.

The account of the origin and growth of this work is interesting. In November, 1901, Mr. Atkinson called together a body of settlement, charity and religious workers to discuss conditions. He said, among other things: "The street boy is here, and it is for us to say what we will do with him. If we do not lift him up he will put us down. Reformatories do not reform him, neither church nor Sabbath-school is reaching him, and we cannot afford to kill him; so it remains for us to say what we will do with him."

He estimated the cost of starting and conducting a street boys' club in the central district of Chicago for one year at $4,000, and said one man had offered one-fourth of the amount. Of course, there was criticism and opposition, but the work was started. This is the record:

"At first, a small office was rented at No. 218 La Salle street, and the work of planning, organizing, advertising and soliciting was begun. Early in February, 1902, the plans were far enough along so that a small upper room was rented on State street, in an old bulding which had once been used as a Chinese "opium joint."

"Into this room the first night, three little boys—typical, ragged denizens of the street—were invited. Here a few simple games were provided, and two hours of such a time was enjoyed by those boys as they had never dreamed of before. Those boys went out on the streets that night with a new and strange feeling in their hearts; they felt that they had a friend. A friend! who ever heard of a boy of the street—dirty, ragged, wicked and repulsive—having a friend, at least one outside of his own kind? But these boys realized that there was a man who was their friend, and there was a place where a boy like themselves, with touseled hair and savage, boisterous manner, was welcome.

"Within three weeks after the opening of that small room, to get to which the boys had to climb up a dark, narrow stairway to the third floor,—within three weeks that room was entirely overrun and overflowed with noisy urchins of the street. So the only thing to do was to spread out and to enlarge the quarters. Retraction was now impossible. So the entire floor was rented and a gymnasium and bathroom were installed. Later, as the boys swarmed in and the work increased, a drawing class was added, then a basket-weaving department, then shoe-cobbling, printing, manual training and book-binding.

"By the beginning of the second year, a second floor was added; the next year, a third floor; and now, less than six years since it started, the Chicago Boys' Club flaunts in large letters its sign on three buildings: one at No. 262 State street, which is just on the edge of the levee, and draws its boys from the very center of the most contaminating influences and some of the worst dens of vice in the world; another at No. 404 State street (the girls' department), and still another at No. 188 Gault Court, which is in the heart of that notorious district which is sometimes dubbed 'Little Hell.'"

Concerning the locality in which this work is carried on, it is said further:

"Just around the corner from No. 262 State street, the club's headquarters, stands the famous Pacific Garden Mission; back of this the unmentionable scenes of Custom House Place and South Clark street. Four blocks west is a building, which is only the worst of many like it, where about fifty families reside—in most cases a family to a room. An average of 150 children call this building their home the year round.'"

The comment and question are: "These children are crowded out of their 'homes' on to the street; they are crowded off the street into the alley; they are crowded out of the alley into the saloons, the penny arcades, the dime museums, and the low theaters which abound on every hand; they are crowded out of these into the reform schools and into the jails. And still we complain at our burden of taxation. It is like a parent complaining at the payment of doctor's bills and funeral expenses and still leaving a disease-breeding pool in the door-yard. 'To the source of the evil!' is the cry of the age—in medicine, in sanitation, and even in politics; why not in morality and in humanity?"

A STATEMENT.

W. W. Lovejoy.

[From the Pacific.]

I owe it, in honor and affection, to my friends in the ministry of seventeen years past, and to others like them, to explain briefly, through the courtesy of The Pacific, why, for practical reasons, I exchange the fellowship of the Congregational body for Unitarianism.

Do I need at all to say that it is in no spirit of disdain of past associates, nor of intellectual arrogance, neither in dogmatic disputation, that I sever cherished associations? Not for one moment do I impute to others failure in loyalty to truth, or the like, as is sometimes done. I should falsify my own position in doing that. So I bespeak sympathy with what are rather spiritual and ethical attitudes than theological new departures,—at least for me.

"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of the fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not"—

is the lament of King Arthur in the Idylls. We are learning to find God best in His ways with men; and are using this knowledge to a better understanding of the stars and the fields;—joining Man and Nature. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" is the word for today. So we take the Cosmos as the complete revelation and interpret Man as an integral part of it—Man in his works and ways.

"It seems His newer will
We should not think of Him at all, but trudge it,
And of the world He has assigned us make
What best we can."

So chants Clough, as he discards what he calls an

old-world phrase, "Walking with God," for his "trudge it." In other words we have reached a new "world-view;"—which is all that any theology or philosophy is, after all. And this world-view means an enlarging conception of God. This is its significance, as we add Cosmos to Bible and read both as God-manifest, the larger Logos. It is a dynamic world, not static; with "one increasing purpose" that through the ages runs, as "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns;" "Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good," in Tennyson's words; not material, physical enlargement.

But one world, one Law. Progress everywhere. Hence our philosophies, and our theologies, old and new, are changing rapidly, under the universal evolutionary process. They are to be valued by their plasticity, adaptability, variability. They are never more than human systems of thought. The New Theology movement in England, led by the preacher of the City Temple, London, is summed up in the conception, "Immanence,"—God as the indwelling life and spirit of the universe in all its parts, through all its history, equally in Nature and in Man. Substitute for a philosophical term, Immanence, which has already started a dispute over Pantheism and Hegelianism, a better one, of wider use, Evolution:

"Some call it Evolution
And others call it God."

(Prof. W. H. Guthrie in "Each in His Own Tongue.") It is the same thing. So W. L. Walker, preacher, author, of Glasgow: "The Immanence of God implies the presence of the Divine Idea in the world-organism, as the potency of the whole development, and the gradual entrance of the Divine into the world, as the Divine Idea unfolds itself. This is Evolution, the unfolding of an Idea." Yes, but Alexandria long ago talked this jargon, and put it briefer—Logos. It has its uses. But Walker does not accept the New Theology; fights it, in "What of the New Theology?" Back to R. J. Campbell: "The vision of God revealed in the external world is **just the same** as the vision of God revealed by the witness of the Living Spirit within the soul. The two are **not distinct,** and never can be. Indeed the division between external and internal is **only** one of convenience. The God revealed in the universe is the God revealed in the soul, and the language of the former is only to be understood as interpreted by the latter." Whether this is Pantheism or not, it looks that way in the phrases which I have emphasized. These apart, it is the New Theology in a nutshell, and helpful to understand the modern way of uniting Cosmos and Bible, Man, Nature, and the Book, as parts of a common unveiling of the God of our worship. More beautifully Campbell says, "The higher man rises in the expression of his possibilities, the stronger becomes the corresponding witness of the universe to the essential goodness of life. . . . Do a brave and loving deed and the universe will whisper 'well done' in your soul."

What follows from this conception of Immanence—Divine-indwelling? Herachlitus' world: All things in flux; existence a Becoming. "The law of things is a law of Reason Universal, but most men live as though they had a wisdom of their own." These—the very words of the Greek philosopher, are a brief statement of what Editor L. P. Jacks would say in the last Hibbert Journal, "The Universe as Philosopher." (Pardon! Plain Reader.) Our little systems, that have their day and use, often mistake manifestation for Reality, and so posit a static order of things; surely not the Divine Order, and hence cling to the past, and misuse Tradition, make "stiff and dead" the growing Revelation, and limit it practically to the Book. We are being weaned from all this stagnation and inertia.

Immanence—Evolution—links us with Jesus in a much more vital, organic way than any abstracter conception. "As He is—was—so are we in this world"—Kosmos, if one cares to press it; not Aeon. His uniqueness is not separation, dissociation in the common life, not even in his birth; it is but closer union with Him. The early church tried to express this as best it could, as we are doing, but their expression, forever precious, is not ours, and was not meant to forestall forever later ones. Each age of necessity interprets the mysteries of the faith in its own forms of thought and philosophy, and Jesus in none less. It is in this way that modern theological thought has given us a new, and yet not another Jesus. Multitudes, I doubt not, are coming to find him nearer and more helpful and domesticated, so to say. If not, let us revive again our language as we experience better his saving power.

How widespread is this change! "Too long has theology aimed at, and, in a way, gloried in forms of expression concerning Jesus which belong not to life, but to demonstrative science. We are in the sphere (in studying Jesus) not merely of life, but of life in its most mysterious and creative form. If we are to use language at all, we must use it not to define but to suggest." (Prof. Beckwith. "Realities of Christian Theology.") This from the teacher of theology, now at Chicago, formerly at Bangor, is only one of not a few like utterances, not all from professors' chairs. W. J. Dawson in "The Empire of Love" would charge Christianity as giving "a misrepresentation and misinterpretation of Christ."

If the Bible is indwelt, is dynamic and not static, this gives us the law of its use. Such a principle may settle all difficulties of detail in this witness of grace and guidance to our race through a chosen people. Its authority is not in the form merely, as language or history has determined these, but in the spirit that they minister. It was not made for itself but for man. How long we have known this! How feebly we realize it in practice! There is ever a curse on the letter: Thorns and briars only spring from it—as history shows. "Arise ye, depart, for this is not your rest: because it is polluted, it shall destroy you" is a prophetic exhortation fulfilling itself in the history of Literalism, whether biblical or extra-biblical. "History," says George Meredith, "when not in motion becomes a source of corruption in us." All we can assert of the Bible is that God visits men and ever teaches them by his good spirit, and that the Bible is the record of his most signal doing of what is ever being done, and its best proof.

The love which gave us the Gift gave it by law; according to psychologic law; in harmony with the universal order, which includes the laws of mind. Not all who carry about Oxford Bibles under the arm can claim to be understanding readers of it, but he who best knows life, in himself, in his fellows, in literature. Law is love's truth in all God's gifts, and most in the highest. "All's love yet all's law." We may not like to be disturbed in our easy-going, got-it-all, chop-and-change methods of using this noblest of literatures, this greatest of the gifts which the hearts and hopes of men has transmitted to us, but the time will come

when this one of our most valued religious assets will require wholly new appraisement, if it is to be merchantable.

"Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater; vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator."

Yes, the Bible will come to its own, as do and have other literatures and authors: but slower because greater and more enduring. John Robinson was right. We have isolated the Bible, as we have Jesus, in a world which is wholly one of the relations, and knows no such thing as isolation, except of wickedness, which it is man's part to exorcise. This task of evil put out by evil borne and suffered, lifts man alongside Jesus the Christ; at last in a common and shared victory. By this path Man reunites himself with the whole of things—which is religion. "Religion is the upward reach of the soul in its endeavor to unite itself with the All of Things, considered as a Divine Order." This is the testimony of the spirit in our day; union with our fellows in social service; union with Nature in the great healing laws of her life; union with the highest ideals of the race as time clarifies these; union of nation with nation, race with race, in peaceful exchange of goods and in mutual honor in intercourse—for God hath made all of one blood—the federation of the world. For this all provincialism, selfism, philosophic dogmatism must at last give way. Our best endeavors, wholly set free, may alone accomplish it.

"But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty.
Who then dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I
Who live, love, labour freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to Freedom."

"THE LOST CHORD."

By S. M. Freeland.

What ails our Christianity? Predatory wealth, municipal corruption, earthiness of every kind is running our civilization to its end in corruption, and our nation to its end in destruction, and the churches are not hindering it very much. So we are told.

But the churches are not ultimate facts in God's battles with man's iniquities. Destroy the churches all, but leave Christian souls in the community, and Christ is there with his warriors. Christianity is the ultimate thing—unless we have found with that professor in Chicago, and sundry other wise men, some better, mightier revelation of God than Jesus Christ has made. What ails our Christianity if it is fighting a losing battle for the saving of humanity in America?

I think we have lost, or are losing something out of it which must abide in it if our use of it is to be effective. I have listened often of late to the songs of the singers of God's poem of life, and there seem to be some missing tones—an effective chord is lost!

The Christ, before He went from the sight of his disciples, bade them go into all the world and publish the good news from Him that there was forgiveness for every sinner who would turn from his sins. Is it good news? Is forgiveness a thing worth while? Are not the sins of men simply the tottering footsteps of growing children—of a soul in its evolution? And Jesus said there is such a thing as eternal sin! And in his words there is such another thing as eternal torment!

The fearfulness of sin, the dreadfulness of guiltiness, who can understand it except the one who stands by Calvary! One day I listened intently to one of our great Congregational preachers; he stood by Calvary, and he saw no guilt!

Philip preached to the eunuch about the Christ from the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Matthew tells us that Jesus said at the supper the wine was his blood shed for many unto "remission of sins." John quotes him as saying: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." The winsomeness of a love which gives itself utterly, at any cost, to the beloved, this is the other tone of "the lost chord." Paul says: "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge that one died for all, therefore all died; and He died for all that they that live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who for their sakes died and rose again."

The leading professor in one of our leading theological seminaries instructed his class, not long ago, as to what was the Christianity of John and Paul, but made them understand that it was not his Christianity. It was the Christ and the Christianity which John and Paul preached who and which conquered the Roman Empire and gave us the Christian civilization of our modern time, and no other Christianity can save that civilization or win men to a righteousness which has in it the possibility of the forgiveness of sins. Self-sacrificing Love, seen to be makng its utmost sacrifice, this alone is the mighty thing to win a responsive love, obedient, true, transforming. Jesus Christ is Saviour not for his teaching, but because in him is God's love at its utmost sacrifice.

THE CHURCH, THE SERVANT OF THE LORD.

[The article with the foregoing caption was the annual sermon before the General Association of the Congregational Churches of Northern California, given by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, at the meeting at Reno, Nev., the first week in October.]

Text: "Who is blind but My servant, or deaf as My Messenger that I send? Who is blind as he that is at peace with Me, and blind as Jehovah's servant?"—Isaiah 43:19.

The occasion determines in large part the message. When a company of Christian people come together once a year for the consideration of interests that are neither local nor temporary, but are universal and timeless, it would seem imperative that they should be led either to fresh consideration of the fundamental import of the message the church is to bring men or to those outstanding characteristics of the changing order in which we live by which the work of the church must be conditioned and to which her timeless message must be made both intelligent and persuasive and in the light of which her activities must be determined.

I shall have accomplished my purpose tonight if I can bring you with some degree of freshness some facts of your familiar knowledge through which we may see the time in which we live and through which we may gain a fresh hold upon the timeless message by which the ills of humanity are to be cured.

I have chosen for our text the strong and stirring word of the prophet, not because I want to repeat the cheap and ill-considered accusations against the Church which are being freely tossed about from the pulpit of

the evangelist, from the pages of the ten cent magazine, and from the street orator, but because I believe we need above all things the thought provoking and soul-stirring conception of the Church of Christ which the prophet cherished for his nation, for it was the consuming desire of this great man of God that his people should recognize itself as the servant of Jehovah chosen for a great mission.

It was his business to make clear to them the providential meaning of their history, which was, as he believed, to establish justice among the Gentiles, to be a light to the nations, to open blind eyes, to bring out the prisoner from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness from the prison house.

It was the tragedy of Israel's history, a tragedy that broke the heart of more than one prophet, that she did not recognize her commission as a servant of Jehovah. Israel readily believed that she was the recipient of Jehovah's favor, and in that she rejoiced, but she did not awake to the mighty responsibility her high privilege involved.

The text is one effort of the prophet to arouse his people to their sublime call to serve.

Because Israel was unfaithful to her trust, therefore the hope of the faithful centered about the coming of One who should do what Israel had failed to do, who should be the Suffering Servant of the Lord, who by his love and his pity should redeem them and so prepare a highway for the nations.

The inspiring conception of the task of the Servant of Jehovah, as foreseen and outlined by the prophet and as realized by Jesus, the Redeemer of men, is the program for the church of Christ. That no one doubts.

But the approach of the church to its task must be through the conditions which are peculiar to its own time. Our message is a timeless message. It is therefore adapted to every time and must be preached so that every man will hear it in his own tongue. It is a universal and eternal Christ whom we preach. He is therefore able to meet the needs of every man.

But Christ must be so presented that He will stand over against the needs of the man in the school and on the street before we can expect either of them to hear or to heed.

Every messenger of God is conditioned by the intellectual, social and spiritual peculiarities of his time and might as reasonably preach to Chinamen in Greek as to expect to permanently help his own time by using a vernacular which was born in a totally different atmosphere and has never been reborn in the travail of soul through which our own time is passing. We cannot run the mill with the water that's gone by.

What, then, are the peculiarities of our time by which the messenger of Christ is conditioned?

Let me speak of three. The time in which we live is scientific, scholastic and materialistic.

Intellectually the age is scientific. I mean by that to describe not a body of new knowledge which the past half century has added to our mental equipment, but an attitude of mind in the light of which everything is a fit subject for investigation; nothing is too sacred to be exempt. Indeed, the more sacred and important any article of faith may seem to be the more rigidly and thoroughly is it to be examined.

Men reason today, not by deduction from dogmas assumed to be true, but by induction from facts which are settled beyond controversy. * * * * * The New Testament principle of authority which is strictly scientific, that truth is authoritative, that truth will set men free and that the spirit of truth will lead into all knowledge has come to prevail, but the Church of Christ, the Servant of the Lord, does not seem to know it, or if she knows does not yet adjust her message to it.

I am not unmindful of the great and growing body of men in the church of Christ who are absolutely loyal to the spirit of truth. Thank God for them, the true prophets of the Spirit! But I am thinking of facts like these—the great and widespread indifference of educational leaders to organized religion on the one hand, and equally the widespread indifference of religious leaders to the methods and results of scholarship on the other hand, not in our seminaries, but in our pulpits and our pews.

On both sides there are many notable exceptions which serve only to emphasize the general divorce between the intellectual life of the church and the intellectual life of the school.

I am not concerned now to justify such an assertion, although the facts are abundant which lie close at hand for its verification. I assume that you know it to be true and am concerned to point out certain deplorable results flowing from that condition which constitute a great appeal to the church of Christ today.

First—I point to the great stream of young people who have been and are going from our Christian homes and churches to our colleges and universities, founded originally by Christian men, who find themselves there in a new intellectual climate in which their cherished religious beliefs do not readily grow and in which eventually for thousands of them they are completely uprooted. A young man goes from a Christian home to the university. In the early part of his course he hears echoes of discussions which reveal to him that many of the men whose scholarship he respects believe things which seem to him quite incompatible with what he has believed to be the Gospel.

Later, he discovers that many of the men whose scholarship he most respects and whose lives he honors stand apart from the church. The scholarly men in our universities who are thoroughly interested in the church of Christ are not in the majority. He himself begins to doubt and then to investigate, and when the day of his graduation comes the church of Christ no longer has any interest to him. The truth would seem to be that institutions founded in large part by Christian men are educating a generation away from the church of Christ. Where is the difficulty? Is it in the church of Christ or in the university, or both? Can the church of Christ afford to be blind to such a situation?

Second—I point to the fact, which is not simply an uncertain inference from the foregoing, but is a fact to be verified by independent investigation, that the men and women in our cities and villages who have been trained in our universities and colleges are not found in large numbers in our churches.

Church membership today is composed of men and women, who, whatever their culture may be, are not college bred, are not scientifically trained. Did you ever hear it said in reply to the query: "Is such a man a church member?" "Oh, no, he is a scientist."

A recent census taken of one denomination in the city of Chicago numbering between twenty and thirty thousand communicants, showed that with two or three exceptions not one in fifty was a college graduate. Un-

derstand I am not casting any reflection upon the quality of church membership, as it is. I am simply pointing to a fact which needs to be frankly faced and understood and changed.

Third—I point to the fact, flowing inevitably from these two facts, that there is a strongly felt suspicion between the church and the school, a divorce between the intellectual and spiritual leadership of the day. The facts which illustrate this are abundant. Let me cite two.

In a convention of Christian workers, recently held in a sister state, attended by a representative body of student girls from the colleges and universities of the Northwest, these young women were warned by the leaders of the conference against the wickedness of doubt, against the godless teaching prevalent in our schools, and were exhorted to hold fast their faith to the end in spite of hostile influences which were assumed to be within the school. A wise man from the East, whose genial personality and whose great ability for public speech commended him to all who heard him, was brought on for a series of addresses on the fundamentals of faith, because his theology had been uninjured by modern scholarship, and the good man did not know that he brought darkness and not light to the girls who had learned to think and was administering soothing syrup to those who wanted someone else to think for them. A pastor who is a recognized leader in a sister denomination recently commended a certain type of preaching and of thought because it produced results, according to the statistical devil, and because it was "safe."

Unfortunately, that sort of intellectual indifference, if we call it nothing worse, is regarded by many scientifically trained men outside the church as characteristic of the man in the pulpit and in the pew, and it must be confessed that the church has not as yet made it entirely clear that it is not so.

"Who is blind but my servant?"

Now for the church either to fight or to ignore scholarship is to divorce itself from sympathy and cooperation with the great intellectual forces which are reconstructing the world of thought and which must eventually have a large part in shaping these conceptions upon which the spiritual life of the generation must depend; it is to surrender all hope of interpreting the things of God to thoughtful men and is to refuse obedience to one of Christ's great commands: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind."

What now shall the church of Christ, the servant of Jehovah, do to save the situation? Three things at least.

First—Become intellectually open-minded, in the pulpit and in the pew. By that I do not mean that you are to count everything an open question. The mind is made for certainty, not doubt. Build with all the strength of your mind and heart upon the great realities of faith which are as immovable as the everlasting hills, but cease from that subtle infidelity which guards formulas while it kills faith. Permit the most searching and rigid investigation to have the right of way. If there is anything in the intellectual structure of our faith which cannot bear the light of day we want to know it. Keep nothing back because it is safe or because it produces results. Let there be no shadow of suspicion that the minister in the pulpit says one thing and the man in the study believes another, and let there be as little occasion for suspicion that the man in the pew assents to one thing on Sunday and declares his faith in quite another thing on Monday.

Second—Become intellectually large-minded. It is never necessary that all Christians think alike. To agree to think alike is to agree not to think at all. Shall we never learn the catholicity of the Master with his sheep of other folds? It is to be charged to the blindness of the servant of the Lord that such men of God as Phillips Brooks and Horace Bushnell must spend no small part of their strength in reluctant self-defense against the small minded abuse of the church to which they belonged; that such great and good men as Agassiz and Dana and Gray should have been nearly driven from the church by the blind and passionate opposition of ignorant and self-appointed guardians of the faith. Why cannot Peter and Paul preach the same eternal Gospel, each in his own strong and earnest fashion, unhindered?

Large-mindedness is not indifference to another man's creed, but it is whole-hearted devotion to the Spirit of Truth, which means profound reverence for personality and abiding faith that the mind of man is made to know the Truth of God and will arrive, when led by the right spirit, if unhindered.

Third—There is great need that the Church of Christ should converge once more on the great themes of the Gospel. The new knowledge deals with the old realities. And the great realities of life are the same yesterday, today and forever. Scholarship is not the most important thing in life. It is good only as it becomes the servant of the spirit. Men need to believe today not less but more. More profoundly, more intelligently, more devotedly in God, in Christ, in the Spirit, in Man, in Salvation through Christ, in the Eternal Life, in the Kingdom. The church must do something more than praise her past or dream of her future to speak to men in soothing and congratulatory terms as the children of God. She is called upon to arouse a great moral discontent among men who are living godless lives, whether in the school or on the street. She must learn to put the eternal truth of God over against the spiritual needs of men.

A great Macedonian cry goes up from the moral necessities of our time, necessities occasioned by the intellectual climate in which we are living. Will the church be equal to her God-appointed task?

Second—In the second place, our time is socialistic. Without attempting to justify the use of such a word, I mean by it to describe the wide-spread and exceedingly significant social unrest, in which the socialistic propaganda has taken root and grown with such astonishing rapidity. Time does not permit any attempt to analyze this social unrest further than to say that it is not chiefly the outgrowth of a desire for better wages. It is the outgrowth of devotion to certain ideals, sometimes, doubtless, a blind and passionate devotion, but none the less the present unrest is the child of idealism and can be satisfied only by the enthronement of certain conceptions which are essentially Christian. It is a protest not simply against economic poverty but poverty of life. It is a demand not simply for better houses and shorter hours, but for industrial fraternity, for social justice, for economic peace.

Now, the plain fact is that the two great movements in our time which seek for social betterment, one through the churches and the other through industrial and socialistic organizations, have not only refused co-

operation but have taken the attitude of ignorance and distrust toward each other. Let the church take her share of the blame for this. She has often either been indifferent to or unduly sensitive to the ignorant and unjust criticisms passed upon her and has too often been ready to answer in kind, by criticism as ignorant and unjust even while she has permitted labor leaders to stand alone as champions of social justice and fraternity. What ought the church to do?

If the servant of the Lord is wise she will have absolutely nothing to do with the programs of economic reform.

In our present industrial crisis she is face to face with the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. To prostitute her supreme purpose to some inferior good; to enter upon a short cut to the kingdom in response to a popular demand and so lose entirely the goal for which she started. There is real insight in the remark of one who said: "Jesus laid down His life to prevent a revolutionary and unintelligent effort to realize His new social order." The social and political abuses of the time were frightful. The need of social and political reform was recognized. The program was clear. The opportunity was great. The pressure was intense. It is not irreverent to say, had Jesus yielded to the temptation we would never have heard of the church of Christ, and Jesus instead of becoming the Christ, the everlasting disclosure to men of the heart of the Infinite, would have been another disappointed leader of revolt, the maker of a temporary program. The church of Christ has forgotten her high calling when she descends to the level of a program maker for economic, political or social reform.

But, on the other hand, the church is profoundly and constantly concerned with the demand for economic justice, with the effort to secure for all the rights of our common humanity, with the enthronement of the kingdom of God in the common life of the world. How shall she contribute to that end?

Chiefly by the serious and steadfast effort to develop a quality of life on the part of her members which shall express itself in their social activity in accordance with the principles of the Gospel.

It must be made clear that a selfish man is not a Christian man, that a man who treats his brother unjustly in a business transaction on Saturday cannot atone for it by worshipping God on Sunday, that a man who grinds the faces of the poor by unjust exactions, until their very lives are made bitter by hard bondage, cannot satisfy the conscience of the church of Christ by great endowments freely provided. Let the church demand once more in her members justice, mercy and humility. Let her make it her chief business to produce God-fearing, man-loving lives. Let the men and women in her pews recognize that their chief business in life is to establish every relationship in the spirit of Christ-like love, and then it can no longer be said that the church is supremely concerned to bind up the wounds of a bruised and fallen humanity, while the crop of thieves increase, but she will be recognized as the inspirer of every man who helps to clean the road from Jerusalem to Jericho.

I had wanted to say a further word tonight. The time for it has nearly passed. Let me, however, mention it, for herein lies the supreme opportunity of the church and her highest message.

The age in which we live is not only scientific and socialistic, but it is materialistic. By that I do not mean that the philosophy of materialism is widely believed. As a philosophy materialism seems to have received its death-blow. As a practice it is widely prevalent. In saying this let it not be thought a part of the cheap condemnation of riches and rich men. A rich man who is entirely controlled by the principles of the Gospel in getting his wealth and in its distribution is one of the noblest works of God. I am not speaking of riches or of poverty, but of the fact that rich and poor alike are strongly controlled by materialistic standards in the common walk of life.

We are still thinking of the goods of life more than of the good in life. Young men and women are more concerned to make a living than to make a life. In many quarters more concern is felt about clothes than about character. We are not exactly money-mad, but we are in the home and school and church as well as in business, society and politics, intoxicated with the praise of prosperity, with the desire for bigness. All of this will be clear without further analysis or greater detail.

This condition puts a heavy responsibility upon the servant of Jehovah, which cannot be discharged by the man in the pulpit. The average man feels strongly the attractive materialism of business and pleasure. He has not yet discovered the power of seeing the invisible nor has he come to recognize that the unseen and eternal hold the real values of life for us even now. He will not be convinced by argument, but he can appreciate the power of a creed wrought into a life of Christ-like helpfulness. His doubt about the Father will vanish when he lives by the side of a true child of God, whose self-forgetful life puts in concrete form the Gospel which we preach. The Word must still be made flesh, dwelling among men in grace and truth and love.

To you, O Servant of the Lord, is given the unequalled privilege of preaching the Gospel by the resistless argument of a Christ-like life, and the world is perishing for need of the Gospel which thus you may bring.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

The leaves are falling from flower and tree;
They are saying to you and saying to me,
"We have done our work on mount and lea;
Hast thou done thine?

We have drained the nectar from sun and air;
We have given shade with these limbs now bare;
We have painted the hills with pigments rare,
From Hand divine."

And what hast thou done, O human soul,
To brighten the world, and reach the goal
Of heaven; to help, with thy gracious dole,
The heart that grieves?

And when thy years to a close are brought,
Thy Maker will ask if thou hast wrought
As much for the world, in hope and thought,
As the falling leaves.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

Governor Frear of Hawaii, en route to Washington on governmental matters, is spending a few days with his parents, the Rev. Walter and Mrs. Frear, of Oakland.

Among the Churches.

Monrovia.—The Rev. R. Vanderlas of Minneapolis has accepted the call to the pastorate at Monrovia.

Calistoga.—This church is in need of a pastor. The church is free from debt and has a new and commodious manse.

Redlands.—The Rev. Leroy Warren, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, has returned from his four months' trip abroad.

South Pasadena.—The new edifice is almost completed, and will be opened for service on the 17th. At that time the Rev. C. F. Fisher will be installed.

Benicia Presbytery.—The Presbytery of Benicia will hold an adjourned meeting in Westminster Presbyterian Church, cor. Webster and Page, San Francisco, on Monday, Dec. 2nd, at 1:30 p. m.

Los Angeles.—President Baer of Occidental College has gone East expecting to be absent at least a month. He will attend the Brotherhood meeting at Cincinnati, and will give attention also to the securing of funds for the proposed science hall.

Berkeley.—The St. Johns Presbyterian Church has extended a hearty call to the Rev. George Eldridge of San Francisco. The building which this church will begin to erect soon on the corner of Piedmont avenue and Stuart street will cost about $10,000.

Pasadena.—The Rev. Dr. James M. McLeod has been forced by a prolonged attack of insomnia to take an extended vacation. He has gone to his old home on Prince Edward Island in Canada. It is hoped that a rest of a couple of months will bring about restoration. The work will be conducted during his absence by his assistant, the Rev. T. B. Cummings.

Los Angeles, Highland Park.—At the service on Sunday, Nov. 1st, sixty persons were welcomed into fellowship. Plans are being considered for an enlargement of the auditorium, frequently the seating capacity being overtaxed. The Rev. W. B. Gantz and wife have greatly endeared themselves to the people, although here only a few months.

Los Gatos.—Nine new members were received into this church Nov. 10th, one, a young man, on confession. Rev. F. L. Fraser has been giving a series of illustrated lectures, Sunday evenings, on Mission Fields, the Life of Christ, etc. Two members of this church are preparing for the ministry at San Anselmo Seminary. We are repairing the damage caused by the great earthquake, amounting to $400.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. Prof. Ernest De Witt Burton, D. D., of the University of Chicago addressed the students last Friday afternoon. His subject was "A Study of Paul's Teaching on the Atonement." It was a rare privilege for the students, as Dr. Burton is one of the ablest men in the Facluty of the University of Chicago and one of the most eminent of New Testament scholars in this country.

Mr. Paul R. Dickie of the Senior class has succeeded Mr. Sidney McKee in the mission in the Bush Tract Mr. McKee gave the work a good start, but found it made larger demands on his time and strength than he could afford to give and do justice to his Seminary studies. Mr. Dickie has had large experience in pioneer work.

Last Sunday Rev. Frank W. Bible of Hangchow, China, who has recently returned to this country, addressed the congregation at San Anselmo. The church was well filled. The address was an inspiring setting forth of conditions in China and of the work of the Hangchow station. As the congregation had some time before decided to take some shares in a "Parish Abroad," and the Hangchow station had been assigned by the Foreign Board, Dr. Landon explained the plan in detail and pledge cards were distributed for subscriptions. Nearly $100 was subscribed at once. Many took their cards home to be returned later. It is expected that $200 will be raised independent of the Woman's Missionary Society. This will give us four shares in this station. Rev. Clarence D. Herriott, '02, is attached to this station.

The first Monday evening conference of the year was held this week. The Faculty and students dined together with Rev. Mr. Bible as their guest. After dinner he gave a stirring address on the dark side and the bright side of work in China. His addresses here have been so enjoyable and profitable that he will always have a warm welcome at San Anselmo.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONS IN THE SYNOD OF CALIFORNIA.

Those who are interested in missionary work may be pleased to know what has been accomplished in twelve months by five missionaries of the Sabbath School Board, in California and Nevada.

It is not intended that the figures set forth shall be the measure of the work done. Missionary work is more far-reaching in results than figures can tell.

The five missionaries traveled in all ways, by train, wagon, on horse-back, and on foot more than 40,000 miles, visiting 3,882 families. They delivered 671 addresses and sermons and held evangelistic services in which 51 persons professed conversion. They left, in homes they visited, over 50,000 pages of tracts and periodicals of religious character, besides 432 Bibles and 350 other volumes.

They organized 34 schools with an enrollment of 1,200 scholars and teachers, besides caring for 30 other schools with about 1,000 scholars and teachers.

From their work during the year, 7 churches were organized.

These figures represent faithful work and mean much for the progress of our cause in California and Nevada, but best of all they mean that our church has ministered to thousands who would otherwise be neglected, carrying to them the bread of life.

We need two more missionaries in this Synod.

Brother, here is an investment for your money that will bring you in "good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over."

ARTHUR HICKS,
Synod S. S. Supt.

A FEW WORDS FROM DR. McDONALD.

Just after the Pacific Presbyterian had gone to press last week, we received from the Dev. Dr. James S. McDonald the following note:

"Will you kindly permit me to add the word disapprobation, or disapproval, to my report of Synod, published in your issue a week ago. Not having an official report before me I inadvertently stated that in considering the matter of Biblical Criticism that came before it, Synod declined to set its seal of approbation upon that particular feature of the report; but the amendment contained the word 'disapproval' also. The amended report was adopted."

We made correction to this effect last week, but are glad to give place to these words from Dr. McDonald.

As stated last week The Pacific Presbyterian is pleased in that the matter before the Synod was settled as it was settled. The foundations of the faith are not being endangered, hereabouts, and Presbyterians in California will advance the kingdom of Christ more by peace than by war.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell of the Anti-Saloon League is in Oregon assisting in a temperance campaign of a few weeks in Portland and vicinity. The Rev. Dr. Chapman and other California workers are there also.

Major-General O. O. Howard, well known throughout the land not only for his distinguished military career, but as an author and lecturer, has, undoubtedly, had to do with more Indian chiefs than any other man, in either civil or military life, now living. He has written of the Indians he has known, and fought, and made friends with, for the boy readers of St. Nicholas, and these exciting true stories will be published in St. Nicholas during 1908, under the caption, "Famous Indian Chiefs." General Howard is widely known and highly esteemed on the Pacific coast, and his articles will receive hearty welcome here.

PROHIBITION A NATIONAL POLITICAL QUESTION.

The friends of temperance have been gratified with the steady subgrowth of temperance sentiment over the country. In the Forum, October-December number, Henry Lichfield West, a political expert, concedes that prohibition is already knocking loudly at the door of the political convention. He points out that Oklahoma has adopted a "dry" constitution, Georgia has overwhelmingly gone "dry," Florida lacked but seven votes of the two-thirds to send down a prohibition amendment to the constitution, Kentucky has 97 "dry" counties out of 139, Alabama passed a law closing the saloons at 7 o'clock p. m. in towns under 10,000. In Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Arkansas, South Carolina, the battle is on and prohibition of the liquor traffic is the leading political issue. Louisiana has 61 out of 75 counties "dry," Missouri 39 out of 76, Iowa 65 out of 99, and Kansas and North Dakota remain "dry." Colorado, New York, Oregon, New Jersey, Illinois and New Hampshire have local option and Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania are agitated and stirred mightily on the temperance problem. No one can study the political situation without noticing the rise of this new and mighty problem.

There are two or three subsidiary facts which lend their influence to the political recognition of this prohibition problem. In the first place the old political issues have, under the administration of President Roosevelt, largely disappeared. The cry "Down with the bad corporations" is not more a republican than a democratic cry. The parties coalesce on the tariff question. It is now conceded that it is impossible to define a democrat without including a republican. The federal idea and state rights idea are bubbling up here and there, but there is no reason to think these old issues can be galvanized into any sort of political life. If there is to be a new alignment of the political parties, as seems evident, there is every reason to believe that the liquor traffic will be one of the great issues. If this problem can be gotten into the political arena the days of the traffic are numbered. The liquor dealers will do all they can to side-track it. The political parties have up to this time been suborned into a guilty silence.

The South has been remarkably stirred on the liquor question. The South has come to see that drunkenness and ignorance create a condition full of danger to the decent element, white and black in the South. We have a wholesome regard for the efforts of the President to control and eradicate the evils of monopolistic corporations. We believe firmly in the regulation and reduction of the present tariff. We do not believe in the election of the federal judges, nor of the direct election of the United States senators by a popular vote, nor in the referendum except in small homogeneous communities where the questions voted on are not complicated. We believe in "equal rights before the law to all and special privileges to none." We believe in the rule of the people. We believe in a strong independent judiciary, not a judiciary that has been thrashed out on the political stumps and committed to all the prevailing fads of the hour, nor a judiciary catechized and predetermined by the political boss in the community. We believe in restraining all bad monopolies, both capital and labor, and promoting all righteous combinations and organizations whose end is the welfare of the people. These are some of the political reasons for the hope that is within us, but President Roosevelt has broken down the party political walls until we cannot tell whether we are a republican or a democrat or both. This much is certain: We believe in the principle of absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, root and branch. We can think of no greater theme, no greater question before the American people. If the President could strike that evil a monstrous blow he would crown his administration with enduring gratitude. It is a great issue and rises far above all temporary, political expediences. It is the paramount national question. No nation can exploit, or suffer to be exploited, its citizens by such an insufferable vice. China cannot live and tolerate opium. America cannot live and continue the liquor traffic. This nation must have deliverance.

JAPAN AND EMIGRATION.

Japan has the right idea of the emigration problem and European countries ought to come to the same sensible basis. Minister Hayashi has recommended to his government that the Japanese Foreign Office allow only honest representative Japanese laborers in a minimum number to come to America. He would limit the number to about 450 a month. The principle which seems to us the only true way of settling a very sensitive question is the one here announced, that each nation consider the situation from a diplomatic standpoint and direct the emigration of its own people. There are a few thick-necked bulldozers on the Pacific Coast who think that brick-bats and hoodlumism of the Dennis Kearney days is

the way to settle international problems. These ruffians are themselves mostly foreigners and densely ignorant of law and void of the sense of courtesy. What puzzles the Japanese people is the seeming comfort these ruffians get at the hands of a truculent, time-serving press. We have come to the end of the reign of abuse. America must now take these brick-bat ruffians in hand. We must seek a higher statesmanship, a higher standard of national courtesy. The idea that a few ward politicians, urging on a pack of ruthless street urchins, shall be permitted to destroy the national bond of friendship can no longer be tolerated. President Roosevelt has done more to break down the disgraceful Pacific Coast bullyism than all other agencies combined. We think it time to wipe out the black mark so long standing against the fair name of the Pacific Coast. It looks more hopeful. Japan will handle her own emigrants and that to the satisfaction of the government. Everything will henceforth, we hope, be done in decency and in good order. There will be no war with Japan unless America is unable to control her hoodlums and ruffians.

SUNDAY CLOSING AND THE ISHMAELITES.

Los Angeles is to vote on the question of Sunday closing. If the measure shall carry the theaters, the saloons and all places of business will be closed. Of course the Seventh Day Adventists, the saloon keepers, the representatives of all the places of evil resort were on hand to oppose the measure. The city council decided to submit the case to the people at the next municipal election. That the Seventh Day Adventists can brand their type of religion as anything short of Ishmaelism is inexplicable. When the question of a Sunday law was before the Legislative Committee in Sacramento last year, we glanced at the signatures brought from one of the towns in California by the Adventists. Immediately the representatives of the Adventists objected. The Legislative committee, the chairman thereof, sustained the objection, on what ground we were unable to learn. These names to these petitions seemed to us public property. We had correspondence from all parts of the state asserting that the Adventists did not hesitate to line up all the saloon keepers, the riff-raff, the evil contingency in every community. We had in mind the verification of these reports. Why did the Adventists object to our examination of their petitions against a Sunday law? There is but one reason that we can think of. They were ashamed of the crowd. If the Adventists have any other reason we have never heard of it. We do not like to rail at these deluded people. They are in their blind and stupid devotion to legalism anti-Christian. They are literal cranks. Their religious ideals are purely mechanical. They know nothing of the liberty wherewith Christ sets his children free. They are entangled in an old Jewish legalism. It was this particular type of legalism Paul wrote against in his great letter to the Galatians. "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" O foolish Adventists, who began in the Spirit but who seek to perfect themselves by the flesh. These are the people who forget that "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." They are so blind in their zeal to keep the Sabbath that they oppose everybody who desires to keep the Sabbath. They plainly declare that they would oppose an ordinance to keep even the Seventh day, their hobby of hobbies. They do not know what they want except the general fact that they want a fight. A fight seems to awaken all the dormant and rudimentary powers within them. Stockton wants a Sunday closing ordinance. These roving Ishmaelites are on hand to oppose it. Los Angeles wants a Sunday closing law. These alleged Christians gave and lead the mob against the decent people of that city. If this is not sin against light, sin against the community, and in short the unpardonable sin, then we are greatly in error.

FINANCIAL STRESS.

The European financiers think that the present financial stringency is due to President Roosevelt's anti-corporation policy. They say that his policy reminds them of a physician who cuts off the head of his patient to cure the hiccoughs. There is no doubt but that the policy of Roosevelt and the present scarcity of coin have a direct connection, but the real cause may be due to an attempt on the part of the financiers to change public opinion by withholding from circulation the coin under their control. If such is the case, then the country's welfare appears to be in the keeping of the corporations. If we understand President Roosevelt's policy he means no harm, no limitation to legitimate corporations. His policy looks to the correction of abuses of wealth. It is when a corporation uses and misuses its power to oppress and destroy the small dealer that President Roosevelt would appeal to federal power. If the rich corporations only knew their day they would see the importance of adopting the policy of President Roosevelt without any compulsion. The attentive student of the political and economic situations will not fail to note an increasing volume and an ever widening area of discontent. The mutterings and threatenings of a social storm are unmistakable. The corporations may pinch and squeeze the public temporarily and purposely embarrass the government, but it must never be forgotten that in a self-governing republic the corporation above all other modern developments needs the friendly protection of the government. The corporation is a product of modern civilization and a part of modern civilization and it may be granted that the corporation has come to stay but for that very reason it must get under the law and be obedient to the law and claim its rights according to the law. The labor union must likewise incorporate under the law and adjust itself to the processes of the law or be harrassed and annoyed by suspicion. There is every reason why the monopoly of capital and the monopoly of labor should both be subject to civil law. That is what President Roosevelt's policy really means. It is the predatory corporation, the predatory labor union that he wishes to bring under the law and not a war on any form of industry. It is short sighted policy for the intelligent corporations and for the intelligent labor union to attempt to proceed independent of the law. It is not a case of cutting off the head of the patient to cure hiccoughs but a case in which the patient refuses to take the remedy because he does not like the taste of it.

Thomas W. Stanford, a brother to Senator Stanford, residing in Melbourne, Australia, has decided to found a number of fellowships in Stanford University for the benefit of Australian university students. The administrative conditions will be similar to Cecil Rhodes' scholarships in Oxford. Mr. Stanford is an American pioneer in Australia. He made his money in the California mines and has always taken a vital interest in the Stanford University. His present idea is to promote good feeling between America and Australia.

"WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?"

Opinion as to the Japanese or Chinese Question Largely Depends Upon the Viewpoint.

If you believe that mankind is divided into different races and nations, each striving for itself, largely

regardless of the welfare of the others, we shall hold certain views regarding the exclusion of Orientals.

On the other hand, if we accept the teaching of Paul that "the Lord of earth and heaven made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," Acts xvii: 26, and believe that when we say with Jesus, "Our Father," we include the whole human race in the brotherhood of man, we shall take quite a different view regarding the brown or yellow brother who comes to do our menial service and take care of the crumbs that fall from our table, both literal and figurative.

It is the thought of many that in the providential course of events these representatives of other nations are sent to us to learn of Him who "is the way, the truth and the life."

C. H. LONGFELLOW.

The Home.

A LOST MINISTRY.

The Home and Its Influence Disappearing.

There was once a ministry of the home. Tradition tells of the evening hours when the whole family gathered before the fire or about the evening lamp and in unrestrained communion and comradeship, laid some sure foundations of character. But it is tradition; there is nothing of that kind now. There is no time for anything so simple and quiet; the dinner is hardly over before there is the rush lest someone be late at the theater, or concert, or party. The members of the family are scattered to find congenial spirits or to gratify personal tastes. If one were to propose that the whole family remain at home for the evening and have some pleasant readings, and some good comfort and peace, such an one would be placed in the doctor's care within an hour, to be treated for nervous exhaustion. If there should happen to be nothing doing outside, who would think of so stupid a thing as just sitting together and talking of home affairs!

The children are early sent to bed so they may be strong men when they grow up and able to enjoy the modern dissipation called life. They learn soon to think of childhood simply as a period of probation from which dissipation is redemption. If there are any joys for the little ones, they are but make-believe of what the older ones are doing, and so-called "favored ones" begin to dress and go as soon as they are out of long clothes.

The young people stay at home only when some others from the outside are coming to make home tolerable. They are all grown up and their tastes are cloyed before they are out of knickerbockers. They think in mature if not aged language, and act as a-weary of the world.

The older people require extremes of sensation before they take notice. What is a picnic once in a summer when there is a "Wonderland" or "Luna Park" every day in the week? How stupid jogging along after a horse, when one can chute the chutes! What is the evening lamp when the heavens are besprinkled with fireworks!

The "home" has become but the lodging-house and lunch counter. Its furnishings are determined by neighborhood competition. It is the place to go out from to find pleasure.

No parent would presume to instruct in even the most primary education, because of new systems which make the child of ten the educational grandfather of his mother and the patriarch of his father!

As for religion, what elder would dream of mentioning such a theme as other than a speculative period of past ages. The ministers have killed faith by preaching doubt, and though the aged may look back with secret longing to the time when they believed something and were content and happy, they would not mention such a thing after the minister had warned them against credulity.

Once upon a time, so it is related, in days of old, after an evening of splendid enjoyment, when old and young were tired with a glorious mental and physical romp, the old father got down an old Bible—not a divinity limp, with red under gold edges, with an index, and a concordance, and a Bible dictionary, and a treatise on its probable origin—but just the old-fashioned book, and the family all became quiet while he read a few verses of the great poem of God. He did not tell what it meant, he just read it, and let it sink into the minds. And then he prayed—really prayed in gratitude for the joy and worth of life, and committed them all to the great loving care of the heavenly Father, and then with happy "good-nights," they went to bed—and men and women got up in the morning! The men and the women who gave us this country and its institutions.

But this is all a story of olden times. There is no time for such things now-a-days; we are too busy to bother with truth, and heaven, and God; we want fun, and we want just as much or a little more than other people.

Yet out of that simple past with its ministry of simplicity and truth, there came richer and better and happier lives than we are finding now among the nervous wrecks which strew the shore of human experience.

Of course they did not know as much as we do—well, that was their good fortune, for they knew some things which were so, and that is more than we can say! Of course they were not as prosperous as we are—well, what of it? Have we anything especially creditable to show as a fruit of our prosperity? It is not beyond the range of intelligent fancy to see those simple old lives looking down through the years, and thanking the God they really believe in, for saving them from what has come to the rest of us!

None of us are fools enough to want the wood fire and the tallow dip, and the early-to-bed and early-to-rise privations of olden times, but there were some things connected with those times which ministered to certain needs of humanity, and out of that ministry grew men and women who, if they did not have so many clothes, had brains, and hearts, and hands; who knew, and loved, and suffered—but lived.

The ministry of the home must be revived, else vain is the ministry of school and church, and even that must decline, unless sustained by that more primary and personal vital ministry of the home; a real home, not one made by the carpenter, or the house-furnisher, or the old-bachelor or old-maid academician, but just the simple, blundering, stumbling, struggling home which nothing in the world but loving human hearts can make.—Universalist Leader.

Young People.

THE LITTLE PEDDLER.

I was busily sewing one bright summer day,
And thought little Chatterbox busy at play,
When a sunshiny head peeped into my room,
And a merry voice called, "Buy a broom? Buy a broom?"

"No, not any to-day, sir," I soberly said,
But soon the door opened: "Pins, needles, and thread,
Combs, brushes? My basket is piled up so high!
If you only will look, ma'am, I'm sure you will buy."

Again I refused him, but he soon came back,
This time bending o'er with an odd-looking pack;
"Ribbons, collars, and handkerchiefs? Cheap as can be;
They came in my big ship from over the sea."

"Hard times, sir," I answered; "no money to spare;
To sell your fine things you must travel elsewhere."
His roguish eyes twinkled, as closing the door
He departed, but came in a minute or more—

Right under my window, the sly little fox!
Crying, "Strawberries! Strawberries! ten cents a box!"
I resolved to reward such persistence as this,
So I bought all he had, and for pay gave a kiss.

—The Watchman.

A LITTLE LAD OF LONG AGO.

Little Abe hurried home just as fast as his feet would carry him. Perhaps if he had worn soft wool stockings and finely fitting boots, like yours, he could have run faster. But instead of stockings he wore deerskin leggings, and, pulled over these, were clumsy moccasins of bearskin, which his mother had made for him.

Such a funny little figure he was, trudging along across the rough fields. His suit was of warm gray homespun. His odd-shaped cap had once been on the back of a coon.

In one hand Little Abe held something very precious. It wasn't a purse of gold, nor a bag of jewels. It was only a book, but little Abe thought more of the book in his hand than he would of gold or precious stones.

To know just what the book meant to this little lad you would need to be very fond of reading. You would need, too, to know how it would seem to live far away from all schools, to have no book of your own, and to see no books anywhere, except two or three very old ones of your mother's, which she had read to you, over and over, until you knew many of their pages by heart.

So when a neighbor had told the little Abe that he could take this book home and keep it until he had read every page, do you wonder that his eyes shone like stars?

Little Abe's home was built on a hill-side. It was not much like yours. It was not built of stone or brick—not even of nice, smooth lumber, but of rough logs. When little Abe lay in his small bed, close to the roof, he could look through the chinks between the logs, and see the great white stars twinkling down at him.

Tonight, after little Abe had crept up the steps to the loft, he put his precious book in a small crevice between the logs. When the first gray light came in in the morning, he woke and read until his father called him to get up. This he did, night after night, until the book was nearly finished.

One night he slipped the book away as usual and fell asleep to dream of his wonderful story. He woke very early, but there was no golden sunbeam to peep through the chinks and play across his pillow this morning. The loft was dark and cold. Little Abe could hear the wind whistling out-of-doors. He reached out his hand for the book, and—what do you think? He put it into a pile of something lying, white and cold, on the bed. His little bed was covered with an outside blanket of soft, snow!

Poor little Abe! He sat up in his cold little bed, and brushed off the snow as best he could. He tried hard to keep back the tears. But there was a big lump in his throat and a big ache in his heart.

As soon as he could, little Abe set off across the snowy fields to the house of the neighbor. It was more than a mile away, but he trudged along, not thinking of the wind, nor the cold, but only of the borrowed book. When he found the neighbor he held out the poor, sopiled book, and looking straight into the man's face with clear, honest eyes, he told his sad little story.

"Well, my boy," said the man, smiling down into the sober little face, "so my book is spoiled. Will you work for me to pay for it?"

"I will do anything for you, sir," said the little fellow.

"Well, then, I will ask you to pull fodder corn for me for three days," said the man.

Little Abe looked up into the kind face. "Then, sir," he said, wistfully, "will the book be all mine?"

"Why, yes, of course, you can have the book—you will earn it," said the man, good-naturedly.

So little Abe went to work. For three days he pulled corn for the cattle. He was cold, his back ached, he was tired all over. But he was too happy to mind, for that precious book was soon to be his own, his very own.

What was the book for which little Abe worked so long and faithfully? Was it a book of wonderful adventures? Or a story of the sea? Or a book of beautiful fairy tales? The book was the Life of George Washington. And, long years afterward, when our little friend of the honest blue eyes had become Abraham Lincoln, the great and good president of our nation, he used to tell the story of his first book, and say, "That book—the Life of Washington—helped to make me the president of the United States!"—Alice E. Allen in Good Housekeeping.

Kansas City has a Sunday law and the actors and theaters generally do not propose to obey it. Judge Wallace of the criminal court has decided to call the grand jury to act upon these cases. The outcome will be looked for with interest. If the moral fabric of Kansas City will stand the strain other cities will no doubt follow. There are many ways to confuse the Sunday problem but ultimately the Lord's commandments will be sustained and the Seventh Day Adventists and all other transgressors will be brought to their moral senses.

HOW NELLIE GOT RIGHT.

Nellie, who had just recovered from a serious illness, said:

"Mamma, I prayed last night."

"Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?"

"Oh, yes; but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before. I lay awake a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done; there seemed to be lots of them. And I tried to remember what I did in one week, but there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew that I had not remembered them all. And I thought what if Jesus had come to me when I was ill? Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and he delights to forgive them.

"So I got out of bed and kneeled down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was; and I asked him to think over the sins that I could not remember. Then I waited to give him time to think of them, and when I thought he had remembered them all, I asked him to forgive them. And I am sure he did, mamma, because he said he would.

"Then I felt so happy, and I got into bed and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered" (Rom. 4: 7).—Selected.

"One solitary word I leave with those whose lives have been stricken to the core, in whom is no heart for thanksgiving. It is from a French writer who hardly realized the Scripture he was uttering; :The wherefores of earth are the alleluias of heaven.' We cannot realize this now; with years perhaps we begin to catch its meaning, as light behind a veil of vapor; but time will work it clear. Even in this life we come to be very thankful for wishes which were not granted, and to acquiesce in trials against which we ture he was uttering: 'The wherefores are we smitten so?' Sometime we will come without effort to say, 'Thank God, we went through it all.' But this is mystery too deep for most until the blessed afterward, which will leave us always content."—The Housewife.

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FEEDING THE ANIMALS.

Little Johnny had been gazing tures, when he suddenly called out:

"Say, pa, does it cost much to feed a lion?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"O, a lot of money."

"A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, pa?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"And a fox would be enough for a wolf, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, yes."

"And a fox could make a meal off a hawk, eh, pa?"

"I suppose so."

"And the hawk would be satisfied with a sparrow?"

"Of course."

"And a big spider would be a good meal for the sparrow, wouldn't it pa?"

"Yes, yes."

"And a fly would be enough for the spider?"

"And a drop of molasses would be all that the fly would want, wouldn't it?"

"O, stop your chatter."

"But wouldn't it, pa?"

"Yes."

"Well, pa, couldn't a man keep a lion more'n a year on a pint of molasses?"

But just at this point it was discovered that it was time for little Johnny to go to bed.—Salt Lake Herald.

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4 cans Carnation Cream	.25
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4 pkgs. Seeded Raisins or Currants	.50
4 tins New Pack Peas, Corn or Tomatoes	.50
1 lb. Citron, Lemon or Orange Peel	.25
Total for all unchanged	**$5.00**

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"Now, children," said an enthusiastic teacher, "Johnnie has spelled 'mite' correctly and told us that it is a very small object. Can any little boy remember where mite is mentioned in the Bible?"

One small hand was raised and a small voice said, "The pen is mitier than the sword."—Pacific Christian.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he tackled her first pot-pie, "where did you get this?"

"I made that out of Mrs. Shouter's cook-book," replied the young wife. "It's a—"

"Ah!" he broke in, "this leathery part is the binding, I suppose."—

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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BRAGGARTS AND ETHNIC PHARISEES.

Mr. John Graham Brooks, the noted author and economist, has been making some plain, and to some people unwelcome utterances, in his lectures in the University of California during the last few days. He says that the average American citizen is too much of a braggart, and that there is need for the people of this country to come to a realization soon, for their own good as well as for the good of others, that they are not "it"—that there are other peoples in the world and that with them we must sustain brotherly relations. Mr. Brooks declared in one of his lectures that the United States in the treatment of some of its race problems had pandered and is pandering to the lowest instincts of the ignorant, and he appealed to the students, whom he was addressing then, to strive earnestly to come to that understanding of and with the people of other nations in our midst and on their own soil that would lead to the fixed determination to give them "a square deal."

The San Francisco Chronicle remarks concerning this charge of braggartism: "Boastfulness is not a pretty failing, but it seems to be a very useful one at times, and is indulged in by the people of every country, and usually more extensively by those who deprecate the American tendency to brag than by others. If Professor Brooks has any doubt on this point let him wade through the boquets the English throw to themselves when describing their achievements, or skim through some of the German literature in which the writers betray a charming unconsciousness of the fact that there is something doing outside of their empire. If he does he will reach the conclusion that we do not monopolize the game of brag."

This is true enough, but it by no means excuses Americans for their fault.

The evidence goes to show that it is the Anglo-Saxon to whom must be charged the most excessive national egotism. The Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Theological Seminary, who has made extensive study of the different races and nations, says: "By instinct the Anglo-Saxon is the ethnic Pharisee of the world. Not the Teuton, not the Slav, not the Latin, not the Mongolian, not the Japanese, not the Hindu, by his utmost effort raises the sense of superiority to so high a power as is reached by the Anglo-Saxon constitutionally and with ease. He believes in himself and knows himself by his fruits. He stands within the towering structure of a civilization created by his own energies and says to the world, 'If you seek my monument look about you.' He outvies Israel in conceiving himself to be a chosen people. He deems himself invincible and altogether necessary to the world. He cannot imagine the world to subsist without the Anglo-Saxon. When one of his own poets warns him of the vanished glory of past empires, 'lest he forget,' he frowns when he does not laugh." And Dr. Hall remarks in this connection: "Until his national egotism be chastened and brought into subjection to the spirit of Christ, the gulf between East and West stands fixed; the vision of a unified world tarries."

That this egotism will be chastened we have not the least doubt. Our fear is that its subjection to the spirit of the Nazarene may be brought about only through sore tribulation. So many of the people do not seem to know what is for our peace—their peace.

Jesus wept over the great city of Jerusalem as he looked down on her from the Mt. of Olives one day, and saw the doom that was coming upon her because of her waywardness; and he said: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, but ye would not."

We believe that he sorrows over this republic today and applies the same words.

A few weeks ago in a great Northern city, in Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love," a black man sought long and unsuccessfully to rent a house for himself and wife and five little children. He found houses filled with Italians, and Portuguese, and others—with people "not so clean as he and his family; not so respectable; dangerous, immoral, not so law-abiding." But they were white; and, in the words of a real estate man to whom he appealed, "A house that has been rented to a white man, no matter what his character may be or what sort of a life he leads, can be rented again to some other white man; but never to a white man if once rented to a nigger."

Not long ago in the classic city of Berkeley a woman vacated a house because next to her lived a Chinese and his American wife, highly cultured people, to whom there could be reasonably no more objection than to one-half or two-thirds of the white families But for this woman this was too close contact with the yellow race. These are simply samples of hundreds and thousands of incidents just as deplorable.

Chastened? Of course we shall be chastened, and that right sorely if we do not uproot this foolish race pride and prejudice. God will show us that we are not "it." To conclude otherwise would be to disregard utterly the teachings of sacred writ and the lessons of history.

The Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith says in his recent book on "China and America today" that it is assumed in Colquhoun's "Mastery of the Pacific" that the control of the commerce of this mightiest of oceans will ultimately fall to America. Dr. Smith says, however "before this can take place there must be not only a revolutionary change in our shipping laws, but also a material abatement of our national self-conceit and superciliousness." And he quotes Benjamin Kidd as saying in a consideration of what constitutes superiority and inferiority that we shall have to set aside many of our old ideas on the subject. "Neither in respect alone of color, nor of descent, nor even the possession of high intellectual capacity, can science give us any warrant for speaking of one race as superior to another. Real superiority is the result not so much in anything inherent in one race as distinguished from another, as of the operation upon a race and within it

of certain uplifting forces. Any superiority that we now possess is due to the action upon us of these forces. But they can be brought to bear upon the Chinese as well as upon us. We should avoid the popular mistake of looking at the Chinese as if they were animals with a toilet, and never see the great soul in a man's face." And this also from Dr. Sidney Gulick, an authority on things and peoples Oriental Dr. Smith cites: "There is perhaps no truer sign of the essentially provincial character of the self-centered white people than their failure to discover and appreciate the noble and the beautiful in the great civilizations of the Orient. We have been blinded to these by the selfishness of our lives, the greed of our ambitions, and the pride of our might."

But notwithstanding all these and many other similar facts and authoritative statements, we find a leading San Francisco daily paper saying this week, "We will admit and exclude whom we please."

This is "playing to the galleries." It is catering to the uninformed and prejudiced. A quarter of a century hence, when the Orient has come to a fuller realization of itself, no paper on the Pacific Coast will dare to make such an assertion as that. Mankind has entered on a new world life, and not very much longer will any nation say to another, "I will do what pleaseth me, whether or not it suits your convenience and interests." There are mutual interests of nations to be considered as well as the mutual interests of individuals within a nation. Dr. Arthur Smith, a great Christian statesman, said not long ago that Americans would become popular again in the Orient when they learned to do even-handed justice, but not earlier. The city of San Francisco was thrown to the ground by a geologic 'fault.' Let us see to it that our country's policy is no longer based upon a moral fault, which must in the end bring disaster."

In one of the most impressive addresses given at the recent National Council in Cleveland, President Mackenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary said: "The capitalist and the wage earner, the cultured and the rude, the Romanist and the Protestant, the black and the white, the American and the Asiatic—they are all in this land and not ready for each other with the greeting of Christ's name upon their lips and his spirit of active love for each other in their hearts." But President Mackenzie had a vision of a time when the spirit of brotherhood would rule here; and he sounded the clarion cry: "Let justice be demanded by the church for every human being whose feet touch American soil. And let us not be daunted by the argument that justice begins at home, that we must be just to our own race, our own people, our own class, our own family, first. It may be that charity begins at home, but I believe that justice begins from home. If a man is just to his own family at the cost of another man and his family, he is not a just man. And if a nation is just to its own people at the cost of the honor and rights of another people it is not a just nation."

SOME SAN FRANCISCO PHILIPPICS.

A rumor that the Citizens' Alliance was to be revived in San Francisco has brought out some philippics. It has been stated that even Mayor Taylor was severe in condemnation of the rumored movement. But, why not have a Citizens' Alliance? Rightly conducted, it would serve only as a curb to the tendency on the part of labor unions to make unreasonable demands, and the disposition to enforce those demands at whatever expense to the community by the strike and the boycott. Not even the best friends of the unions can deny that the Citizens' Alliance has been in many places a valuable restraint. So much has been said during the last few years concerning the tyranny of capital that labor unionism ran wild in many places. Especially was this so in San Francisco and the organization of the Citizens' Alliance brought a better condition of things for a while before the great disaster in April of last year.

If employees organize, why shouldn't employers do the same. Candidly, we are of opinion that they will have to do so ere long or in some places business will be scarcely tolerable. So long as a man in business can turn and take it out of some one else, he can yield to the demands made on him by unions. But this taking-it-out-of-some-one-else plan cannot work unlimitedly and indefinitely.

As to the labor situation in San Francisco—what is the opinion, as to the situation, throughout the country? We pick up an eastern paper bearing date of November the 15th and read:

"The **Christian Work and Evangelist** is authority for a most remarkable statement concerning the labor situation in San Francisco. If it is true—and names are given in such a way as to almost preclude the possibility of its being otherwise—organized labor in that city has taken a form that no good American can for one moment approve, and has become that most terrible of tyrants, one with unlimited power, and without the wisdom to use it without abusing it. According to the statement, the San Francisco labor unions, not content with carrying their opposition to the entrance into the country of Orientals to the point of seriously embarrassing the government, "are apparently endeavoring to keep out of the city white laborers, even including union men, who might compete with them Mr. Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor has warned members of all international, national, state and local labor unions against going to San Francisco although, according to accounts, the city is suffering for labor. The British Consul General, Mr. Bennet reporting officially on industrial conditions in San Francisco, says: 'It does not at all follow that a plumber, for instance, because he is a plumber, can find work by joining a San Francisco union. The members of a union will not allow any new members to join, on the ground that there are enough in the trade already. The unions are practically close corporations and rule themselves simply with an eye to their own private interests and of keeping up wages by limiting the supply of men. It makes no difference whether the applicant is himself a union man from another city, or a non-union man, he does not get in The result is disastrous to owners of buildings and union men in the other building trades who cannot work until the plumbing is done.' He continues: 'A man came from Canada with a Winnipeg (union) ticket. He obtained work and the second day the walking delegate asked him for his card. He produced his Winnipeg ticket and was told it was no good. He offered to join the San Francisco union at once only to be told that he could not join until April, as the union was full up. As April was seven months off, he became out of work. His old employer in Winnipeg paid his passage back to Canada and his wife and

family were sent back by a charitable association and a few friends.' 'Again,' says the Consul General, 'a walking delegate was asked here what would happen if a thousand British artisans applied for admission into the San Francisco unions.' The answer was, 'A thousand refusals!'"

The Pacific Presbyterian has pointed out heretofore that too many people in San Francisco very soon after the earthquake and fire set about getting every possible dollar out of the situation for themselves; therefore the terrible conditions which began soon to prevail There was a fair-minded editorial in the Argonaut last week in which it was said: "We must not allow the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick-maker to maintain that conspiracy of high prices which has so ruled in San Francisco during the past year and a half as to put the cost of decent living beyond the reach of reasonable and moderate means. We must find a way to reduce rents to something like the old schedules. We must find a way to destroy the system of gouge which has ruled in the supply of building materials And by the same token we must find a way to get a dollar's worth of labor for a dollar. Either the labor unions must be smashed or they must cease to promote brigandage under the honest name of wages and to drill their men in slovenliness, laziness, indifference, and contempt for their work."

Now, the Argonaut has stated again and again that it has no desire to see the unions smashed; that they are necessary.

As a matter of fact the unions cannot be smashed. But they can be made other and better than many of them now are; and for this every person who has the welfare of mankind at heart will strive.

With the daily press catering to the elements that will give them the largest circulation and so make their advertising columns the most profitable; with politicians anxious to keep their hands in the public crib, it may be well for our people to pause and consider whether there has not been about enough said for a time about the wrongs of the workingman; or at least whether the time has not arrived for a little more to be said about the rights of the other side There is danger of killing the hen that lays the golden egg. So say not a few of our far-sighted people So say many of the sorely pressed and terribly harrassed men in business, straining every nerve to make ends meet.

Since this editorial was put in type we have been told that one of the reasons for deprecating the suggestion for the reorganization of the Citizens' Alliance rests in the report that labor-union men, realizing the need for a reformation in unionism, have determined to inaugurate a movement for such reformation. We sincerely hope that this movement will be made.

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

Opinions vary as to the wisdom of President Roosevelt's course with reference to the motto, "In God We Trust," heretofore on some of our gold coins. We have been inclined to side with the President in the belief that it is better to omit the inscription. The having of it there will not lead to any increased trust in God on the part of any one; and undoubtedly it has been the occasion of some irreverent remarks. It has been, however, a harmless irreverence.

The best plea for the inscription which has come to our notice was made by the Hon. David C. Bell of Minneapolis, well known in California, whose home for a part of each year is at Saratoga in this state. We give it here:

"I hope the motto, 'In God We Trust', will be retained as at present on the larger gold and silver coins issued from the United States mint; and even extended to the smaller coins, for the following reasons among others that might be named:

1. This nation above all others, was in its beginning founded on trust in God. This legend stamped on its coins is but a fitting official recognition of the fact.

2. After such recognition for many years, to now deliberately remove it would be regarded as a declaration that such trust and dependence on God no longer exists. This would not be in accordance with the facts; and distinctly against the higher public policy which would by all legitimate means promote virtue and morality among its citizens.

3. It might easily become a point of departure for our country from its present place of supremacy in leadership among the so-called Christian nations of the earth. We surely can afford no act that would tend in any degree to place us amongst the nations that know not God.

4. It could not fail to weaken the appeals of all who seek, at home or abroad, to promote the righteousness that is based on a supreme recognition of God. And proportionately it must serve to strengthen the hands of every anarchist and enemy of righteous rule and righteous rulers the world over; as it is a distinct official act of renunciation of God's claim on our confidence by the greatest Christian nation on earth."

President Roosevelt well says concerning this inscription:

"A beautiful and solemn sentence such as the one in question should be treated and uttered only with that fine reverence which necessarily implies a certain exaltation of spirit. Any use which tends to cheapen it, and, above all, any use which tends to secure its being treated in a spirit of levity, is from every standpoint profoundly to be regretted.

"It is a motto which is, indeed, well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls and in buildings such as those at West Point and Annapolis—in short wherever it will tend to arouse and inspire a lofty emotion in those who look thereon—but it seems to me eminently unwise to cheapen such a motto by use on coins, just as it would be to cheapen it by use on postage stamps or in advertisements.

"For example, throughout the long contest extending over several decades on the free coinage question the existence of this motto on the coins was a constant source of jeers and ridicule, and this was unavoidable Everyone must remember the innumerable cartoons and articles based on phrases like 'In God we trust' for the 8 cents; 'In God we trust' for the short weight; 'In God we trust' for the 37 cents we do not pay', and so forth and so forth."

Mr. Bell has stated one side strongly; and so has the President the other side. Unquestionably the sentiment has been cheapened by its use on the coins. On the contrary on monuments, in legislative halls, in temples of justice, etc., it is exalted and dignified. We are of the opinion that the evils of which Mr. Bell speaks would not grow out of the discontinuance of the inscription on the coins. If we had such fears we should want the inscription continued thereon.

CHURCHMEN LISTEN TO MAYOR TAYLOR AND ATTORNEY HENEY.

[From the Pacific.]

There was a large attendance at the meeting of the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity Tuesday evening in the First Church of San Francisco. The topic for consideration was "The Civic Rehabilitation of San Francisco." President Hicks noted the progress which had been made in the rebuilding of the city during the year past, and introduced the Mayor, who was greeted with long continued applause. The Mayor is accredited as a man by what he has been to San Francisco for nearly a half a century, and no utterance on his part was needed to bring manifestation of the fact that the men of the churches assembled there were with him in heart in his efforts now for a government that shall be for the good of the city.

The Mayor spoke on "Holding the Ground Gained." Briefly and graphically, with a glow on his face and a sparkle in his eyes, he sketched the situation as it had been in San Francisco for many months; told of the determination wide-spread, to put citizenship above partisanship, and of the outcome on the 5th of November—"the most glorious day in the annals of San Francisco." It should be the aim of all, he said, to make here a great city morally; and to this end there is "Need for all human elements to come together in something like friendly relations." The need for the laying aside of all undue hostility to labor unions was emphasized. The thought was that if the citizens were wise they would do the things which would tend to the keeping of the labor unions out of politics. Labor unionism, as it now is in San Francisco, in municipal control, would give a class government. The cultivation of friendly relations with unionism, and an endeavor wherever it was found to be not what it ought to be, to change it, was advised.

As to the course for the city in general the Mayor said: We must get back to the moralities and the spiritualities if we are to have a city worthy the name of a city. These are the only foundations on which we can build with any satisfaction and permanency.

Mr. Heney when introduced was greeted also with loud and long-continued applause. Recognition, this, of his valuable services in the effort to bring about an era of good government!

In beginning he stated that he had heard it said during the campaign that Mayor Taylor was "too old for his job." But he was inclined to the opinion that if good government were to last as long as he should be able to conduct it, it would be for something like an hundred years.

Mr. Heney set it forth as the great gain in the graft prosecutions not that a few men had been sent to prison, but that thereby the causes had been disclosed Back of it all are the public service corporations existing and working as they do and can under present laws. All that we can do, (so long as the laws are as they are) by electing a good administration, is to put on the brakes.

"The corporation conscience enables men to become gigantic swindlers," said the speaker, "and yet respect themselves."

Scathingly was it said: "Modern business principles are eating into and destroying the morals of business men."

"Banking principles are damnable, and unless changed this country is doomed as a democracy."

Referring to the second election of Schmitz, Mr Heney said that his vote decreased South of Market street and increased North of it. The vote in the South district indicated that the workingmen withdrew from him because they had found him dishonest; the increased vote among the merchants and bankers indicated that not a few at least were drawn to him because they had found him dishonest.

The speaker showed how prevalent all over the land corrupt business methods are; how big tips were tendered managers of great enterprises for the securing of business, and with the fire of profound conviction said: Political reformation will come only through business reformation. Until you have a higher standard of morality in business you cannot expect a higher in politics."

There was no mincing of words at any time Tuesday night on the part of this fearless prosecutor. The declaration was that not a few men in government employ in California, some there even by appointment of Roosevelt, wore the "railroad collar." The President, it was stated, had to make such appointments. Otherwise confirmation by the Senate could not be secured.

Mention was made of the certificate of good character given Reuf by Senator Perkins early in the attacks on that notorious boss. It was the opinion of Mr. Heney that Senator Perkins knew as well as he and many others knew that Reuf was corrupt. But up at Sacramento, in the legislature, were Reuf's henchmen!

Here came a strong plea for the direct primary in order that the people might have the power they should have in the selection of the men to represent them in governmental affairs from high to low.

The Rev. Dr. Adams was to have spoken on the topic: "The Fundamental Basis." Announced by the president of the club, he said that the hour was late; that Mayor Taylor had given us good theology; that Mr. Heney had preached well; that considerable of what he had to say had been said by him in a recent article in The Pacific; he hoped all had read it—and if they didn't read The Pacific regularly, that he was ashamed of them. So speaking, he expressed his satisfaction, and a program of exceptional interest was finished.

Dr. McLean voiced in a closing prayer thanks for the coming of the Spirit to make men more conformable to things divine, and for the evident working of that Spirit hereabouts.

Good was it for men working in various ways for the advancement of the things which make for righteousness to come together in the fellowship and deliberations of the evening!

Enjoying the occasion with his fellow-workers Congregationally was the Rev. Dr. Baker, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland. Dean Wilbur of the Unitarian School of Theology, of Berkeley, was also in attendance. The Friends' Church was represented by President Naylor of the First National Bank of Berkeley. The editor of The Pacific was pleased to have with him his sixteen-year-old son, in order that there might be heard a message from men having to do with some of the great problems which confront us.

The immigration continues at an abnormally high rate. The monthly reports show about 100,000. There is reason to believe that the number will reach 1,500,000 in the present twelve months.

THE CHURCH AND CHRISTIAN NURTURE.

Henry Kendall Booth.

Perhaps no incident in the life of the Master is more significant than that occasion on which he placed a little child in the midst of his disciples and bade him recognize in them the normal standard of the Christian life. By that act Jesus indicated that to him the child was all-important, the central factor in human life.

It has taken the world a good many centuries to reach Jesus' estimate of childhood, but we are at last living in an age when the child is indeed placed "in the midst," and human interest and thought center in him. Froebel and Pestalozzi blazed the way into this new world of the child, and the forces of modern education have been swift to follow. The pedagogy of today sets the study of the child far above the study of books. His nature, moods, appetites, capabilities, desires, are the subject of eager and exhaustive research. A whole new literature has arisen, whose burden is the child life and thought. The result has been a revolution, swift and sweeping, in the whole method and purpose of education. We are no longer seeking to force the child into our adult moulds of life and thought, but to draw out and develop to the utmost his innate faculties and powers. And this new spirit of the educational world has permeated the larger realm of life, and today as never before the child has come into his own. Thus has the world come at last to look upon the child as did the Man of Nazareth and set him "in the midst" of our modern life.

But the Master's will for the child is as yet unfulfilled among us, for with all this concentration on the probem of child-development, the world at large is only concerned with the education of mind and body. With all this progress in secular education there has been no corresponding growth in religious education. The culture of the soul of the child is ignored in our schools and neglected in our homes. As an inevitable result, a generation is growing up among us versed in the arts and sciences, but almost totally ignorant of religion. This ignorance of the Bible and religion among our young people is so widespread that it is appalling And unless conditions materially change, the present generation will grow to manhood and womanhood almost as ignorant of moral and religious truth as if they lived in a heathen land. There can be no question that for the future of our churches this is the most serious problem that confronts us today.

Since the school refuses and the home neglects to undertake this task of religious education, there is only one agency that can and should take up the work—the Christian church. And yet how slow we have been to follow the teachings of the New England prophet. Horace Bushnell, and to realize the importance of the child to the church. For Bushnell clearly saw that we as Protestants surrendered much of our power when we exalted the sermon and the preacher above the catechism and the teacher. The secret of the enduring greatness of Catholicism has always been its careful, systematic instruction of the child in the rules and practices of the Catholic church. We are still as a church ministering in large part through sermons, services and organizations only to the adult life and we have not yet awakened to the importance of the child. And so we have as yet only been playing with this great task of religious education. Instead of insisting that ample time be given to the impartation of these all-important truths of religion, we are content with one hour a week. Instead of giving lavishly of our wealth to the Bible school, we spend it on costly furnishings and expensive choirs, while we force the Sunday-school to exist on the meager income derived from the mites of the children. Instead of securing the best professional talent to devise adequate broad courses of instruction, we are content with the present haphazard unsystematic curricula that violate every fundamental canon of pedagogy. Instead of employing the best trained instructors that money can procure, as we do in our public schools, we turn over the work of instruction to those who are serving for the most part under protest because they realize their own unfitness for the task. Instead of devoting our best time, thought and talent to the church school we give to this great work as churches very little of our attention, wealth or thought. Are we not as a church only playing with this great and all-important work of religious education? It is high time for us to awake to the situation and meet it in a broad and masterful manner. For upon the church, and the church alone, the Master has laid this duty. With us rests the future welfare of the church and nation. And woe be unto us if we neglect so great and manifest a responsibility.

There are two ways in which the church may meet this problem of religious education.

I. By the improvement of existing agencies of religious education.

1. First and foremost among these is the primal divine agency for religious education—the home. Every effort should be made to renew and stimulate the family worship and parental education in the fundamentals of religion. In many churches the pastors have been in the habit of sending each month to the homes of the parish little leaflets with simple home services of worship, with suggested scripture, responses and prayers. The Home Department of the Sunday School and the other plans for the extension of Bible study to the home are doing much to awaken in the minds of parents a new consciousness of what the home may be as an agency of religious education.

2. The services of the church are powerful agencies in religious education. The Sunday services may be much more effective by greater emphasis on the educational function of the pulpit, and by such adaptation of the service itself as may make it minister more to the children, not only through their hearing of sermons directed to them, but far better through their definite participation in the service. The midweek meeting might also be far more of an educational power than it is at present. In place of the stereotyped and time-honored prayer-meeting with its repetitious recital of personal experience, pastors all over the country are finding a new and increasing delight both to themselves and their people, by the mutual study of Biblical themes and books at this midweek hour.

3. We also have our young people's societies as powerful agencies for religious education. Many of these societies likewise finding a new lease of life by the introduction into their meetings in place of a haphazard series of unrelated topics a course of earnest, systematic Bible study. More can be done than has yet been done, to make these societies minister to the intellectual no less than the spiritual life of their members.

4. But our most important and our only formal agency for religious education is the Sunday-school It has done and is still doing a great work against tremendous odds. But there are many ways in which

it needs improvement. It will only be possible to briefly indicate a few.

(a) There is need of a trained teaching force. There should be in every church a teacher of teachers. In most cases this will perforce be the pastor. Under this leadership there must be courses in the elements of pedagogy, child-study and the psychology of religion etc. Recognizing that this is one of the great opportunities of the pastoral ministry most of our seminaries are now providing courses in religious pedagogy to fit their graduates for this work.

(b) There is need of a broad and adequate curriculum. It needs no argument that this curriculum must be graded. And if by grading we are to understand the adaptation of material to the age and intelligence of the scholar, we must acknowledge the uniform-lesson system a failure. For the same lesson cannot be taught to scholars of every age. For example the abstruse and intricate doctrines of the Pauline epistles cannot be taught to the primary children. It is here that our International system is at present most at fault. The lessons for the last quarter are a case in point. The element of human interest is almost entirely lacking, and without this the interest of young children cannot be held. What do they know or care about the Tabernacle and the Day of Atonement? And that lesson for the second Sunday of August—how could any teacher harmonize it with the Christian idea of God? And this curriculum must likewise be progressive. Step by step the child should be advanced from the simple and elementary principles to the more elaborate and complex. It is not necessary to go over the same Biblical material again and again, to the destruction of the scholar's interest. And if we expect to gain or hold the respect of our children for the Sunday-school we must make our course of instruction approximate more than it now does to the systematic and thorough curricula of our public schools. This curriculum should also include extra-Biblical subjects of instruction, for the Bible is not the sole revelation of God to man. It should give to the infant mind a course of nature-study to reveal to the child the presence of God in his creation. It should also include for the adolescent the study of Christian biography, the lives of the heroes of the faith. For the young people there ought to be some adequate instruction in church history, missions, modern social movements, fundamental theology and Christian evidences and other related themes. All this will serve to relate the Bible and religion to life.

(c) The re-introduction of the Bible as a text-book in place of the quarterly and lesson leaf. Our present generation of Sunday-school scholars know almost nothing of the Bible through the almost exclusive use of the lesson-leaf. Far better results can be secured by utterly abandoning these and with only the Bible and an atlas and dictionary as aids, to set the scholars to making their own scrap-book quarterlies. Familiarity with the Bible and a better understanding of the lesson will inevitably follow.

(d) Adequate and ample financial support. This has already been mentioned. Without this our Sunday-schools must perforce languish, and no new plans for their improvement can be carried out. Each church should include the Sunday-school in its budget of home expenses, just as it does the pastor and the choir and its other agencies for work and service. It would then be impossible to do what we cannot do now, when we are using the children's pennies for our books and quarterlies, to train them in the grace of Christian giving, stimulating their interest in missions and philanthropy. Has it ever occurred to you that we are nurturing in our Sunday-schools the future supporters of the church, of missionary effort, of philanthropy, and to speculate as to the future of these great enterprises if these children are never taught to give?

(e) And last and most important the awakened interest of pastor and people in the life and work and problems of the Sunday-school. Let us remember that here rests the fate of the church of the future.

II. And the Church may also meet this problem by looking forward and working toward a broader scheme of religious education. This may include:

1. A broad and comprehensive course of study for the whole church equal in scope, purpose and machinery to that of our secular eduaction.

Every member of the church without respect to age should be included in such a curriculum, and we should have an entire church studying the Bible and religious truth. To the realization of this ideal the Religious Education Association has already contributed much and through the work of this and kindred organizations we may expect within a decade to see it fully realized

2. A plan for religious education which shall without regard for denominational differences federate all the forces in each community for religious education

This will, of course, be a slow process and may take some time. But it is the only adequate way in which the problem of religious education can be met in the community at large. And such a great federate school, enlisting every worker in all the churches, with its combined resources and means, with the best talent actively engaged in this work, and with its daily sessions for instruction, commanding the respect of the community by reason of its efficiency, is the only ultimate solution of the problem of religious education.

3. The active co-operation of such organized religious educational agency with all those other agencies which are seeking to better the life of the child.

Here is an as yet unrealized social mission for the religious school. By active enlistment of its membership in sympathetic co-operation with the public school, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the orphanages children's hospital, foundlings' homes, refuges and homes for the neglected, indigent and erring children, the juvenile court, etc., the children might be trained for loving and efficient social service.

And all this is possible if the church shall once awake to the importance of this problem of the child The Master is calling us today to place the child "in the midst" of our church life and effort. Shall we not heed this call and gird up our loins to undertake the great task of the nurture of those little ones for whom Christ died.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Several months ago we gave a picture of the rebuilt house of worship of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. We are glad to give a better one this week. The work on the old corner is dear to the hearts of very many, and there is wide rejoicing that an edifice so nicely adapted to the needs of the work stands again hard by the commercial heart of the great city by the Golden Gate.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

"God's Calendar." By William A. Quayle. This is one of the most beautiful books of the year. There are thirteen full-page photogravure illustrations. Dr. Quayle writes in a delightful manner concerning each of the months. Persons looking for gifts at the holiday time will find this volume well worth their attention. It is a work of art. [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; also Berkeley, Cal., $1.50 net.]

"Comradeship in Sorrow." By James Hark, D. D. One who himself has suffered much sends forth this volume of thought for others bereaved. He writes comfortingly on: Immortality, The Body of Humiliation, Beside the Grave, Seeking a Sign, Tears, Memory The Discipline of Sorrow, The Other World, The Spiritual Body, Reunion, Remaining Days Upon the Earth. [Jennings & Graham, 75 cents net.]

Christ's Service of Love." By Hugh Black. In these communion sermons, 30 in number, Professor Black of Union Theological Seminary has sent forth much that is of value both to those who conduct and those who participate in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The book is one which will give to many a better comprehension of the meaning of the ordinance and more joy in participation therein. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 324, $1.25 net.]

"Look Alive!" By Amos R. Wells. Twelve stories concerning some wide-awake young people. The author says: "The young folks in these stories are all such as I have known; the scenes are those of my own boyhood. Every story has a lesson hidden away in it; but it is told for the sake of the story as well as the lesson." The young people into whose hands this book may come will read it with pleasure and profit. [American Tract Society, New York, pages 168, 75 cents net.]

"The Transfiguration of Christ." By Frank W. Gunsaulus. This book, which was first issued by Dr Gunsaulus in 1886, has been revised by him and comes forth in a new edition. It is one of the living books treating as it does in Dr. Gunsaulus' masterly way of one of the ever-living vital matters of life. To those not familiar with the book the following will show its scope: The Nature and Method of Christian Thinking The Time of the Transfiguration, The Place of the Transfiguration, The Transfigured Christ, The Appearance of Moses, The Appearance of Elias, Jesus Only The Transfiguration and the Resurrection. [F. H Revell Co., New York, $1.00 net.]

"Life's Eventide." By Robert P. Downes. We cannot better set forth the nature and scope of this book than by a quotation from the preface: "The object of this book, written by one whose faith in a future life is clear and strong, and who himself stands in the twilight, is to provide some solace and inspiration to those in declining years. As for ourselves, we venerate old age. If it be indeed second childhood, we would fain take it in our arms and bless it. We long to make its winter something other than a winter of discontent, to dispel its fears, and to guide its faltering steps toward that land of eternal youth in which our Father reigns, and where the sainted dead abide." Accordingly the author writes in an interesting manner on: Growing Old, Age and Decay the Law of Nature, How to be Happy though Old, Pleasures of Age, Religion and Eventide, Duties of Age,—under Duties toward God and toward our fellow men—Growing Old Beautifully, The Inevitable Transition, The Heavenly Life Preparation, Certitude in Religion. [Eaton & Mains New York, $1.00 net.]

"Poems with Power to Strengthen the Soul." By James Mudge. This is a welcome compilation. Its aim is the production of high personal character, and it is unique in its make-up. The compiler says: "We have sought far and wide, through many libraries, carefully conning hundreds of books and glancing through hundreds more, to find just those lines which would have the most tonic and stimulating effect in the direction of holier and nobler living. We have coveted verses whose influence would be directly on daily life and would help to form the very best habits of thought and conduct, which would have intrinsic spiritual value and elevating power; those whose immediate tendency would be to make people better, toughening their moral fibre and helping them heavenward; those which they could hardly read attentively without feeling an impulse toward the things which are pure and true and honorable and lovely, and of good report, things virtuous and praiseworthy." The work has been well done, and a valuable volume of 295 pages is the result. It is to be hoped that the book will find its way into thousands of homes, and that the poems in it will be read again and again. President Eliot of Harvard has said: "There are bits of poetry in my mind learned in infancy that have stood by me in keeping me true to my ideas of duty and life. Rather than lose these I would have missed all the sermons I have ever heard." Mrs. Browning has said: "Plant a poet's word deep enough in any man's breast, looking presently for offshoots, and you have done more for the man than if you dressed him in a broadcloth coat and warmed his Sunday pottage at your fire." A good book, this, to have for yourself, also to give to others! [Eaton & Mains, New York; also Jennings & Graham, Berkeley Cal., $1.50 net.]

"The Queenly Mother." By Margaret E. Sangster. Everything that Mrs. Sangster writes is not only calculated to make the world better, but actually does so. In this new volume for the realm of the home she says: "Life is not exempt from trial even in the home, and there is never a sun that has not its accompanying shadow. The common task is the province of all earnest souls. But in the daily round there is room for expansion and for that which makes life's finest flower of nobility for faithful love. The chapters that compose this book deal with themes that appeal chiefly to the wife and mother, although they touch on various phases of the domestic question, and have their message for men as urgently as for women. The author has always been reluctant to regard the interests of the sexes as separate or hostile, and she has no ideal either of home or society in which men and women do not move together as equals and comrades. Neither man nor woman can make a real home alone, and the trivial round of daily life is as important in its bearings on success and its consummations of comfort in one home as in another. It matters not whether the home be stately or simple, great or small, so long as the people in it are living honest and beautiful lives, so long as they see life steadily, and see it whole. To guard the privacy of the home, to keep its atmosphere tranquil, to make it a type of heaven, what more can any of us do?" On the 270 pages of this beautiful vol-

ume Mrs. Sangster writes on topics as follows: The Kingdom of the Child, Mother Brooding, Room to Grow, Family Traits, Woman's Province, Husbands and Homes, Culture Outside of College, Cupid's Innings, Wedding Bells, Good Manners on the Road The Mother's Temper, The Silent Partner, Thanksgiving and Thanksliving, An Army with Banners, The Mother and the Girls, Women and Society, The Mother and her Married Children. [F. H. Revell Co., New York, $1.50 net.]

"The Supreme Conquest." By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. These sermons by the noted Wesleyan preacher of England will find wide welcome. They were given by him during his recent visit to this country. In addition to the sermon which gives the book its title there are fifteen others on such subjects as: The School of character, The Master Force in Character and Civilization, The Supremacy of Character, The Validity and Glory of Christian Self-Sacrifice, The Inspiration of the Master's Confidence, The Invincible Strategy, Successful Sin, Alternative Routes. In one on The Morale of Imperfection Dr. Watkinson says: Everything is good for its **purpose.** In judging events it is essential that we do not forget the supreme end of the divine government, namely, the moral perfection of the individual and the community. We so often complain of Providence because we forget its design Does God rule the world to the end of making us rich great or happy? Were this the objective, the course of the divine government would present indeed a series of bad blunders. But the goal of life is not personal enjoyment, social distinction, or material aggrandizement; it is moral discipline, it designs the sanctification of our spirit, it is that we should be fit for the presence, joy and service, of the holy God. Could we understand the relation of each painful event to our spiritual perfecting we should talk less of the imperfections of God's government." And again he says: "Watching the Mayflower driven with its sorrowful freight over the wild sea, the troubled spectator might have protested, 'Where is the justice, wisdom or benign purpose in the permission of this tragedy? What condemnation can be too severe of the government which allows this expatriation, if such government there be? But all is clear enough now. The American Republic is the interpretation of the dubious episode of the seventeenth century." In the article on The Glory of Self-Sacrifice, Dr. Watkinson states and emphasizes this thought: "The more perfect civilization becomes, the more it appreciates the doctrine of self-sacrifice." Writing on The Invincible Strategy he says: "Evil is not overcome by denunciation. It is surprising how much efficacy is supposed to go with denunciation. Real, constructive, aggressive good is of far greater significance than eloquent invective. Such invective has its place, but it must be accompanied by active practical effort, or it effects little more than summer lightning. Denunciatory rhetoric is so much easier and cheaper than good works, and proves a popular temptation. Yet it is far better to light the candle than to curse the darkness." [F. H. Revell Co., New York, $1.00 net.]

Viceroy Chang is reported to have presented to the Throne a memorial of 18 articles on the subject of constitutional government. Seventeen of these articles are said to have been adopted by the Council of State.

ONE WORKING MAN AND HIS PAY.

W. N. Burr.

The Minister dropped his paper with a sense of relaxation and relief. For months he had been conscious of little but strain and tension, and an undercurrent of something of which he felt somewhat ashamed because it had the appearance of anxiety; and he did not want to be fretful and anxious. The "consider-the-lilies" passage in the Sermon on the Mount rose up in strong rebuke of any such spirit as that.

Now the herald tones of relief were in the air. The papers had taken up his case, and his heart was thrilled with a great hope that the much-desired change in conditions might be brought about with no weak cry bursting from his own lips, either of complaint or pain. He had read a few days before Mrs. Goodwin's article in "The Congregationalist," entitled "The Layman's Responsibility for the Ministry," and he rejoiced in the fact that our Protestant ministry is not condemned to celibacy. For the minister's wife can sometimes "speak out" when it might not be in good taste for the minister himself to speak for himself. Mrs. Goodwin is a minister's wife, and as such is "unusually conversant with the conditions of which she speaks." And right pointedly and yet with all a woman's kindly tactfulness has she spoken.

"I wish every layman in the land could have "The Congregationalist" of October 26 placed in his hand, and could then be moved to read Mrs. Goodwin's article, soberly, righteously, and after a godly fashion," the Minister had said.

He remembered that in the same paper, same date, had been printed an article by Dr. Norman Plass, president of Washburn College, on "Ministers' Salaries and Ministerial Candidates"—another splendid word concerning the obligation of the men who pay the minister to make it possible for the minister to meet his financial obligations without laying awake all night pondering the problem "If eggs are selling for fifty cents a dozen how can a minister make a twenty-five cent piece buy a dozen eggs?" Said President Plass: "In considering the claims of a profession, the prospective candidate must, if conscientious, regard it from the standpoint of the service he can render mankind through that profession, and also from the standpoint of the service mankind will render him in return. He is under obligation to himself and to those who are, or are to be, dependent upon him, to consider the latter point just as conscientiously as he does the former. * * * The wages of the day laborer and of the artisan have advanced; the income of the average business man has increased; the fees of the physician and of the attorney have been greatly augmented; the style of living and the demands of social life have been enormously expanded; the price of the necessities of life has been marked up twenty per cent.; and with it all the salary of the average minister has been reduced."

The Minister smiled as he remembered this, and recalled with it a conversation between his wife and the washerwoman, that he had overheard a few days before.

"The wash will be one dollar and sixty cents this week, ma'am," the washerwoman had said.

"Why, how is that? You have been doing this amount for one dollar," answered the Minister's Wife.

"Well, I can't do it for that any longer. I'll have

to charge by the piece now, it is costing so much more to live now than it did."

"Blessed washerwoman," the Minister had murmured, "When the necessities of life are marked up twenty per cent. she can advance her price for her work; but the Minister can't do that sort of thing. He is obliged to pay the new prices out of the same old income, and is fortunate if that is not cut down because it is costing other people so much more to live that they cut down their contributions to the church."

The Minister had read the editorial in The Christian Endeavor World for November 7 on "Decent Pay for Preachers," and it had warmed the cockles of his heart to read "they have started a little crusade on behalf of the minister's salary."

"There is need enough of it," he had said, as he read: "The average salary of Presbyterian ministers in the United States is only $700. The Presbyterian churches, however, are away up in this matter, if F. M. Barton, of "The Expositor," is right in his figures He says that one-third of the ministers of the country receive less than $400 a year. And all the time the cost of living in this country is going up. Mr. Barton contrasts this with some figures from secular callings. Thirteen trades in New York pay their working men $1,200 a year. A union hod-carrier in New York receives $900 a year—more than twice what thousands of able and honored ministers receive from their sacrificing flocks!"

While the Christian Endeavor World editorial was still warm in the Minister's mind, he went to the post-office, and found there a letter from the Home Missionary Society of which he was a beneficiary, which read as follows:

"The Society has been obliged to overdraw largely at the bank. This process cannot be continued. Henceforth we can pay only as current receipts enable. The enclosed check is your pro rata of funds in hand."

The "enclosed check" was good for an amount less than half that due him from the Society.

He went home, borrowing on the way the daily paper from a neighbor. On the first page, in a "double-column bordered" block, made so prominent that a man running could read it easily, he read:

"At a meeting of the Western Passenger Association it was voted to abolish the clergy bureau December 1, and the reduced fare for clergymen will not be obtainable after that time in any of the states in the Association."

"I'm glad of it," said the Minister to himself. "I have always felt that many of these favors to the clergy were at bottom strong proofs that the nobility of our calling is not recognized. It makes a man feel that others look upon him as only half a man when he is compelled to accept favors."

The trimmed-down check in his pocket somehow came up and added emphasis to that word "compelled."

He turned the paper to the local news notes from its correspondents, and found himself at once face to face with the solution of the whole matter.

"The Methodist congregation has raised the salarq of the pastor to $1400."

"Good for them!" exclaimed the Minister. "Fortunate pastor and most fortunate people!"

He happened to know how it had been done. Not three months before that congregation had raised the pastor's salary to $1200, and now it had been advanced another $200, according to the newspaper report. That pastor has succeeded in teaching his church the grace of giving on the basis of tithe. And the result is, they were never so prosperous, never gave so much to missionary work, never had so much for their own work, and were never so happy and so bubbling over with enthusiasm for the Kingdom of God as they are now.

Whether all can meet the tithe obligation or not, **something** in the way of a systematic basis on which to **give** should be pressed in every congregation; and perhaps the tithe is as good as anything on which to work, possibly better than anything else.

When the whole church will join the Christian Endeavor Tenth Legion Army, or something like it, there will be money enough in her treasuries to carry on her work with dignity and self-respect.

HISTORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The book bearing the above title which has just been published by Rev. Jas. Curry, D. D., meets a distinct need in the history of American Presbyterianism.

Founded twenty-six years ago as the only seminary of this great denomination west of Chicago, and ministering during these years in a distinctively effective manner to the needs of the Pacific Coast and the foreign field in particular, and to the church in general, this thriving institution has never before had its entire history set forth in any such manner as this

The book grew out of the decision of the loyal and hearty Alumni Association to celebrate its quarter-centennial anniversary in 1905. No man could be found so fitted, by long and intimate personal acquaintance with the institution and the graduates, for the difficult and delicate work of preparing such a volume as Dr. Curry, and to him the task was assigned.

While writing upon it, however, the author, fortunately for the Seminary, became convinced that the time was ripe for a history of the institution itself, being further encouraged to do so by the fact that he has known all the founders and suporters of it on this Coast, with two exceptions. The trustees, alumni and friends guaranteed subscriptions sufficient to secure the undertaking; and the work is now to be had of Dr. Curry, at Newark, for $1.50 a copy.

The book consists of some two hundred pages, of which the history of the Seminary occupies over one-half. First there is a running historical account, dealing with each of the three decades, and there follow biographical sketches of the founders, professors and distinguished friends, living and dead.

The second part of the book contains biographical notices of the alumni, taking each class in turn from 1873, and embodying material obtained at great pains Then comes the Alumni Historical address delivered by Dr. Curry at the quarter-centennial, containing information which would ere long have been permanently lost.

The book is furinshed with an index and good illustrations; and is well printed, and attractively bound in blue.

With the passing of time the work will become increasingly valuable and rare. Each alumnus and friend of the Seminary will be glad to secure as a permanent addition to his library this unique collection of important facts in current Presbyterian church history

C. G. P.

Among the Churches.

Los Angeles.—President Baer of Occidental College had to postpone his intended trip East on account of the serious illness of a son.

Alameda.—A temporary house of worship will be dedicated in the West End next Sunday. Dr. Baker of Oakland will give the sermon. The Rev. T. J. Curtis is pastor of this new organization.

Sausalito.—The Presbyterian Church property on Bonita and Pine streets is for sale. A new building will be built on lots donated recently by Mr. and Mrs. Hickman.

Riverside.—The new pipe organ of the Arlington Presbyterian Church was heard for the first time in concert on Nov. 12. The organ has an unusually sweet and beautiful tone.

Berkeley.—The St. Johns Presbyterian Church rejoices in that the Rev. George C. Eldridge of San Francisco has accepted the call to the pastorate of the church. The outlook for a highly influential church is exceedingly promising.

Pasadena.—A movement has been started for the raising of enough additional money to make possible the dedication of the fine new edifice of the First Church without debt. The church has cost about $300,000, and it will be necessary to raise $85,000 to clear off all indebtedness.

Lindsay.—Communion was observed by the Presbyterian Church of Lindsay on Sunday, Nov. 10, for the first time since the arrival of Rev. E. E. Giffen, who has assumed charge of the work. Six persons were received by letter and one on profession of faith in Christ. Two elders, Mr. J. F. Hall and Mr. A. P. Graybill were ordained, and along with Mr. A. W. Wells, for more than ten years an elder in Castellar Church, installed ruling elders in this church.

Red Bluff.—A Red Bluff local paper says: "The Presbyterian church will soon be in the hands of skilled artisans, and its interior is to be greatly improved. It is said $1,200 is to be spent in these improvements, and when they are finished the ceilings of the rooms will be covered with metal plates of handsome design, the walls will also be covered with metal, but the wall plates will be plain, and over the floor will be spread a handsome new carpet. When all this is done the interior of the church will present a handsome appearance."

Camp Meeker.—The Mizpah Presbyterian Church has nearly doubled its congregations this year. Rev H. N. Bevier, Rev. F. A. Doane, Dr. Geo. D. Lyons and Rev. Wolcott J. Evans were the "acting pastors" for the summer. The church was full, and seats were built around the sides to accommodate the more than eighty children from the Presbyterian Orphanage who camped here at Westminster Park in July. Mr. Doane is the father of this pretty little mountain church. Between two and three thousand people left here just preceding the opening of the public schools in the cities and only a Sunday-school is held in the church for the winter. All regret the prolonged illness of Dr. Lyons. His condensed original thought and earnest spirit brought many strangers to the church.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors held on Wednesday, the 13th, Rev. George G. Eldridge, '96, was elected president of the Board for the ensuing year There was a large attendance, two directors being present from Oregon, namely, Rev. W. S. Holt, D. D., and Rev. Andrew J. Montgomery of the Third Church Portland.

Rev. James Curry, D. D., '75, has become the minister of the church at Newark. This is now a growing community, owing to railroad operations in this region.

Rev. Charles F. Woodward, '02, pastor of the church at Roswell, Idaho, has just completed a new edifice one of the finest country churches in all that region The Rev. W. S. Holt, D. D., preached the dedication sermon, Nov. 3rd.

Rev. Harry S. Templeton, '00, has been called from Enterprise, Oregon, to Vancouver, Washington, and has already entered upon his work at the latter place, It is a flourishing church of over two hundred members.

Mr. R. J. Buchanan of Trenton, N. J., gave a stereopticon lecture in the San Anselmo church on Wednesday evening, the 13th. His subject was "The Holy Land in Picture, Song and Story." The attendance was large, quite filling the church.

A Missionary Institute for the Benecia Presbytery was held here last week, beginning on Thursday evening and closing on Saturday afternoon. The Student Volunteers were also in session from Friday afternoon until Saturday, uniting their meetings with those of the Institute. The leaders of the Institute were Miss Julia Fraser, Field Secretary of the Woman's Board of Home Missions; Rev. W. S. Holt, D. D., Field Secretary of Home Missions for the Pacific Coast; Rev Dwight E. Potetr, Western District Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and Mrs. Potter, Field Secretary of the Occidental Board. On Thursday evening two splendid addresses were given by Miss Fraser and Mr. Potter. On Friday evening Rev. Mr. Bible of Hangchow spoke in the place of Rev. C. F. Reid of the M. E. Church, South, who was unable to be present, and Dr. Holt gave a great Home Mission address, interesting and instructive. During Friday and Saturday various conferences were held and Miss Fraser and Mrs. Potter conducted interesting Mission Study classes.

The Pendleton Academy, Pendleton, Ore., under the presidency of Rev. W. H. Bleakney, Ph. D., '99 is flourishing in all respects.

The Seminary quartette, Messrs. Caskey, Fiske, McKee and White, went to Santa Rosa last Friday evening to sing for the Brotherhood of the Presbyterian Church who were giving a reception to the congregation.

It is intimated that the scarcity of money is due to the fact that four hundred rich American girls have gone to Europe and married titles, taking with them $900,000,000. To this sum must be added the $300,000,000 sent over to Europe annually by the immigrants.

HOW TO PREACH.

The following, taken from the British Weekly, gives Ian Maclaren's views on preaching:

The review of the past has convinced me that while preaching has various ends, the chief one ought to be comfort. It is useful in its way to explain the construction of the Book of Isaiah, and to give the history of Hebrew literature, but it is better to minister the consolation of Isaiah's fifty-third chapter to the weary heart. No one can blame a preacher for the exposition of Christian dogma, but his words will be more welcome when they declare the Christ Himself, of whom dogma at its best is but the imperfect and perishable garments. The preacher is justified in attacking sin with righteous indignation of soul and with burning invective of words, but perhaps he would come more quickly at his purpose if he turned the sinner from his sin by causing him to fall in love with goodness. The critical movement has not only affected students in their studies, but also preachers in their pulpits; and while I have ever plead for full liberty in criticism and have used that liberty myself, I am free to acknowledge that I would have done more good if I had been less critical and more evangelical. And by evangelical I mean more heartening and more comforting. People are interested in an expository discourse; they are lifted by a consolatory discourse. Life we may take for granted is hard enough for every hearer, and every man is carrying his own burden. Among a thousand people there may be at the most fifty with easy lives and detached minds, who will listen with pleasure to a lecture on the ritual of the Jews, or the schools among the apostles, but what food is there in those exalted themes for the other folk? They are widows anxious about their families, young men fighting a life of death battle with fiery temptations, lonely women with empty hearts, merchants harrassed by business affairs, old folk nearing the bank of the Jordan, feeble people with the message of death in their bodies. Perhaps they ought to be blamed for their indifference, but they really cannot care one straw who wrote, or what is the meaning of the Athanasian creed, but they are hungering and thirsting for a word of good cheer to strengthen their arms, and to lift up their heads. It is cruel if they do not get it; it is sinful if they are offered sawdust instead of the bread of God. But what of the reading and the cultured people? Allow me to whisper in some young minister's ear that if he is going to select two or three professional men, and prepare learned sermons for them, he is making a double mistake. He is neglecting the common people who heard the Master gladly, and he is wearying the other people nigh unto death. They have had enough of the lecture room and its theories. They have come to church for light on daily duty, and inspiration to do it bravely. Never can I forget what a distinguished scholar, who used to sit in my church, once said to me, "Your best work in the pulpit has been to put heart into men for the coming week." I wish I had put more. And when I have in my day, like us all, attempted to reconcile science and religion, one of the greatest men of science, who used to be a hearer in my church, never seemed to be interested, but when I dealt with the deep affairs of the soul he would come around in the afternoon and talk it out. My conclusions on this point are (and I offer them with confidence to younger men) that the people appreciate literature in your style, but they desire literature for your subject, and while they do not undervalue information on the Bible they are ten thousand times more grateful for the inspiration of the book, and that our preaching should be according to the words of Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem."

CRUELTY INCARNATE.

Some people think there is no Satan, but it remains for the "nobility" of Portugal to prove that human monsters can go far beyond not only the common atrocities of savages but discount the worst infernal picture ever portrayed by the imagination of Dante. According to the published accounts these monsters of vice torture to death scores of children whom they entice into dens specially prepared with thumb-screws, freezing ponds, red-hot furnaces, Spanish boots and racks where the bones of these children victims are broken. To call such unspeakable villains fiends is to compliment them. Portugal owes it to herself and to the world to rid itself instantly of these black-hearted degenerates. We hope for the sake of humanity at large it will be found that the reports of these outrages have been exaggerated. The account goes on to say that when the police broke into the torture chamber a majority of the arrested men lolled about, where racks, thumb-screws, "Spanish boots" and "virgins" were breaking the bones and squeezing the life out of gagged boys and girls. There was wine everywhere, lounges and silken cushions, self-playing pianos and other mechanical musical instruments. As the police broke into the chamber devoted to the "virgin" torture, a girl of 13 was about to be pushed into an iron cast shaped like a woman, hence the name. The iron form stood ajar to receive her. The form of the victim was about to be slipped in, then to close slowly, while inside spikes and needles pierced and rent the victim's flesh.

The victims of these monsters, it turned out, were either children of the streets of Lisbon, lured by a promise of candy, wine, pretty clothes and money, or else young men and women boldly kidnaped. Some of them had been reported as "lost" to the police. It is whispered that several of the prisoners claim to be cronies of King Carlos, but if he dares interfere in their behalf, doubtless a revolution will break out anew.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

Faith of our fathers! living still
  In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
  Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
  Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
  If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
  Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
  By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

—Frederick W. Faber.

The employment of a Chinese interpreter by the government physicians in making the fight against bubonic plague in San Francisco stirred the rudimentary Kearneyism in the blood of the race-haters in San Francisco. Such is the blind stupidity of these anti-Oriental street agitators that they would rather have an attack of the bubonic plague than allow a Chinese to draw a cent of pay for services even as an interpreter.

OPIUM IN CHINATOWN.

According to the newspapers the largest of the benevolent societies, the Ming Yung, decided that opium and the joss houses should be banished from Chinatown. The proposition will hardly result in the complete banishment of either the opium or the joss house. The agitation is significant and shows that Chinatown has become tired of the old regimeand now proposes to take up the new western ideas in earnest. The new buildings in Chinatown are far in advance of anything ever seen in the old Chinatown. The joss perished in the earthquake and fire, according to reports of the Chinese speeches, and will not be inaugurated again. There can be no doubt but that Chinatown will hereafter be modeled after the American ideals. It must not be overlooked that Chinatown is more friendly to Christianity at this time than at any time prior to the calamity. One of the new buildings cost $250,000.

Rev. Isaac D. Driver, D. D., one of the ablest of the ministers of Oregon, died at his home near Albany Linn county, on the 30th ult., in his 84th year. He was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1824, and with his parents moved to the vicinity of Chicago when the "Windy City" was a village—even while the place was known as "Fort Dearborn." He went to California in 1849, hence was one of the "Argonauts." In 1852 he returned East and the following year came back to the Coast, bringing his parents—his mother died on the plains—and settled in Umpgua county, near Roseburg. Up to this time Dr. Driver was sowing his "wild oats," but was recognized as a man of unusual force of character. During the year 1854 he fell under the influence of a frontier preacher of the Methodist church by the name of John Flinn, a quaint, warm-hearted and wholly consecrated Irishman, and was converted. John Flinn is still among us, and is now in his ninety-first year, and is able to deliver the gospel message occasionally. Upon his conversion Dr. Driver felt impelled to begin preparing for the ministry, and became an untiring student, without the opportunity of seminary training, and right well did he equip himself. His mental and physical endowments were most remarkable, and he became one of the best posted men on theological subjects in the United States. Indeed there was no subject upon which he was not ready to argue with any living man at any time. He was a great student of the Bible, and within a year gave a series of lectures upon the Bible in this city that were largely attended, and considered by biblical students here as being most helpful. He was a great friend of the late Dwight L. Moody, and was considered by the latter as one of the ablest of his coadjutors.

The Home.

THE FATHER AS A DISCIPLINARIAN.

A Message for Fathers from a Father.

Fathers—and it is to you I write—let us approach this important subject of "discipline" with an open mind, without prejudice, and unmindful for the time being of our past record. First, let me frankly say that I shall not deal with theories; good as many of them are, I have found them of little value. This paper will be largely a recital of what I know and have seen, and of lessons learned in that way. You ought to be told my view-point. I am thirty-nine years of age and have been married sixteen years. Four children have been given me. The oldest child in the earthly home is a boy, ten; the next a boy of seven, and the next a little girl of three. I am a Christian; my wife is a better Christian, and before she married me was instrumental in leading me to Christ. Both of us grew up in Christian homes.

I must now leave my parents and my wife out of this question if I stick to my topic, and that is much more easily said than done, for my wife by example and precept is largely responsible for the opinions I hold and the way in which they are applied in my home. Rousseau may have been right when he said that "the father is the true teacher, as the mother is the true nurse." In my home the mother is not only the true nurse, but a true teacher. Nevertehless, I am a teacher, and as the children grow older the responsibilities of the teacher or disciplinarian gradually and as certainly become almost wholly mine by virtue of my position as "head" of the family.

There are certain principles of government to which I adhere strenuously. These principles and the discipline that goes with them must be varied according to the needs and opportunities of each succeeding year. In our home we have as few rules as possible. The fewer the better. But obedience to the few that we have is expected, and obedience to underlying principles is obtained.

Let me remind you that there are two kinds of obedience: the obedience that springs from a desire to do right because it will please, and its opposite, the obedience that is prompted by the fear to do wrong because of the punishment. Some one has called the two "deference" and "servility," and says that they are not interchangeable. To this I agree. My aim is to inspire obedience by love and confidence—yes, actually compel it by motive rather than coerce it by method. I am ambitious that my children should be masters, in the best sense of the word, rather than that they be easily mastered.

Often I anxiously question whether I drive with a stiff enough rein. Then I remind myself that my figure is wrong, that I am not to "drive," but to "guide"; and I decide at such times that it is better to make my mistake, if indeed it be one, on the side of being too mild, even neglecting repression. Unjust punishment a child never recovers from. In my home I endeavor to resist the inclination to reprove little faults that are not worth noticing and really will be lost sight of entirely as the child outgrows them. I don't "nag" the boys, or tease the little girl. Their desires are promoted in every possible way if worthy of such approval. When they are cross and impatient, they are separated until fit for the company of one another or of their playmates.

Often they need a restraining hand, and, more than that, need to be punished, but the form of punishment in our home is becoming milder and milder. It is about three years since I whipped the boys, and I wish I had not done it then, though I did it hours after their disobedience and after I had talked with them dispassionately; then, without anger and suffering great pain, I deliberately whipped them. They have forgotten it, the pang and the sting; but I have not, and every memory of that day is unpleasant, and I believe need not have been. I determined to devise new meth-

ods of punishment. "Corporal" punishment is no longer my way. In its stead a sacrifice is required. A piece of hard work is suggested; a gift or holiday is withheld; the weekly money allowance is assessed.

Then I am "blind" to many things wherein my eyesight was perfect. I use the word "don't" less than I used to. There are fewer prohibitions named in our home each month, and more incentives "to do" are sought, invented, encouraged. I do not think it necessary to watch every "little thing," or to decide every point in question; but I give them more liberty of opinion, and correct, divert, forbid only in case of the largest fault instead of the slightest.

I am glad to say there is no conflict of authority in our home. Father and mother often hold different views, but the children have never known it by word or deed. My policy and my discipline have often met with the disapproval of my wife, and she has informed me of that fact, too, in no uncertain way, when we were alone—never in company, or at the table, or when the children were about. There is no "appeal from the chair" in our house. If the child is unsuccessful with the mother, he knows that an appeal to the father will avail nothing; and, if punished or reproved by the father, he knows that the mother will uphold the father's policy, and supplement the teaching as only a "true nurse" can by judicious "rubbing it in."

In closing I will tell you a little about the most severe trial I ever experienced, caused by the disobedience of a child of my own. You need not know the offense, but it was the worst case of his obedience we had known. What was to be done? The lad was called. It didn't take him a fraction of a second, as he looked into my face, to see that he had been caught Then, with a heart throbbing with love, a voice easily showing intensity of purpose, I opened my heart to that boy. Not an angry word passed my lips, not a suggestion of punishment, not one. It was a case beyond all punishment, though it was a case ripe for the right kind of discipline. I told him the consequences of his disobedience. I urged him always to be manly and honest and to "own up," no matter how much it cost. I reminded him that I had been a boy, had made mistakes, got into "scrapes," and all that, all of which I deeply regretted, but had always learned that it was best to be a man and tell the truth, cost what it would. O, how I pleaded with that boy as he stood there in the strength, and weakness, too, of his nine years! We separated after a while with a hand-shake, and both with tear-stained faces, but happy in the mutual belief that we had each other's love and confidence. And I believe he hated his wrong-doing with as intense a hatred as I did. There have been "scrapes,"—broken windows, fights, tricks and all those experiences that many boys have and angels do not—but he has confessed like a man and taken his "medicine."

Fathers, what would you have done? Three years ago I whipped him for a less thing; that day, after the first angry moments, the rod never came into my thoughts. Was I wrong?

In a general way I have shown you this father as a disciplinarian. Go to the boys' teachers in Sunday-school and day school, or to my neighbors, and they very likely will smile and shake their heads as they let the lives of the children, as they see them, pass in review. For the boys and even the little girl are full of life and mischief and have caused many an anxious hour by their thoughtlessness. You and the neighbors may say this is due to the father's discipline, or lack of it. My policy is far from perfect, I know that. My example is one, you say, that you cannot follow Very likely. But I have frankly told you my experiences, nothing of my theories. What will do for my boy may not be well for your boy. Yet we must give and take; and, if we will let him, God will show us the way.

Young People.

HOW THE THREE LITTLE DREWS EARNED PENNIES.

The three little "Drews" were aged respectively nine, seven and five. Their names were Clara, Ethel and Gladys. It was Clara, the eldest, who set the "ball rolling," and this is the way she did it:

"Mamma," she said one day, "I'd like some money of my very own. Why can't I have it?"

Mrs. Drew looked perplexed.

"Why," she exclaimed in surprise, "I give you some money every week, don't I? If you don't call that money of your very own, what do you call it?"

"Of course the five cents you give me every Sunday is my own to do as I like with, but what I mean is that I'd like some money that I'd earned—doing things, you know. Then, you see, if I wanted to give a little present to some one I could do it without asking you I could buy it with my very own money that I'd earned Wouldn't that be nice?"

The look of perplexity on Mrs. Drew's face changed to one of interest.

"Yes," she said, "it would be nice. Of course, I expect you to do the usual little household tasks that naturally fall to the eldest daughter cheerfully, and without pay, but I'll be glad to give you a little now and then for special services, and whatever that amounts to will be your own earnings."

Clara was delighted. She took a little pasteboard box, and labelled it as follows:

Clara Drew.
My own money,
Earned by myself.

The money—in the labelled box—came in faster than even Clara had thought. From week to week the amount varied on account of its being given not for the regular little duties but only for special services. The first week, for instance, there went into the box twenty-five cents. Unexpected company came, and as the one maid-of-all-work had her hands full, Mrs. Drew told Clara that she might give an "extra shine" to all the spoons and forks and she would pay her ten cents for it. For cutting up new potatoes, celery, bits of chicken, and lettuce for salad she received five cents more, and "she deserved it," her mother said, because everything was so beatuifully done.

Another day she pasted a number of receipts in a book of her mother's, for which she received five cents. For sweeping all the porches one particularly busy day there were five ecnts more. She counted her money a good many times during that week and the weeks that followed, but it was not because of any growing miserliness, only on account of a great joy. She was "saving up" to buy her mother a birthday gift, which was to be a surprise. In all her little nine-year-old life she had never before been as happy as she was now in

anticipation. Her face was radiant whenever she thought of her box of "earnings."

There was no partiality shown—what favor was shown—what favor was shown to Clara was shown to Ethel and Gladys. Possibly some people may think that a little five-year-old could not be able to earn money. but we mothers know that they can if they want to For instance, Gladys earned a good many pennies by taking care of Baby Drew, the only boy of the family. Baby Drew was very cunning, but he was very mischievous, and needed careful watching. Gladys loved him dearly, but sometimes he wearied her, and at such times it was a relief to go off to some quiet corner and play with her dolly. She, however, was a sunny-hearted child and she had always responded cheerfully when her mother called, "Come, Gladys, dear, amuse baby brother awhile." When Gladys was told that she, too, could have a treasure box in which to put pennies she earned, she cried out, "I'm not a papa, how can I earn money?"

Her mother laughed.

"You don't have to be a papa to earn money, you can earn some right away."

"How?" asked the happy child.

"Well, just by taking good care of baby brother I'm going to take a bath and I want you to watch him until I come down. See that he doesn't get into any mischief."

After Mrs. Drew's bath was over, the first pennies went into Glady's box. Ethel did a great many helpful little things to put money in her box. It would take up too much room to tell you of all her "special services." It was with her—as it was with Clara—there were many ways in which she could help. She wiped the silver and glass and all the small dishes for Polly on ironing days, which was really good discipline for her. She did tiresome errands in so cheerful a manner that it was a pleasure to ask her to go for some little thing. Not only Mrs. Drew, but the near neighbors (friends of her mother's) when they wanted some little thing from the village store would say, "I'll ask Ethel Drew to go for it, she's always ready and willing."

And now you know how the three little Drews earned their pennies.—Ernest Gilmore in The Christian Intelligencer.

"IN A MINUTE."

Ethel was on the long plank wharf when the dinner bell rang. She was feeding the cunning little baby ducks with cracker crumbs.

"I'll go in a minute," she said to herself, as she broke another cracker into tiny pieces.

But the baby ducks were hungry; and it was such fun to feed them that Ethel forgot all about her dinner and the big, brass dinner bell, just as she had done ever so many times before. She had only one cracker left when Bruno came running down the wharf to see her. The old mother duck spied him as he came bounding over the planks.

"Quack!" she called loudly. And what do you think? Every one of those baby ducklings swam hurriedly after her, and disappeared among the rushes that grew by the edge of the pond.

"Why," exclaimed Ethel in astonishment, "they didn't wait to gobble another piece; they minded their mother the very first minute she called them."

Very still she stood for a second, thinking; and then she gave her basket to Bruno and ran quickly up the wharf, across the street, and into the house.

"Late, as usual," said brother Hal, as Ethel came in; "it's twenty minutes instead of one that you have waited this noon."

"But it's the last time I'll be late!" said Ethel, decidedly; "'cause—'cause—it is!"

And Ethel kept her word. She had learned her lesson well, and nobody but the big white mother duck knew who taught it to her. And I'm sure that she always kept her secret. Because why? Because she can't tell it; that's all.—Ex.

Some Garden Secrets.

Greta found Alan lying face down on the bank of the lily pond. He was staring hard into the water.

"What are you looking for, Alan?" she asked, comcoming up behind him and staring down, too.

"Trying to see a tadpole turn into a frog," said Alan. "You know they drop their tails off and turn into regular frogs; but I don't see any spare tails lying around, and I've watched and watched, and none of them seem to be shedding their tails today."

"That's something like watching a bud blossom," said Gretna. "You know, when a bud looks as if it were going to open surely in a minute, and you watch and watch and watch till you almost go to sleep, and it doesn't move a mite, then, after you go off and play for just a tiny minute, when you come back it's all blossomed out. But I guess, if you watched forever, you'd never see a tadpole's tail drop off, for they don't drop off."

"They do, too," said Alan. "How else do they get rid of them? When they're tadpoles they have tails; and, when they're frogs, they have none, so they must drop 'em."

"I used to think so," said Greta. "But Aunt Peggy, she goes to college, you know, and she learned there that they don't lose their tails off—the tadpoles, I mean. They just grow shorter and shorter till they disappear inside of the frog. I suppose it is something the way a turtle draws his head in his shell, only the turtle does it often and quickly, and the tadpole does it once awfully slowly, and never pokes it out again Anut Peggy said the tail changed inside of the frog but I didn't understand very well all about it."

"When I grow up, I'm going to college to find out for myself," said Alan, determinedly.

"So am I," said Greta. "Aunt Peggy told me about a funny blackfish called the squid that manufactures ink inside of himself, and, when his enemies are pursuing him in the water, he just spills a lot of the ink into the water so the water gets all cloudy, and the enemy can't see the squid at all, and he escapes."

"He's a real smart fish, isn't he?" said Alan. "Did your Aunt Peggy ever see one?"

"Yes, she saw the ink, too; and she dipped a pen in it and wrote her name and the date, and that it was written in squid ink. And it looks 'most like any ink. If you'll come to the house, she'll show it to you."

As the children were going to the house, Alan said:

"There's one other thing I'd like to see, and that's a snake crawling out of his skin. You know that snake's skin we found in the bushes last summer? Well, I'd just like to have seen the snake crawl out of it."

"We'll have to keep our eyes open," said Greta.—New York News.

HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you; I do now, and I always shall. But you have not told me how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know," and she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered: "Yes." Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be His.—Selected.

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say we cannot, overcome. Well, my brethren, in that Gethsemane—aye, even in that Gethsemane of sin—no angel, merely, but Christ Himself, who bore the burden of our sins, will if we seek Him, come to comfort us. He will if, being in an agony, we pray. He can be touched. He is touched, with the feeling of our infirmities. He, too, has trodden the winepress of agony alone; He, too, has lain face downward in the night upon the ground, and the comfort which then came to Him He has bequeathed to us— even the comfort, the help, the peace, the recovery, the light of hope, the faith, the sustaining arm, the healing anodyne of prayer.—Farrar.

We are mirrors. We cannot help being reflectors. We reflect in our characters every influence that touches our lives. We become like those with whom we associate. Two boys in a university in England roomed together for eight years. Toward the end of that time these two boys were so much alike that it became remarkable. They had reflected and reflected until one was almost the image of the other. If you called on one, and found the other one instead, you might talk to him on the same subjects and expect to receive the same answers that you would from the other. I once knew a girl who was growing so saintly that everyone wondered. No one guessed her secret. She became very ill, and a dear friend of hers obtained permission to open a locket which she wore constantly about her neck. There she saw engraved on the inside of the locket the clew to the secret: "Whom having not seen we love." If we reflect the glory of the character of Christ, we shall be changed from glory to glory—that is, from character to character. . . Do you not see the infinite possibilities of this? We are to go on and on. We are to be God's reflectors in this world.—Professor Henry Drummond.

Judge: "You said the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"

Intelligent Witness: "The dog."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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SPECIALS ALL THIS WEEK.

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New Citron, fancy, lb	.25
Boiled Cider, per quart	.35
Fancy Burbank Potatoes, 100 lbs.	1.50
New Finest Walnuts, lb	.20
New Almonds, lb	.20
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New Evap. Peaches, lb	.15
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White Crockery Tea Cups and Saucers, doz., only	$0.90
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30-piece Fancy Pattern Dinner Sets, each, only	2.50
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2-qt. White Crockery Pitcher, only	.25
3-qt. White Crockery Pitcher, only	.35
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Fancy Shape Platters— 13-inch, each .35 | 16-inch, each .70; 15-inch, each .45 | 18-inch, each .90	
White Crockery Fancy Shape Open Vegetable Dishes— 7-inch, each .15 | 9-inch, each .30; 8-inch, each .25 | 10-inch, each .40	
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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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THANKSGIVING.

For morning and the hopes of day;
For hours to work and hours to play;
For courage and contentment here;
For trust to strengthen, joy to cheer:—
We praise Thee, Lord!

For evening and the duties done;
For every strife of conscience won;
For hours to dream and hours to rest;
For all Thy love made manifest:—
We bless Thee, Lord!

For home and those who love us there;
For friends and kindred everywhere;
For life and for the life to be,
Eternal fellowship with Thee:—
We thank Thee, Lord!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

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"THE CHURCH MUST GO."

The Congregationalist remarks, "This phrase of the hero of Dr. W. J. Dawson's latest novel, 'The Church Must Go,' has a sinister sound, especially when coming from a Christian minister."

But Dr. Dawson doesn't make Dr. Gaunt, the hero in "A Prophet in Babylon," say just that. As he lay upon his bed of pain, when consciousness had returned, after that day when the bullet intended for his heart had been deflected by striking the silver cross of stars which he wore upon his breast, Dr. Gaunt's thought was: "The church, corrupted by traditionalism, must go; it would not long resist the disintegration whose havoc was already so apparent; but its vital and imperishable elements would reunite; they would assume a nobler form; and this new **Church of the Future** would become the universal church of love and service It would be broad enough to include the best elements of all religions; it would be the final synthesis of all that was good and beautiful in human life."

This was his vision; and because of it his heart burned within him, and night and day as he lay there he dreamed of the fields of service and toil awaiting him and heard more loudly than ever before the great future calling him. When a few weeks later, along on the way to recovery, a friend who through him had been won from a life of selfishness to one of love and service, had sent to his home a large cross composed mainly of red roses with yellow roses interwoven in the upper section—a cross of stars in flowers, "He stood long before it. Then he fell upon his knees, praying in simple words that he might better understand the spirit of the cross, knowing not its blood-red stain alone, but its starry joy."

Others, who bowed in silence before the cross while Gaunt was praying, began, as he ended, to sing softly,

"When I survey the wondrous cross,"

and sang it through to the end:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain, I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

"Six weeks before, it had seemed almost a requiem—a hymn of martyrdom," so runs the story. "They had sung it in that hour when Gaunt had fallen. They realized that all the wisdom of the ages was enshrined in it. Above all they realized that this man, whose prayer still lingered in their ears, had found this wisdom; that in him once more was wrought the eternal miracle of the life that grows by giving, gains by losing, lives by dying."

W. E. Curtis, the noted correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, is reported as having said that Dr. Dawson will live to regret the writing of "A Prophet in Babylon."

We are of opinion that the book is being misunderstood. As we turn its pages we find here and there that which will be misunderstood unless the mind grasps all, from lid to lid. So surveying "A Prophet in Babylon," we conclude that Dr. Dawson has been striving therein to set forth in a striking manner the principles embodied in his other book, "The Empire of Love," written early this year, of which it has been said, "The pages seem like magnets drawing you closer to the heart of the Master."

In "The Empire of Love" Dr. Dawson says: "All things in the intellectual and social life of men move as by a fixed law, towards simplification. May we not hope that this same tendency may permeate the universal Church of Christ, dissolving the accretions of mistaken and conventional piety, combining the vital elements into a wider synthesis, at once simple and convincing,—the new which is the oldest and the earliest,—that the church is the organ of the Divine Love, and that love alone is the Christian equivalent of religion?"

"May we not even anticipate," he continues, "that the visible decay of many symbols that once were authoritative, of many forms of creed that are now barely tolerated rather than respected, may work toward this issue; that gradually the test of service will supplant the test of intellectual belief, and that a new church will arise founded not on creed at all, but on a real imitation of the life of Jesus? If this should happen we need not regret the dissolution of the forms of religious life which is so evident today, for though the older kingdom be shaken, we shall arrive in God's time at the better kingdom which cannot be shaken." And Dr. Dawson points out that it is around men and women who do in reality live in close imitation of the life of Jesus that people rally. Of the man of such life he says: "He may be satirized, and probably will be, as a moral anarchist, a fanatic and a hare-brained enthusiast; but nevertheless the best men will rally to him. They rallied to a Father Dolling, they rally to a General Booth. The types represented by such men lie far apart. One was so high a ritualist as to be almost a Catholic, the other is an ecclesiastic anarchist so extreme that he dispenses with the sacraments. But these things count for little; what the

world sees in such men is the essential reality of their life. One of the severest critics of Dolling once went to hear him with the bitterest prejudice. He found him with a couple of hundred thieves and prostitutes gathered round him, to whom he was telling the love of Jesus in the simplest language. 'Dolling may be a Roman Catholic, or anything else he pleases,' said his critic, 'all I know is that I never heard one speak of Christ like that,' and from that hour he was his warmest friend."

Turning again, now, to the pages of "A Prophet in Babylon," what do we find there?"

Dr. Gaunt was pastor of a large and fashionable city church, dominated by a man of whom it is said. "He had no more vision of the spiritual ideals of a church than he had of the tragic realities of the great city in which he lived the life of a tame cat. The church was to him nothing more than a business enterprise and the faculties he applied to its service were precisely those which governed his office on Broadway."

The pastor began to realize deeply, and more deeply, the life to which he as a herald of the cross had been summoned.

One Sunday morning the choir and the congregation sang,

"Rescue the Perishing, Care for the Dying."

They sang it with such heartiness that the great organ was scarcely heard. Even the fashionably dressed woman who knew no God but Wagner sang it

The minister took no text that morning, but abruptly at the close of the singing asked of his people whether they really believed in the spirit and meaning of the hymn which they had been singing. "The perishing, the fallen, the wandering—they were everywere," he remarked. "There was not a street in New York in which they might not be found. The tragedy represented in these words was found in Fifth Avenue palaces as well as East Side slums. For wherever men had not the right ideals of life they were perishing; wherever they sinned against those ideals they were fallen; wherever they forgot them they were wandering." The hymn, he continued, spoke of rescuing the perishing. "Did they believe that rescue was possible? Of course they would say that they did; it would be inconsistent with their pride in human nature and the orthodox creed of Christianity to say otherwise. But men really believed only what they practiced. Had they ever really tried to rescue any one, who, from whatever cause, was perishing or fallen or wandering? Did the church itself conform to the ideal of a vast rescue society, affording its help to those who most needed it? Was it not evident enough that the chief function of the modern church appeared to be not to capture the sinners, but to coddle the saints—and poor saints at that, he added."

This and more, and then finally: "The church in its present form cannot conquer the world. The form therefore, must perish that the spirit may be freed Let us demolish all but the imperishable fountains: let us build a new church whose only creed is love whose only test is service. To this great end I pledge my life. To accomplish it my first step is clear From this church and all churches, I pass out today and forever. A month from today, on the first Sunday of March, I shall endeavor to interpret the ideals I have announced in practice. I shall invite all who feel the need for such a movement to meet me in Madison Square Garden, where the first meeting of the League of Service will be held."

We have already given something from the very last pages of this book. The foregoing is from an earlier portion of the story.

And what do we find here and there throughout the book?

This we find Dr. Gaunt saying to the people who assembled to hear him on the Sunday when he was about to form The League of Universal Service: "Were they, the Christian people, really contented with their own conventional Chirstianity? Could they conceive nothing better? If their Master should then and there enter that auditorium, dust-stained, weary, bearing on his shoulders the heavy cross, would they welcome him? Would they even recognize him? Or, if they did, would not their easy-going Christianity shrivel up in shame before the authentic Christianity which meant derision, mockery, good sacrificing itself for the ungrateful, love stooping to the lowliest tasks of service, and at last the blood of a great sacrifice poured out willingly for a world that did not understand its sublime anguish and renunciation?

And then we are told that the minister "sketched the condition of New York, of America, of the world in relation to religion; the indifference which sprang from ignorance or despair; the impotence of religion to touch in any real way the lives even of those who accepted its truths; the enormous social problems that theratened the very existence of the republic; the call of the times to all good men to combine to reinstate religion as a vital reality in the government of the world." Could they effect this reinstatement? he asked. "It looked impossible; it really was easy. It became easy when the actual life of Jesus was accepted as the model of all human life. Christianity was really nothing more nor less than following Christ It was not a mode of thought, but a rule of life." And what the minister proposed then was "a union of all who loved in the service of all who suffered,"—the creation of a new social force, The League of Universal Service.

Yes, the church must go—It must go on from high to higher until in it there shall be embodied in all fulness the spirit of him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. This, we believe, is what Dr. Dawson is advocating in everything that comes from his pen.

Christianity is not played out, and never will be. In it there is life. But some churches are played out; and many of the methods of church work are played out; and everywhere there is need for extensive reformations. But in some form the church will always exist. We care not whether it be called a church or a league for service, so long as it rests on the one foundation of Jesus the Christ.

No one with heart intent on the things which make for righteousness can survey the history of the world and fail to say with the sacred poet—

"I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

"Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

"Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven."

Notwithstanding the imperfections of the church there is no other institution which has so blessed the world. And yet, the church must go;—rather would we say, **the church must come!** It must come to be what God designed it to be—an organization for near and far-reaching service. The church must come to be an up-to-date organization. Church members must come to realize that religious work will never be successfully carried on until it is based on thoroughly systematic methods, somewhat similar to those on which our public school educational work is carried on. If the church is going to do the work opening up before it, it must get away from the custom of churches planted here and there and everywhere, just to suit the notions, or the whims and prejudices of a few people; and have its edifices reared with that intelligent regard for the general welfare which is manifested in the rearing of our school houses. This implies such a federation or union of the churches as is not possible just now, but toward which we are being forced by the changes and advancements of modern civilization.

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

COUNTER-ORGANIZATIONS NEEDED.

The Citizens' Alliance has been reorganized in San Francisco, and there is a wide-spread belief that it will result in good.

We have only the severest condemnation for the business methods of some individuals and firms here and there throughout our country. "Captains of Industry," they are sometimes called, notwithstanding their methods. Captains of selfishness would better characterize them. Nevertheless our labor organizations have not been free from the marks of unwisdom and selfishness; and to such lengths have some of them gone, frequently, that such an organization as the Citizens' Alliance became a necessity in many parts of the country.

In an article last week concerning the organization in San Francisco, Town Talk said: "The Citizens' Alliance came into existence because of the apostasy of a servile press to civic duty. It was organized by the employees of San Francisco to protect themselves against the illegal aggressions of union workingmen."

Along with other papers Town Talk recognizes the need for the labor unions and believes they are here to stay; but expresses the conviction that they are not here to dictate forever to the public. The News Letter, another San Francisco weekly, says: "Even though we may deplore the existence of such an organization as the Citizens' Alliance, it cannot be denied that the necessity for its existence was forced by the unrestrained demands and lawless aggressions of labor unions."

Commenting on Mayor Taylor's recent words deprecating the reorganization the News Letter continues: "As long as labor unions exist—and Mayor Taylor expresses his certainty of their perpetuity—it is more than probable that counter organizations of employers of labor will exist, if only in self-defense."

The Wasp, another weekly, not only stands in defence of the Citizens' Alliance, but declares for the open shop, saying: "Until the open shop becomes general in the United States there can be no relief from the demagogues who thrive on a war of capital; there can be no permanent peace, and no such thing as confidence in the investment of money in industrial enterprises."

The Wasp cites instances of labor union unfairness. This, among others, which we summarize: A San Francisco man last week ordered a plumbing firm to stop a leak in a drain pipe. It really required about one hour's work and two cents' worth of solder to complete the job. Under proper conditions $1.50 would have been liberal pay for the work. It cost the man $6. The rules of the union made the difference. The Wasp, commenting on the rule requiring plumbers to walk to the places where their work is, wonders whether they will not ere long be required to hobble there on crutches.

Last week the Pacific Presbyterian expressed the hope that there was something in the rumor that the wiser and more conservative elements in the labor unions were about to move for their reformation. The difficulty has been that it has long been unsafe for a man either within or without some of the labor organizations to criticise them. The man within has too often lost all his influence in the organization, and the union "has laid for" the presumptious outsider generally to his damage.

There is scarcely a daily paper anywhere that dares to declare the real sentiments of its editor or manager as to labor unions. And the politicians keep far within their holes when such questions are uppermost.

Congressman Denby of Michigan had the courage however, to declare himself a few weeks ago when the striking telegraphers went to him with the request that he aid them in an effort to enlist President Roosevelt in their behalf. He told them that he would rather sacrifice his position and even go down in utter defeat than shift the issue from his own to the President's shoulders. At that time Mr. Denby expressed himself as follows concerning the labor unions: "I believe in unions. I believe that if rightly conducted they do a great deal of good, but I do not believe in the prevention of men from working for an employer, unless they become members of a union, nor do I believe in any strike based upon the refusal of union men to work with non-union men. To say that I shall not secure employment in the city of Detroit unless I associate myself with a union is to restrict my liberty and the liberty of my employer. If my work is good I have a right to employment, if I can get it. If an employer pays good wages and treats his men well, he has a right to employ whom he chooses."

Mr. Denby said further: "I may be criticised for not passing the issue along and putting it up to the President. But the closed shop can never stand, or if it does it will bring with it a train of revolution. The sympathetic strike can never stand and these issues must be faced.

"I am in favor of labor unions, they are good. But they cease to be such when they demand the closed

shop. Have non-union men no rights?"

At once, so says a Detroit paper, the telegraphers began to talk about getting the aid of the American Federation of Labor in opposing Mr. Denby for re-election to congress.

It is evident that there are great and momentous issues between labor and capital that must be faced. They cannot be faced and solved aright by powerful organizations on one side and no organization at all on the other side. It is not surprising that business men near and far, before they began a few years ago to organize to oppose the unreasonable demands of some of the labor unions, were seriously considering the withdrawal of their capital from the enterprises in which it was nivested. The unions were having thnigs all their own way; and some of them, incensed by the wrongs of many of the captalistic class, were moving rapidly toward the exaction of the last pound of flesh.

BUSINESS HOLIDAYS TO BE COMMENDED.

It is well that there are men at the head of affairs who are more far-sighted than some editorial writers. The following appeared a week ago in a Berkeley daily paper: "No more holidays! We don't see the need of them. The people are prosperous and have money and confidence. The only timid people The Independent seems to be able to locate are the bankers."

The bankers have had good reason for heir fears; and had it not been for the holidays which have been declared hundreds of banks would have gone down in failure. Governor Gillette has done well in that he has continued the holidays as he has in California. The banks are in general all right; but the strongest in the country could not stand such demands as are made upon them during such a period as that through which we have been passing for several weeks. Even on gilt-edged securities it was impossible for the bankers to get cash. The Merchants' Bank of Portland was a strong institution. It paid over to depositors $1,500,000 in two weeks' time, and $2,300,000 in six weeks With such a run it is not surprising that it had to close its doors.

Better the holidays with all their drawbacks and inconveniences than the risk of long-continued disaster in busines brought on by panicky people. There would have been no fear on the part of the bankers if there had not first been groundless fear on the part of many of the people. Grant that there was ground for fear on the part of the people, it only made matters worse to begin to draw out deposits from the banks. When such a move is made they who get there first get their coin, but they seal often the doom of others—bring on a crash which otherwise might have been averted It might be well for the people who are so inclined to act to pause and consider whether there is not in such conduct a high degree of selfishness. And what is needed in this world widely is more consideration of the interests of the other fellow.

CHRISTIAN HYMNS BARRED FROM NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

Jewish parents having protested against the use of the hymns of the Christian faith in the public schools of the city of New York a committee of the school board has recommended and the board has decided to eliminate them. The board has decided further that there shall hereafter be in the schools no reference to Christ, no use of any pictures of a religious character. and in Christmas festivities no reference to Santa Claus or to St. Nicholas. The Jewish protestants asked that no Christmas festivites be held in the kindergarten and primary departments, but this request was not granted.

It is stated that this elimination will require the revision of a large number of the text books. Among the hymns in use which can be no longer used were the following:

The Doxology; Ave Maria; Bethlehem; The Palms; Oh, Come Emanuel; Nazareth; Hark, the Christmas Bells Are Ringing; Sing, O Children, Sing with Gladness; Wake and Tune Your Cheerful Voices; The Christmas Tree; Peace on Earth; The Bird Song; Watchman, Tell Us of the Night; For Thee, O Dear Dear Country; Aurelia; Hark, Hark, My Soul; Nearer My God to Thee; Christmas Time; Coronation; Olivet; In Heavenly Love Abiding; Onward, Christian Soldiers; While Shepherds Watched.

New York has come to be a great Jewish city, and that people evidently are beginning to exert their influence to have things religiously more to suit their ideas than heretofore.

For problems galore look to the United States of America in the first few decades of the twentieth century! With our many races and peoples, with their many and diverse beliefs and customs—how shall they be fused into something of harmony and co-operation? That is a pressing question.

WITH THE NEW BOOKS.

"Father John." By Hope Daring. A story, this of high order! It will hold the attention and interest the reader, and will make for good in his or her life. The author says: "Detroit as it was in 1831 forms the background of the story in which I have tried to reproduce the local coloring of the place and the type of men and women who have made Michigan what it is." [American Tract Society, New York; $1.00 net.]

Jesse Ben David." By James M. Ludlow. A beautifully illustrated art gift book Around the Bible story of the Christ-child, the shepherds and the wise men is made to center this charming story—rich in artistic imagery. As we read the pages of this book there comes the thought that the author has given us that which might be leaves from real experiences in the days when the Bethlehem Star cast its rays over the Judean country. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.00 net.]

A Prophet in Babylon." By W. J. Dawson. The Rev. Dr. Dawson, who came to this country from London a few years ago and engaged for a time in evangelistic work, has shown himself to be a person of considerable literary ability. Several valuable books have been written by him. A few weeks ago a work of fiction appeared bearing his name. It is a story of social service—a challenge of today, a vision of tomorrow. Dr. Dawson has made an interesting story, and has in addition worked into it a real challenge of the today in the churches. In this connection see our editorial under the caption "The Church Must Go." [F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.50.]

"The Heritage of Life." By James Buckham. A helpful little volume of 125 pages! The author says in the "Foreword": "To each and every soul life brings some heritage of good. It may not always be obvious good; it may not be the kind of good that lies upon

the surface; but more and more, as life goes on, the devout spirit grows into the conviction that the all of life, the total result of its experiences is good." Accordingly the author continues: "We need to look for the hidden good, as well as the obvious good, in life. We need to establish the faith that everything that life brings us has some blessing in it; that there is good, not only in what at first seems ill. God assigns to us no lessons in the school of life that are not divinely worth the learning. If we can only get at the heart of them, their hidden meaning, let us be assured that all experiences are blest." The perception, the conviction, that there is something that makes for good in every experience, this the author regards as the most precious heritage that life can bring to any soul. It is with the hope that he may help to make this great truth more evident that he sends forth this volume He writes in a delightful manner on: The Discipline of Life, The Shining Side of Sorrow, The Meaning of Death, The Joy of Life, The Hallowed Commonplace The Value of Obstacles, Love the Apex of Life, Regeneration, The Long Perspective. [Jenning's & Graham, Cincinnati; also Berkeley, Cal.; 75 cents.]

"Signs of God in the World." By John P. D. John. A book of striking thoughts on ever-vital subjects Through the microscope the author gets a glimpse of God and the human soul. He finds God also in Instinct—in animal intelligence, and in human experience; and finally in "Seeing Without Eyes" he finds God without sign—face to face. These articles were first given as addresses and proved popular. In addition to those under the general heading of "Signs of God in the World," there are others on: College Ethics, Is it Wise to Go to College, The Warrant of Faith, The Human Lock and the Gospel Key, Did Man Make God or Did God Make Man? The following on College Ethics is worth quoting widely: "There is a sentiment too largely prevalent that the college man is a law unto himself, and that he can do with impunity what would be disgraceful or even criminal if done by a man who is not so fortunate as to have his name on the college register. * * * To yell and screech on the streets is wrong in a drunken man and should consign him to a diet of bread and water, but to make night hideous with unearthly howls it is a sign of culture, provided the howls proceed from the throat of a college boy. A street-corner loafer who guys the passer-by is rude and insolent, but a crowd of college boys, hooting at the pedestrian that comes their way, are only giving vent to an excess of youthful spirit." [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; $1.00 net.]

"The Christian Family. By Gustavus Emanuel Hiller. This volume claims—and rightly too—to be "a book for parents, pastors, teachers, legislators, and young people." We agree with him who writes the introduction that "the appearance of this book is exceedingly timely, in view of two alarming and rapidly increasing evils in our country—the scandalous divorce evil and the sad lack of a proper moral and religious training of the young." President Roosevelt has said: "Questions like the tariff and the currency are literally of no consequence compared with the vital question of having the unit of our social life, the home, preserved. * * * If we have solved every other problem in the wisest way, it shall profit us nothing if we have lost our national soul; and we will have lost it if we don't have the question of the relation of the family put upon the proper basis." The twenty-three chapters of this book touch on Religion, Ethics, Esthetics, Divorce, Economics, Hygienics, Child Training, Home Literature, The Servant Problem. Mr. Hiller says: "It should be the constant care of the pastors, and their churches with them, to inculcate into the minds of young people, as well as those already joined in holy wedlock, worthy conceptions of marriage; to resist and solemnly warn against all lax views and practices in, and out of wedded life; to magnify the family by depicting its responsibilities and blessings; to insist on family worship and the religious training of children at home; to bring about the introduction of wholesome literature into the family circle; to advise againts what is dangerous in the society and amusements of the world; to teach, inspire, and encourage those who have undertaken the greatest enterprise upon earth, namely, the establishment of a true Christian home." This is the author's aim as he discusses the questions relating to the Christian family. [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; $1.25 net.]

"James Harris Fairchild." By Albert Temple Swing. For sixty-eight years James Harris Fairchild was connected with Oberlin College; first as a professor, and later as president; and his life has gone out in influence to the ends of the earth. One has said of him: "A Christian scholar and gentleman to be classed with such men as William Ewart Gladstone and others of like endowments and character." At the memorial services held June 22, 1902, the Rev. Dr. Judson Smith of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions said: "A list of the men of the past generation who are to be ranked among the great educators of the nation would contain President Fairchild's name not only, but would place it among the first in the list. Living all his life in this quiet village, giving all his time and strength and rare gifts to this college and to its development, rarely seen in the great assemblies of the times, but ceaselessly at work in scholarly lines to shape college and community, students and people to the highest aims—his bow has ever abode in strength, his line has gone out through all the earth, the impulse and light of his thought and life have reached to the deepest springs of the nation, and have encompassed the globe. As the Academy under Plato shaped the noblest thought and life of Greece, so this modern Plato from this sacred shrine has touched with healing and help the culture, the manhood, the institutions and the life of our nation and the world." It is of value that people should be allowed to look on the growth of such a life and influence. Professor Swing has opened it up to view, writing of pioneer days on the Western Reserve before 1835, his early school days there, the religious life of the Reserve, his college days and experiences, (on down to the time that he entered on his remarkable work in Oberlin in 1842, which was to continue for more than 60 years) and then leading us in an illuminating manner over all those fruitful years as professor and president. The volume contains two fine portraits of President Fairchild, his inaugural address given when he entered on the presidency of Oberlin in 1866, and other addresses. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 395.]

The Presbyterian Brotherhood in session in Cincinnati, the Protestant Episcopal Conference of the New York diocese, various Roman Catholic priests, have all protested vigorously against the leaving off from the United States coinage the motto "In God We Trust." This campaign should go on until Congress expressly restores the same.

"SPEAKING WITH TONGUES."

B. F. Sargent.

The article recently in the Pacific Presbyterian regarding the manifestation and actions of those in Iowa who claim to "speak with tongues" was of great interest to many. Corresponding manifestations are claimed for quite a band of people in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Rosa, Woodland, and doubtless many other places on this coast. To such, the conclusions reached by Arthur T. Pierson, in an article on the same topic in a recent issue of the Missionary Review of the World will be of great interest.

Calling attention to the fact that not only in this country but in India, China, Sweden, Wales also, similar manifestations have found followers, he proceeds to weigh the matter by the sure test of the word of God alone.

He continues: The word of God supplies the basis of all clear and spiritual judgment, in one exhaustive passage—I. Cor. 14—the entire chapter being occupied with this matter; and if this monograph is studied, the peculiar wisdom of the Spirit's teaching will appear. Here the contrast is intentionally emphatic, between prophecying, and speaking with tongues, immense preponderance being conceded in favor of the former. which here means not **predictive** but **preceptive** utterance-inspired teaching.

The apostle encourages the Corinthians to covet the best gifts, and most of all the gift of prophecy; and for reasons which may be stated in the order of his presentation of them. Then in order the writer gives the various points made by the inspired writer as follows:

1. It is unintelligible to the hearer. If genuine it is known as such, only to God.

2. It is not in itself edifying. While prophecying (teaching) is profitable for edification, exhortation and comfort, this gift in itself can only cause the hearer to wonder in awe at what he understands not. It is therefore comparatively undesirable and unserviceable

3. It is mentioned last among all the Spirit's gifts and manifestations, and in the enumeration in the 12th chapter of I. Cor. 7-10, seven other gifts outrank it.

4. It is dependent for all real value upon the companion gift of "interpretation of tongues," with which it is coupled in the previous category, Chapter 12:10. Only such interpretation can lift it to the level of "administering grace to the hearers. Eph. 4: 29. Apart from such "interpretation" it is without profit, bringing no revelation, knowledge, teaching, or doctrine (verse 6).

5. More than this it may degenerate into an empty display of the mysterious—a mere babble, if not Babel—like many sounds in which no one can tell what is sense and what is nonsense, what is spurious and what is genuine.

6. Speaking with tougues rather promotes dispersion than closer association. Its tendencies are divergent, not convergent. As at Babel when they could not understand one another's speech they separated and scattered: so if the hearer know not the meaning of the voice the speaker will be unto him a barbarian—a foreigner, and conversely.

7. Such a gift therefore acts rather as a hindrance than a help to common worship. A part of the power and acceptableness of what is done in the assembly depends on the responisveness of the worshipper to the leader. What is in a dead language cannot provoke the hearers' "amen." How can the heart of the unlearned answer to what is not understood? However well the speaker does, as the hearer cannot enter into the sentiment of what is spoken, joint worship and united worship is impossible.

8. Furthermore speaking with tongues may work damage. An assembly where all should speak with tongues would impress an unbeliever so unfavorably that he woudl pronounce them "mad" (verse 23).

9. Moreover Paul by the Spirit enjoins that, when such gift is bestowed, its exercise shall be carefully regulated. For such regulation he gives two rules (a) The law of precedence; (b) The law of silence. For the first that only two or three shall speak and then what each has said shall be interpreted, and that if there be no interpreter present, the exercise of the tongues be suppressed altogether. "Let his gift be silent toward man who cannot understand him and active only toward God who can."

10. Moreover, what produces disorder and confusion cannot be of God, who is the author of order and peace While, therefore, speaking with tongues is not to be forbidden, it is not to be coveted.

11. It is more than hinted at that speaking with tongues is peculiarly open to spurious imitation. No one gift of the Spirit is so easily counterfeited as this If there is no interpreter present, who can tell what is said?

12. It is thought by many that bidding the women to "keep silence in the churches," which is found in this same chapter, has special and sole reference to their unguarded use of this real or pretended gift Coming from the exclusion of the harem or zenana the oriental woman was prone to run to fanaticism and might easily mistake hysterical mutterings for a gift of supernatural utterance.

Dr. Pierson then proceeds to apply the principles laid down in that chapter to the present "manifestation of tongues" and finds it "wanting" when thus weighed in the balance of God's word.

In no instance is there even a claim of an interpretation of tongues, and always an unwillingness to adopt the scriptural command of silence till an interpreter is found. While deceit is not charged in many cases there is always a stubborn unwillingness to test the matter by the scripture alone, and pressure is brought upon all to trust to what might easily prove to be a mental excitement bordering at least upon hysteria.

A comparison of the present movement with that of the Irvinites which wrought such havoc among the churches is instituted with the conclusion that the two are somewhat closely related.

The conclusion reached is set forth in several brief findings as follows:

1. The infallible Scriptures alone can be the ultimate court of appeal.

2. The gifts the most to be sought are those which are most to edification.

3. All spiritual gifts that are genuine are promotive of peace and harmony.

4. All true endowments of the Spirit lead to humility, and docility of temper.

5. Any gift sought for its own sake, or for self-glory, is a delusion and a snare.

6. All undue human influence is inconsistent with the supremacy of the Spirit of God.

7. What has a decisive effect and centrifugal tendency is open to gravest suspicion.

8. We need to be always on the alert to detect Satanic disguises and counterfeits.

While in general the one summarizing these conclusions of Mr. Pierson offers no dissent from them he begs to add two considerations which have come within his notice from meeting some of these people and attendance upon two of their meetings.

They are deeply in earnest. With them this is a matter of life and power.

Many of them give very clear testimony of a close walk with God, and evince a power that none can question.

The movement shows a hunger of the human heart for more of the Spirit's presence and power than is often found in our churches—a hunger so deep that it takes many from our churches, under the mistaken idea that they cannot find a real "pentecost" within the church.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

A Trio of Notable Cities.

I have recently returned from brief visits to three remarkable towns in Southern California. A loyal Northern California and a contented lover of beautiful Santa Clara valley, I am yet free to write my honest conviction that Redlands, Riverside and Pasadena are not to be matched in California, and I do not think their beauty, cleanness, and attractiveness are surpassed in the world. Their contiguity and charm are certainly notable. I will not number populations lest I decry the last census. Each of these little cities has a sufficient and attractive public library. The streets are well paved and lighted. Miles upon miles of tasteful and comfortable homes. Orchards are well kept in the regions about. Excelling all other buildings in comparative size and beauty are the Christian churches of various names, as a rule clustering in evident fellowship near centers. Bright store windows, polite and happy merchants, tidy street cars, splendid and suggestive school houses abound.

The open-eyed and interested visitor goes about these up to date and prosperous cities with a query in his heart as to the secret of such urban peace and optimistic content. The horses and dogs seem to share in the general cheer and prosperity. Parents are not anxious about their children on the streets. The crowds of tourists tumbling out of the cars in Los Angeles certainly have three choices for delightful residence cities before them. From all I heard Long Beach was a fine competing town for either of them I was sorry not to witness its great growth since I walked its beautiful shores a decade and a half ago, Yet there are men who say, and claim to believe, that grass grows overmuch in towns that do not license respectable saloons. It does. But it is on green acres of beautiful private lawns which no saloon town ever equals. I am not making an argument. I did not go to the Sunny South to forge an appeal for temperance These temperance towns forced their conspicuous arguments on me. I could not dispute them. Whiskydom nowhere shows such towns as these I faintly describe. If the real estate prices of these towns were honestly compared with the books of rum town agents the superior price and value of the temperance towns would appear. If train loads of thoughtful citizens of our Northern California should go on a tour of investigation among these charming southern communities like train loads of converted voters would come back to our equally beautiful but less progressive regions saying, "Let us vote ourselves dry and that quickly." It was a rare experience to sit in Bro. Maclaren's attractive church during the session of a really great Association and hear not a word about saloons. I do not think I heard the word temperance. I am sure I did not, save as I spoke it in honest wonderment. Their answers came to my questions: "Saloons do not trouble us any more. We do not need them. We are through with them." Oh! friends in the happy Southland, blaze a way here that we, too, may go free. Bear your testimony to ranchmen that they need not have drunken fruit pickers. Stir up our real estate men to believe that sobriety builds fine homes on high-priced lots. Our tax-payers need deliverance. The devil's lie that whisky booms a town dies hard. Help us give it a quietus. Fortunate towns—wise people—Redlands, Riverside and Pasadena.

A Saratoga Suggestion.

The bright and blessed women who, in their world-wide interest for heathen far away and unchurched men on wide prairies and in rude mining regions nearer home, sometimes think of the humans close about them gave us men an evening's outing and entertainment which we will never forget. Most of our notable missionary meetings are in the afternoon. It takes a single man's breath away to face such tremendous feminine force and talent unless there are enough of us to brace each other up. This happy evening we were specially invited. Two stalwarts were assigned the program. They had the evening—the whole of it—and for a debate so dear to the heart of a man. The subject was given out by the bright inventor of the man-catching missionary lariat. "Resolved, that Italians are more desirable immigrants than Slavs." We were there in such masculine force that we felt at home in the ample and hospitable sitting room, with such porch accommodation that we could promenade in the moonlight if the debate got acrid or the room got hot. Brethren it was fine. An elegant ranchman, who, if he had dyed his graceful locks and brought his violin might have passed for an Italian made wise and witty argument for the men from the land of architecture, music and poetry. Italy's array of culture and genius paraded before us. We forgot the organ-grinder and his monkey, the peanut roaster, and the tamale-peddler in the troup of great artist's names. A worthy missionary himself, square-toed and direct as a brawny Slav brushed away the eloquent web so deftly woven about us that we almost wanted to board the next immigrant train and winnow out the Italians as our choice townsmen. "Italians were great, but alas! they are a decadent nation! Let the Anglo Saxon themselves look out lest they too become decadent before the renaissance of the Slavs and Chinese." Slav stock soared. My! it was like an old Oberlin debate in the hot times "befoh de wah." Twice the combatants built up their pyramids of eloquence, only to have the rugged force of the learned opponents tumble them down in the great quake. The Slav man carried the house by a slight majority. We all felt that any good man of any color and any clime who had sense enough to long for America and sand enough to get here, put under such influences as had gathered us together might grow to worthy citizenship under our glorious

flag. There were no wall flowers. If there had been any coolness beyond the carefulness with which the men always sit by themselves as meeting begins, it would have melted away like the orange ice. Saratoga has no patent on a missionary debate. It made one unique program in our star course.

RENDING THE HEAVENS.

Edward Arthur Wicher.

Oh that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down. Isa. 64: 1.

There is a time in the life of every devout man when the psalmist's cry is echoed in his soul. The heavens are an offense to him. They do not reveal God; they conceal Him. They are heartless. They look down upon oppressions and sufferings, and are not moved to pity. They go on their unthinking way, beautiful and smiling, and utterly indifferent to the cry of anguish wrung from the soul of the wounded man. God himself seems to be heartless; for are not the heavens his self-manifestation?

But no, this cannot be. This poor man has known in many ways that God is not heartless, but that He is love. He cries: "Oh God, these iron heavens do Thee wrong. They cannot be touched by me; they are too high above me. But Thou art above me and them. Let them not hold Thee back from me. Break them. Oh that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down."

Such language is always shocking to thrifty, prudent people. "Rend the heavens! Terrible. Think how the heavens would be damaged and how much it would cost to repair them."

But when the soul of a man is rent with the cry of desolation, what does he care for the heavens? He needs God and God alone. Let the heavens be destroyed, but let God meet him in His salvation. God can make new heavens, if heavens be necessary at all.

And there are other men, very wise, who would strongly oppose this proposal. "Rend the heavens indeed! And pray what would become of Science? What would become of the mighty law of the Uniformity of Nature? If the heavens are rent, all law is rent!"

But deeper and truer than the prudence of the prudent and the wisdom of the wise is the simplicity of the simple. For God has rent the heavens—in the person of His Incarnate Son. In response to the cry of humanity, the cry of the individual man, He has broken Uniformity of Nature, as men have seen it. The forthgoing of eternal truth and tenderness towards humanity, the yearning of humanity for a closer, holier, more intimate fellowship with God the Father, were forces mightier than all the laws that men had elsewhere known. The bending heavens broke beneath the strain. From those rent heavens there spoke the Father's voice, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." And through those rent heavens we behold the land of light and glory, the home of our God and Saviour, the rest of all longing souls. Again in the consummation of His perfect life, through those rent heavens we shall see the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.

And upon me too, O Saviour; for Thou hast called me to be partaker of Thy nature and partner of Thy kingdom. I bless Thee that Thou hast rent Thy heavens and come down; that as Thy heavens could not shut out my cry from Thine ears, neither could they hold back Thy love from my soul. Thou hast come down to dwell in my humanity and hast lifted me up to Thy side. Thou art greater than Thy heavens; Thou hast entered my soul.

Among the Churches.

El Centro.—The new church building was opened for service recently. The sermon was given by the Rev. G. C. Butterfield of Los Angeles.

Los Angeles.—The Japanese Church of which the Rev. J. K. Inazawa is pastor, has a membership of 50, and is doing an excellent work among the Japanese.

Berkeley.—St. John's Church will meet in Stiles Hall until its house of worship on the corner of Piedmont and Stuart is ready. The Town and Gown hall has been found too small to accommodate the congregation.

Pasadena.—On Sunday November the 17th Calvary Presbyterian Church of South Pasadena was opened for service. The new structure cost about $10,000, and will seat 700 people. Considerable of the material which went into it came from the old building of the First Church which was situated on the corner of Worcester avenue and Colorado street. Calvary Church was organized June 29, 1902, with nine members, and was under the supervision of the Board of Home Missions, with Rev. A. J. Compton as supply, until 1904. Then the work was taken in charge for a time by the Rev. T. C. Beattie, only a morning preaching service being held. A few months ago the Rev. C. M. Fisher of Monrovia was called to the permanent pastorate. He has been installed, and finds a fine field for service opening up before him.

OREGON NOTES.

Rev. N. S. Reeves has accepted a call to the church of Piedmont, Presbytery of Portland, and has entered on his work.

Rev. E. T. Allen recently of Irrigon has been asked to become the pastor evangelist for the presbyteries of Grande Ronde and Pendleton.

Rev. Harry Templeton has resigned the charge of the churches of Enterprise and Joseph and accepted a call to the Memorial Church of Vancouver, Washington.

A church was organized at Mt. Hood lately by the Presbytery of Pendleton with 20 charter members. This is a point in the celebrated Hood River apple country, and is the result of Sabbath-school missionary work.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Dr. Wicher gave his illustrated lecture on Japan before the Men's Club of the Westminster Church, San Francisco, on Monday evening, the 18th.

Mr. Everett L. Jones of the Junior Class won the intercolegiate prohibition oratorical contest of the Pacific Coast on the evening of Nov. 15th. The contest was held in Albany, Or. Mr. Jones represented Oregon, Mr. Warren N. Cuddy of the University of Puget Sound at Tacoma, represented Washington, Mr. D. C. Boyd of Stanford Northern California, and Mr. William E. Roberts of Occidental College, Southern California. Mr. Jones won the right to represent Oregon while a student at Albany College last year in the State Prohibition contest held at Dallas. Or. This latest victory will entitle him to represent the Pacific Coast

in a national contest to be held somewhere in the East next July in connection with the National Prohibition Convention. Mr. Boyd and Mr. Roberts are both preparing for the Presbyterian ministry.

Rev. John N. Maclean, '93, is prospering in his work at Clarinda, Ia. The most successful feature of his work this winter is his Brotherhood Bible class which has an average atetndance of over forty men. Mr. Maclean teaches the class and has aroused much enthusiasm among the men of the church, using as the basis of his work Prof. George L. Robinson's "Leaders of Israel." Mr. Maclean's first pastorate was at Vacaville. His present church membership is over three hundred and his Sunday-school membership over two hundred. The benevolences of the church are universally large in proportion to the size of the congregation.

MEETING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BROTHERHOOD.

H. F. Shupe.

"The Men of America for the Man of Gallilee," This significant motto in large letters greeted the audiences of men in the second convention of the Brotherhod of the Presbyterian Church, assembled in Music Hall, Cincinnati. Looking down upon the thousand men grouped in the center of the great hall, it had the appearance of a Presbyterian company, well-dressed, cultured, and dignified.

This was the second convention of the Presbyterian men, and in attendance enthusiasm and purpose gave assurance of the great significance and the permanency of the men's movement. A year ago a surprisingly large convention at Indianapolis had launched the movement; a committee was created to aid in giving definiteness to this significantly virile movement; the General Assembly had unanimously approved it; strong men were called to voluntary service for its promotion; an adequate sum of money had been given by business laymen to enable those secretaries to do things; and the Brotherhood came to its second convention with 455 local men's organizations, having a membership of 25,000. Besides, there are over 200 societies which had not applied for affiliation with the Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood is a central organization designed to promote, assist, and federate all forms of men's societies in the Presbyterian Church which have for their purpose "the winning of men to Christ and the Church, the promotion of spiritual development and the training in usefulness of men connected with the congregations through prayer, Bible study, and Christian service, the strengthning of fellowship, and the extension of Christ's kingdom at home and abroad."

Here let me note that not only in their constitution but throughout the convention, there was a constant emphasis upon the spiritual side of the men's brotherhood idea, and the preachers were not more insistent upon this than the hard-headed business men.

Prayer, Bible study, and personal work were declared to be the chief aim of the organization of the men, the great reason for organization being the need of recognizing men and enlisting them to do work in a man's way. The program of the convention recognized this great fact, and the conferences on principles and plans of work as well as the inspirational addresses centered around the fundamental idea of a distinctive spiritual aim.

The president of the council of the Brotherhood, which is the name of the governing body, Mr. Hugh H. Hanna, a sucessful business man of Indianapolis, built up his message around the sentiment, "Christ on the throne and man on the Cross," and very effective was his recital of how he went out to visit indifferent families of the church to get them to attend the prayer-meeting. Mr. S. D. Gordon, of "Quiet Talks" fame, Dr. W. H. Wray Boyle, of Lake Forest, Ill., an electrifying devotional speaker who conducted several meetings, emphasized the same truths. I would like here to note further that at the great meeting of the Congregational Church, when the Congregational Brotherhood was organized, the same purpose to make Bible study and spirituality the heart of the movement was clearly apparent. The leading promoter of that organization, a layman of Chicago, declared: "The only justifi,able reason and adequate object of a men's class or club is to make men true sons of God and Christian brothers to their fellowmen."

Much time of the convention was given to conferences on Brotherhood plans; for example: "Principles and Forms of Brotherhood Organizations," led by Mr. Best, of the Interior; "The Bible Class," led by Mr. Andrew Stevenson, of Chicago; "Presbyterian Faith and Activities," led by President Moffat, of Washington and Jefferson College; "Practical Ministreries of the Brotherhood," led by Dr. S. Edward Young, of Pittsburg; "The Problem of the City and the Foreign-speaking Population," led by Professor Hill, of McCormick Seminary; "The Church and the Workingman," led by Charles Stelzle, secretary of the department of the Church and Labor of the Presbyterian Church; "Personal Work," by Howard Agnew Johnson; and "Evangelistic Work By and For Men," by E. F. Hallenbeck.

These conferences yielded a wealth of suggestive information that I cannot hint at in this brief report. There were addresses on "The Laymen and Foreign Missions," by Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State and America's greatest diplomat; "The Christian Man in Civic Life," by Hon. Coe I. Crawford, governor of South Dakota; "The Big World's Challenge to the Men of the Church," by William T. Ellis, a newspaper man who visited the mission lands of the world for a newspaper syndicate. There were other addresses, but the sessions did not seem overcrowded, possibly because the presiding officer, Mr. Holt, a Chicago lawyer, conducted the convention with speed and firmness, the watch being held on every two-minute or five-minute speech, and the historic gavel was used without hesitation.

There was little aiming at the spectacular. Wednesday night, however, presented a magnificent meeting. Music Hall has one of the greatest pipe organs in the country, and it was splendidly handled by a Presbyterian girl while the hall was filling up, the men occupying the first floor, and the first gallery receiving a great company of women and men. A chorus of four hundred Presbyterian voices occupied the platform. For an hour these sung gospel songs, aided by a superior cornetist, and supplemented by a men's chorus. It was a fellowship meeting. The speakers were Prof. J. H. Howerton, of Washington and Lee University, Moderator of the Southern Presbyterian Church, while on the platform was the last Moderator of the now absorbed Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Dr. Ira Landrith. When the Southern Presbyterian man was introduced there was a spontaneous rising of the audience and the waving of handkerchiefs and the singing of "Blest Be The Tie." The speaker expressed profound apreciation of the demonstration which he declared was given to the Southern Presbyterian Church rather than to him. He touched lightly on the possibility of the union of the two bodies. When Doctor Roberts was introduced he grasped the hand of Doctor Howerton and Doctor Landrith, and there was another demonstration. His address was

chiefly on the subject of the union of the Christian churches, which is the spirit of the times and the work of the Holy Spirit. He told of the meeting in New York of the representatives of the Presbyterians, the Southern Presbyterians, the United Presbyterians, and the Reformed Church, and how they had agreed that they were in reality one in spirit and hereafter would work ogether. Recently he was at the meeting of the executive committee of the Inter-Church Federation, and twenty-three of the thirty-two leading denominations have agreed to the plan of federation. He drew a fine picture of the sacrificing spirit of the Cumberland Presbyterians who agreed to unite with the Presbyterian Church.

Then Dr. Ira Landrith was introduced as the newly-appointed General Secretary of the Brotherhood, and there was another demonstration. Doctor Landrith looks like President Roosevelt and talks like Ira Landrith. He spoke feelingly and wittily of his appointment, which was not "so sudden!" of the prayer of the inner circle of the council, of his willingness to see anybody after the meeting who wanted the job, and of his purposes. He referred tenderly to his Cumberland Presbyterian memories and asked the "boys" who had stood with him in the old church to stand by him now. Doctor Landrith had largely planned the successful Cincinnati convention and enters upon his work with qualifications for success.

At the close of the fellowship sessions, the Cincinnati Brotherhood men furnished refreshments for the 2,500 people who were present at the meeting.

The Presbyterian Brotherhood is fortunate in having back of it men who are strong in executive and financial ability. For example, Chairman Holt announced that the executive council had calculated that it would require about $24,000 to finance the movement for the next two years. To an outsider that looked like big money. He futher announced that the council members had already subscribed $12,500 of this amount, besides having met all the previous expenses, about $3,700. Cards were circulated and a few cities announced pledges of $500 each, and soon it was reported that $3,500 had been subscribed. The Cincinnati Brotherhood men had expended $3,500 in providing for the convention. Laymen of big manufacturing, commercial, and railroad interests join hands with the strong leaders of the church in promoting the movement.

The organization of a Junior Brotherhood was referred to the council. The last Sunday in November was named as Brotherhood Day. An annual free-will offering for the promotion of the work was requested. The men approved a card system of recognition of Brotherhood men and urged that the removal of members be reported to the Brotherhood or the pastor where the man might go. The establishment of Bible institutes was recommended.

One resolution was considered more important than any other, and it was adopted by a rising vote. It provided for a prayer union, beginning with three or more men, to meet Sunday morning to privately pray ten minutes for the preacher; thus to extend to increasing the prayer-meeting and to promoing spirituality in the Brotherhood. This praying band is not to be announced publicly, but is to be worked up privately.

Mr. Charles Holt, of Chicago, was elected president. The place for holding the next convention was left with the council. The enrolled delegaes numbered 973, embracing 77 lawyers, 93 merchants, 50 clerks, 49 sudents, 47 manufacturers, 35 salesmen, 34 railway men, 36 insurance men, 23 farmers, 27 teachers, 308 preachers, etc.

SOME RELIGIOUS IDEALS IN JAPAN.

A new cult has appeared in Japan. It is probably one of a long series of attempts to amalgamate the doctrines of the Christian system with some modified forms of paganism. This is not the first time Christianity has had to deal with that sort of a problem. In the early centuries Christianity grappled with the Greek philosophy. In the conflict many formidable errors arose and at times threatened the life of the church. In the apostolic days Paul led in a tremendous struggle against the attempt to introduce legalism into the beginnings of the Christian doctrine. The Apostle John was the first to face in a fundamental way the doctrine of gnosticism. Romanism is the largest and strongest organic amalgamation of Christianity and Paganism. The Greek or Russian church is the second. The danger of a conglomerated Christianity in Japan is a matter of no small concern.

The Japanese people are vital, thoughtful and prolific in ideals. They are independent and aggressive and possess many of the primary impulses favorable to a new statement of religion. Japan has been through a quasi Christian experience. The Bushido, the doctrine of conduct, or the doctrine of the military ethics, makes a strong appeal to the Japanese mind. The present new cult is called the Chun-do Kyo. It recognises in some way the personality of the Supreme Being but at the same time shades away into indefinite formulas of Buddhism and essentially misses the Christian idea. The whole theistic conception takes root in an eternal Silence. This is an effectual mixture of the primary conceptions of the Christian doctrines.

The idea of man is equally odd. Back of the soul is the natural spirit which communicates with the world through the five senses. The duty of man is to guard these five approaches to the spirit. The soul lives entirely apart from the natural world. The soul may, however, be forced into touch with the natural world through the channel of the five senses. Man can protect his soul by possessing a clean spirit, and to have a clean spirit the senses must be clean. This too is an importation of the doctrine of regeneration into non-Christian doctrine. The root idea is personal responsibility for purity and cleanness of the inner life, and as such makes a strong appeal to the Japanese.

This new cult also has something to say of the body. The Ego is not in the soul or in the spirit but in the body. The soul calls the body "ego." Truth is the essence of the "heavenly principle," or heaven's unrevealable secret. This indefinable something is so illusive as to remain permanently beyond the grasp of the mind. In some way however the sub-consciousness comes in vital touch with it. This "heavenly principle" beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of the "Heavenly Principle." This is clearly based upon the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit.

Underneath this amalgamation runs a broad current of paganism. The working principle of this system is the flagellation and discipline of the physical man. It is directed by a rigorous legalism. The right temper in the man is produced by the Oriental methods of punishing the physical man. The article in a recent issue of the Seoul Press deals comprehensively with this new and important cult.

Our object in referring to this cult at such length is to call attention to the danger confronting the new Methodism in Japan. Buddhism, the Bushido, the Chun-do Kyo, with all the varieties of Shintoism will no doubt give Christianity in Japan a hard contest.

TEMPORAL POWER.

From the El Defensor Christiano, published in Porto Rico, we learn that St. Maura, the Prime Minister of Spain, on taking office took an abject oath of obedience to the Vatican. The following is a list of the things to which he upon his knees solemnly promised to do. First, he swears that he believes everything that the Pope utters and denounces everything that the Pope denounces. Second, he abominates the Italian unity and the Italian Dynasty, all because the Pope demands that he shall do so. He denounces the Italian King as a usurper and kidnapper and promises to do all he can to restore the temporal power to the Pope. "I condemn with all my heart," he says, "the Masonic French Republic, and I unite my protest to that of the Holy See, for the violent and unjust expulsion of religious orders, the separation of church and state, and the suppression of the budget of worship and clergy, which I declare to be a sacrilege and a robbery."

That is a remarkable statement to be made in this day. With a bitter oath upon his lips condemning the Italian and French nations he is strangely qualified to be the guiding genius of the Spanish nation.

In this country Romanism is apparently different and many people, judging from the appearances, vainly imagine that Rome scarcely believes in the perpetuity of the temporal power of the Pope. To all such we invite attention to the oath of the Spanish Prime Minister relating to the temporal power of the Pope. It reads: "I swear to defend without quarter forever the supremacy of ecclesiastical power and the unconditional subordination of the state to the church, to protect the liberty and wants of all the religious orders and the decorous support of the most reverend bishops and venerable clergy."

We wonder if this Prime Minister would ask quarters of his enemies, seeing that he gives none.

This oath grows more and more interesting as it proceeds. We can see what the Vatican would like to do with the press by pondering another paragraph of this oath. He goes on to swear: "Likewise I abhor all liberalism whatever its form and I declare that it is sin more horrible than suicide or murder and I swear to persecute, with all my strength and all the means at my command, the liberal press, its editors, writers, and readers, as the 'Syllabus' declares and the instructions on the catholic action of the most holy father, Pius X." The oath closes by a pledge to defend the order of Jesuits. We do not expect Rome will require or attempt to exact from the Secretary of State of the American republic such an oath, but we do believe that the Roman hierarchy in this as in all countries is committed by oath and pledge to the very things required by the Prime Minister of Spain. No matter how much we may wink at it the American Republic faces with Italy, with France, with Germany, with England, this same subtle, inveterate, powerful and implacable enemy. The only reason the Secretary of State does not have to kneel down and swear allegiance to Rome is because Protestantism dominates the sentiment of this country.

THE AMERIAN REPUBLIC IN THE FAR EAST.

There is positively no desire on the part of Japan to acquire the Philippines. The American Republic has put its hand to a great problem in the distant East and can not without showing weakness, not to say cowardice, withdraw from that work. Those who believe in the guidance of Providence believe that the United States is in the Philippines for some great and eternal purpose. It does not seem to require much sagacity to see that great changes in the Far East are already in process. That America is to have some part is equally clear. The Boxer insurrection is an illustration of what is here referred to. The diplomacy of John Hay is one of the things memorable in the adjustment of that great movement. The acquirement of the Hawaiian Islands, of Guam, of the Philippines belongs to the same providential chain of significant political events. To this must be added the movement of the American Republic in Cuba. As a purely political movement it cannot be justified. It was the pressure of justice and righteousness from within that led the United States to arbitrarily drive Spain out of Cuba. Politically, apart from the righteousness involved, the United States had no right to interfere with the political status of Spain in Cuba. Those who scoff at the moral obligation which put the United States in the Philippines should consider the initial movement which sent the United States troops into Cuba.

There is no sound statesmanship in the proposition to sell the Philippines unless we can at the same time change the whole chain of events which led to their occupancy. Even allowing that the events which led to the possession of the Philippines were not justifiable, the obligation to continue to possess them remains. The fact of the American Republic, the highest attempt at self-government, having driven out the old form of government in these island possessions of Spain carries with it the obligation to plant, cultivate and maintain a new and a better form of insular government. If the United States should attempt to withdraw, in any case the obligation would remain. We could not sell to Japan, to Germany, to France or any country unless at the same time we could transfer the moral obligation and assurance that governmental ideals as good as our own would be realized. The American ideals are the gift of God. Nations can not exploit mankind. England has maintained her place in the colonization of the world by giving to her colonies her own high ideals.

A CRAFTY OLD THIEF.

There's a crafty old thief, of nuisances chief,
  Who goes prowling around day by day.
She subsists on the hours which she slyly devours—
  Look out! for she's coming your way.

This crafty old thief may bring you to grief;
  She's robbing you more than you think.
If you say, "Wait a minute," she's sure to fit in it
  An hour, or more yet, in a wink.

Just say, "By and by that problem I'll try,"
  And she comes with her trap slyly set,
To grapple your hours, which by mites she devours,
  And not one word of thanks will you get.

When I hear a boy whine, "I haven't had time
  To do this hard lesson," I've found
That this crafty old thief, with her well-sharpened teeth
  Has always been prowling around.

What! Asking her name? Have you not guessed the same
  Ere this from the tale I have told?
This thief of low station is Procrasti-Nation,
  A sinner the universe old.

—Letta Sterling Lewis, in Youth's Instructor.

Colonel Webb. C. Hayes, a son of President Rutherford B. Hays, recently sailed for the Orient to place a bronze tablet on the monuments erected at Tientsin and Peking in honor of the soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the Boxer uprising. There should be a tablet to every missionary who was killed in that terrible conflict and one to every native Christian who gave up his life for the Master.

THE GRACE OF GRATITUDE.

Thankfulness is not a natural endowment but an acquired grace of life. The national thanksgiving day is for the promotion and cultivation of this grace of thanksgiving. The volume of human happiness is not measured by material possessions. The fact that the harvests have been bountiful, the mines have been rich, and material prosperity everywhere in evidence is indeed a cause of thanksgiving, but we must not overlook the larger blessings of political, social and religious freedom. These great gifts of God to the soul mean vastly more than the gifts of food, raiment and of bank accounts. The nations, no matter if they are spending millions for the armies and navies, are coming together in stronger relations of peace. The moral sense of the world is stronger and growing stronger every day. The churches are coming into a closer and more enduring fellowship. The spiritual capacity of the churches is growing. The intelligence of the world has not only increased in volume but in intensity and accuracy. Knowledge is richer in quality and greater in quantity. The trend of knowledge is toward the constructive ideals. The educated man under the dominancy of materialistic science a quarter of a century ago was distinctly and aggressively destructive. There has been in the last dozen years a marvelous inward unity of the race. God has moved upon the inner life of the world, enriching it, baptizing it with a new moral and spiritual sense.

There are two elements in thanksgiving. The first is due and adequate sense of the benefits received. "Count your blessings, name them one by one." Measure the physical, the mental and above all the spiritual blessings. Estimate the cost of them. Think what political freedom costs; think of the weary centuries through which the mind has wrought to get above the fogs of superstition; think of the cost of human redemption and the boundless love that speaks in forgiveness to the soul. The second element is a sense of obligation to the Benefactor. Any sort of thanksgiving which leaves God out of the account is essentially defective. To be thankful without acknowledging the personal source of all these blessings is ingratitude. The blessing must not be disassociated from the blesser. There are many people we fear who pile up their blessings, count them over, weight them, enjoy them, resolve to add more to them but who forget the Benefactor. To the sense of the benefit we must add the sense of obligation to God.

London has trouble too. The laborers led by a fiery leader protested against banqueting the Kaiser. A riot was quelled by the police. The needless expense and the legitimate expense is the point. We think the simple life the true life. In this case we think the close alliance between Germany and England would be a good thing. In that case the armies and navies of both England and Germany could be greatly reduced and save to laborers of both nations many millions. We scarcely think the protest wise. Let Protestant nations get close together. We could never see any soundness in the policy of irritation between England and Germany. Now that France is free from the domination of one of the worst enemies Europe has ever had, there is no reason why a permanent alliance between England, Germany and France might not be brought about. The standing armies in that case would soon be reduced and the despotism of Militarism would soon disappear.

Society goes crazy just as an individual exercises his natural right to be a simpleton. The high toned families in London have gone headlong into the business of keeping "pet snakes." A "pet snake" is now the mark of high blood in London. "The people that like that sort of a thing" as Lincoln used to say, "are about the sort of people that would like that sort of a thing." When we read of such unqualified degeneracy we feel like singing, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay." There is some excuse for the Hopi Indians and their solemn snake-dance, but just how these Londoners expect to pass Saint Peter gives us pause.

Recently there was formed a press association in China with the sole purpose in view of raising the standard of journalism. Among other good things the association binds itself to exclude all unsavory and unnecessary personalities from the pages of their papers, and to refrain from careless and groundless attacks on corporate local bodies; and, with a view to preserving professional honor among themselves, members shall be bound to credit a rival newspaper when its news is reproduced by them. That kind of an association would do good in any community. We cordially commend it to some journals not a thousand miles from San Francisco.

GRATITUDE.

Great God of nations, now to thee,
  Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart and bending knee
  We offer thee our song of praise.

Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
  For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
  This land we fondly call our own.

Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
  In danger still our guardian be;
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
  Let all the people worship thee.

—Alfred A. Woodhull.

SOME CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH NEWS NOTES FROM THE PACIFIC.

The Rev. Dr. Temple, for ten years pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle, has been called by the church at Sacramento. Dr. Temple will be with the church on the first Sunday in December. The Pacific trusts that he will accept the call. We believe that Dr. Temple can lead the Sacramento church on to a future of extensive influence in our capital city and in California in general.

Our Oregon corespondent announces this week the calling of the Rev. J. R. Knodell to the Anti-Saloon League work in Oregon. Mr. Knodell went up there recently with Dr. Chapman, who superintends the work in Oregon now as well as in California, and of course Oregon wanted him. We understand that they are to have their want gratified, and that Mr. Knodell will go to Portland the last of December, so as to enter on the work the first of the year.

The Rev. T. R. Earle, for several years pastor of Park Church, San Francisco, passed on into the life beyond on the 15th of November, at the age of fifty-

nine years. His departure took place at San Diego, his former home, whither he had gone several weeks ago. A memorial service will be held in Park Church Sunday evening at 6 p. m., the Rev. Dr. Adams giving the principal address; other San Francisco pastors co-operating. Mr. Earle did a most excellent work in San Francisco and will be greatly missed not only in the church which he so faithfully and ably served, but far more widely.

We quote from a personal letter to the Editor of The Pacific from the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose: "I am just closing a week with a group of some twenty-five Stanford men. I have for several weeks been meeting with them to investigate the foundations of a religious belief, to get at a philosophy of religion. My underlying thesis has been,—although I simply led up to this,—that Jesus Christ is the sanest, most adequate interpretation of the universe, and that he raises fewer insoluble intellectual problems than any other interpretation. I have had a tremendously interesting group of fine fellows, one graduate Japanese, a scholar and thinker. They have not been the religious ones but men whose faith has been threatened or who have gone over to Socialism, Materialism, Agnosticism, even Atheism. I did not give lectures; it has been a study. an investigation. Last week when we closed this part of the work, I was ready to stop, for I said that to know the truth they must now go to Jesus, that He was the best answer—and the only I know. But they have asked me now to lead them in a study of the teachings of Jesus. I began last Monday on this aspect of the work."

The final steps have been taken in the movement for the consolidation of the Third Church and Olivet Church, San Francisco. The consolidation has been effected under the name of "The Mission Congregational Church." Services will be held in the Olivet building until a suitable location for a new edifice shall have been selected and a part of the new building planned for erected. The Mission Congregational Church is to be congratulated. Before these united churches there opens up a large field for service and usefulness. There was some difference of opinion, we are told, as to the wisdom of taking the name that was chosen, some thinking that it might by new-comers be taken as a mission church—not knowing that the name relates to that historical part of the city in which the church is situate, dating from early Catholic mission days. Should the name be found damaging, however, it can be changed. Arrangements have been made with the Rev. B. F. Sargent, who has been pastor of Olivet Church for the last two years, to remain with the organization until the first of January. Mr. Sargent might have continued as pastor, but his health demands for a time at least the climate to be found a little removed from the coast.

Dr. David Starr Jordan recently made an address before the Church Federation at Grace church, San Francisco, and expressed the opinion that the American people did not take the question of government, self-government, seriously. The party, the spoils, and a stupefying potion of indifference are the enemies of a "Democracy as a form of Government." The lack of conscience and the lack of the thing that makes conscience we suspect might be added as a cause of our political disintegration.

Young People.

THE THIEF OF TIME.

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
"I will, by and by," says Seth;
"Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
"In a minute," says Beth.
O dear little people, remember
That true as the stars in the sky,
The little streets of Tomorrow,
Pretty Soon, and By and By,
Lead one and all
As straight, they say,
As the King's highway,
To the city of Not at All.

The Boy Who Knew.

Frank Disston's father had been in the city; now he was to come home. Frank was glad; he had missed his father.

"We are like chums," Frank had gleefully said more than once, to envious playmates.

Frank was happier still when Mrs. Disston told him he might go to the station to meet the train.

"You must promise to be careful," she said, as he started off to school. "Don't get the wrong train."

"Oh, I'll be careful!" Frank agreed, and he thought: "As if I wouldn't be careful! Why are mothers so anxious about a fellow?"

As the station was nearly a mile from the schoolhouse, Mrs. Disston had given Frank a note to his teacher, asking that he be excused at half-past three. Of course Miss Redman quickly agreed. She seemed much interested.

How slowly the hands of the clock moved that afternoon! But at last it was time to go. He did not need Miss Redman's smiling reminder.

"Good-bye, Frank," she said. "Be careful at the station. You know that trains on two roads come in almost at the same moment. I think Mr. Disston will come on the I. B. & W. road."

But Frank was out of the door before Miss Redman had finished.

"I wish they would give a fellow credit for knowing a little! Miss Redmond may know more than I do about arithmetic and things, but I guess I know more than she does about trains. Why, all the fellows know that the I. B. & W. train doesn't come from the city."

He ran to the station, he was so eager to see his father. He was seated in the waiting-room, resting, when Mr. Watson saw him.

"Down to meet your father, Frank? Good! Know which train to watch?"

"Of course I do," was the scornful answer.

Just then the I. B. & W. train steamed in. "Guess I won't go out there," Frank thought. "Mother said to be careful, so I'll stay right here."

Then the Union Central train was called. Frank was on the platform in a hurry. Confidently he watched the passengers. His father would be by his side in one instant more! More men and women passed him What could be the matter? His father couldn't be as eager as he was. He could hardly believe his ears when, after every passenger had gone, the conductor cried, "All aboard!"

He hurried to the great man in the brass buttons

"Mr. Conductor!" he called, "Can't you wait just a minute? My father is coming on this train. Maybe he's asleep in his seat."

"Where is he coming from, sonny?" the conductor asked. "Chicago, you say? Why, this isn't the Chicago train. The I. B. & W. brings the Chicago passengers. He must have come five minutes ago, on the train that has just left the platform."

Poor Frank! The tears came o his eyes. His father had come, and had gone home alone! Now he must try to catch him.

But he had delayed too long. Mr. Disston was in the house when Frank arrived, out of breath. His mother was just asking where he was.

Frank heard the question. "Here I am, mother! I missed father. I thought he was coming on the Union Central, and I didn't look at the I. B. & W. train at all."

"But I told you"—his mother began.

"Yes, and so did Miss Redman, and Mr. Watson tried to, but I wouldn't listen. I thought I knew."

"That's just the trouble with you so many times. Frank," his father said, as he put his arm about the disappointed lad. "You think you know more than some of the rest of us. Maybe this will keep you from being quite so sure next time."

And Frank thought it would.—Sunday School Times.

Children Who Saved Hamburg.

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city he has been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden, he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might not he, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was a trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But, when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterward, as the day came around on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday and called "The Feast of the Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that the children kept the cherries for themselves.

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild struggles and of great victories; but nowhere among them all do we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which saved Hamburg.—Royal Crown Recorder.

The Indian on the Cent.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," is an old saying though perhaps not always a true one. But it is certainly true that familiarity tends to a lack of observation.

Take, for instance, the ordinary copper cent. Scarcely a day passes that we do not handle one or more of them; and yet, if asked whose the image represented thereon, there are very few who would not answer that it is an Indian's; but if we look carefully we will see that the features under the feather head piece are not coarse and rugged like those of the Indian, but refined and delicate like those of a little girl.

A few weeks ago there died in Philadelphia an old lady who was the original of this engraving. She was never tired of telling how it happened that her face was thus immortalized. The little girl's father was superintendent of the Mint, and the maiden was very fond of going there to see the store of gold and silver. One day a party of Indians, in their native costume, visited the Mint. The superintendent, followed by his little daughter, showed them all about. The small girl was as much interested in seeing the Indians as the Indians were in seeing the Mint. Their strange feather headdress especially amused her, and when, in childish fashion, she spoke of it, an old chief removed his and put it on the child's head.

Now it chanced that just about that time the officials of the Mint were seeking for a new design for the copper cent, and when they saw the child in the Indian's feathers they knew they had found the very thing. So this is how it happened that what many people think is an Indian's head is seen on the penny.—New York Observer.

The Christmas number of The Century makes an immediate impression and appeal through its tint and color pages. It is in his respect a beautiful number. Among the important features of this Christmas number, a feature of both popular as well as scientific interest, is the publication, for the first time, of the new photographs of Mars, taken by the Lowell-Todd expedition to the Andes last summer. Half a dozen plates are shown, with an account by E. C. Slipher, of just how the photographs were made by him, with an explanation of their significance and value by Prof. Percival Lowell, and there are drawings by both representing their visual observations in Chile and Arizona, interesting in comparison. The reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill are rich in whimsical humor, as the writer recalls her early experiences in London society

A BUTTERFLY STORY.

One morning when the children wakened, a dark gray curtain was stretched over the glorious blue sky, and soon the child faces began to reflect the shadows which the clouds had made.

Joy's mamma thought she would brighten the time for them by a story.

"Once there was a lady," she said,, "who was out in the garden one day in the spring and found quite a number of chrysalids. The lady used to go often to look at the queer little things, and one morning when she went into her garden, she found many butterflies flying about on the lightest, airiest, most beautifully-colored wings. It was very pleasant not to be a crawling worm any longer, or to be shut up in a tight, dark cell. O, how glad they were! It made the lady glad to see them. She walked over to the fence, and there she found a poor, little, cold, wet butterfly, that turned its head and twisted its body in a very dissatisfied manner.

"She said to the poor, foolish little thing, 'Why do you stay in such a cold place? Don't you see all those other butterflies enjoying themselves in the sunshine among the beautiful flowers. Just light upon your wings and fly there, too.'

"But the little butterfly only twisted itself about with a very complaining air, as much as to say: 'I don't want to be a butterfly. I don't want to fly. I much prefer to squirm,' " with a comical twist of her head by way of illustration. Mamma waited to see whether they were able to apply the lesson.

Pretty soon one of the little girls began to fret for permission to play out of doors, when Joy cried:

"O, you would much prefer to squirm, would you?" whereupon they all began to laugh, and the saying of the little butterfly became a proverb of almost daily use.—American Motherhood.

"The other day," said a man passenger in a street car, "I saw a woman in a street car open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse. Then she gave the dime to the conductor and took a nickel in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse, closed the satchel and opened the purse, put in the nickel and closed the purse, opened the satchel and put in the purse, closed the satchel and locked both ends."

There are sorrows you've never known;
There's many a heart that lives apart,
And carries its load alone.
Discouragement's ways are crowded;
There's bitterness far and near;
But room and scope for the souls that hope,
For courage and strength and cheer.
—M. E. ALBRIGHT.

The secret of happiness is to pour out the wealth of one's soul and to be brain and heart and hands and feet to another; to ask little but give all; to count one's self rich in what is spent, not in what is saved; to find the immmortal joy by losing it.—Mabie.

"Phwat's that?" asked Pat, as they fired off the sunset gun at Fort Hamilton.

"Why, that's sunset."

"Sunset!" Pat exclaimed, with distended eyes; "sunset! Holy Moses! and does the sun go down in America with sich a clap as that?"

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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IT IS EASY.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine
  And talk to the man in the shade;
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat
  And point out the places to wade.

It is easy to sit in your carriage
  And counsel the man on foot;
But get down and walk and you'll change your talk
  As you feel the peg in your boot.

It is easy to tell the toiler
  How best he can carry his pack,
But no one can rate a burden's weight
  Until it has been on his back.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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THE BETTER CITY.

The caption of this article forms the title of an interesting and valuable book written by the Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of Los Angeles, and this is the closing paragraph in that book:

"The City of Los Angeles is as yet far away from the ideal city. The dollar still rules. Material things are still more sought for than spiritual. Low political ideals still hold sway. Nevertheless the brighter day is dawning. Investigation has brought forth protest and a few noble souls are leading on in the campaign for purity, temperance, righteousness and justice. There is a growing multitude who are determined that there shall be here not only a great but a Better City."

Mr. Bartlett's book is a sociological study of a modern city—that city being Los Angeles; but his book is not one of mere local value, because of being based on one particular city. In considering the problems of Los Angeles, and in making suggestions for her betterment, he has considered the problems of cities in general, and has given suggestions of far-reaching adaptability and value.

Mr. Bartlett's vision of the coming man is that he will be the man whose chief thought will be the upbuilding of the social kingdom." Even in pursuit of the common good, he will recognize wealth as a common inheritance, and living the life of loving service will be to him like partaking of the holy sacrament." He finds a rapid increase of late of the altruistic spirit in the hearts of men, and is hopeful for the coming age. Andrew Carnegie is quoted as saying not long ago concerning his own city of Pittsburg: "There is room for many things of the spirit in our own city. Things material are abundant; our mills and factories numerous, large and prosperous; but things material, including money itself, should be only the foundation upon which are reared things spiritual. Our mines of coal and iron have not completed their mission when tranmuted into articles for use, and these into dollars. All is still on the material plane. Not till the dollars are transmuted into service for others in one of the many forms best calculated to appeal to and to develop those higher things of the moral, intellectual and esthetic domain, has wealth completely justified its existence."

Getting a vision long ago of what mankind is to be, and realizing the joy in service, Mr. Bartlett set about to help promote the ideal in a thoroughly practical manner. In the social settlement work in which he has for many years been engaged in Los Angeles, and in other ways, he won the right to speak and write on the things which relate to a better city; and in this book which he now sends forth he has a message not only for Los Angelans but people in general.

Mr. Bartlett tells us concerning Los Angeles that as the Greater City comes nearer to its realization, the leaders in social thought are more and more determined that it shall be a city without slums. "Instead of the pent-up millions in other cities, that from necessity or choice know only a contracted indoor existence, here will be found only healthy, happy families, scattered over a vast area." Twenty-five persons to the acre, he would have it, rather than 1,000 as in the tenement districts of some of our large cities. Los Angeles, with its vast stretches of hill and valley, offers freer and happier conditions.

We quote here a paragraph from the chapter on social centers. "Five years ago there came a young Russian from the Trans-Caucasus to Russian friends in Canada. Drifting down to Los Angeles, he was so delighted with the country that he wrote back to his people to come thither at once. They belonged to a religious sect known as the Brotherhood of Spiritual Christians. They were sober, industrious 'mujiks' or farmers, yet persecuted as only Russia knows how to persecute her political and religious dissenters. Like Tolstoi these men were non-residents. When the Czar ordered them to fight the Japanese, they refused and to escape punishment which would have been theirs as a penalty for their refusal, they began to steal out of Russia, and to start on the long journey through Germany and across the water, carrying with them their beloved 'samovar,' and a big bundle of clothes. Many hundreds of these people have come to this city, hoping to obtain land, and to bring over the entire 25,000 belonging to their brotherhood. Two attempts at colonizing have been made—one in Hawaii and one in Lower California, but both have proved partial failures. Having secured work in the lumber yards and in factories at good wages, the majority will become a part of the city life and forget that they were ever foreigners. All of the young men have adopted American clothes, and some of the older ones also, except on Sunday, when they go to meeting in the Russian peasants' garb. The women are slow to change, and with their elaborately embroidered, many-colored gowns, look very picturesque as they walk in groups to their Sunday services. Though the influence of the Bethlehem night schools many of the young men are quite Americanized; and they declare that they are 'no longer Paruski, but Americanskis.' As the years go by these men will become the political leaders of their brethern."

Writing concerning the Mexicans the author says: "Long before the American flag floated over the hilltop above this pueblo, this section was peopled by those from afar, whose tongue was musical and whose attire was picturesque. Their descendants today are proud to be known as the real Californians. Often times poor, because robbed of their lands, they have either been absorbed by the new life, or remain, proud of name and title, a reminder of the early days of Alta California."

We are admonished not to make the mistake of calling them Mexicans, and are told rather to call them Spanish or Californians. Not until recent years has there been an influx of Mexicans from our sister republic on the south, it is said. "With the trolley building came the need for cheap labor and the bringing in of hundreds of laborers with their families. These Mex-

icans being very poor, and accustomed to a bare life in their own land, have chosen to live in shacks closely crowded together, thus forming the city's first housing problem. With the exception of the quick use of the knife after drinking cheap wine, they are a peaceable, hard-working people, some saving their money and going back to Mexico with what seems to them to be a small fortune. Many of the young men and women have entered into the night schools of the different social centers and are becoming educated and refined."

This book tells us that while the churches and the social settlements are doing much for the development of these and other foreigners, doing a work that would not otherwise be done, the public school is the greatest transforming power. "This is the real social center —a common meeting ground for the races, giving inspiration and aspiration to thousands. Go into the school rooms in Los Angeles set aside for non-English speaking children and watch the gradual change in dress, in step, in eye and voice. Receiving daily higher ethical standards, they become little missionaries for good in their own homes. Three of the city schools are largely filled with foreigners, or rather with future Americans."

In a chapter on Positive Temperance, Mr. Bartlett, writing of man as a gregarious animal, says: "It is not enough to close the saloon. If nothing better is offered a man will seek a 'hole in the wall' in an alley provided that it is a place where others may be found." And he asks, "Have we thought sufficiently of the plight of the young man in the hall bedroom?" Such a young man he regards as more alone in a great city than in a desert. "After work, and supper at a chop house, he tries to read in his own room, but soon the intolerable loneliness of it gets on his nerves. He wanders to and fro on the streets, drawn tonight into a cheap theater, tomorrow night in a dance hall, after that into the brightly lighted saloon. He has no intention of doing anything wrong; but where else can he go? The few friends that he has made are no help to him, and he even loses his grip on all of his best purposes." And so Mr. Bartlett concludes: "For the sake of the hall bedroom young man close the saloon! Yes, but give him something better. If the Y. M. C. A. could have a number of widely-scattered points of contact in addition to those in the one great center, this young man might not be so lonely. If all the churches were churches of theopen door, there would be more young men in their congregations. If there were a systematic effort to seek out continually the young man in his lodging house, and invite him to home and friends, many a life would be saved."

This man of consecration and vision strikes a key note in the following on the **beautiful** as well as the **better** city: "In the beautiful and better city that is to be, the men of wealth will do much toward bringing about the desired results. **It is a question in these days how much a man's wealth is private wealth. Did the owner create it? Is it the work of his brain power or the work of his hands alone? Wealth is social, and ought to be thought of more as common wealth."**

Mr. Bartlett didn't put the foregoing lines in these bold, black letters. The Editor of this paper did that, profoundly of the conviction that there is expressed therein a thought which must be more and more emphasized.

The author continues: "As men come to realize this, they will gladly give more and more to the common good. Parks and playgrounds will be donated; fountains and monuments will be built; music halls established; settlement houses erected; schools and colleges endowed; institutions of all kinds will be planned for the people's health and enjoyment."

Would that it could be given to this devoted Los Angeles worker to escape from saying,

> "Others shall sing the song,
> Others shall right the wrong,
> Finish what I begin,
> And what I fail of win."

But the poet says in joy nevertheless:

> "What matter I or they,
> Mine or another's day,
> So the right word be said
> And life the sweeter made?
>
> Ring! bells in unreared steeples,
> The joy of unborn peoples;
> Sound, trumpets far-off blown,
> Your triumph is my own!"

Yes, but it does matter. It doesn't matter as to the worker, but it matters as to others. In sacred writ we read: "Curse ye Meroz because she came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

WITH THE UNDER DOG.

In general the religious press has deprecated the action of the President in the omission from certain coins of the motto "In God We Trust." Several however have taken or inclined to the President's side.

The Westminster, one of the best conducted and most popular of the Presbyterian papers has this to say:

"Certain ecclesiastical bodies protest against the removal of the legend 'In God We Trust' from the coinage. The motto is a relic from the days when pious phrases were inscribed on regalia, public documents, weapons of war and coins. They have been omitted, one by one, not perhaps because the real trust in God has waned, but because of an increasing sense of their incongruity and a keener sense of their true meaning. There is a feeling of repulsion when the name of our Father, and of the Prince of Peace is put on cannon as men remember that the Master said, 'Put up thy sword into its place, for all they who draw the sword shall perish by the sword,' and 'My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight.' The name of the God of Truth on short-weight coins stirs emotions the reverse of religious. God for Christians means him who was incarnate in our Lord, and his word regarding coins infallibly recurs to the mind, 'Render unto Caesar therefore the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' Moreover, he bade his disciples to be unlike the Gentiles, who were anxiously busy in the pursuit of worldly gain. We are not prepared to say that our business has yet been so redeemed that we can put his name on the symbol of commerce which is still described as warfare and which in fact is characterized by competition and the lust of individual gain.

"Trust in God sanctifies every relationship of life and all that we can use. But the putting of Scripture sentences upon the forehead did not make the Jews truly servants of Jehovah. To really trust in him is

to have the mind of Christ, who sought not his own, but humbled himself and was found in the form of a servant. Is this true of the commerce of the United States, and is our employment of the phrase as a people more than a bit of magic formula, and a relapse into outgrown superstition? Who that reads the commercial news of the day will suppose that the representatives of the financial world really follow Christ's words, or rely on him for guidance or adopt his principles? Thankful we may well be that so many business men really trust him. We instantly recall those who have achieved large success and who have made him their Lord; but when we read the daily record of what the dollar stands for, we turn to the motto as to a bitter sarcasm. All religion and all ethics are in these words, 'In God we trust,' and he who most truly feels their meaning most hesitates to inscribe them as a badge."

The foregoing is admirable, except the declaration that "he who most truly feels their meaning, most hesitates to inscribe them as a badge." That is an unwarranted statement.

The Interior, another able and widely read Presbyterian journal, comments as follows:

"The Presbyterian Brotherhood 'resoluted' promptly and emphatically against the omission of the motto 'In God we trust' from the new coins of the United States. Yet it seems to The Interior that there is a good deal in President Roosevelt's reason for that omission which will bear thinking on. He says that the words have been not a sign of reverence but an occasion for irreverence—that the people do not take the motto seriously but make jokes about it. And it will indeed be decidedly easier, we imagine, for the average citizen to remember instances where the words have been ridiculed than instances where their noble significance has been manifestly appreciated. The church cannot make the country religious by putting religious tags on its coins or its buildings. Natufally it seems like a step away from God to displace his name from any position where it has hitherto appeared, but if the motto had never been used, we do not think any considerable number of religious people would see any gain for reverence or religion in introducing it today. The spirit of reality in the present time calls for tokens of religion that go deeper than emblazoned heraldry. The vital thing is to make national life righteous not in terms but in fact."

The Christian Evangelist, of St. Louis, representative of the Disciples of Christ, remarks: "For most of us the question has about as much interest as the presence or absence of the name of God in the Constitution. The use of the name of the Deity in the Constitution or on the coinage will not make this a Christian nation, nor will its omission prevent it from being one."

The Outlook points out what we believe is now a generally admitted fact, that there is no warrant in the law for the use of the motto; takes the position that the legal, moral and aesthetic reasons for the removal of the motto are strong; but states that it is unwise to shock people as the President's action shocked many, except for some real and adequate compensating advantage, and expresses the belief that in this case the advantage was not adequate.

The Outlook seems to us to arrive at this position in a strange way. We quote: "One clergyman is reported to have spoken of 'the religious sentiment of the American people' as being 'effaced.' Of course it has not been effaced (indeed, even the motto itself remains on the silver dollars, half dollars and quarters); but the feeling that the sentiment has been effaced—or at least attacked—is genuine."

The Outlook would not want that principle put very much into practice—refraining from doing what for many good and strong reasons ought to be done merely because a wrong interpretation might be made of the act.

Suppose the "feeling" is genuine that the sentiment of the motto has been attacked. There is no justification for the "feeling"; so says the Outlook, and so will say nearly all persons in their most sober judgment. Then, let the "feeling" be corrected; and let men everywhere have the strength and courage to do what they think ought to be done, and let erroneous conceptions consequent thereon take care of themselves.

Just what the outcome of this matter will be it is not easy to tell at this stage. So far, The Pacific Presbyterian is with the under dog—the President evidently being now the under dog.

CHANGES IN CONGREGATIONALISM.

Every age is an age of transitions. At certain times the transitions are more marked than at other times.

Under the divine direction and leading mankind is ever seeking after that which is best. This is the case ecclesiastically as well as in other respects.

It has been evident for some time that the inclination widespread in Congregationalism for a more centralized and more efficient form of government would shape itself soon into practical form. It did this at the meeting of the National Council in Cleveland.

It is of interest to note how other religious bodies are viewing this trend.

The Cumberland Presbyterian remarks editorially: ally:

"When, in a recent issue, the Cumberland Presbyterian called attention to the tendency of Congregationalists to draw nearer to the Presbyterian polity, it was not dreamed by anyone outside of that communion, if by many in it, that the National Council would adopt such a report as that submitted by the committee on polity. In the recent editorial in this paper it was said that the National Council really had about as much authority as a Presbyterian General Assembly. It will be seen from recommendation 11 that the Council took steps to bring all of the benevolent agencies of the denominations directly under the control of representatives of the churches. Other recommendations have the effect of turning the Congregationalists into Presbyterians in at least two particulars. Heretofore local and state organizations have been known by various names, causing much confusion. Sometimes they were called 'associations,' sometimes 'conventions,' and sometimes 'conferences.' The new plan provides that all local organizations shall be called 'associations,' the state organizations shall be designated 'conferences,' and the national organization shall continue to bear its present name, National Council. It is easy to see that these organizations now correspond in their formation with our presbyteries, synods and general assembly. Even more remarkable is the recommendation that the local 'association' shall hereafter be the agency for ordination. Heretofore men have been ordained to the ministry by local 'councils,'

called together by any church which had a member which it wished set apart to the ministry. While the initiative is still to be taken by a local church, this initiative will amount to little more than a recommendation. The authority will rest with the 'association, as it rests with presbyteries. We congratulate the Congregationalists on this advance step."

The Interior, a leading and progressive Presbyterian paper, remarks under the caption, "Coming to Presbyterian Ground":

"At the National Council of Congregationalists at Cleveland there was adopted a report on polity which is regarded by old-line Congregationalists as the most revolutionary action ever taken in the name of Congregationalism. In spite of its significance the action was voted with but little debate and by a heavy majority. The only serious opposition arose when the proposition was made to bring the great benevolent societies of the Congregational fellowship under the control of the National Council, but even this was adopted. Of course, the council has no right to impose on the churches or on the missionary societies the innovations which it approved; they can be put into effect only by the acquiescence of the different bodies involved. But the sentiment of the council is undoubtedly representative enough to insure that the vast majority of the churches will agree, and committees were appointed to negotiate with the societies in hope that they will voluntarily consent to put themselves under the direction of the council. The committee which brought in this radical report declared that it was entirely devoted to the principle of 'the self-government of the local church,' which it prized especially as a guarantee of liberty of 'faith.' But it repudiated absolutely the late action of Plymouth congregation in Brooklyn which described the local church as 'an independent unit.' And it recorded its unanimous judgment that 'our Congregational churches may safely and consistently move along the lines of representative order.' This representative order, as the committee's specific recomendations soon revealed, is virtual Presbyterianism, except as to the feature of a denominational creed."

But the recommendation as to ordination by associations of churches and ministers The Interior regards as the most radical suggestion of all, saying with reference thereto: "The special ordaining council called and constituted by the church which desires the candidate to become its pastor, has been from time immemorial the most sacred and characteristic institution of Congregationalism. To put this function into the hands of a permanently organized body of ministers and laymen from a specified territory wipes out the only definite distinction from Presbyterianism. It is further recommended that the state associations assume 'oversight' not only of mission churches but of the self-sustaining churcles as well. How far this 'advice' will be accepted in the Congregational denomination will be interesting to watch."

The Pacific, the representative of the Congregational churches, has the following this week on these matters:

"The Pacific hopes that none of its readers will become panic stricken when they read these statements by our Presbyterian brethren.

By all these suggested changes, should they be adopted, Congregationalism will not be transformed into Presbyterianism. Our local churches will still have all the freedom that they now have in the management of their affairs; but in that common work which concerns alike all the churches there will be such a centralization and co-operation as will undoubtedly give greater effectiveness.

As to the matter of ordination by associations, instead of by specially called councils, that has been tried, and very satisfactorily, too, for some time, in different parts of the country. Under the new plan the initiative, as now, will be taken by the local church; and final authority might as well rest with an association as with the council. It cannot rest in any event with the local church.

Of course under our present system a church would disregard the decision of a council not to ordain, and by the calling of another, a picked council, secure perhaps the desired action. If there are churches that want the prevailing system merely for such action as that, they are wanting it for something unworthy.

We hope to see all the recommendations of the polity committee of the National Council adopted near and far. There isn't one that will not make for the good of Congregationalism. Our polity was not dropped down to us out of the heavens, ready-made and we must needs be open always for the best. Congregationalism will readjust itself in the light of the present day, or it will become ere long a rapidly waning force.

If in that new Congregationalism toward which we seem to be moving rapidly now—and which will notwithstanding the changes be just as pure a Congregationalism as past or present day Congregationalism—we shall find ourselves close to present day Presbyterianism, let us not mourn. Congregationalism has long been leavening all the great denominations; it will continue to leaven them, and finally many may be one. There is much of Congregationalism in Presbyterianism today; and much of it in Methodism; but the Presbyterians go on calling it all Presbyterianism; and the Methodists call theirs Methodism.

A few words here as to the autonomy of the local church: We know of no Presbyterian church, we know of no Methodist church, that has not as much freedom practically in the working of its local affairs as Congregational churches have. The very best things Congregationally have been taken on by the other denominations greatly to their up-building, and Congregationalists have been hanging on to and emphasizing the tag end of autonomy greatly to their detriment, while the best end of it has become the common stock of all."

The Pacific Presbyterian is of opinion that the changes of the last few decades have brought Presbyterians and Congregationalists very close together in many respects, and that the changes that will take place in the near future will bring them much more closely together The changes now proposed in Congregationalism will not turn it into Presbyterianism. But they will undoubtedly render far more probable a union of the two denominations. We agree with The Pacific in the statement that Presbyterian and Methodist churches have practically just as much freedom in their purely local affairs as Congregational churches have.

It now appears that radium will change a common crystal into a ruby, a topaz, an emerald, raising their value enormously. We do not know whether these scientists can do all they claim or not. We do know that a common sinful soul may be changed by the radium of divine grace into a gem that will endure throughout eternity.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

Books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood
Our pastime and our happiness will grow
—Wordsworth.

"The Dawn at Shanty Bay." By Robert E. Knowles. A tender, touching story in a handsomely decorated volume! Aptly called one of the "art gift books." Just the thing for a Christmas-time gift! The story will touch the heart and inspire to loving deeds and the beautifully decorated pages will delight the eye. He who has written "The Dawn at Shanty Bay" has added much to the world's storehouse of riches. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.00 net; postage ten cents.)

"The Mediator." By Edward A. Steiner. Professor Steiner is new in the field of fiction, but he has scored a success at once in this tale of the Old World and the New. We shall not spoil the story by any attempt to review it; but shall state what it is, and commend it to all who may be looking for something good and interesting in the book line this holiday season. The central figure in the story is the son of a rabbi, set apart at birth for leadership among his people, but who turns from the faith of his fathers and enters on the long training required to make possible entrance into the order of the Dominican brotherhood in the Catholic Church. We have his experiences and the experiences of others related to and associated with him in the homeland, and then their life and experiences in America. It will be seen that there is field here for a splendid story, and Professor Steiner has succeeded in making such an one. Religious fanaticism in the Old World, race prejudice, both in the old and the new, and the varied experiences of the immigrant in the New World enter the pages of this book in a graphic manner. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 356; $1.50.)

"The Peasantry of Palestine." By Elihu Grant. Professor Grant of the department of Biblical literature of Smith College resided for three years at Ram Allah, a village in Palestine about ten miles from Jerusalem. During his sojourn in that land he took extensive notes of his observations and experiences, and at the suggestion of friends who saw their value he has wrought out of them this book. He says in the preface: "My aim has been to write of those matters only which came under my personal observation; to confine myself to such matters as relate to peasant life and interests; to provide a fairly systematic description of the village peasants and their ways, without, however, attempting to fill in the gap in my own experience from the works of other writers; to make the volume acceptable to all readers whatever their opportunities or sympathies in in the field treated; to contribute to the subject of Palestinian research and prepare the way for further study in the folk-life of the country." While in that country, he says, that he paid attention to everything because everything interested him. Accordingly we have a book containing wide and varied information concerning the Palestinian peasantry. There are many fine illustrations. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.50 net; postage, 14 cents.)

"The New Basis of Civilization." By Simon N. Patten, Ph. D., LL. D. This book by the professor of Political Economy in the University of Pennsylvania is one of the American Social Progress Series. Dr. Patten believes that the world is moving towards an ideal civilization, although it is not a twentieth century possibility. "A thousand, perhaps many thousand years, must elapse before the multitude of material adjustments necessary to it will have been completed. In the meantime, society must either rest upon its old bases or else refashion itself out of the knowledge and resources within the environment at any given time. A higher civilization is a present possibility that may be realized by people living in this century. It is ready now to appear; but its emergence implies a change of opinions, ideals and institutions, and a shifting from past to present conditions. And there must be no halt for information, skill or racial aptness." Dr. Patten considers this New Civilization as to its basis in Resources, Heredity, Family Life, Social Classes, Social Consciousness, Amusement, Character and Social Control. It has been well said concerning this book that "it interprets in a specially suggestive and stimulating way the meaning and significance of recent social changes." (The MacMillan Co., New York, $1.00 net.)

"History of Unbelief in the Nineteenth Century." By Henry C. Sheldon. Professor Sheldon of Boston University has done good service in the preparation of this critical history of unbelief in the nineteenth century. The book is divided into three parts. The first consders Philosophical Theories; the second, Quasi-Scientific, Theological and Ethical Theories; the third, Critical Theories. In the first part radical idealism, radical sensationalism and materialism, positivism, agnostic and antitheistic evolutonism, and pessimism are set forth and their weaknesses shown. In the second part consideration is given to the challenging of the supernatural, the denial of the finality of Christianity, the denial of the transcendent son-ship of Jesus Christ, and to utilitarian and naturalistic ethics. In the third part attention is paid to the criticism of the gospel history of Strauss, to the New Testament criticism of Baur, to the critical reconstruction of the Life of Jesus by Renan and others and to the elements of radicalism in the recent criticism of the Old and New Testaments. We have found this book very informing and helpful. It is a compendium of information as to the speculations and philosophies of the last century, and well worthy a place in the library of every student of history of present day affairs. (Eaton & Mains, New York; pages 393; $2.00 net.)

"The Infinite Affection." By Charles S. Macfarland. This volume of 174 pages aims to help to the adjustment of some of the intellectual difficulties which have arisen with reference to things religious. It sets forth the theology of one who has submitted himself to "modern thought," and indicates the trend of present day theology. Stated in the words of the author the object of the book is to reveal, or, perhaps better, to suggest, some processes of thought, witnesses of revelation and some means by which the mutual relations between God, man and the moral order may be gained, intensified, witnessed and apprehended." The topics considered are: The Nature of the Universe, The Moral Opportunity of Man, The Person of Christ, The Sovereignty of Christ The Spirit of God. We have found the book a helpful one. The writer of an introduction to a British edition of this book states that Mr. Macfarland once said to him: "If we are to preach

the newer views with the maximum effectiveness and the minimum of friction, we must use the minimum of negation and the maximum of affirmation and we must not be impatient or intolerant. It is possible to be illiberally liberal. Most of all we shall do well to bring out and lay continual stress upon the distinctively moral and spiritual implications of the new position showing that it is really better than that which it displaces. While there is a lower and a higher criticism, let us bear in mind that here is still a highest criticism of all: that which goes beyond the literary form of Scripture and penetrates to its spiritaul truth. It is this 'highest criticism' which we must consistently apply and practice in our preaching." (Pilgrim Press, Boston; $1.00 net; postage 10 cents.)

"A Plain Man's Working View of Biblical Inspiration." Albert J. Lyman, D.D. A Congregational minister writes, and a Methodist Episcopal publishing house prints, the best brief treatise we know of, for the average man, on the "Inspiration of the Bible." Dr. Lyman takes four steps in his argument. A college man once wrote to him, asking: "Can you tell me in what sense, if any, I can 'reasonably' regard the Bible as an inspired and trustworthy guide in life, without waiting to settle all the critical questions?" In his efforts to show how the Bible can **reasonably** be taken as such a guide, the first step is to this ground: "Occasional very high literary inspiration." In this connection Dr. Lyman says: "You will bear in mind that I am not now speaking as a Christian believer, as an adherent of an orthodox creed, an advocate of a certain religious technique—nothing of the kind. I am simply a student, at ease in my library, admiring genius, resenting any sham of genius, but aware of a certain thrill when I stumble upon something fine in Thucydides, or Anacreon, or Saint John's Gospel or the Book of Psalms. You shall not, then, give me Juvenal and steal away from me Ecclesiastes. As a literary man I object. You shall not allow to me the tragedies of Aeschylus and filch from my bookshelves the drama of Job. Your chatter about uncertain date, doubtful authorship, is away off from the mark. The Iliad is the Iliad, wherever Homer was born. I have here, evidently, in some of these old Biblical writings a literary fire-opal of the highest value. It fascinates me. The more mysterious its origin, the more it fascinates me. If, then, we assert in the literary realm as we do, the touch of actual inspiration, the breath of the Infinite anywhere, we assert it here. If genius has ever caught a spark from the Throne, as it has, here it shines. If any writings on earth are worthy simply as writings, of the admiring and passionate regard of the human intellect, they are these." This is Dr. Lyman's first step. This, he says, is the ground floor. "This is verifiable. This is where I start. No religion in it necessarily, but something that makes my bookshelf richer with the Bible on it." Now he takes his second step, to the pre-eminent **moral** inspiration of very much of the Bible. Graphically he sets forth this moral pre-eminence, concluding: "No other book has either so recognized or so stirred the human conscience as the Bible has. Its moral insight is rarer, its moral breadth is nobler, its moral discrimination is surer, its moral pressure more resistless than that of any other product of the inspired conscience of humanity." Now the third step which is naturally the crucial one, and yet he believes as inevitable and as verifiable as the others, provided it be taken from the top of the other two. The third steps brings to this: "Many clearly demonstrable instances and flashes of apparently superhuman spiritual inspiration." We have space for only a few scattered thoughts from this part: "How can I possibly account, on merely natural grounds, for the spirituelle loveliness, for instance of the discourses of the Gospel of John, by anything I can find in the Syria or the Alexandria of Philo—by anything, indeed, in the Roman empire of the first century, or even of the second? As well look for a spray of Syrian lilies bursting from a stack of Roman spears." Again, he says: "The very inner essence indeed of the ethical and spiritual life of the modern time is met and matched by these old incomparable writings. What magic had the fishing nets of Galilee thus to anticipate the summit centuries of Europe and the New World? These flashes of spiritual prevision are as much beyond the unaided human foresight of those plain men as yonder jeweled sword handle of Orion is beyond the reach of infant fingers." Dr. Lyman's fourth and last step is to this: "So numerous are these special supreme gleams in the Bible, and so distributed are they, that, like turret-top lights over a city, they serve to explain other biblical writings; or to change the figure, they furnish adjusting instruments by which to interpret the rest of the Biblical literature." And so the conclusion is that with these turret-top lights so distributed, and so commanding as to be largely explanatory of the remainder of Scripture, "a sane, free soul can walk in the light of such a book, can fight in the glory of such a book, can die in the peace of such a book. and at the end of all know that he has done his whitest and his best." There are 47 pages in this little book; it is handsomely bound, and is worthy a place in the home alongside the Bible, which it upholds in a beautiful and masterly manner. (Eaton & Mains, New York, 50 cents; also Jennings & Graham, Berkeley, Cal.)

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

As eagles upward in their flight
  Arise to meet the glorious sun;
So may our souls, with sweet delight
  Ascend to Thee, Eternal One.

O God, whose goodness swells our store,
  Whose blessings countless crown our days;
Accept, we humbly Thee implore,
  Our heartfelt gratitude and praise.

Through ages past Thy care we own,
  O Father! still with us abide;
And through the future dim, unknown,
  Do Thou our wandering footsteps guide.

With prayer and thanks to Thee we turn
  Great Ruler of this rich, wide land,
And in her onward march discern,
  A loving Father's guiding hand.

A FOLDING ORGAN WANTED.

Wanted for my missionary work, a folding organ.
Address,
REV. BRUCE WALLACE,
Anderson, Cal.

PRESIDENT KING'S BIBLE CLASS.

R. B. Larkin.

The class meets every Sunday morning of the Oberlin College year. There is an attendance of nearly 600, students of the college and others. The instruction is in the form of an expository Bible lecture and continues for one hour. The hour is too short. Note books are kept busy. Those who have come to hear are there with serious purpose. They have come for help in the serious business of living, and they are not disappointed in what they get. The bearing of the speaker is earnest and reserved and marked by the confidence born of insight and careful preparation. The sentences are measured and deliberate. They must be so in order that the hearers may grasp the carefully wrought out thoughts and note them down.

The course is in Luke, following the chapters in order. The section to be studied, for example, is chap. 14: 7-11, the passage about the chief seats at feasts. The theme is "Humility." The exposition begins:

The measure of a man is not his sitting in the chief seats, but his worthiness to sit in them.

There is no getting the real reward of character without character.

Humility is much misunderstood. It is no Uriah Heap quality.

What is humility?

[We will follow the method of President Finney and state first what it is not.]

It is not humiliation. In his earlier days, Henry Ward Beecher once felt that he had made a failure in preaching a certain sermon. He told his father that he was much humbled. "No," said his father, "you are humiliated."

It is not self-depreciation. It is not telling lies about yourself that you do not believe. Do not use lightly about yourself the words of Paul as to being the chief of sinners. I have come to think that half of the people do not think highly enough of themselves Humility is quite consonant with a dignified self-respect.

The speaker then goes on to speak of humility on ive side:

ility involves a true estimate of oneself, (a) bf God's ideal for him, and the possibilities left ed; (b) in view of the contributions of others

ility involves a sense of dependence upon God b an open-mindedness to others, certain that ve much to teach him. This is in contrast with ated, closed heart of the Pharisee.

mility is a virtue for great minds, not little ones. will not spoil such a man. He may be grateful ith fear. Because he knows himself and knows he will not set too much value upon the praise. nility does not go to the lowest seat in order to d to go to the higher. This is pride posing as y.

humble man is mindful of the vastness of the ned, and he often honestly knows that he has de the attainment ascribed to him; he knows is given credit often for much that is due to he knows the large work of others, some no than his, some better; he knows that others mething great to give.

s kept humble because he has caught a glimpse s ideal for him and others. There is no false his being in the lowest seat, he would rather go lower than higher. He does not try to grab all things for himself. He does not think he ought to have them. But there are those who count themselves disciples of Christ who scramble for the best places!

The appetite for notice gets into our blood. It sometimes happens that men get into places too big for them. This is not exaltation. We sometimes hear it remarked of such and such a man, "How he rattles around in his predecessor's place!" What fun is there in being in a big place when the men who see you do not think you honor the place? Do not mistake capering in the limelight for greatness. It is better to be worthy to sit in the chief seats than to sit in them.

The openminded, teachable man is taking the road of steady, inevitable growth to all that is best. He himself will be becoming steadily, inevitably a larger, better man. His Father will reward him, perhaps not openly, but he himself will be his own best reward.

The above is a summing up of the characteristic thoughts of the hour. They were expanded and driven home with effect. When the last word had been spoken the speaker stepped from the rostrum, and passed quickly through the aisle to the door, while the audience remained seated. Then all rose and followed, with a profounder sense of the meaning of humility. The message had found its mark.

ONE DAY'S DRIVING.

W. N. Burr.

We were a company of six—two ministers, a good-natured deacon and his genial-hearted wife, a professional writer of magazine stories, and the driver. And the driver knew more than any of us—about the "points of interest" that we proposed to visit that day, and others that were scattered through the country round about.

In general terms, our objective point was "Point Loma." To be more specific, we left home with the Theosophical Institution on Point Loma in our mind's eye, as the chief wonder that we should look upon that day. Everybody has heard of the "Universal Brotherhood" with a woman as its leader. Mrs. Katherine Tingley is quite equal to leading a "Brotherhood," or anything else, congrous or incongrous, that may happen to strike her fancy as something she would like to do. Some people have unbounded faith in themselves, and such people usually succeed—so far as "doing things" is success. The "woman leader" of the "Universal Brotherhood" is a person of this stamp.

We had a drive of twenty miles before us. It led through Pacific Beach, a little town lying back some distance from the Pacific Ocean, and with very little "beach" to be found where once the nearest path to the ocean has been covered.

"This place was named Pacific Beach for the same reason that another Southern California town was named Riverside: because there is no beach here and no river there," remarked the driver, facetiously.

Just before reaching Old Town we stopped for a snap-shot at two ancient palm-trees that stand in all the glory of senile slatterliness that is characteristic of old trees and sometimes of old men.

"They came in with the early California settlers along about 1770, and have beat the settlers grandly in the game of living long on the earth," said our sunny-hearted driver.

We drove on into the "Old Town" of San Diego

passing the rims of the old adobe building made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson as the place in which Ramona was married, and a short distance further on the little chapel in which the marriage actually took place. From a beam outside this chapel hang two of the old bells from the mission, that sent their echoes out among these hills a hundred years ago. Not far away is a rock bearing an inscription, which informs the sightseer that on this spot the American flag was raised for the first time in Southern California, by Gen. John C. Fremont, in 1847.

"One can stumble over historic valuables almost anywhere around here with his eyes shut," remarked that driver of ours.

Our further road skirted the landlocked bay of San Diego for a short distance, and in due time we found ourselves upon the towering heights of Point Loma This remarkable headland has been described as "a promontory four hundred feet in height and six miles long, that stands as a huge sentinel to guide the sailor to the entrance of the bay and also as a protection to the anchorage within." Dana described it as "a well-wooded headland," and other early chroniclers picture it as "covered by a magnificent forest." In these later days the crowning glory of this noble promontory is not trees but Theosophists.

From a page of printed matter lying before me as I write these records I gather the names of some of the buildings of "The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society:" "The Aryan Memorial Temple; the outdoor Greek Theatre (which can accommodate several thousand people); the Group Homes and Lecture Halls, etc., of the Raja Yoga School; the Industrial Buildings of the Woman's Exchange and Mart, the machine shop, the photographic and art studies, the chemical research laboratories and printing-works, the international headquarters of The Universal Brotherhood, the offices of the editorial staff. the beautiful and unique students' homes, etc."

We drove to a little "tent village" just outside the grounds, and purchased entrance tickets at ten cents each.

"Present these at the gate, and you will be admitted and every courtesy shown you," said the serious-faced little woman who sold us the tickets.

We presented ourselves and our tickets at the great entrance gate, and a dapper young man in a close-fitting uniform "not unlike that of a soldier, olive-tan in color with leggins and russet shoes," came out of the little round gate-house inside, and swung open the gate for our entering. Once inside, his sharp eyes spied a small camera in the hands of the deacon's wife.

"I must ask you to leave that outside in your carriage, madam."

Mrs. Deacon meekly went out to our three-seater and left her camera in the care of the driver.

Somewhat with fear and trembling lest we be asked to give account of everything we might happen to be carrying in our pockets, we began the ascent up to the "Homestead." It was a fine, wide driveway up which we walked, between rows of royal date-palm trees. Half-way up our coming was announced by a trumpet-note from the gate.

Soon we came upon another of the uniformed attendants who was just dismissing a group of visitors who had preceded us.

"Walk up to the steps, and I will meet you there in a few moments," he said, with an official air.

We walked on. Presently he came to us.

"Now," said he, "before we proceed, I wish to ask what is the attitude of your minds towards this work?"

After a moment's hesitation one of the party managed to murmur,

"Why, sir, we are here to learn what you have to tell us about it."

"Very well; we will walk as we talk."

And as we walked he talked. He pointed out the "Aryan Memorial Temple," the "Group Homes and Lecture Halls of the Raja Yoga School," etc., and told us there was a Greek Theatre somewhere on the grounds, but he kept it out of sight.

"Would you allow us to see the inside of this building?" asked the Deacon's wife, as we stood before the music and Art Temple.

"Madam, recitations are going on in that building, and we must not disturb them."

"How many of you are there now in this community?" asked the Magazine Writer.

"Allow me to correct you, sir, this is not a community," was the only reply His Highness deigned to give to that question.

We were passing one of the "beautiful and unique students' homes." The Deacon's wife was attracted by some unusual plant near the front of the yard, and asked permission to go nearer that she might see it

"Madam, I, as one of the students here, would not think of going nearer to that home than we are now We respect each other's privacy here," was the reply

That was about all. We were soon dismissed, and we walked down the broad avenue and out the gate into freedom.

"Well!" exclaimed the Writer of Magazine Stories "I have been almost all over the world. I have tapped at the gates of some of the most exclusive monasteries in the Old World, and have chatted with Carmelite monks whom I could not approach nearer than a grated window would allow; but I have never before encountered any such 'keep-your-distance,-sir,' as we have found on the grounds of the 'Universal Brotherhood today."

We meekly mounted to our places in the three-seater.

"I suppose 'every courtesy' was shown you, as the ticket woman promised," remarked the driver, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, perhaps so," replied the Magazine Writer drily, "but if so, that is about all that was shown us."

We drove on to the Wireless Telegraph Station The two men in charge were extremely courteous replying in a kindly manner to our inquiries, and offering to show us many things that had been as sealed books to us.

A little later we drew up at the new light-house This record is already too long to put into it the story of "how we came to be here" told us by the wife of the light-keeper after we had partaken of the generous cups of coffee she had added to our lunch. Nor can I give in full the account of the light-keeper's ready response to our request to be shown the great lantern at the top of the light-house. But here we were certainly shown "every courtesy."

Some of us mounted the hill on the summit of which stands the old light-house, abandoned some years ago because it was too high, throwing its light above the fog-banks, and so failing to accomplish its purpose as a guide to vessels at sea. But from the top of its

dismantled turret we had a fine view of San Diego Bay with the city of San Diego beyond, and the mountains of Mexico and California mingling in the background

"Naples!" exclaimed the Magazine Man many times that day, when this land-and-water view lay before our eyes.

On the return trip we stopped at the little Catholic chapel in "Old Town" to group ourselves under the old bells for a "shot" from Mrs. Deacon's camera As we stood there the courteous French priest came by, and seeing us, asked,

"Would you like to go inside and see the relics?"

And he unlocked the door, bade us enter, and showed us the treasures of the chapel. When the Magazine Writer spoke to him in his own tongue he was greatly pleased, and could not seem to do enough to make our call pleasant and profitable.

As we drove away one of the Ministers remarked:

"I take it to be the sense of every member of this party that we will all embrace Roman Catholicism rather than become Theosophists."

"So shall it be," was the unanimous response.

THE GOSPEL IN KOREA.

By Dr. J. D. Davis, Kyoto.

Five weeks spent in Korea gave opportunity to see and hear something of the wonderful work which is in progress there.

Thirty years ago Korea was a great bandit region, largely given up to plunder. There still remain old castles of refuge on the hills among the mountains to which the people fled for refuge.

Firteen years ago, there was not a Christian in North Korea and hundreds of church buildings have been erected by the Korean Christians. A majority of the people in North Korea are within three miles of a church or preaching place. This work has been self-supporting from the beginning. Every Christian has been made to feel that it is his duty to bear witness to others, to teach and lead others to Chrits. Last winter over one thousand men were gathered into Pyengyang from the country, some of them coming more than one hundred miles, where they studied the Bible with the missionaries and received intsruction in Christianity and Christian work for fifteen days. Five hundred women came in at a different time for similar study and training for fifteen days, and then these men and women went back into the country to engage in active work in teaching and bearing witness to the truth. Eight hundred men and three hundred women, from the churches in the city, met for fifteen days of study and training. Besides these, a Bible Institute for men was held in the spring, with an attendance of three hundred, and one for women with an attendance of one hundred. These were made up of regular evangelists and workers. There are about five hundred evangelists and workers in North Korea entirely supported by Korean money. These elders, evangelists, and Bible women had classes for Biblical and Christian instruction last year in 252 places in North Korea with an atetndance of over 12,000. The church members who cannot give money, and many who can give money, give their time and go into the towns and villages around the places where they dwell, and tell the Gospel story to those who have not yet heard.

The Central Presbyterian Church in Pyenyang, although seating fifteen hundred people, has swarmed three times, to get room in the building. They have formed the North, South and East churches and put up large buildings, but that Center Church is now so crowded that the women meet in the morning, and the men in the afternoon, each Sabbath, and the church is full each time. It is filled again at the weekly prayer meeting every Thursday evening.

The church members in the city have divided into groups, each in charge of an elder, and each group is divided into bands of about ten each with a band leader. The houses in the city are all apportioned, about fifty houses to each band, and are divided into groups of seven or eight houses each, and some one is assigned to visit regularly each group of houses and read the Bible, and pray with the inmates. These workers meet together for prayer before they start out. and they have frequent meetings for reports. The Presbyterian Mission in Pyengyang have a theological school with seventy-five students, who study three months each year and go out to work during nine months. There is a union Methodist and Presbyterian academy and college in Pyengyang with about thirty collegiate and three hundred academic students. This school has a manual training department connected with it. There is a largely attended woman's training school in the city, with two sessions a week from October to May. There was a normal training class for female teachers last year in May, with an attendance of eighty-seven, and one for male teachers in July, with an attendance of two hundred and two. There are about four hundred and fiftv primary graded schools in operation connected with the churches in Korea, with a six years' course of study. There were 9717 pupils in these schools last year, about 2,000 of whom were girls. There are eleven intermediate schools or academies for young men with a three years course of study and an attendance last year of 1266 mostly graduates of the primary schools. There are nine similar schools for young women, with five hundred students, and their number is rapidly increasing. There are normal classes where five hundred men and women are helped to prepare for teaching. There are day schools and night classes where thousands of men and women are being taught to read. There are industrial schools and two schools for the blind. There is a flourishing Y. M. C. A. school in Seoul where hundreds of young men are being taught.

Over 15,000 students were taught last year in these Mission schools. This work is self-supporting. All the evangelists and workers, all who come to the training classes from the city and country, and all the primary, academic, collegiate and theological students are supported by Korean money. Over fifty thousand dollars, gold, was given for Christian work by the Korean Christians last year.

Best and most important of all, the missionaries in Pyengyang and the Korean workers from city and country who were assembled there last winter, all received a great spiritual uplift. It seemed like a veritable Pentecost. All hearts were melted and filled with spiritual power. The missionaries have maintained a union daily prayer meeting for nearly ten months. This wave of spiritual blessing has extended over the whole field. It has led to earnest work and self-denying giving. It prepared the way for those influences which have kept the people of North Korea quiet during the last few months. After the abdication of the late emperor and the disbanding of the army, when the people in North Korea, naturally the most excitable and turbulent of the Korean people, were in danger of ris-

ing in insurrection, the missionaries and leading Christians banded together and urged all the Christians in the nearly one thousand churches and preaching places to exert their influence in leading all the people to remain quiet and submissive, with the result that there has been little or no disturbance in North Korea. A similar work is being done from Seoul and other places as centers, and the two thousand churches and groups of Christians are a most hopeful part of the outlook The number of the Christians increased fifty per cent during the last year. If this work can go on unchecked and unchilled, Korea will be rapidly evangelized and filled with millions of happy, enlightened Christian homes, and this little kingdom, despised though it has been, will give to the Christian world a priceless example of the way and the only way that the gospel can be carried to the world during the present generation.

Among the Churches.

Alameda.—The new West End church building, recently dedicated, will seat about 150. This work is in charge of Rev. T. J. Curtis.

San Jose.—It is thought that the new house of worship of the First Presbyterian Church will be completed by next March. The edifice with furnishings will cost $50,000. It will be a beautiful building, well suited for the purpose for which intended.

Berkeley.—At a communion service held on November the 24th, 86 persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the First Presbyterian Church, 46 uniting on profession of faith. During the last six months, 153 new members have been received, making the present membership 666. At the last communion service about 600 persons were in attendance. There was no sermon by Dr. McAfee, the pastor, that morning, the entire time being given to receiving the new members and to the sacrament. The influence of this church is widening constantly.

Los Angeles.—The Presbyterian ministers of Los Angeles began early in December to hold meetings each Monday in the interests of the Torrey evangelistic campaign which is to begin in January. The following program is being carried out: Dec. 2, "The Proper Aim and Scope," Rev. H. K. Walker; Dec. 9, "Is Preparation Necessary? If so, Nature and Degree." Rev. J. M. Newell; Dec. 16, "How to Secure Preliminary Interest on Part of People," Rev. J. R. Compton; Dec. 30, "Prayer on Behalf of Others," Rev. R. W. Clelland; Jan. 6, "Personal Work and Workers," Rev. T. C. Horton; Jan. 3. "How to Meet Objections." Rev. W. E. Dodge; Jan. 20, "How to Nurture Converts," Rev. H. B. Gage."

Los Angeles.—The Daily Express contained recently the pictures of a highly successful Presbyterian minister and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Palmer. The article in connection was in part as follows: "In connection with South Park Presbyterian Church, Fifty-first and San Pedro streets, a new building is being erected for the church Brotherhood and Sunday School, one prominent business man in Los Angeles having given nearly all the money necessary for the structure. Rev. W. G. Palmer, the pastor, is known to his denomination as a church builder. He has recently raised by subscription the money for building three churches, those at Miramonte, Makee and Merrill avenues; Calvary, at Thirty1third street and Central avenue, and South Park Church, the work being done on the authority of the Presbyterian church extension committee. The value of the three churches is $25.000. In the course of his ministry Mr. Palmer has personally raised money to build seven churches and two parsonages. He has been in California four years. and before coming to Los Angeles organized two churches in Imperial valley. Notwithstanding his energy in church building. Mr. Palmer has held only three pastorates and is comparatively a young man. His greatest work has been in Los Angeles, where he has received more than six hundred members into the church. and most of them on profession of faith. South Park church bids fair to become one of the largest churches in the city, and at present the members are working to bring their list up to 1,000 names. The lot on which the church building stands was donated by H. E. Huntington, and Rufus P. Spalding gave the lot for the Miramonte church. Mr. Palmer acts as pastor for both congregations and preaches three times each Sunday. morning and night at South Park, and afternoon at Miramonte. Prayer meeting is held Wednesday night at the latter place, and Thursday night at the former Mrs. Palmer is active in church work and ably assists her husband.

IMPORTANT BROHERHOOD ANNOUNCEMENT.

By Charles S. Holt, President.

If any assurance of the permanence and widening scope of the work of the Presbyterian Brotherhood was needed. such assurance has been amply furnished by the great convention at Cincinnati, by the generous support, financial and otherwise, which has been pledged, and perhaps most of all by the appointment of Dr. Ira Landrith as General Secretary and his acceptance of the office.

By vote of the Council, the Brotherhood headquarters are to be located in Chicago, where Dr. Landrith will establish his office at the earliest possible date. Pending the completion of necessary arrangements he should be addressed at 1800 East Belmont Circle, Nashville, Tennessee. Any matters requiring the stecial attention of the Council as such, may be addressed to the President at 131 LaSalle street, Chicago.

The development of a Brotherhood literature is one of the most pressing and important of the activities to be undertaken by the General Secretary. The basis for such a literature is already laid in the report of the Indianapolis convention (soon to be supplemented by that of the Cincinnati convention) and in the circulars and leaflets prepared during the past year. But the general secretary desires at the earliest moment to be placed in possession of all local literature, plans of organization, constitutions, advertising matter, membership registers, identification cards, or the like; together with any thoughts or suggestions not yet put into printed form, and equally whether they contain encouragement or warning. He will also be glad to receive questions from individuals or brotherhoods, stating problems that have arisen or difficulties that have been encountered, or calling for additional light on any matters relating to Brotherhood work.

The general secretary can spuply copies of the prayer circle leaflet presented at Cincinnati, and in limited numbers the printed report of the council for the past year, and the resolutions adopted at the convention; also copies of the Brotherhood constituion and of the appeal to the Brotherhoods, and the pamphlet containing suggested constitutions, which were issued last winter.

It is the earnest hope of the council that all Brotherhoods and all Presbyterian men will make the largest possible use of the general secretary's office as a clearing-house of experience, suggestion and inquiry, and will in turn contribute to that office anything which may possibly be helpful to others in the great work to which the Brotherhood is called.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Prof. Paterson spent the Thanksgiving recess with Rev. James H. Shangle, '05, of Red Bluff, assisting him in some special services.

Dr. Landon conducted preparatory services in San Rafael last Friday evening and preached on Sabbath, administering communion in the morning. There were four accessions by letter from other churches. Dr. Moore preached at San Anselmo.

Rev. Ralph M. Smith, who studied here two years from 1900-1902, is doing an excellent work at Silver City, New Mexico. This is a prosperous city 6,000 feet above the sea, a great resort for people afflicted with tuberculosis, and the seat of the Territorial Normal School. The attendance is increasing at all the services. Eleven members were received at the October communion.

Rev. James Thomson, Jr., '06, has been elected moderator of the recently organized Presbytery of Wenatchee, Synod of Washington.

BEWARE OF DECOYS.

According to the Associated Press the Roman hierarchy in the Philippines is highly incensed at Secretary Taft for attending the dedicatory services of a Presbyterian church in Manila. The dispatch goes on to say: "The Vatican authorities consider the Philippine Islands absolutely a Catholic country, and when some years ago Mr. Taft visited the Vatican and had a long interview with the late pope, he practically agreed that such was the case, and that nothing would be done on the part of the American officials to win over the Philippine natives to Protestant denominations. This is a matter of record at the Vatican, and great surprise was caused when the announcement was made that Mr. Taft was practically the leader in the inauguration of the new Protestant church." We never bite at a bait when the point of the hook is clearly visible. Rome has "felt" that her ostensible espousal of Mr. Taft's cause was being "misunderstood" in certain quarters. It then appeared to the wily manipulators to be necessary to get up a scare on the other side; hence this fake. No one should be deceived by the newspaper stories. Rome is Rome. Her fine piece of work is to make the man who is elected to the presidency believe that Rome elected him. Probably nine-tenths of all the Roman Catholics in the United States voted against McKinley but by shrewd calculation their leaders saw that McKinley would overwhelmingly win; hence at "the psychological moment" Archbishop Ireland sounded the note. The same is true of President Roosevelt. The Roman Catholic vote is far more independent than it used to be. That has but little to do with Roman Catholic politics. The hierarchy does not care very much how the people vote or by whom the President is elected. Its aim is to turn the "election trick" at the last moment and make the President-elect believe that the result was due to the "fine hand" of the hierarchy.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT THIRKIELD.

President Roosevelt and James Bryce, the British Embassador, and Andrew Carnegie were present at the inaugural ceremonies of President Wilbur P. Thirkield of the Howard University for the higher education of the colored students located in Washington, D. C. Mr. Bryce pointed out that the colored race had made more rapid progress toward liberty and self government than the Anglo-Saxon made. Forty years is a short time for such a marvelous record. Andrew Carnegie was unstinted in his praise of the negro, declaring that the race in America had acquired real estate in forty years greater than the area of both Holland and Belgium. President Roosevelt said: "I am glad to have the chance to come before you and say a word of greeting and of Godspeed today. This day of your installation commemorates the fortieth anniversary of the founding of this institution. There has been much of sorrow and disappointment that has come to men, not only of the colored race, but of all races during that forty years, and sometimes, in looking back, we fail to realize all the progress that has been made. Let me call attention to just two facts. During the forty years, principally during the time that has elapsed since the emancipation proclamation, the colored institutions of the United States have accumulated property until they now have, all told, some $350,000,000 worth of taxable property in this country. During the same forty years they have been making for themselves homes until now there are 500,000 homes, owned and occupied by the colored citizens of our country."

The institution was founded in 1867. General O. O. Howard was one of its early presidents. The institution is named for him.

The Rev. Dr. Torrey has engaged to hold evangelistic meetings in Los Angeles in January. A guarantee fund of $8,000 must be raised. Eight hundred personal workers have been enrolled for the meetings. The Los Angeles Church Federation entered into contract some time ago for a large rink on Grand avenue for the month of January, agreeing to pay therefor $2,500. The contract provided for possession of the building by December 22d, so as to give time to prepare it for the meetings. A handsome sum has been offered the federation for the use of the rink for dancing purposes during the holidays, but the decision rightly was to get needed funds in a more laudable way.

The extra session of the Legislature did three things: validated court proceedings on holidays, adopted the amendments to the San Francisco charter and postponed the payment of taxes until Jan. 1908. The session received the usual amount of abuse from the public press, paid themselves less than $13,000 and went home. The Governor and the people are well pleased.

GET OUT OF POLITICS.

There are a good many things which ought to be permanently and forever out of politics. The water supply, the gas supply, the public utilities of all municipalities. The Massachusetts Legislature enacted the following bill regulating the cost of gas: It fixed the price at 90 cents, with the understanding that that rate would yield 7 per cent dividends to the stockholders, and the bill provided that for every 5 cents a thousand the company reduced the price of its gas below 90 cents it might give its stockholders an additional 1 per cent dividend. Now the stockholders get 9 per cent dividends, while the people get 80-cent gas. The result is that the public is well satisfied, the shareholders are satisfied, and the corporation is completely and permanently out of politics. No more lobbying is needed.

The importance of this matter cannot be estimated. Railroads and corporations are often forced into politics by the unscrupulous officials. These corporations are compelled to defend themselves from the corrupt officials. Some law should be devised by which citizens should not be forced to vote in block. Doubtless there are corrupt corporations, plundering and exploiting the people, but there are corrupt officials also who do not hesitate to plunder the corporations on all occasions. What we need is a provision by which the community will have a right to its share of the public utilities and the corporations will be protected from the thieving schemes of corrupt officials. Gas, light, water, street car service, and all the rest might be in a much better relation if some man of brains would study the situation.

CONSUL GENERAL UYENO.

Consul General Uyeno, who has been at the head of the consulate in San Francisco for several years, has won the esteem of the citizens of this great city. He has been quiet, conservative, and under the most provoking circumstances shown himself to be well-balanced in judgment, clear in his apprehension of the situation confronting him and wise in his administration. His countrymen respect his authority and yield ready obedience to his advice. In all the wild wave of agitation which the newspapers and the anti-Japanese League have promoted, enlisting all the street hoodlums that could be collected; the utterly senseless crusade of the ex-Board of Education against the Japanese children, Cousul General Uyeno has been mild, judicial, kindly and fair. The best wishes of the Christian public go with him to his new post.

The Pacific Mail running in competition with Japanese and English vessels from San Francisco to the Orient have sounded a note of warning to the effect that these mammoth steamers cannot meet the competition and threaten soon to retire from the trade. That would be a dreadful calamity to San Francisco. The statement comes apparently from the owners. The newspapers so accustomed to abusing corporations of every kind except newspaper corporations, should consider the facts and give the public the exact situation instead of hasty abuse. The landing of these great ships at San Francisco is an immense advantage to the growth and commercial prestige of San Francisco. Many of the newspapers are so morbidly anti-corporations that they would in their blind rage sink these ships. We are not prepared to favor a ship-subsidy but we are prepared to say that it would be a tremendous calamity to the good city of San Francisco to drive these great American ships in foreign companies.

The proposition to establish and maintain a national university at the capital was discussed in the recent National Educational Association. The discussion took the general direction of making such an institution the crown of the various State Universities. The decision was reached to make a general movement at the next session of the national Congress. It is proposed to establish the University but confer no degrees. The proposition is new in the question of degrees. It will be the first institution of the kind. It is too soon to judge such a proposition on its merits. The principle underlying degrees has always been considered essential to any system of education. It is not only a recognition of work done but a protection to the graduates of the institution. The proposition will be studied with interest.

The New York Institute for Medical Research has received an additional endowment from Mr. Rockefeller, the founder of the Institute, of $2,600,000. One of the first things to be done when the income is placed at the disposal of the directors will be to build a hospital, where special cases may be watched. Only cases which will afford some specific line of investigation, such as spinal diseases, cancer and tuberculosis, will be admitted to the hospital. This is a good use of "tainted" money. We do not know what Washington Gladden's comment will be. In the meantime let the hospital be built.

Dr. Jay G. Rodgers of the American University Union has been delivering a series of lectures in Los Angeles on teaching religion in the public schools. Dr. Rodgers claims that it can and should be done in a purely scientific manner. We do not know what Dr. Rodgers' method is, but we hope he will be able to escape the wily objectors. Religion, Christian religion, is not sectarian. It is only a mixture of ecclesiasticism with religion that produces sectarianism. If Dr. Rodgers' scientific method should turn out to be a compound of common sense we should not be surprised.

Finland has nineteen women in its Legislature. That body has just passed a drastic act for the total prohibition of spirits, wine, beer and alcohol, which may be kept only for medical and technical purposes and for the use of Russian troops. Even the use of wine for communion services is forbidden. No one may keep alcoholic drinks in his house unless he can prove that they were in his possession before the act was passed. Finland has set a good example for all Russia.

A Chicago physician thinks that one of his patients headed for the insane asylum "has an Ethiopian spirit." He says he knows it is Ethiopian because his patient wants to steal. We suggest that the commission on lunacy examine the physician's mental condition. It seems to us at this distance that he "has a spirit" too. It may be that of the wild man of Borneo. It seems to be more like the spirit of one having escaped from the asylum.

Nebraska is in a glorious, sparkling, glittering fermentation over Sunday observance and prohibition of the saloon. The wide-open mayor of wide-open Omaha has been compelled to put the lid on. The moral element has been aroused and it now looks as if the whole State is being leavened with prohibition sentiment. There is "danger" that the commonweath may enact some laws with a bluish tinge.

The Home.

The Boy and His Mother.

"What a shame it would be to put that lovely puff on Elbert's bed! He wouldn't half appreciate it, and it would look so out of place in his room. Let me have it for my room, mother! Elbert need never know that Aunt Jane sent it to him."

The mother and older sister were unpacking a box of gifts that had come from loving Aunt Jane. For her twelve-year-old nephew she had inclosed a baseball mitt, a pair of skates, two or three books, and the beautiful bed-puff, on which sister Josephine had set her eyes and her heart.

There was no doubt that the dainty puff would look more in keeping with the furnishings and adornments of Josephine's pleasant front room than with the adjuncts of Elbert's chamber on the third floor. But that was not the boy's fault; it was no valid reason why his aunt's pretty gift should be taken away from him. His room was what his mother and sister had made it. It contained what they had allowed him to have out of the general stock of furnishings which the house afforded. It was "just a boy's room," a small out-of-the-way chamber, plainly and by no means tastefully furnished with the odds and ends that were not wanted in the other rooms.

It is not unfair to say that Elbert's room was what it was because Elbert's mother was not loyal to her boy. Thousands of mothers are disloyal to their boys in the same, perhaps unthinking, way. So the pretty adornment, that ought to have been as suitable for one child's room as for another's, was taken, without hesitation and without compunction, from Elbert's parcel of gifts, and added to the surplus of pretty things that alone made Josephine seem the more fitting recipient Never was the Scripture more literally fulfilled: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."

The disloyal mother allowed the favored child to appropriate Aunt Jane's gift to her brother; and to this day Elbert does not know that the dainty bed-puff in his sister's room belongs to him.

The incident I have related is from real life. No doubt it is one among thousands of a similar character The partial mother, the mother who is more loyal to one child than to another, is, alas! not uncommon. And this partiality is the strangest and saddest blemish in a relationship which is generally accepted as the type of everything that is purest and holiest and most loyal in human affection. In thousands of homes, especially where there are older sisters, the boy is the neglected member of the family. The mother's partiality to the older sister is evident, even to an outsider. The boy lives in the perpetual shadow of an imputed inferiority. Anything is good enough for him. The disloyal mother seems to consider it no part of her duty to make home attractive for him. It is his lot to utilize the cast-offs, and be content with toleration instead of appreciation. The pretty things, and the little attentions, for which many a boy's heart hungers in silence, are all for "the girls." He is often more like a poor ward or waif in the household than a member of the inner family circle. Unless his father be on his side (and the father is apt to be too preoccupied and too much of an absentee for that), the boy has no one to appeal to, no one to sympathize with him, to hear his grievance, and plead his cause.

How can one expect the neglected and merely tolerated boy to be a lover of his home? How can one expect his to be happy in an atmosphere of fault-finding, indifference, and neglect? If he finds no welcome, no consideration, no congeniality in his home, who can blame him for seeking these things elsewhere? When a mother "goes back on a fellow," where can he find the love and sympathy that will keep him from going to the bad? If a boy's mother has so little appreciation for him or loyalty to him that she will allow another and a favored child to do him wrong, not only without her protest, but with her willing co-operation where will the neglected boy find the staunch friendship and loving sympathy that are needed to keep him also from doing wrong to others?

Reader, are you one of the mothers who are disloyal to their boys? Is so, I beseech you, put yourself in his place, and consider what it means to your child that you in honor prefer another, and that you show it in your daily attitude and conduct. Think of the bitterness of being held aloof from the parental heart simply because God has made you a boy and not a girl! Think of being subordinated and snubbed and deprived and even defrauded by those you love, simply because your unpreventable sex is against you!

Take your boy's part, mother—stand up for him—be loyal to him! One day you will ask a man's loyalty from him. Do right by him now, be fair with him now that in the distant future he may have no bitter memories of the time when what is best and sweetest in the life of the home was denied him.—James Buckham in New York Christian Advocate.

A Clean Gown and a Bright Smile.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has this bit of philosophy on a wife and mother's duty in the home:

"I know, or think I know, how many backaches creep into homes, how many heartaches, how many disappointments. Some are real, and many, many are imaginary, if you only knew it. Parenthetically an imagined trouble is always greater than a real one.

"But with all this, a woman in a home has certain duties which she cannot disregard without being untrue to herself and untrue to those who love her and are under her care. One of the chief of these duties in my opinion is:

"To always have a fresh gown and a bright smile for the husband when he comes home at night.

"It does not matter if the gown is calico, it can be fresh with a little labor; and, backed by a wholesome smile, a sincere smile, it will straighten out many kinks of the day ended.

"A man's day, if he is any kind of a hustler, is a hard one at the best. He comes to his home at night with his mental and physical barometer down to the storm point. He wants relief in some way, and he wants it quick. His mood for the moment will take on a quarrel just as quick as a peace offering.

"Try the fresh gown and the smile on him. Do it day after day, and the trouble it costs will be more than repaid by the happiness it brings to all. I have never known these two things to fail in making a home stronger."—Mother's Magazine.

Young People.

THE FIRST FOE.

"Stand up for your rights and knock down for your wrongs"—
Is this what you thing to true courage belongs?"
Aye, stand up for the right, but if you would win,
First down the big temper that rises within,
Call it passion or pay-back, envy or spite,
Just conquer that first, 'tis the first foe to fight.

Just look at the kite as it swings up on high
Why you hold the string, or away it would fly;
Then drop to the earth, for though high it may soar,
Still ballast and checking are needed the more;
So hold in your passion and let the first blow
Be dealt straight at that and you down the first foe.

—Emma Hornbrook.

TRYING TO GET EVEN.

There was a farmer, Old Man Thrifty, who had two sons; and they worked with him every day, since they were little boys. By the time they were eight years old they could milk, harness a horse, put up a broken fence, weed the garden, ride a horse to plow out the corn, chop with a sharp ax; I can't tell you all the things they learned to do.

When the eldest son was sixteen years old, the farmer gave him a colt for his own; and he gave the other one three sheep.

They took good care of them, played with them, tamed them, watched them grow, and had a good time.

About a mile from their farm lived a sort of half-Indian man on a hundred acres of half-cleared land And nobody knew for certain just how he got his living. He kept a cow or two that ran in the road or woods, two or three dogs that went with him hunting. They raised a few potatoes and some garden stuff, the women making the garden.

But nobody knew for certain just how they got along—and so all the neighbors suspected them.

When chickens were missing, they'd say, "Old Slouch's boys must have got them." Sometimes they thought they missed oats and buckwheat out of the barn. But they were not sure.

One night, however, a dog came and killed two sheep, and sucked their blood! They were sure 't was Old Slouch's dog.

And so the two thrifty boys were bound to get even. And next time they came to town they bought some strychnine, and one night put it in some meat, and went over to Old Slouch's shanty, and threw it to the dogs; and before the morning all three of the dogs were dead

Now 't was Old Slouch's turn, and he was bound to get even.

So he waited for a month or two, and then, on a dark, misty night, came softly around and threw down the fence and let his cattle into farmer Thrifty's oats!

And so they went on fighting each other to get even!

And every time anything happened to one, within a month something worse happened to the other.

By and by, Old Man Thrifty said to his boys, "Get your guns, and we'll go over to Old Slouch's and clean out the whole gang."

But Old Slouch, cunning old fox that he was, hid behind some slabs in the garden and fired first; and Old Man Thrifty fell with a ball through his thigh One son fell dead. The other son mounted his pet colt and rode off to raise the country.

Then there came, the next day but one, full fifty men with rifles. Old Slouch and his boys took to the woods. They hunted him, shot him, caught his boys and hung them, burned his shanty and slab barn, and went over to Old Thrifty's funeral. Then stood up an old Methodist minister and preached to them:

Old Man Slouch and his boys are dead. Old Man Thrifty and his boy are dead. One barn and two houses are burned. There are two gray-haired widows without homes. A farm without a worker or owner, and five strong men to be buried.

This is what comes to pass when men avenge themselves and try to get even! It all began with the loss of a few chickens and sheep.

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

—Thomas K. Beecher in "In Time with the Stars."

GOLDEN RULE ARITHMETIC.

"Phil," whispered little Kenneth Brooks, "I've got a secret to tell you after school."

"Nice?" asked Phil.

"Yes," said Phil, and his eyebrows fell.

He followed Kenneth behind the school-house after school to hear the secret.

"My Uncle George," said Kenneth, "has given me a ticket to go to see the man who makes the canary birds fire pistols, and all that. Ever see him?"

"No," said Phil hopelessly.

"Well, it is first rate, and my ticket will take me twice," said Kenneth, cutting his little caper of delight.

"Same thing both times?" asked Phil.

"No, sir, ree, new tricks every time. I say, Phil," Kenneth continued, struck with the other's mournful look, "won't your Uncle George give you one?"

"I ain't got any Uncle George," said Phil.

"That is a fact. How about your mother, Phil?"

"Can't afford it," answered Phil, with his eyes on the ground.

Kenneth took his ticket out of his pocket and looked at it. It certainly promised to admit the bearer into Mozart's Hall two afternoons. Then he looked at Phil, and a secret wish stole into his heart that he hadn't said anything about his ticket, but after a few moment's struggle he said: "Phil, I wonder whether the man wouldn't change this and give me two tickets which would take me and you in at one time?"

Phil's face grew bright, and a happy smile crept over his little face. "Do you think he would?" he asked.

"Let's try," said Kenneth, and the little boys started off for the office window at the hall.

"But, Kenneth," said Phil, stopping, "it ain't fair for me to take your ticket."

"It is, though," answered his friend; "'cause I'll get more fun from going once with you than twice by myself."

This settled the matter, and Phil gave in.

"So you want two tickets for one time?" said the agent.

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth, taking off his sailor hat; "one for Phil, you know."

"You do arithmetic by the golden rule down here don't you?" asked the ticket agent.

"No, sir; we use Ray's Practical," answered the boys; and they didn't know for a long time what the man meant by the golden rule. Do you know?

It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—a **word**,
We cannot know its power;
It grows in fruitfulness,
As grows the gentle flower.
What comfort it may bring,
Where all is dark and drear!
For a kind word every day
Makes pleasant all the year.
Something each day—a **thought**
Unselfish, good, and true,
That aids another's need,
While we our way pursue;
That seeks to lighten hearts,
That leads to pathways clear;
For a helpful thought each day
Makes happy all the year.

Something each day—a **deed**
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
O, thus the heavenly will
We all may do while here;
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year!
—Selected.

HAPPY NANCY'S SECRET.

There once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman, known everywhere by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives, and was half-blind, quite lame and very crooked.

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door.

"O yes, I'm forever at it."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy. You are all alone; you work hard; you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you; what is the reason you are happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't anybody but God," replied the good creatture, looking up. "You see, rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to think of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, because I leave it all to the Lord. I think, 'Well, if He can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a shining night after night, and make my garden things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am,' and so you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you are all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking hehr head. "Always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demon of care, of distress, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that blessings will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our mistrust.—N. Y. Evangelist.

The crosses which we make for ourselves by restless anxiety as to the future are not the crosses that come from God. We show want of faith in Him by our false wisdom, wishing to forestall His arrangements, and struggling to supplement His providence by our own providence. The future is not yet ours; perhaps it never will be. If it comes, it may come wholly different from what we have foreseen. Let us shut our eyes, then, to that which God hides from us, and keeps in reserve in the treasures of His deep counsels. Let us worship without seeing; let us be silent; let us abide in peace.—Fenelon.

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Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.
—J. G. Holland.

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PACIFIC PRESBYTERIAN

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A BLESSING.

Not to the man of dollars,
  Not to the man of deeds,
Not unto craft and cunning,
  Not unto human needs;
Not to the one whose passion
  Is for the World's renown,
Not in the form of fashion
  Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
  Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
  Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors
  Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly-hearted,
  Cometh a blessing down.

—Mary Frances Tucker.

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EVEN SUPPLEMENTAL BIBLE READINGS RULED OUT OF CHICAGO SCHOOLS.

Recently the Women's Educational Union of Chicago asked of the school board of that city that a book of selections from the Bible, arranged by the union, be placed on the list of supplemental readings in the public schools. This led to the appointment by the board of a committee of three from their number to consider and suggest the best books of Bible readings for such use. The committee consisted of Miss Jane Addams, the far-famed social settlement worker, Mrs. Emmons Blaine and Dr. Kohn. The committee submitted finally three books as the best it had discovered. They were "Select Masterpieces of Biblical Literature," edited by Richard G. Moulton; "The Golden Treasury of the Bible," by S. C.; and "Passages from the Bible," by J. G. Fraser.

In the report it was stated:

"The committee recommends anyone of these books as presenting the beauties of biblical literature in a scholarly and non-sectarian manner. But whereas your committee recognizes the fact that even the present discussion of the subject has elicited the expression of honest conviction against the introduction of any form of Biblical literature into the schools, and that deep feeling on the subject has been aroused in various elements of the community, to whom the schools belong; and whereas your committee further recognizes that the discussion if continued might result in distrust of the integrity and non-sectarian character of the schools themselves, therefore your committee unanimously recommends that its report be laid upon the table."

Far be it from this paper to question the wisdom of this action to which Miss Addams was a party—especially to question the wisdom, in the circumstances, of the action of one so devoted to the welfare of mankind as Miss Addams has shown herself to be. But it does seem as if in some way people of all faiths could be brought to recognize the high importance of **strictly non-sectarian** Bible readings for supplemental use in our public schools.

Commenting on the omission of the words, "In God We Trust," from some of our coins, the New York Independent says:

"The teaching of religion is no business of the state. So long as no obpjection was made to opening sessions of public schools with reading Scripture and prayer, so long as all the people preferred it so, it was well to continue the practice. But just as soon as objection was made, and we were assured that it favored one religious sect as against another, we willingly gave it up. We knew that this practice did not make the state or the children Christians. We further knew that it was the business of the church to foster Christianity, not of the nation, which must comprise many who are not Christians, but who have equal rights with those who are. It did not hurt our consciences; we only felt the enhanced obligation of the church to make its children and its citizens Christians."

No fault can be found reasonably with The Independent's utterance here quoted. But it was possible aforetime, under the arrangements for the opening of public schools with Scripture reading and with prayer, to favor one religious sect as against another. But with **strictly non-sectarian** Bible selections for supplementary use there can be no such danger. And we see no reason why Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant, ought not to unite at least on the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer for use anywhere. It might be necessary to name the prayer something other than the Lord's Prayer.

Let the people of this great nation, made up of men and women of so many diverse faiths, take heed lest they allow too many cogs to slip.

THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS AND CHRISTMAS.

Two weeks ago we commented on the action of the board of directors of the New York public schools with reference to the exclusion of Christian hymns from school festivities. We quote now from the Boston Transcript:

"A tempest is raging in New York city over Christmas exercises in the public schools. There are several sides to the controversy. First, the Jews of New York number 600,000 to 700,000—a larger number than are congregated anywhere else in the world, Jerusalem not excepted. While the majority of these people live in the poorer quarters of the East Side thousands of them are numbered among the most influential citizens and largest taxpayers of the city So far as can be ascertained these Jews are not making their objections to Christ in the schools in any offensive manner. They have been very considerate and courteous, and for the most part have put the question upon the basis of a square deal.

"Christians in not small numbers take their side, and they say that with so many pupils who do not accept the Gospel, it is simple justice that they do not have it thrust upon them. It is a new question, which confronted New York for the first time but a few years ago, but it is one that may confront school boards and the public of other cities in years to come. Last year the New York Board of Education adopted a resolution, in response to an appeal from Hebrew citizens, forbidding any sectarianism in the Christmas celebrations in the schools. Recently a report was circulated that the board had taken more stringent action than last year. The report stirred Christian people, including ministers of nearly all religious bodies, to what was practically the boiling point of indignation.

"It developed later that the Board of Education had issued no new order this year. Indeed, it had taken no action whatever. In the endeavor to expunge sectarianism from the schools it is stated that some revision has been required to be made by the manufacturers of text books, with the aim of cutting out references to Jesus Christ. Upon this action two new situations develop, and the tempest rages anew. One is a

protest on the part of the Christian churches against the mutilation of a Christmas service or festival. They say that Christmas without Christ is a mockery. If the schools do not desire observances of Christmas, well and good. But against mutilation and mimicry these defenders of the old Christmas rise in wrath.

"The other development comes from the teachers in the schools—an unexpected quarter. These teachers say that the practice of having Christmas trees has become a great burden to them, and has grown into a species of blackmail by the scholars upon the teachers. Each room has a tree and each scholar a present. Teachers are expected to purchase the presents out of their not large salaries. Some teachers having parents and others dependent upon them find the buying of Christmas presents for forty to fifty children a heavy financial burden. In some schools there has arisen a rivalry among teachers. Each strives to keep up to the standard of value of the presents, and those who fall below find that their influence with their scholars suffers, and that complaints of them endanger their appointments.

"A committee of the Board of Education is just now trying to determine what is and what is not sectarian—a difficult task. The Board declares that the whole matter is in the hands of the principals of the schools. The Jews in New York are more and more determined upon what they deem their legal rights, and Christians are not few who hold that this is a Christian country, and they quote a decision of the United States Supreme Court and of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York that it is such. They say that if the Jews do not like a Christian country, with public schools that grew out of religious schools—a system that was preceded by religious schools and grew up because Christian people desired it to do so, let them go back to Europe and there establish schools of their own.

"Another phase of the situation in New York is the drop in school attendance on Jewish holidays which amounts almost to the closing of schools in some sections. Jewish leaders have not asked that the schools close on such days; the children simply stay away. Leaders in Christian churches are now saying that the next thing to be asked by Jews, if present demands are granted, will be the holding of school sessions on Christmas, it may be, whenever that festival falls on a week day. Almost every Christian Board and not a few church clubs, have taken some action in the matter, and in some neighborhoods combined action by unions of churches is planned."

The Religious Telescope, commenting on the New York action and a similar demand in Cincinnati, says

"On the same grounds the anarchist, the agnostic and the atheist could demand that no mention of or reference to the name of God appear in any of the textbooks used in our public schools. Are those learned Rabbis ready to join hands with those men in a demand that the name of the God of their Bible, the Old Testament, be thus eliminated?"

AN HOUR BESIDE THE SEA.

W. N. Burr.

The Man had been ordered to the seashore for rest. A dozen years of untiring devotion to an enterprise the aim of which was the betterment of the condition of certain mortals who had been born, or had drifted, into a particularly knotty spot on the seamy side of life, had drawn heavily on his strength, and he had been obliged to drop it all to save himself from a relentless invalidism.

To such a man the day of despondency will sometimes come, however strong may be his conviction that to be found wallowing in that slough is shameful. The power of it seemed to be settling upon him that afternoon, even against the opposition of his will; and he went out for an hour on the beach, hoping there to stir some train of wholesome thought that would put to flight the uncanny witches that brew in the Slough of Despond.

The sun shone warm, and the breeze came in cool from off the sea, and the Man was half-conscious of both the warmth and the shade of chill, as he stepped into the outdoor air. Like oil and water in the same dish, two temperatures seemed floating in the air that refused to blend. Have you never noted this in warm southern latitudes beside the sea?

Down near the edges of things, where land and water meet, the Man found a seat on a projection halfway up the rock-ledge that was hardly high enough just there to be called "the cliff." The sun, slowly working its way downward in the west, threw a blinding glare upon the water at his left. All before him lay a restless sea-stretch, roaring, swishing, tumbling, and gathering itself near the shore into great windrows of bottle-green water that broke into snow-white foam-lines that came pattering in towards the rocky beach like long lines of frightened sheep close-pressed from behind. Far to his right stretched a great expanse of steel-blue water, hemmed in by a distant curving wall of rock that seemed to rise sheer from the water's edge. Above hung the sky-vault, almost identical in color with the great sea-body beyond the breakers; but the upper expanse was motionless, while the lower gave no sign of quietness, far as the eye could reach. Even far out towards the horizon-line movement was perceptible.

Eight or ten black, long-necked seabirds flew swiftly southward, out beyond the breakers and just above the water. Other similar companies followed, and by and by the same birds, apparently, came flying back again.

"Those cormorants fly with a business-like air," said the Man to himself, as he watched them.

A heavy-winged sea-gull flapped lazily by, only a few yards from where he was sitting.

"No rush in his wings, but he seems to fare well, and no doubt he is just as happy as those swifter-flying long-necks yonder." The Man drifted into a dreamy thought-nook where he faced for a moment the strenuous and the simple life. "If I had had a little less cormorant in my wings and a little more gull perhaps I would have accomplished as much, and not have been laid on the shelf as I am now."

Out in the quieter water beyond the breakers two or three sea-birds were fishing—or were they just having a jolly good time out there, trying to become a little more expert in the art of diving? A quick curve of the body, head downwards, a roguish shake of the afterparts, and the bird disappeared, to come up again not far away after a moment or two. The Man almost laughed at the thought that no Punch-and-Judy show could afford half the amusement that a closely-watched water-fowl diving offers to the looker-on.

The black cormorants, busy, swift-winged creatures, were constantly flying back and forth; and once a bevy of smaller birds, like a group of dusky Pleiades in a

hurry, flew by as if intent upon something that required haste.

Then into the mind of the Man came a train of thought that would have been one long moan had it been audibly expressed.

"The Sea is always busy, and the Sun makes its daily round with untiring regularity, and the Birds never lack something to do. There is movement, action everywhere. O, these rocks are stolid enough, it is true, but what do rocks amount to? It is activity that counts, and here am I fettered by weakness, and denied the privilege of doing my part! I want to be with the Sea, and the Sun, and the Birds, filling the measure of my appointed task! But here I am a workman discarded, a miserable Inefficient, a tool thrown aside because of flaws."

Then out of the air from Somewhere came a still, small voice:

"You are neither Sea nor Sun, Bird nor Rock, but you are something better than any of these. In quietness rather than in activity Man may sometimes gather strength and wisdom that in after-days he can put into his work, and make his life count for more than it would had he been a ceaseless worker like the Sea. Be thankful for eyes to see, and a heart to feel. And be thankful, too, that you stand as a Man of keen inner vision, with a nature refined to sense the sights, and to revel in the deeper teachings that are lost on grosser natures. During these days of solitude you may stand with Moses in Midian, with Paul in Arabia, with John on Patmos, and hear the same voice that revealed to them the secrets of the deeper life."

The chill was driving the warmth from the air, and the Man arose to make his way back to his lodging-place. He stood for a moment looking upon the Sea. The Sun was pouring molten gold straight down upon the restless waters. The lips of the Man moved, and this is what he was saying:

"I am too weak to work, O Lord, but while I wait may the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, my Strength, and my Redeemer.

THE DESERTED CHRIST.

[From a sermon by W. T. Patchell.]

Text, John 6: 27: "Jesus said therefore unto the twelve: Would ye also go away?"

In the experience which leads up to this question we find Jesus moving out to a new position. It is one of those cases when he turns away from apparent success, and because he will make no compromise it looks for a moment as though he must walk alone. Popularity has come to him; the countryside is ablaze; and from the cities and villages of Galilee the multitudes are crowding his footsteps. One can see and feel the eagerness and growing importance of his disciples. Their choice is vindicated; their position is assured. Then Jesus, seemingly heedless of the risk, or unable to see that he is endangering the whole cause, moves out to a position where they hesitate to follow. And there he stands, alone; the deserted Christ.

The afternoon sun is flooding the slopes and all the Galilean lake with ruddy glory. It etches every detail of the retreating crowd. Their faces are set toward Capernaum and the murmur of their voices dies away in the distance.

Solitary, saddened, his white garments shining in the powerful light, Jesus stands alone. In the foreground are the twelve hesitating disciples. No word is spoken; but on their faces is perplexity and dismay. John is there, his boyish face all clouded with disappointment and grief; and Peter, masterful but uncertain; the black-browed Judas stands with folded arms and eyes bent upon the ground; and Andrew and James and all the others awaiting they know not what.

"Would ye also go away?" The clear voice is heavy with pathos, and the troubled soul speaks its vast loneliness. But the eye lights up and the quick smile of tenderness, when Peter with a gesture of bitterness and love cries out, "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

This hour is not unlooked for in the life of the Master. Through all the experiences of the months it runs back to that fateful hour when in the wilderness he fought with the white devils that would lead him astray. His great heart of compassion was troubled with the cry of human need. Their unhappiness, their hunger, their diseased bodies, their pain, and the pressure upon him was irresistible; he would heal and feed them.

Then because he healed and fed them they followed him. "Ye seek me * * * because we ate of the loaves and were filled."

To the disciples it was inconceivable that he should not adopt this successful method, but Jesus understood how futile it would be. He knew that the Kingdom of God could never be erected upon such a straw foundation.

At the heart of his gospel lay the ultimate deliverance from hunger and disease, but this could never be the door through which men might enter in. To feed a hungry tramp does not save him from hunger, it exposes him to hunger. To heal a diseased body does not save the world from pain.

There is in the heart of the gospel that which shall save the world at last from hunger and pain. But the cure does not lie on the surface. Only the renewed heart, the life lived according to the law of God, can save the whole world from these things. And in his healings and his feedings Jesus strove earnestly to direct to the deeper cure. Just now his heart of compassion led him to feed the multitude, and as one man they rose up to follow him—they wanted to make him King. "Give us bread," they cried; "heal our diseases, and all the kingdoms of the world shall be thine." And this is just what the devil whispered to his heart in the wilderness; this it is that shook his own soul. For that way seemed very fair, indeed. It offered a cross-cut to success. But it was and is an everlasting lie, worthy of him who in the name of a suffering humanity propounded it.

To heal and to feed mankind is beautiful and necessary, but it might be continued through all eternity and still as many needy ones remain. It were necessary to correct the causes, if ever the world is to be saved from these things. And while Jesus, inevitably, moved by his compassion, relieved the suffering ones, his mission was and is to induct men into a life; into a life so true that the causes of hunger and pain shall disappear. Relieving hunger and pain cannot save the world; only by removing the causes, which lie deep in a spiritual condition, can hunger and suffering be overcome.

Jesus had to choose between these two services, and it was with deep anguish that he turned away from the clamorous and heart-breaking need about him to address himself strictly to the cure of its cause.

That he was unable to adhere strictly to his program is but to recognize the heart of love that betrayed him. How hard it seems, now that the disciples are won to his meaning, to turn away from the crying need of this people, and with the twelve fly to the solitudes of Northern Galilee. How strict is his purpose. And yet how it breaks before the mighty challenge of a mother's love, and he must needs stay to heal the afflicted daughter of the Canaanitish woman.

The temptation that runs through the life of Jesus is the temptation which assails only the highest soul—the temptation to do the lesser rather than the higher good; the temptation to meet the clamorous, insistent, ubiquitous pain and sorrow of the world; to feed the tramp because he is hungry, to heal the diseased because of his suffering; to work over the surface of life, where the need breaks into visible corruption, rather than to dig deep to the less obvious sources and there patiently and without much success labor to correct the hidden causes of all this pain. To Jesus, because of the cry, the temptation was ever present; his heart was wrung, and he could not withhold his hand.

In this episode by the lake we see Jesus moving out upon a higher level, we see him going before, and as ever we see that many of his disciples go back and walk with him no more, and that others, even his closest friends, hold back uncertain.

And is it not true that Jesus is thus deserted by his followers today? When he steps out into some new position do not we hesitate while he stands alone? And have not we, too, heard the voice saying, "Would ye also go away?"

In the congested city, where the air is foul, where children weep through the night, we may catch the flashing of his garment, but he too often walks alone. His own church, his friends, hold back; we give him money, we wish him well, but we do not walk with him.

In the market place he stands consecrate to integrity and the golden rule. Does he stand alone?

Down among the saloons and gambling houses, in the places where women are fouled and degraded, he walks today. Their sin and need appeal to him. "I want my poor lost children," he cries. Will you help? or will ye also go away?"

In his own church he moves out upon the platform of high service. "Ye are the salt of the earth." And O, we talk much of service and sacrifice and yet, when Jesus would have us translate the emotion into action, when he moves out upon the great impulse we hang back and he once more stands alone.

Yonder in China I behold him going on before. He has moved out upon a new and commanding position, but we do not follow after. He is deserted. He stands alone. That American Board tells us by their commissioners that they saw him passing through a thousand villages, but that he walks alone. That the Congregational church does not follow him. Many, so many of his disciples have turned back from him in China, and so many hesitate to go. Sombre, faithful, under the glow of the setting sun he stands. In his eyes the tragedy of Calvary, in his voice the sorrow of the world; "Would ye also go away?"

Oh for some Peter who shall speak for us and lead us to our place beside him. And here at home, here in San Jose, he has taken a stand such as he took on that wonderful day so long ago. "I must save," he said, "this people from their sins." It was the spirit of evangelism speaking. Today he takes the same stand. What is our answer? Last spring it was to get a big tent and a professional evangelist. These were to answer for us. But such following can never stand us beside the Christ. This is the hour of evangelism even as it was by Galilee. And again Jesus asks us, "Would ye also go away?"

Our answer, if ever we are to take our stand beside him, must be "Lord I will go with thee." The call THREE PACIFIC NIGHT shift Dec 5 CSWL of the hour is for personal, individual, evangelism. It is for each member of the church, for each disciple of Jesus to carry the gospel message to a neighbor, to a friend. Go with Jesus to that one whom you can reach, and tell him the word of eternal life. Bring that friend to church, to prayer meeting, where the gospel of forgiveness and life is renewed. Like Peter, step over beside the Master, and as we press our hand in his let us see to it that we clasp another's hand, saying, "Here, Lord, my brother, wilt Thou not speak the word of life to him?"

"Today he speaks to each of us. He knows, you know, just what it is. He has stepped out upon some platform of service for you. Does he stand alone, deserted? Are you one of the many who turn and walk with him no more; or do you stand hesitating? Hear his voice today. It comes with the old pathos of love. "Would ye also go away?" And then let him hear your voice and do thou step out with him, saying, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

THE DAILY PAPER vs. THE WEEKLY.

The High Value of the Latter.

Edward H. Clement, Editor of the Boston Transcript

There is a serious point of difference between the conditions of the secular editor of today (and his position has changed since I dropped, fresh from college forty years ago, into the business) and the position of editor of the religious weekly. The editor of the religious weekly is backed by some such body as this—either the whole denomination, or some band of determined and high-minded men within it, who are united to stand for, and advocate, and have an organ for, certain moral or religious truths, some high course of action that must be supported, whether commercially profitable or not.

The Newspaper of Today,

I am sorry to say, increasingly tends toward the commercial end. I have witnessed that in my own day—the rise of an entirely different organ of public opinion or rather an organ of no public opinion, simply an organ of a new industry—the industry of printing newspapers for the profit of printing them, and as far as possible avoiding injury to its business by having any opinions.

I passed the first year of my apprenticeship in the profession on the Tribune of Horace Greeley in his day. I had the privilege of serving in a very humble capacity, being perhaps the youngest man on the force with that great journalist, who was a true journalist in the full sense of the word, a man with whom the publi purpose was first and the commercial anywhere or nowhere. His main thought was to forward the ideas that his party (and he as one of the leaders of it) was responsible for; not only his political principles, but

also certain well-defined, advanced, enlightened, social ideas. It was a period of unrest then, as now, in the questions bearing on the organization of society; and he took a very advanced and enlightened stand, supporting his views by his brilliant wit, his vast learning and his matchless cleverness as a practical journalist.

I have mentioned him as in contrast to a journalist who has arisen in New York with an innovation which fairly takes the breath away from some of us—called "yellow journalism." With that school of journalism the first purpose is to sell the paper. To be sure, we had something of the same sort before the "yellow journal" arrived. We had papers that were printed solely for the purpose of the manufacture of a cheap article—to be turned out, say, at a quarter of a cent cost and sold for a cent, and sold in immense quantities and therefore with immense value as an advertising medium. That formed the basis of the whole new school of journalism, which has diluted the power and the dignity of the press, to my mind, to a sad degree.

I think we are all conscious that with the material growth and expansion—which has been wonderful—in the printing and the making-up of newspapers, with the high-priced specialists, with the unstinted outlay upon news-gathering, with the pictures, with whatever may make up an entertaining penny's worth of something to read, there has been a

Loss in the Dignity and Character

and in the real power and influence of the press. To me it is saddening to see the position of the newspaper in the community so much changed. The necessity of immense capital calls for the creation of a stock company, for a corporation, to gather and handle it. We know the characteristic of the corporation is that soul is minus.

It becomes necessary, with the great responsibilities and liabilities of the capital invested, to have a board of directors to look after the interests of the stockholders. And there, of course, in that board of directors disappears the personality of the editor—all individual character. A man of high purpose and faith will have the courage to do and dare as no corporation can ever dare. Timidity, caution—yea, cowardice, is the law of the existence of capital. Where shall the spirit, the disinterested zeal for the universal well-being, the outlook toward the larger things, the aspiration for higher things, be looked for in an industrial enterprise

Expected to Earn Dividends.

of a certain per cent? Business is business. The director-run journal cannot rise higher than the business man's level.

I trace a tendency at present in the public mind to turn from the great corporation-run daily as the index and creator of public opinion toward the

Weekly Organ of Well-Matured Judgment

for the public's sober second thought. The reason for this growing consideration of the weeklies is that they are not on the commercial hunt. The amount of capital required for the establishment of one of these papers is not so crushing but that a strong man or two, or a committee of gentlemen banded for some high purpose, an association of laymen like this, devoted, determined, and united on some high moral and religious ends—ends with "no money in them," of course—can afford to maintain a weekly paper, whereas a modern daily cannot be driven against the tide and wind unless a gold mine or two be available for sowing the city pavements with millions before returns are obtained.

With the weekly, too, there is time for the making-up of the sounder, all-round view, time for the reflection and elaboration which the intense pressure in the getting up for daily printing of immense quantities of matter does not allow. In the hurly-burly and turmoil of immediate decision and instant action on a day's events, the editor cannot stop to think. Then again in the weekly, the editor has the advantage of time for the employment of specialists, the finest and highest authorities on every question to be treated. No such authorities can be at the beck and call of the emergencies of the daily. The writer who is of real importance will refuse to turn off a decisive opinion as the cook in the coffee-and-cake lunch-cart turns off a batch of hot biscuit by flapping over his spoonfuls of dough. It is coming to be the weekly that does for public opinion what the daily press did in its more deliberate days.

I have noticed, of late, in

The Religious Weekly

a remarkable development and improvement. It is moving, and in the right direction. One discovers that the religious weeklies have given up, to a large extent the commercial objects and the commercial competition, as they should do. One sees no more of those suspicious articles with a commercial tendency, the sly "write-ups" of industries, or of mines, or of boom towns, and other quasi-benevolent enterprises. They seem to have disappeared from the religious weeklies along with the fierce controversy and dogamtic sectarianism that used to disfigure their scholarship and refinement. Then, there is less of a bucolic nature, the sugegstion that all its readers were farmers—columns about rutabaga turnips and the plowing time, that had no relation whatever to a large part of its readers. But there is more treatment of the home and of social topics, topics that are liable to enlist the interest of the intelligent women of the household.

But what is of note, what I have seen with the greatest satisfaction, is the constant increase in the

Courage and Independence of the Editors,

the high-minded treatment both of politics and of the commercial uses which are now taking so deep a hold on the moral convictions of the community. In short, the religious paper is what might be expected from its inspiration from the men behind it, the ministers and the editors, the people with some other purpose than the making of money. Of course, it goes without saying that in a paper so maintained and so inspired there is scholarship, and refinement of tone, and absence of the vulgar sensationalism which makes so many of our great dailies unwelcome visitors to the morning breakfast table—if one would keep his breakfast down.

"The business ends versus the public end,— the moral end,"—is the way I should divide the secular press from the religious. And, certainly, on that division the advantage in wisdom lies wholly with the weekly.

I know of no sadder sight, whether for the moralist or the journalist (and they are not always distinct; sometimes they are united in the same person), than to see a man on a Sunday morning on a trolley-car—whether the victim of the habit is off for a sojourn or is only moving from house to office for his morning mail, certainly he cannot be on his way to church—

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tempted by habit to buy the morning paper for the morning news, required to load himself up with a bale that looks for all the world like a roll of printed calico—high-colored calico.

And it often occurs to me: After all, what is this modern newspaper, that is run off from lightning presses, miles and miles of it from an endless roll, for the delectation of the most ignorant class of the community, but a bit of spoiled white paper, a bit of the cheapest printed textile that is known, cheaper even than calico—the sensational Sunday newspaper!

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

A Great Convention and Evangelistic Campaign Conducted Simultaneously at Washington.

The greatest International Convention the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America have ever held met in Washington, D. C., November 22 to 25. There were over two thousand accredited delegates in atetndance, representing not only the United States and Canada, but Mexico, Great Britain, Switzerland, Russia, China, Japan, South Africa, Australia and South American Republics.

The convention was admirably entertained by the Washington Young Men's Christian Association, which has nearly 3,000 members and is one of the most thoroughly organized and successful associations of the country. Its large and well-arranged new building just west of the War building, was thrown open for the use of the delegates. The large hall of the Daughters of the Revolution was tendered for the sessions of the convention, and Convention Hall, seating five thousand people, was crowded at the evening and some of the larger day meetings.

Among the notable speakers were Ambassador James Bryce of Great Britain, Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Hon. Oscar S. Strauss, Commissioner of Commerce and Labor, Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, Governor R. B. Glenn of North Carolina, Hon. J. A. Macdonald, of Toronto, Dr. W. T. Grenfell, of Labrador, Bishop William F. McDowell, of Chicago, Dr. Robert Johnston, of Montreal, Dr. E I. Bosworth, of Oberlin, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst.

The convention was called to order by Hon. H. B. F. Macfarland, Commissioner of the District of Columbia. Judge Selden P. Spencer, of St. Louis, was elected president, and proved a careful, impartial and efficient presiding officer. Vice-presidents, representing various sections of the United States and Canada, assisted him in the discharge of his duties. R. Sarasin-Warnery, chairman of the World's Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations, was elected honorary president of the convention.

The convention opened with "A Quiet Hour," conducted by Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D. D., of Philadelphia, whose theme was "He Who Works Must Pray." He struck the keynote of the convention, which was marked by a higher spiritual tone than that of an previous one.

The various committees were appointed from the membership of the convention, being largely composed of the most experienced Association leaders from all sections of Canada and the States. The first business that came before the convention was the report of the International Committee. It gave the more marked incidents connected with the work of the Associations and the commtitee during the past three years. It was a most encouraging document and showed the growth in every department to have been phenomenal. The increase in the membership, in the number of employed officers, the buildings secured and the large amount of money contributed for the permanent endowment of the work and for its current expenses, and especially the growth in Bible study, religious meetings and conversions made a deep impression on those most interested in Association work.

One o fthe most important matters for consideration by the convention was the evangelical basis of active membership which was adopted at the Detroit Convention in 1868 and was reaffirmed with the addition of a statement of the definition of an evangelical church at the Portland convention in 1869. All questions pertaining to the basis were referred to the Committee on International Committee's Report, consisting of seven men, of which Dr. Edward I. Bosworth. dean of Oberlin Theological Seminary, was chairman An opportunity was given to all who wished to present memorials or resolutions to be fully heard by this committee.

At the business session the following recommendatinn of the committee was adopted: "That this convention reaffirm that vital and fundamental relation of the North American Associations to the evangelical churches which was declared by the conventions of 1868 and 1869. This relation has from the beginning been an essential factor in the steady growth of the Associations and in the confidence reposed in them by the Christian community."

The convention also voted that the president of the convention appoint a committee to look into the working of the Portland test, to deal with Associations that are violating it after ample notice to strike from the rolls such as persist in its violation.

In view of a desire which exists among some of the Association members for a rephrasing of the definition of the word evangelical the committee recommended that a committee of five be appointed by the president of the convention to select a commission of fifteen members of evangelical churches for the purpose of considering the desirability of rephrasing this definition as contained in the Portland Basis and if they deemed it expedient, to recommend to the next international convention a substitute as an alternate to the Portland definition, which, however, shall not weaken the statement regarding the value and place of the Holy Scriptures and the deity of Jesus Christ. This resolution was adopted by the convention by a large majority. The only member of the committee dissenting from this recommendation was G. K. Shurtleff, the general secretary of the Cleveland association. who presented a minority report providing that a commission be appointed without instructions to look into all phases of the basis question, but his recommendations were not approved.

The most interesting discussion of the session arose on the question whether a limited active membership should be granted to members of Young Men's Christian Associations in colleges who professed belief in Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour according to the Holy Scriptures, and who approved the purposes of the Association, including those of leading students to Jesus Christ as their divine Lord and Saviour and to membership in the church. It was provided that only members of evangelical churches should be eligi-

ble for office or to represent their Associations at international conventions, and that representation at such conventions should be based on the number of evangelical church members in the active membership of the Association. The Committee on International Committee's Report unanimously recommended the adoption of these provisions. The resolution had previously been recommended by church leaders of seven denominations and endorsed by more than thirty international and state secretaries traveling in the colleges and by the 250 student delegates at the convention.

The reasons given for this exceptional provision in the case of students were: the brief duration of college residence; the objection of many students to joining a church in the college town; the desirability of enlisting these men at once in Christian work and the danger that men once interested in service will lapse if refused full Association privileges. Some aspects of this resolution were opposed by Hon. William Jennings Bryan and others while it was advocated with great earnestness by those who are giving much of their time to Christian work among students such as John R. Mott, Bishop William F. McDowell, W. D. Murray, a member of the Committee on Student Work; C. C. Michener, and F. S. Brockman, the national secretary of the associations of China.

After a discussion in which both sides showed that while differing as to method they were all a unit on the fundamental questions of faith in the deity of Jesus Christ and loyalty to the evangelical churches and the great objective of leading students to Christ and into the Church, the resolution was carried by a large majority.

After the discussion a prominent jurist, who was present, expressing his opinion of it, said: "The convention gave striking evidence of the fraternity of the Young Men's Christian Association, and of its ability to discuss and decide for itself any and all questions that affect its policy or its work. The capability to wholly legislate was as pronounced as the record of achievement in its executive department."

During the convention an evangelistic effort was made to reach as many as possible of the citizens of Washington with the gospel message. It was on a larger scale than has ever before been attempted by any religious convention. Although the weather was most unpropitious, about fifty meetings were held each day and they probably reached not less than 50,000 people. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Fred B. Smith, whom Mr. Bryan recognized as "Moody's Successor," spoke to 4,200 men in Convention Hall. It was a most direct plea for the personal acceptance of Jesus Christ by the men who were present, and at its close fully 250 men professed acceptance of Him. Fourteen other union evangelistic meetings were held on Sunday with large attendance and many conversions. A prominent official of the district estimated that 150,000 people had heard the message of the convention, which was the acceptance of Jesus Christ, the Divine Lord and Saviour, and the claim of the Christian Church for their service.

The convention is classed as "Historic," because of the large attendance, the evangelistic effort, the reaffirming of the Evangelical Test of Active Membership, the prominence and power of those who made addresses and the influence on the city of Washington.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

"Gigi the Hero of Sicily." By Felicia Buttz Clark. A story of the days of Garibaldi when the heroes of Italy were struggling for freedom. Gigi, the drummer boy is a patriot and hero, the story of whose life has wholesome lessons. A good book for boys; but also one in which all, young and old, will be interested. [Eaton & Mains, New York; pages 132; 75 cents.]

"Polly Pat's Parish." By Winifred Kirkland. As we finish the pages of this angelic book there come to mind the angelic message, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be for all people." The good tidings of great joy which came to the people of Polly Pat's parish are to be for all people, just as were the good tidings of great joy that came long ago to he shepherds on the Bethlehem hills. Oh for more Polly Pats! and, oh for more such gospel ministers as the one in Polly Pat's parish! Then would more "factory ends" and "rich ends" of cities and towns be brought together in loving sympathy and co-operation. A charming story. If it isn't a tale of real life, it ought to be—and it will be some day. [F. H. Revell Co., New York; $1.00.]

"The Tree Pilot." By Bertha Learey Saunier. The tree pilot from whom this book gets its title was employed by the owners of an extensive forest to make his abode in the great wilds and look after their interests there. That the young man did his work well may be evidenced from the fact that when the first night there his eyes met the blackness about him with a sense of great isolation, and then were lifted up through the depths of foliage to the quiet stars, he whispered: "Thou great Caretaker, I am just a small drop of life. I was taken from Thine only twenty-three years ago, and I am not much of anything without Thee." The story leads through many unique experiences with the rough characters of the newly settled country thereabouts, and brings out the heroic in the young man and in others. The book is a wholesome one, and will plant only good seed in the hearts of those who read it. (Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.; $1.25.)

"The Maid of Honor." By Richard S. Holmes. The editor of a religious paper, The Westminster, of Philadelphia, has ventured into the field of fiction successfully, and in "The Maid of Honor" has sent forth a most excellent story. This book is spoken of as "A Tale of Human Nature." The Maid of Honor, the heroine of the story, seems to the present writer unnatural in her treatment of the young man who loved her and whom she actually loved. But, perhaps, all's well that ends well." The girl "comes to her senses" finally. In David Henderson, the Scotchman and Presbyterian elder, man of business, theologian, fisherman and matchmaker, we find a highly interesting character. The book abounds with humor and bright sallies; it wins attention at once and holds it through to the end. There are some remarkable transformations of character through the efforts of those who gave themselves for others in the spirit of him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. (F. H. Revell Co., New York; pages 374; $1.50.)

"Vision and Service." By John Balcolm Shaw, D. D. Suggestive and stimulating thoughts on such subjects as, Vision and Service, The White Signal, A Seaside

Vision and its Sequel, The Old and the New, The Blind Man's Vision, The Church in a New Light, The Secret of Jesus' Life, The Place of Fear in Religion Soul Re-Winning, One Step at a Time. We quote a thought from the article on Vision and Service; "Vision and Service, then, belong together. They cannot exist apart, but are as dependent upon each other as are now our physical and spiritual natures. Let vision fail to express itself in service and it ceases to be vision. Let service try to exercise itself without first getting its vision, it will lose its title to the name. There is no lesson our age needs more to learn than this." This from The White Signal: "A home built upon a love that is sentimental, emotional, physical, passionate, is a house on the sand, which the least domestic gale will blow down. But build your home upon honor, obligation, the duty of wifehood, husbandhood and parenthood, and your home is a castle founded upon the rock that nothing can overthrow." (American Tract Society, New York; 75 cents.)

"Abnormal Christians." By Charles Roads. There is on the part of church members often a wide difference between profession and conduct. This volume considers some such characters; shows of course that they are not a normal Christian growth, Christianity being directed keenly against an immoral religiousness, and his example sublime for lofty character. After conditions and problems are stated there are excellent suggestions for the remedying of them. "It must ever be the deepest need of the church," says the author "that her pious people should also have holy character The lack of definite and adequate ethical training has occasioned immoral monstrosities when sin was yielded to and conceded; or it has led to morally earnest but unintelligent crankism when conscience was kept tender; or, more generally, it has resulted in worldliness of church people so persistent that even great revivals are submerged by it." Writing concerning the pulpit as a school for morals, the author says: "All spiritual sermons should have an ethical note clear and definite. Spirituality itself is not a mere enjoyment; it is an enduement for others. To see Christ transfigured is not enough. We must ourselves be transfigured; and, then, like Christ, we will not ask to abide but to descend to the suffering boy. The ethical sermons on their part need the spiritual fire and light. There is real danger of dividing spirituality from morality by the best ministers, and putting the emphasis upon one or the other unduly for long periods of time. The stress of today's exhortation may well be upon the union of the two; spirituality clear and ringing with great moral principles scientifically applied to modern life." (Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati; also Berkeley, Cal.; $1.00 net.)

Among the Churches.

California.

Redding.—The Rev. S. S. Patterson of Southern California has taken charge of the work at Redding

Coalinga.—Four persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church at Coalinga the last Sunday in November.

Ontario.—The Rev. Avery G. Hunt has tendered his resignation as pastor of Westminster Church so as to enter on the work at Santa Maria to which he has been called.

Eureka.—A new club room for the Boys' Club of the First Presbyterian Church was opened recently This club has had a successful existence about five years. This room in the annex to the church represents an outlay of a little more than $200.

Fair Oaks.—Rev. David H. McCullagh, superintendent of Church Extension for Sacromento Presbytery, spent Sunday, Dec. 11, with this church and Orangevale. In the morning he preached a Home Mission sermon at Fair Oaks, and so admirably did he present the needs of the Home Board that to the surprise of all the offering which was taken at the close of the sermon amounted to fifty dollars. Last year's offering was eighteen dollars. In the evening Mr. McCullagh again told of the growing needs of the Board and in this small Home Mission church the offering was $30. Mr. McCullagh is the right man in the right place.

Oakland.—The many friends of Mrs. I. M. Condit will rejoice to know that she is at home once more and that she is regaining her health. Dr. and Mrs. Condit are now engaed in work for the Chinese in Oakland, a work that has taken on large proportions since the disastre of April 18, 1906. An excellent chapel and rooms for school has been fitted up on Harrison street, near Seventh. A very large night school and Y. M. C. A. and a flourishing society of Oriental King's Daughters all meet in this chapel. The Woman's Occidental Board has a day school also in this building, named the "Condit" school as an expression of appreciation of the many favors and the valuable services in this work of both Dr. and Mrs. Condit.

San Francisco.—The Rev. Dr. Hemphill has presented his resignation as pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, and he has been made pastor emeritus. A notable pastorate is about to be brought to an end. Dr. Hemphill came first to Calvary Church in 1869, remaining until 1882. Then he took a pastorate in Philadelphia, where he remained about ten years, returning to Calvary Church in 1893 Nearly 28 years, therefore, he has been the pastor of this church and his life has gone into its upbuilding How appropriate that when he presented his resignation the church should wish to make him pastor emeritus. No action has been taken by the church yet as to a successor; but it is understood generally that the Rev. William Rader, who has been the associate pastor for several months will be called to the pastorate.

San Francisco, Mizpah.—The twentieth anniversary of the Sabbath School was an occasion of great rejoicing. On Wednesday, November 27th, the date on which the school was organized, a score of years ago, a social reunion was held, afternoon and evening. At the evening gathering, Mr. H. E. Bostwick made some very encouraing remarks. Thanksgiving services were held on the following day and a thank offering given to our orphanage. The anniversary exercises took place on Sunday, December 1st. In the morning, there was singing, also recitations by members of the school, and the Rev. Dwight E. Potter spoke words of good cheer. The sacrament of baptism was administered to

a baby girl, whose parents, when children, were members of the primary class of the school. Prizes for faithfulness were presented to several scholars and an offering was taken up for Foreign Missions. At the evening service the pastor, the Rev. F. A. Doane, gave reminiscences of the twenty years of service. Each of the many members and friends attending the services received, as a souvenir, a picture of the church and manse at Camp Meeker, Cal., which bore the inscription, "A Child of the Home Church;" also the anniversary motto, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Miss Ethel R. Bennett, a member of the San Anselmo congregation who has been quite intimately associated with Seminary circles, was married on Wednesday evening, December 4th, to Mr. Willard R. Voorhees of San Francisco. The wedding occurred at the bride's pretty home in Ross. Dr. Landon officiated.

Rev. Herbert N. Bevier, '93, who has been with the Memorial Church of San Francisco for fifteen years and done an excellent work, is still working hard and reaping the fruit of his labors. At his last communion he received five new members on confession of faith. He has a Sunday School attendance of two hundred and the largest Junior Christian Endeavor Society in this city.

Dr. Moore supplied the pulpit of the San Rawael church last Sunday.

Last Thursday evening Dr. Lapsley A. McAfee of Berkeley addressed the students on the subject of The Holy Spirit. The address made a deep impression which will long be remembered.

Rev. Newton E. Clemonson, postgraduate '95, of Logan, Utah, has had to leave his field temporarily and take his wife to Southern California. She has been suffering from a very serious illness, but is already somewhat improved. The professors and students have shown their sympathy by sending Mr. Clemonson a generous purse. It is hoped he will soon be able to return to his work in Utah, where he exerts a great influence for good.

The last copy of Woman's Work reports that Rev. Charles R. Callender, '96, and Mrs. Callender have resigned after eleven years of work among the North Laos people.

The December conference dinner was held on Monday evening. There was a full attendance of the Faculty and students. Rev. Geo. C. Adams. D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco was the guest of the evening and gave a very practical address on Evangelistic Work, laying special stress on Pastoral Evangelism. His illustrations were drawn largely from his own wide pastoral experience.

Dr. Day is conducting a Sunday afternoon Bible Class. It meets at 4 o'clock and is well attended. They are at present studying the Book of Job.

A lot has been selected for a new church in the Bush Tract and a first payment made. A plan has also been drawn for an inexpensive chapel.

The anti-clericals in Rome at the last election won a clean victory. The anti-Mormons in Salt Lake City swept the election with a great majority. This gives us hope that the hierarchy in no county can control the free vote of the people.

The Home.

THE AGE OF CONFLICT.

There is a trying time which comes into the experience of many parents in connection with their children—the time when they have to reckon with a child's will as not only a positive, but as an independent and almost uncontrollable, factor in family life. This period brings many perplexities and anxieties. What can be done?

Prepare for this age. Expect it. Get ready for it. The experience that is looked forward to and provided for is shorn of half its terrors. It is a marvelous thing that parents so carefully arrange for summer and winter, for breakfasts and dinners, for travel and schooling, and yet so often neglect the most important aspects of all—certain psychological and spiritual conditions of those children—the definite stages of development through which their souls must pass Much is to be learned from history and life. The traits which David and Eli had to meet in their sons and daughters the parents of today have also to encounter.

Such experience is a moral guide.

The child who is going to turn out a really strong and efficient man or woman usually manifests two marked traits in childhood—a strong will and a hot temper. Superior physical strength and sharp punishment may keep these traits in check for a few years, but the moment a child brought up by sheer force approaches manhood or womanhood, that moment insubordination begins. The first thing to realize is the place and value of these traits. They are not a sign of weakness. A strong will, rightly directed, is what gives moral backbone. A hot temper implies a deep heart. These traits are a native endowment of energy and power. Let them not be beaten and broken, but let them be disciplined, controlled, guided and trained to moral service.

Study health conditions. Much total depravity is caused by bad air in school, or lack of sleep. Watch the weather influences. We are creatures of a thousand moods, whihc depend greatly on environment; on bleak and stormy days it is much harder to be good. Teach a child this fact and help him to take pride in self-control, in rising above petty irritations Comfortable, fresh, becoming clothes also play a greater part in good temper than we imagine.

Bring children up on great books. Heroic ideals serve to make heroic men and women. If a boy or girl has from childhood been reading the great literature of the world, when the trying period of possible conflict comes, he will by that time have realized however unconsciously, that the ideals of the world are on the side of order and obedience, that filial devotion is counted one of the noblest traits, and that only the foolish and weak-witted refuse to take counsel of those who are older and wiser than themselves. Such young people, as Ian Maclaren truly says, "will have youth without its crudities."

Allow for the point of view. We cannot get life from another. Each of us must go through with it for himself. Parents see life through the medium of experience. Their vocabulary is that of facts. They do not realize that what they say, however true, conveys little meaning to the child. He hears words, but

he has no standard by which to measure their import. Years afterwards he suddenly says: I see now what they meant!

Too many parents expect a child to appreciate their own point of view. He cannot, unless he has a remarkable mind, or else has had a deep early experience of life. A common plaint of parents in regard to their boys and girls is: They are so ungrateful! They do not appreciate all we have done for them. Well, how can they? When those boys and girls are married and have children of their own for whom they toil and watch and sacrifice and pray—then, and not till then, will they really understand what their own parents did for them. Is it not unreasonable to require from them that which, in the nature of things, they cannot possess for years to come? Honor, love and prompt obedience are all that they are as yet able to give.

Allow for the individuality of the growing life. Parents sometimes harshly repress it. They are too apt to treat their children as if their lives ought to repeat their own. They will not. No son has ever repeated his father's life, and no daughter her mother's. Each of us is unique. The life of that son or daughter will be something absolutely new in time—a fresh experiment in the possibilities of humanity. The utmost care should be taken not to check latent powers and talents, not to antagonize noble impulses, and not to refuse the advantages necessary for development.

Allow for the irritation of transition. We are all cross when we are thoroughly upset. A son or daughter passing into maturity is usually an irritable being. This is not inherent badness nor lack of self-control. It is the young soul trying to adjust itself to life. Iife has strange fears for us all, but never do those fears rise up so strong and high as they do in the period of transition from chidhood to more mature life. We are unaccustomed to life. We are not acquainted with its time-honored duties and demands. We do not know how to deal with its problems nor what to make of the vigorous, powerful personality developing within us. We are constrained, embarrassed, shy, hampered, misunderstood,, and this brings about the unbalanced temper, the petty friction, the despondency, the unhappiness and the desperate loneliness. I think both boys and girls shed bitterer tears during this phase of their lives than they do over their deepest sorrows later on. It is a season of darkness and trial.

Allow for self-conceit. By this I do not mean to accept conceit as a virtue; it is never that. It is not even a tolerable fault. But consider that the child feels within him the stirring of a life of independent power. He knows that he has a place in this universe which no other has ever had or ever will have. His heart is enlarged. The energies which are moving his soul and his aspirations, dreams and desires appear to him effective. He thinks he can do wonders He sees the mistakes and failures of others without realizing the opposing forces in nature and fate which have brought them about. Having never matched himself against the calm universe, he imagines that he is stronger than he is. Instead of being held up to ridicule he needs forbearance, compassion, wise words and wise books.

Allow for the desire to rove. What makes a young man restless at home is not that he wishes to forsake his father and mother, but that he is trying to find out where in God's world he truly belongs. All unconsciously he is looking for his work and his mate The time is coming when that home will be his no more. He will have his own home, new interests and independent responsibilities. He cannot pass at a bound from one condition to another. There is a period between. Ah, how sadly this period is misunderstood! Too often the father becomes arrogant and domineering — threatens, commands and reviles his son. The mother weeps, upbraids, pleads, but the son goes his own defiant way. Much of the sadness and sorrow might be avoided if the parents would be a little less arbitrary in their demands, a little less stringent in their judgments of their son's motives. He is not recklessly regardless of their feelings and wishes. He does not want to run away from them. He loves them from the heart. The daily conflicts cost him tears and pain. He goes about feeling like a guilty and hunted wretch, upbraided and rebuked at every turn, and yet there are instincts within him which call him beyond those four walls. Life is awaiting him; he must go out. He would give anything on earth to be told how to be a good son and yet maintain his spiritual freedom—his right to a place in that beckoning beyond.

Allow for moods. Girls, particularly, are subject to great extremes of conduct and feeling. One day they are happy and light-hearted; the next day they are down in the depths. These changes are trying to some parents, who look upon them as whims and freaks. But these moods are a part of a woman's natural development. Just because she is finely organized and sensitive, life takes her at every point unawares. She is not prepared for its sudden disappointments and denials. The overthrow of hopes and plans chills and depresses her. She goes through shock after shock. Again she feels ashamed and disgraced over her outbursts of temper. In her heart there is the ideal of the lovely woman she wishes to be—the woman ten years older than herself, who has learned patience and calm—and the daily spiritual defeat fills her with passionate sorrow, which only the noble-minded can understand. Give her tenderness. Love her and let her grow.

Allow for violent friendships. All girls have them. These friendships often arouse fierce jealousy in the mother. She is angered to find her own love so meagerly repaid, while this sudden girl friend or teacher has lavished upon her the utmost devotion of her daughter's heart. Just as a boy goes through the age of defiance, a girl goes through that of sentiment. It is foolish, but it is real. Recognize the fact. In time these fancies fade away.

Allow for ignorance. The mother, who has had years of practical experience, sees at a glance what is to be done about a house. She thinks her daughter thoughtless and selfish because she lets many things pass by which she might do to relieve her mother of care. Interest that daughter in home duties by giving her a little definite responsibility at a time and gradually increase it as time goes on. She will grow up loyal to the home, devoted to her mother, well-trained, prompt, thoughtful and efficient.

Allow for individual adjustment of time. Allow for individual ways of spending money. No two of us care for just the same things. Every child is unique. Every child is human. Each needs love,

patience and wise care. But the reward is greater the greater the discipline of these trying years. Some day there will be the time of bloom and the time of power. The boys and girls will unconsciously pass into that strong, radiant, noble manhood and womanhood of which their dear parents have dreamed, and for which they have toiled and wept and prayed.—Anna R. Lindsay, Ph.D.

Young People.

GOLDEN WINDOWS.

A boy was working on a farm, and he did not have very much time to himself. He got up early and kept on working all day, but when the evening came and it was time for the sun to set, he always left off work and had an hour in which he could do as he liked.

And very often, when this sunset-hour came, he would climb to the top of a hill, and look away across the valley which lay between, to a farmhouse on a hill the other side the valley.

And the windows of that house glistened and shone as if they were made of gold and diamonds. Phil often watched these shining windows, and he wished he lived in that house himself.

At last one day he had a whole holiday, and he thought he would go and see the golden windows, and after dinner away he started. It was a long walk, and by the time he got there it was nearly time for the sun to set. But when he reached the farmhouse he was ready to cry with disappointment, for he could see no golden windows, but in their stead, windows made of ordinary glass, like the ones in the farmhouse in which he himself lived.

As he was turning away he saw a boy about as old as himself, and he thought, "Perhaps he knows where the golden windows are."

"Oh, yes," answered the boy, in reply to his question, "I know. Come with me, and I'll show you."

And presently he pointed across the valley to the windows of Phil's own home; and to Phil's astonishment these windows shone and sparkled and glistened as if they, too, were made of gold, as the setting sun flooded them with light.

Perhaps, as Phil trudged homewards, he found time to be glad that he had found out how beautiful his own home really was and that the beauty he had believed to be far off was also close beside him, now that his eyes had been opened so that he could see it.—Baptist Times.

Murillo's Boy.

More than two hundred years ago a little dark-eyed Moorish boy rapped at the door of a stately house in Seville, Spain, and asked if the master was within.

The attendant ushered him into a large room where a grave, sad-looking man was talking to a group of young artists. They were all listening attentively, for the man was the greatest painter of his time,—Bartolome Esteban Murillo.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" inquired Murillo.

"I heard you wanted a boy to sweep your rooms, grind paints, and wait upon you. I have come for the position."

"Well, you can have it, you little monkey. And you can go right to work."

In this way little Sebastian Gomez was introduced into the studio of the great Murillo. He remained there till he was fifteen years old, doing all the odd jobs for the painter and his pupils, and taken very little notice of by any of them.

There were a dozen or more of these young painters studying under Murillo—gay, showy fellows, and disposed to be somewhat careless in their work. Often the great Murillo was obliged to lecture them sharply for their shortcomings.

One morning, when they had been worse than usual, he scolded them unmercifully. "You can never expect to become painters," he said, "if you do not put more care and labor into your work. Why, Sebastian, yonder, who knows nothing of colors, might do better work than some of you."

Murillo intended it for a sharp rebuke, and the young painters so accepted it. Their faces flushed with wounded pride, and they promised to do more efficient work. No one paid any heed to the poor Moorish lad who had heard the words and who was blushing as furiously as some of Murillo's pupils.

The next morning, when the pupils assembled, several of them noticed that their pictures were not as they had left them the previous night.

"Hello! who has been here?" cried curly-headed Vincenzo, one of the brightest of Murillo's pupils. "Some one has put a child's head on my canvas that is none of my work."

"And here is a Virgin's face on mine," said Jose Pareda, the laziest of the school. "Who could have done it?"

Others were exclaiming meanwhile, for every canvas had received a touch of some kind, and it was all admirable.

While they were discussing the matter, the door opened and Murillo entered.

"Let me congratulate you: you are improving," said the master. "Why, Pareda, that is very good for you."

"But it is not my work, master," said Jose, falteringly.

"Not yours, whose is it then?"

"That's the puzzle," answered Vincenzo.

And a puzzle it continued to be for several mornings, for the most wonderful things were done by the invisible painter.

"Well, gentlemen, I think this has gone far enough," said the master, "tomorrow morning we will come an hour earlier than usual and see if we cannot catch this unknown artist at work."

Surprised enough were they the next morning to see, seated at one of the pictures, the little "monkey," Sebastian Gomez.

"Who taught you how to paint, boy?" asked the artist.

"You, master."

"But I never gave you a lesson."

"I listened to what you told those gentlemen, and I remembered it."

"Bravo, Sebastian!" cried the school. "You have beaten us all."

"And I have made a painter," said Murillo.—Youth's World.

A NEW CHINA.

By Geo. B. Smyth, D.D.

"An interesting company of Chinese students started for America on the S. S. Minnesota, on August 4th. The party consisted of nine young men and four young ladies, who has been examined at Nanking under the direction of His Excellency, the Viceroy, and who are being sent, at Government expense, to pursue a course of study in various schools in the United States. When these students were received in audience by the Viceroy, the question was asked, "How many of you are Christians?" Six stood up. The Viceroy then told them that this would make no difference in his eyes. He only desired that they be loyal to China, and that they do what they could to help their country. With these students there went also a son of one of the Commissioners to the St. Louis Exposition, taking with him his wife, his sister, and his wife's younger brother, who all go at their own expense to study in America."

The above, taken from the September number of the "Monthly Bulletin of the Educational Association of China," published in Shanghai, is one of the most significant items of news which has recently come from the Orient. The Nanking Viceroy is one of the greatest dignitaries in the Empire, and that he should thus declare that the fact of a candidate being a Christian was no objection in his mind, and no bar to advancement in the public service, is such a promise and pledge of freedom for Christianity in China as was never given there before. The Viceroy subjected this company of young people to no religious tests intended to eliminate Christians, he simply asked for true and loyal service in their country's need.

Nothing in the recent history of China has shown more clearly than those words of the Nanking Viceory that the old blind opposition of the officials to Christianity is passing away. The loyalty of all the people to the country, the devotion of all the people to the country's service, is the new ideal, and to realize it the leaders see at last that persecution for religious reasons must be abandoned, and the people permitted to worship as conscience demands. A religious liberty large enough to include Christianity is coming in China, coming as surely as the rising of tomorrow's sun. From the steadily deepening feeling on the part of the leaders that there must be a united people, and from the growing, but not yet well defined, belief that there is in Christianity a moral power for good not yet clearly understood, there is coming to the Chinese people that greatest of blessings, the enjoyment of universal religious liberty.

What a breaking away is this from the teaching of the "Sacred Edict," that Imperial declaration of policy left by Kang Hsi, who died in 1723, A. D., the second Emperor of the present dynasty, and one of the greatest sovereigns that China has ever had. The sixteen maxims which it contains were amplified and published by his son, and later paraphrased into simple colloquial language by a distinguished official. They are held to contain the very essence of Chinese ethics, and should, by law, be publicly read on the first and fifteenth of every month in every town and city in the Empire. The seventh of these maxims is as follows: "Get rid of strange doctrines in order to exalt the orthodox teaching." One of the strange doctrines was Christianity, the orthodox teaching was Confucianism. The declaration of the Nanking Viceroy was a public repudiation of this time-honored maxim, which, for over two centuries, has guided the policy of China in its relation to the Christian faith. It is, for it would not have been uttered without Imperial sanction, an impressive announcement of religious liberty, the releasing of Christiantity from the shackles with which the Government has hitherto tried to bind it, the opening of an unobstructed path to Christians to enter the Imperial service without hiding or denying their faith.

In a visit which I made to China in the spring of the present year I saw many other signs of the passing of the old, and the coming of the new. In the administration of law, in the general relation of the Government to the people, in the birth of a new patriotism, in the new education, and especially in the Government's plans for the education of women, new ideals were evident, a new spirit was apparent. Some specific instances will be of interest, and show the truth of what the title of this article implies that a new China is coming, that in a large measure it is already here:

1. In the administration of law. In the last number of the "Journal of the North-China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society" the number for 1907, Mr. E. T. Williams, one of the Secretaries of the American Legation in Peking, writes as follows: "The Commission appointed to revise the Penal Code of China has had for its most influential member H. E. Wu Ting-fang, under whose guidance great changes have already been made in the Statutes of the Empire. Death by the ling ch'ih has been entirely abolished. The punishment of the household of a criminal for no other offense than that of their unfortunate relationship is also done away. Branding and flogging are no longer permitted; fines and imprisonment at hard labor are substituted for them. Torture to secure confession in criminal cases is prohibited except in case of murder, where the guilt of the prisoner is established. ' The Commission has also secured an edict commanding the establishment of workhouses, and these are being rapidly built throughout the Empire. Humane prison regulations, the establishment of law schools, and the admission of attorneys to practice in the courts, these too are notable achievements of the Commission. This is a splendid catalogue of reforms for the brief time in which it has been at work." It may be added here that "ling ch'ih", or, the "ignominious slashing," was a fearful mutilation of the limbs before decapitation. It was the punishment for parricide and similar heinous crimes.

The above quotation from one of the best informed men in China shows an immense change in the laws and their administration. It means a change from old barbaric cruelty to modern humane punishment. It means an effort on the part of China to put herself, in her laws and their execution, in line with the methods of the most advanced countries of the West. The effect of this on the Chinese people can scarcely be estimated. The harshness of the Government could not but increase the indifference to suffering and consequent cruelty of the people. The change at the head will inevitably cause changes in the whole body and make the people less ready to vent their wrath on unoffending foreigners in times of trouble. It will make them much more accessible to the best side of Christianity; the growth of more humane feelings will make the highest precepts of our religion far more attractive.

2. The relation of the Government to the people. This is shown in the declared willingness of the Emperor to admit the people to a share in the government of the Empire. That promise cannot be fulfilled to any large extent for some time because of the ignorance of the masses, but it is promised when they are ready for it, and the hope of such participation in the government of the country is distinctly held up as an inducement for the spread of education in all parts of China. There is no reason to question the sincerity of the Government in making this promise. It has long been the habit of foreigners, and not without reason, to doubt every promise of betterment made by the Government of China, but the energy with which the recent anti-opium decree is being executed shows that China has entered upon a ew era, that its promises are made to be fulfilled.

3. The birth of a new patriotism. When I went to China in 1882 the very idea of patriotism was scarcely known, and in the following years up to 1899, when I left, though they were, in some respects, years of progress, love of country, as we understand the words in the West, was felt in the hearts of but few. During the war with France in 1884 the people of the Southeastern provinces took no interest in the fighting so long as there was no likelihood of its touching them. Many a time did I hear men at Foochow, the greatest city on the southeastern coast, declare that if the French would confine their attention to other places they could have no interest in the struggle. The Russo-Japanese war, and the unexpected and overwhelming victory of Japan, have changed all that. The old provincialism has passed away, and the new idea of a country; a fatherland, and of an obligation to defend it, wherever attacked and by whatever foe, has changed the Chinese people into a mighty nation. Formerly they were little more than citizens of separate provinces; now they are citizens of a great Empire, and ready at their country's call to meet any foe who may threaten it. The cry of "China for the Chinese," not yelled aloud on the strerets, but audible enough to those who understand, is the call of a nation to independence, the assertion of its own sovereignty within its own domain. This is the inspiration of the "Rights-Recovery" program which protests against all exclusive concessions to foreigners, and is attempting, after fair remuneration, to cancel those already made. It is the

source, too, of the new effort to organize a national army and navy; it is the motive which prompts many who hitherto despised the life of a soldier to offer their services, their lives, to their country. When, last spring, I went back to Foochow, the old city in which I had lived so long, one of the most immediately impressive of the signs of the new life which I saw there was the new military college where two hundred and fifty young men were being trained as officers for the new army, the army of defense against the continuance of the foreign aggressions to which the Empire had so long been subjected, the assertion of China's right to a place in the council of nations, to her claim to equality of treatment with all other independent States.

I confess that I looked at that most recent development of the New China with mingled feelings. War has always been abhorrent to the Chinese, and the possession of a great army looked upon as a sign of barbarism rather than a mark of civilization. The presence of those two hundred and fifty fine looking young men gathered there to be trained in all the modern science of war, was forced by the pressure of foreigners. It was a result of which a Western man living in the twentieth century after Christ might well be ashamed.

Again it forced me to remember too painfully the solemn warning spoken to foreigners more than forty years ago by Wen Shang, the celebrated Prime Minister of China during the minority of the Emperor, Tung Chih, in the early sixties: "You are all too anxious to awake us, to start us on a new road, and you will do it; but you will regret it, for once awaking and started we shall go fast and far,—farther than you think, much farther than you want." Every word of that, as Sir Robert Hart, the most influential foreigner in China, has said, is true, and its truth will some day be borne in upon the blind and narrow bigots of the San Francisco press whose abuse, through years, of Chinese and other Orientals, lies across the history of American journalism in black lines of folly and shame.

But, grieved and ashamed though I felt when I looked upon that new school, I rejoiced in it all, for I saw in it an effective check to Western bullying as well as an end to China's humiliation. This consummation will be as good for the West as for the East. In the stopping of bullying the bully is as much to be congratulated as his victim. Christianity wins its way best among equals. The white preachers of the Gospel will win a readier hearing for their message, and a speedier acceptance, when other white men are not doing, with their might, the work of the devil.

4. The new education. The most significant signs of the coming of the new era were the efforts of the General and the Provincial Governments to make the education of men and women alike universal. During my visit to China nothing so impressed me as this. It is not confined to any one province. North and South, Viceroys and Governors are introducing the new system, establishing schools, and so preparing the nation for the promised boon of constitutional government, and the intelligent appropriation, in the interest of all, of the knowledge and experience of the West.

The largest efforts to introduce the new education which I saw were being made at Foochow. I was especially interested in what was done there as I had for seventeen years been principal of the first college of the New Learning in that city, and one of the first in China, the new well known Anglo-Chinese College. It was founded in 1881, chiefly through the gift of ten thousand dollars to the Methodist Episcopal Mission by a Chinese merchant. It began in a small way, with only seventy students, but when I left China in 1899 it had more than three hundred, and in the intervening years it had sent out into the still almost unmoved mass of Chinese conservatism hundreds of young men, every one of whom was in his way a prophet of the new order, and a pioneer of its coming.

One of the days in my visit to the old city was specially memorable to me. The President of the new school system, a grandson of the Imperial Commissioner who negotiated the treaty with England at the close of the first Anglo-Chinese war, in 1842, invited me to see the new schools, and I shall never forget what he showed me. He took me to the new Provincial College, with its four hundred students, and the head of one of whose departments was one of my own old pupils; to the two Normal Schools for men, with over six hundred students, and most significant of all, to the Woman's Normal School, an institution just opened for the training of teachers for girls' schools. In this last institution there were only eighty scholars, but they were to be the pioneer teachers, trained at public expense, in the first schools for girls ever established by the government of Fokien, which, though but a single province of the great Empire, has a population three and a half times as large as the population of the State of New York, and sixteen times as large as that of California. No reader will be surprised when I say that I look upon the day which I spent in visiting those schools in Foochow as the greatest day I ever spent in China, for, in what I was shown then, when touched, as it surely will be, by the Spirit of the Master, I see the promise and potency of a new and mighty nation. It meant a new China, a China knowing the best that the world knows, and offering an open mind and an open heart to the best which the world has to offer. No nation of our time is undergoing changes so vast, so radical, and which concern such great numbers of people, as China today, and they are all changes looking to a brighter future and a larger life.

All those changes, and attempts at changes, may be looked upon as the call of the East, now for the first time conscious of its position and its weakness, to the strength and generosity of the noblest in the West, a plea for patience and justice to which no just and generous people will fail to respond. They are also a warning that international injustice will be tolerated no longer, that the rights and privileges demanded of China by the West and granted by all Western nations to one another, must be accorded to the Chinese people also. And last and best of all I look upon them as a pledge of willingness on their part to submit the settlement of their troubles with other nations to the judgment of mankind in the spirit of the noble word in which their own great teacher summed up the whole duty of man,—reciprocity.

Here is a subject worthy of study by statesman and merchant and missionary alike. To commerce, to law, to the Christian propaganda, it is vitally related. All are concerned in it who are connected with the Orient or hope for the future of the world. Specifically here is the opportunity of Christianity and here is the unhindered right to enjoy it; here is the open door for which the Church has hoped and prayed so long; here are the promise and the pledge of the new China which is to come and is coming soon. May the Church of the West see its day of privilege, and act with such decision and such wisdom that the Chinese people, building on the fine fundamental elements of character which they already have, and possessed of the best which the West has to offer, may take their rightful place in the service of the highest, and enter into the inheritance promised in this world and in the next, and to East and West alike, the enjoyment in its fulness of the high liberty of the Sons of God. What an end is this to pray, to hope, to work, for; what abilities are too great to be devoted to its accomplishment, what servant of Christ does not feel the inspiration of the call to be an active cooperating partner with Him in bringing it about?

CHRISTIANITY A DWINDLING CAUSE.

Some time ago when Dr. John F. Goucher was visiting in Japan a statement appeared in the Japan Times to the effect that Christianity was a dwindling cause. The Japan Mail publishes extracts from a speech of Dr. Goucher which is worth reproducing. This is a remarkably comprehensive statement of the status of Christianity in the United States.—Ed.

"In 1800 the Protestant church members were to the population of the U. S. as four to 58, in 1900 as four to 17; i. e., during the century the evangelical church membership increased 3.41 times as fast as the population. The 2,340 churches, valued at $1,500,000 in 1800, had increased to 187,800 churches, valued at $724,900,000. Progress is a relative matter, and while we are yet far from the goal, the power of the gospel of Christ to redeem men, to uplift society, and to make a nation strong by righteousness, has been demonstrated, and this force was never stronger, nor strengthening more rapidly in the United States than today. The spirit of Christianity is more manifest in its varied activities, has a larger following among men of culture and influence and is more widely diffused and operative upon our problems than ever before. Dr. John Watson says: Never in any age nor in any land was that which saves and sanctifies presented more clearly

and forcefully than it is, by word and life, in the Christian Church in the United States at the present time. On an average, twelve to fifteen churches are being completed and dedicated every day of every week in the year within the commonwealth. The churches through their Church Extension fund societies, are giving annually $6,000,000, largely as grants for new churches to less favored communities. In 1900 the churches spent for the maintenance of their activities, for philanthropy and for Christian education, $287,047,300. In the last four years they made a net gain of 11,771 ministers, 13,633 churches and 3,433,959 communicants. If to this be added the number who have died and been dropped for various causes, the sum total would be 4,833,959. If the church members are not so jealous for a peculiar system, they are more concerned for righteousness and the larger Kingdom of God. A notable absence of controversy, a kindliness of spirit, a hopefulness and expectancy in the discussions of our national denominational assemblies, mark the dawn of a better day. Instead of dissipating rivalries, which at times have embroiled the Church, federated activities and organic union among branches of the same denominational family are securing economy of resources, broadening influence, and increasing efficiency. If the historic and literary setting of the Bible have been examined more critically and discussed less reservedly, nothing has been disturbed but a few human interpretations, unthinking credulity is giving place to a more intelligent faith. The proportion of students in the colleges and universities who were members of evangelical churches seventy-five years ago was only 25 per cent, and fifty years ago 33 per cent, while today it is 53 per cent, with no sign of abatement. President Harper, late of Chicago University, said: "There is to be found today a religious interest in our colleges which is absolutely unparalleled. It is unquestionable that the life of the students today is more natural, more wholesome, more pure than in any previous period of education!" President Butler of Columbia University, says: "Christian Associations exercise a powerful influence in college and intercollegiate athletics. Their members are almost uniformly among the leaders in the social, athletic, and scholastic life of the schools, and in their religious talk and living there is a refreshing and convincing note of manliness and wholeheartedness." From a History of Yale University we quote:—The personal advance in the deepening of the moral and the spiritual life is fully as conspicuous as that in the physical and mental realm! E. N. Hardy says: Every year the proportion of students who are Christians when entering college rises, and while the stated revival is disappearing in both church and college, the average annual number of conversions is to the total enrollment of students proportionately larger. Never in the history of America was there such a large and superb body of young men and young women of college education eagerly pressing into the hardest places of service for Christ and the Church. A large number of the secular papers, both daily and weekly, regularly print the weekly Sunday School Bible lessons, with carefully prepared expositions, while most of them have from one column to a page or more devoted to religious items and comments, and all, with rare exceptions, ring true, editorially at least, to the great ethical questions and benevolent activities which interpret Christianity. In September, 1906, I instituted inquiries concerning the religious affiliation of the members of Congress, and regret that want of time prevented me from securing complete returns. Of the 252 members of the House of Representatives who reported, 216, or 85 per cent are members of the evangelical churches. Of the 60 senators who reported, 53, or 88 per cent, are connected with the evangelical churches, and nearly every member of both Houses of Congress is a believer in some form of Christianity. Of the nine members of the Cabinet, 7 are evangelical Christians, 1 a Roman Catholic, and 1 a Unitarian. Of the 9 members of the Supreme Court 6 are evangelical Christians, 2 Roman Catholics, and 1 a Unitarian. There has never been an atheist or agnostic, (with possibly one exception) among the judges of the Supreme Court. Of the twenty-three who have been elected Presidents of the United States, all have been believers in Christ, sixteen have been Christian communicants. Since President Lincoln, who was a man of faith and prayer, every one elected to that high office has been a communicant in some one of the evangelical churches. Discount as we may for conventional or lax profession of faith in Christ, must we not recognize that these facts bear forceful testimony to the pervasive influence of the spirit of Christianity. Christianity is the pervading and directing influence in American education. Each year the number of Bible classes maintained by the students for devotional study increases and the interest deepens, while the colleges are more largely offering systematic Bible study as an elective in their regular curriculum. Last year (1906) the churches in America made a net gain of 4,300 ministers, 3,635 churches, and 820,389 communicants, and gave $8,980,448 to extend the ministers and knowledge of Christian truth among non-Christian people. Evangelical Christianity, so patient and persistent in effort, so essentially educative and of our growth and transformation. By the gentle persuasion of loving ministry, by the inherent energy of the simple truths concerning God and man as revealed in Jesus Christ, by the living force of consecrated lives, the wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose; a world power has been developed where there was no people; loyalty to principle has evolved an unprecedented wealth of resources; and the fundamental conviction of the large majority of the American people is, "That righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people."

"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations." "And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful."

CULTURE AND RELIGION.

Not only is the truest culture religious, but the higher the attainments in character, the deeper the devoutness. This arises from the increase of knowledge. An old pioneer, who had passed among his neighbors as a pious man, was asked by a young collegeian how large he thought the stars were. He replied, "The largest is about the size of a tin cup." Compare the shallow devoutness of that ignorant old man with the reverent astronomer, who, peering through the telescope upon the palimpsest of the unstarred spaces of the sky, sees their gloom burst into light, and reads the name of God in the golden letters of blazing suns, where before there was only the darkness of eternal night! Which is the more devout? Never was there a greater lie written than the old saying, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." It is the man who knows, and by his knowing understands how much he knows not, who is truly devout. Every discovery of science opens new vistas in the unknown, and deepens the religious sense. Progress promotes piety. The ages of the future will be ages of faith. Matthew Arnold assures us that the highest culture and purest religion blend in one, and constitute a single charm in the life beautiful.—Rev. C. W. Barnes, in Western Christian Advocate.

THE IDEAL MINISTER.

As the touch of genius lifts the master above the mere musician, so this sense of the Unseen lifts the ideal minister above the mere preacher of sermons. It is the investiture of a priesthood verified not by tradition, but by experience. It is immediately of access to the eternal fountains of salvation. He lives among men as one of them, simple, unselfish, human, hopeful; yet they know that he walks with God

And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.

He is a scholar, but criticism has never violated that shrine of the Spirit where the pure in heart see God. The unfading newness of everlasting truth gives to his speech the freshness of springtime. The unsearchable mystery of Infinite Holiness gives to his thought and conduct gravity and reserve, as one who has beheld things which it is not possible for a man to utter. The demands of social service have not stamped him with the professionalism of a reformer. The ardor of churchmanship has not made him an ecclesiastic. He remains a prophet of the Highest. When he speaks men feel that he is standing on holy ground. When he prays, men perceive that he is prostrating himself before the risen Christ.—Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., in The Atlantic.

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," she announced afterwards, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine, ma'am."—Chicago News.

OUR HOLY CALLING.

God's greatest servants are generally called to fill, not the easy, but the difficult places. The place of danger and of trial is the post of honor.

I heard of a father who was an officer in the Union army, and whose son was a subaltern. He called his son, wrote out an order, and handed it to him, saying: "Deliver this to the general away down on the firing-line." The young man placed the message under his belt, mounted his horse, and rode away. The enemy's bullets flew thick and fast while he made the dangerous ride. He drove the spurs into the flanks of his gallant steed, and went with iron nerve to deliver the message. The father stood and watched, and waited, and wondered, while that strange conflict raged in his soul which must take place where the father and the officer are one person, and the son and subaltern the other, and that son exposed to danger by the father's command.

At last the son rode back into his father's presence on his foam-covered steed, and dismounted. The father threw his arms about his boy's neck, and said: "My son, I did not want you killed, but I had to send a man whom I could trust." So God's bravest and best soldiers are in the hard places. It is comparatively easy to be the pastor of a wealthy and fashionable church, with a large salary and great social advantages. Of course, such places have their own difficulties; but what are they compared with the trials and hardships and difficulties of the heroes away at the frontier, in our home mission fields in great cities, or hidden away in a thousand weak charges? In such places are the heroes, and when the mists shall all have rolled from all the hills, and we shall see things as they are, it will be perfectly evident then, if it is not understood now, that the heroes and the heroines are often in obscure places.

I know not what God may ask you to do. It is for you to say when he calls, "Here am I; send me." Ask no questions. Be ready to obey your marching orders. You must be called to a distant foreign field, to spend your life amid the gloom of heathenism, dispelling a little of the darkness as you hold forth to the people the Word of Life. It may be that you will have no other call than in your place of obscurity. It may be that God will ask no more of you than that you shall gather in some little children, otherwise untaught and uncared for, and teach them in the Sunday-school. It may be that your duties will not be outside of your own home, where there may be the aged ones to comfort, where there may be sorrows to assuage, and work to do, and trials to be borne, and suffering to be endured, of which the world will never kow. It may be to that young man in the gallery the first duty will appear to him to be to write a letter to his mother in the old home who prays for him every night before she sleeps; for in her heart and in her thought he is yet her baby boy. It may be that you will have no other call than in your place of business, as a business man, by your integrity and honor and uprightness in the business world to preach the gospel by exerting a religious influence among those with whom you are associated.

It is not for us to choose our field of labor. It is for us to listen for the voice of God, and when he calls, to say, "Here am I; send me."

"Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a fickle goddess—
She may never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field to labor
You can find it anywhere."
—Rev. Robert Forbes, D.D.

HOW RUTH FILLED THE CUP.

"Can I help, too, grandma?" asked Ruth, as she sat down in the old-fashioned kitchen. Grandma was making pudding for company, and Hannah was stuffing a big fat goose. Aunt Katie and mamma were setting the long table, and everybody was busy.

"Yes, my dear; you can pick me a cup of raisins," said grandma.

Ruth went to work with a will, but somehow the cup didn't seem to get full. Grandma looked up just as Ruth put a raisin into her mouth, and then she discovered the reason.

"When you pick raisins, Ruth, you must always whistle," said grandma solemnly.

"Why, grandma!" exclaimed Ruth, "mamma says it is not well bred for girls to whistle."

"If you whistle, you can't eat, my dear, and the cup will get full quicker; but singing is every bit as good, and I would like to hear you sing about little Jack Horner." And wasn't it queer? When Ruth began to sing that, the cup very quickly filled.

TWO DEFINITIONS.

A certain beautiful and gracious woman is the admiration of all the schoolgirls in her town. Even girls of a larger growth are ready to declare there is nobody like her. "Why do you take such pleasure in her?" an older lady curiously asked of a plain and rather awkward girl who was especially given to the prevailing fascination.

"Why," said she, at a loss for a moment, "it isn't because she's so lovely or so nice. It's because when I am talking with her she makes me feel just as lovely and nice as she is."

The New York Times tells another anecdote of the same complexion, touching a young lady who gave a good deal of time to "settlement" work, and was a particular favorite with all the children.

"Why do you love Miss Mary so?" somebody asked a devoted little boy.

"I like her," he said, "because she looks as though she didn't see the holes in my shoes."—Selected.

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A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
  The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
  Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
With glad jubilations
  Bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:
  Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love
  Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
  And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations
  In strong gratulations:
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
  Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
  East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
  Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
  The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
  Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

—Whittier.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS SONG.

Fair angel forms from out their home in glory
Sang, Peace upon the earth, good will toward men,
The while the shepherds heard the wondrous story,
That far off Christmas morn in Bethlehem.
So now, as comes each joyous Christmastide,
The merry children cry the glad New Year,
When old things pass away, new things appear,
While Faith and Hope and Love walk by their side.
Make all things new, O Saviour, King and Seer,
Within their hearts, and in their homes abide.

—J. D. H.

MORE AID NEEDED IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Much more money than has as yet been contributed is needed for the rehabilitation of the Presbyterian churches of San Francisco and vicinity. The appeal that was made after the meeting of the General Assembly in May has not resulted in bringing in as yet a sufficient amount, and the committee having the matter in charge has decided to ask that a united effort be made on the 15th of March, 1908, to secure large contributions in addition to those already made. Churches all over the coast as well as those elsewhere ought to respond to this appeal.

Before the earthquake and fire in 1906 San Francisco had only 18,000 Protestant church members. The cities shape, to a great extent, our civilization, and it is of vital importance that the churches be placed in such condition as to make it possible for them to put there the Christian impress.

Money contributed for this purpose should go, as heretofore, to the Rev. W. H. Roberts, D. D., Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY RAISED FOR A CHURCH PAPER.

The Pacific, the representative of the Congregational churches on the Pacific coast, has succeeded in raising about $12,000, of which amount $9,400 will be used to purchase the printing plant now owned by the Rev. W. W. Ferrier, and by means of which it is expected that the paper can be put in better financial condition.

The Pacific has never been in debt, at least not for many years, for the reason that a few men have stood to its support. On the plan now adopted the paper can be continued indefinitely. There is talk of putting the paper into the ownership of the Northern California Conference of Congregational churches, which is soon to be incorporated to take the place of the General Association. In the fund which has been secured for the paper there was one contribution of $5,000, two of $1,000 and three of $500. Some of the money has been used for current expenses since the earthquake and fire in 1906, and the remainder is to be put where it can be of lasting use.

Religious papers on the coast are greatly needed, and there will be wide-spread rejoicing over this accomplishment for The Pacific.

The California Christian Advocate had a strenuous time in 1906, running behind $5,300. The deficit was larger than at any previous time, due to the great disaster of that year. But the Book Concern for several years has put up from $3,500 to $4,000 annually to maintain the Advocate.

After the fire in 1906 the Methodist Church South advanced the subsidy it had long been furnishing the Pacific Methodist Advocate from $2,000 to $2,500 annually. These churches consider the money thus contributed well spent.

THE NATIVITY.

Edward Arthur Wicher.

Every new birth is wonderful; it is as though this miracle had never been wrought before. Here is a new soul drawn from out of the Eternal Kingdom of souls, who can tell how? This soul has never been before; and now, it is forever.

The parents bend over the sleeping baby and marvel at his purity. He smiles, and they know that it is the angels who are talking to him. He wakes and looks up, and the color and light of heaven are in his eyes. Surely God has again had pity upon men, because they were so worldly, and has sent down from heaven a little child to lead them.

But wonderful as has been the birth of every other child, still more wonderful has been the birth of that one child who was born in the manger of Bethlehem, more than nineteen centuries ago. "She shall bear a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." The king towards whom all the preceding prophets and priests and kings had pointed, the king for whom the Jewish people were waiting—this king had come; and he was more than the Jewish king; he was the Saviour of the world. He is our Saviour. He is the glorified Son of God. And yet he was born as a babe and laid among the lowing cattle in a manger.

Can this babe be indeed the Son of God? Where are his divine wisdom and power? How can he be localized? For the heavens of heavens could not contain him. The mystery of God's self-limitation we can never understand; we can but accept the fact which is manifest upon every page of the life of Jesus, and confess, with St. Paul, "Who, being originally in the form of God, thought it not a thing to be snatched at to be equal with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men."

Here he lies like to every little child in all things—except that he is sinless. For he is born of a virgin. And he is unlike some other babes, because he has been born among the lowly, and has been laid in a manger for a crib. But except that he was purer than

us and lowlier than us, he was like us in all things. He came into the world helpless, dependent upon the care of his parents. He fed from his mother's breast. He slept and waked and smiled. Sometimes he cried with pain, as other babies do. And thus he lived and thus he grew; until now he is the risen Son of God, exalted to the right hand of the majesty in the highest, worshipped by angels, and believed on in the world. But he is the same Jesus who was born in Bethlehem, the same Saviour.

O Saviour, how unspeakably close to us Thou art

A REPORT ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

[Report of the Committee on Foreign Missions of the Presbytery of San Francisco, December 10, 1907.]

The days of the years of the Board of Foreign Missions are three score years and ten. It was organized in 1837. Its natural force is not abated. Its work in the last year was larger and better than ever before. One million, two hundred seventy-six thousand seven hundred forty-eight dollars was the amount it received and disbursed; the debt of $111,000 (in round numbers) was reduced to $92,000; 889 missionaries were maintained on the field; the number of native ministers and helpers was increased by more than five hundred, and that of the communicants by 9,860.

Here are a few specimens of the success crowning its efforts on the foreign field:

In the Philippines—our youngest mission, only eight years old—there are 6,000 Presbyterian converts, of whom 2,000 are received the last year. An ex-governor of one of the provinces received baptism, and five natives were ordained to the gospel ministry.

In Korea—our next youngest child—where seventeen years ago there were one hundred Christians, there are now 100,000, 30,000 of whom were received this last year. The Presbyterian leads all other missions. Two of our churches have a seating capacity of fifteen hundred each, yet the one in Pyeng Yang comes so far short of containing its congregations that the men and women have to worship at different hours. That same church maintains a weekly prayer meeting of twelve hundred believers.

Japan is one of the older fields. Her sudden prominence in world affairs gives peculiar significance to the inquiry, What is she doing with Christ? Last April she furnished the meeting-place for the World's Student Convention, which was attended by six hundred Oriental Christian students. Every courtesy was extended by the national government, and the proceedings were widely published. A good proportion of the legislators and rulers of the land are Christians, and the influence of the religion of Jesus is out of all proportion to the numbers of those who profess it.

In China, too, Christianity is at last beginning to reach the upper classes. Probably eighteen thousand of her young men are now students in Japan, a considerable number of them owning Christ as their Lord

Three young ladies—two of royal blood, and all wards of the emperor—have been sent to Wellesley College—a proceeding unparalleled in the four thousand years of her history.

Missionaries are being made presidents of colleges which are entirely supported by heathen people; the empress dowager, whose hands seven years ago were bathed in the blood of three hundred missionaries and three thousand Chinese Christians, has contributed $7,200 to the Union Missionary hospital in Peking; Sunday has been declared a legal holiday; the New Testament is a text-book in the schools of the provinces Hunan and Hupei, whose combined populations number fifty-eight millions; at a late civil service examination in Peking eight of the thirty-two successful competitors were Christians, and sixteen of the number had been taught by missionaries; the decree for the abolition of opium smoking and dealing was the direct product of the joint action of the synods of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian churches.

A hundred years ago one missionary—Robert Morrison! No converts! The late centenary conference in Shanghai disclosed the facts of more than three thousand missionaries and a hundred and seventy thousand Christian communicants! Such results should inflame us with loyal zeal in behalf of our Board. Yet these are but a fraction of what the Board could accomplish if adequately supported by the churches. The average gift of American churches is one dollar a year. What hinders the raising of it to five dollars, the ideal set by the Omaha convention for men, and endorsed later by the General Assembly of the church?

We of the Presbytery of San Francisco are, alas, far below that lower standard. Our average per member is sixty-eight cents. It could not be even that but for the two dollars per member given by the First Church. Only two other churches gave more this last year than the sixty-eight cents, while some fell as low as seven, nine and thirteen cents per member. With so little of the spirit of the Master among us, is it any wonder that there appear portents of the removal of some of our candlesticks from their places?

As an earnest of our high purpose to do our share in the evangelization of the hundred millions which forms the task of the American Presbyterian Church, your committee presents the following recommendations:

1. The approval of the Omaha standard as our ideal, and the resolution to begin working up to it by a determined effort to bring up the contributions of our several churches to the dollar per member asked by the Board for the current year.

2. The use of the following methods for the accomplishment of this end:

(a) Regular missionary sermons and addresses.

(b) Monthly concert of prayer for foreign missions.

(c) Dissemination of missionary literature in our churches and Sunday-schools.

(d) Mission study classes.

(e) Taking of shares in A Parish Abroad.

(f) The appointment in each church of a missionary committee, composed of representatives from the session, Sunday-school, women's societies and young people's societies.

(g) The raising of the foreign missionary contributions by subscription, rather than by an annual collection.

3. Cordial welcome to, and hearty co-operation with, Rev. Dwight E. Potter, the Board's Assistant Secretary for the Western District.

Respectfully submitted,

J. H. Laughlin,
E. A. Sturge,
(Signed) J. Rhys Evans,
Geo. G. Eldredge,
Charles Adams.

STANDARDS OF PUBLIC MORALITY.

Last year President Hadley of Yale University gave the Kennedy Lectures, in the School of Philanthropy, which is conducted by the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York. The lectures have been published as one of the volumes of the American Social Progress Series. There were four lectures on topics as follows: The Formation of Public Opinion, The Ethics of Trade, The Ethics of Corporate Management, The Workings of our Political Machinery, The Political Duties of the Citizen.

We quote from the first lecture some of the timely utterances:

"One of the strangest features in the life of the American people at the present day is the contrast between its standards of private and of public morality.

"In private the typical American citizen bears an excellent character. With the weak he is courteous; with the strong, self-respecting; with all, helpful. He uses his powers and advantages unselfishly. He does not employ his strength to elbow his way to the front through a crowd of women and children. He does not employ his cunning to overreach his neighbors and friends. In the great emergencies, like fire or flood or railway accident, it is not the mean and selfish side of human nature which comes prominently to the front in the conduct of our countrymen, but the large and helpful side. We are glad to believe that the heroism shown at these times of crisis is but a manifestation of the ordinary intentions and ideals of our American men and women, which they are showing in thousands of little acts of daily self-sacrifice of which we never hear.

"But with our public morals the case is different In each of our two chief forms of organized social activity—business and politics—we have to record a different story. The man whom vou could trust to help a weaker neighbor will nevertheless go to all lengths to hurt a weaker competitor for money or for office. A man who in private life would despise snobbishness and servility of every kind will in business or politics cringe to the stronger power for the sake of hs own personal advantage. The instinct to serve others which we feel in our private relations gives place to an instinct to serve ourselves in commercial or political ones. And when some special emergency draws public attention to the real methods which men are using and the real standards to which they hold, like the insurance investigation in New York or the political upheaval in St. Louis we find ourselves confronted, not with unexpected heights of self-sacrificing heroism, but with unexpected depths of selfish deceit.

"The man who hears the result of recent investigations is apt to exclaim against the depravity of the men who manage our business or our politics. This is a very superficial way of looking at the matter. If here and there some individual misuses his money or his office, we are justified in putting the blame upon him individually. But if a large number of people are misusing their money or their offices, the fault cannot be theirs alone. The community is a partaker in that fault. The chief trouble lies in the public standard of morals. A great majority of the industrial and political leaders who have done the most harm are very excellent men according to their lights. They are kind to their families, true to their friends, and ready to make almost any effort to help those whom they deem themselves under obligation. Most of them would scorn to tell a lie except in the way of business, as the old proverb runs. If investigation shows them the real character of the things they have been doing, they die of broken hearts—not, as people commonly think, because they are afraid of going to jail, but because they are honestly ashamed and repentant. The blame for misuse of industrial or political power is, I repeat, ours just as much as theirs. For it is the standards that are at fault, and we as well as they have a share in making the standards.

"'What!' you will say, 'are we, who never owned a share of railroad stock in our lives, to blame for railroad rebates? Are we who pay prices charged by monopoly to blame for the abuse of industrial combination?' Yes. The man who in his own grocery store encourages his clerk to let the scales weigh a little too heavy for the customer who does not notice or is too self-respecting to make a fuss about it, has deprived himself of the chance of saying anything effective against railroad rebates. The man who has tried to create an artificial demand for labor by slow work or unfinished work, or any other of the devices known to the trade, has become a partaker in the responsibility for all the worst evils for which he has upbraided the monopolists. Any condemnation of trusts on his part is a mere matter of words. He is abusing them for doing on a large scale what he has been trving to do on a small scale. In like manner, the man who contributes to campaign funds because he regards such contributions as good investments has deprived himself of the chance of criticising corrupt politics. The man who in the choice of representatives or advocacy of measures looks to his own interest instead of the interest of the body politic is a partaker in the political sins under which we suffer."

President Hadley proceeds then to remark that the chief difference between our private and our public morality is that public sentiment is clear in one case and obscure or self-contradictory in the other. "In private life we despise in ourselves and our friends the things which we condemn in our enemies. This makes our condemnation effective. In public matters, whether of business or of politics, our judgment is too often that of the lips rather than of the heart. We condemn a man for succeeding where his success is detrimental to us; but for the most part we have allowed ourselves to get a little money or a little political influence by methods which are so much like his that it takes all the force out of our condemnation. No wrong was ever stopped by the talk of men who objected to that wrong chiefly because somebody else got the benefit of it. No legislation ever did much real good when the people who made the laws were not ready to apply the underlying principles of those laws against themselves."

Concerning statutory enactments President Hadley says:

"We may prevent certain specific practices by statutes which make them misdemeanors; but in so doing we have simply cut off one way of reaching an end. Men will get the same result by another route. It is not enough to hinder men from getting money or office in certain specified ways. We must so shape their ambitions that they do not wish to obtain money or office by means that injure the community. We must get them to consider public selfishness as dishonorable a thing as we now consider private selfishness. If a man crowds himself out of a theatre, leaving behind him a trail of bruised women and children, the very newsboy in the street will hiss him when he gets to the door. Such a man will be despised by the pub-

lic, and in his heart he will despise himself, for taking advantage of his strength to crush others. But if a man gets money or office by analogous processes, the world is inclined to admire the result and forgive the means; and the man, instead of despising himself for his selfishness, applauds himself for his success. He applauds himself because others are in their hearts admiring him; and as long as he has this admiration he cares not for editorial attacks, or denunciatory sermons, or even laws to restrain his activity. He takes these things as tributes—inconvenient but inevitable tributes—to the magnitude of his own success."

It is by the formation of a right public opinion that President Hadley believes these things are to be remedied, and as to that he says:

"The thing that governs us is public opinion—not the nominal public opinion of creed or statute book but the real public opinion of living men and women Whatever the intelligent and influential world regards as success, ambitious men will try to achieve. Whatever means the intelligent and influential world condones its work, the ambitious man will practice in his. On the other hand, whatever ends the world regards as dishonorable, strong men will refuse to pursue; and whatever means people disdain to use in their own interest, the strong man will reject and spurn. This dependence upon public opinion is not simply a present fact; it is a necessary basis of all free government Unless the strong men are bound by public opinion and care for the approval of their fellow-men, civil liberty is impossible; people can only be held in their places by a system of tyranny. It is because men want to do what others approve, and because they despise themselves unless they conform their own conduct in some measure to the standards and needs of those about them, that constitutional government is possible."

This book from which we have quoted, "Standards of Public Morality," is published by the MacMillan Company, New York, for one dollar.

A DISH WITH SOMETHING LEFT OUT.

W. N. Burr.

Bruce came in the other day and picked up "The Christian Register" from my study table.

"Ah!" said he, "you are one of the Pacific coast ministers who filled the blank sent out by this paper awhile ago, expressing your willingness to receive the organ of Unitarianism for one year free of charge."

I laughingly admitted that he was right.

"Why did you do it?"

"Well, I thought I would like to look the paper over just to see what our Unitarian friends have to say for themselves. I want to know how other people look upon life and its problems, even though their viewpoint may differ radically from mine."

"And do you find that your viewpoint differs very much from that of the Unitarians, as you read their paper?"

"I rather think it does!" I replied, with some emphasis.

"Well, now, you have been reading their paper for some weeks—tell me just what you think of the table they set for the people."

"To be frank, Bruce, I do not find many dishes on their table that are very palatable," was my response.

"There seems to be something left out—perhaps it is salt. I don't like the taste of anything except the purely literary articles. I try to whip Prejudice out of the room whenever I sit down to this Unitarian table, and just take what they have to offer for what it is worth. But I cannot make my palate quiver with an enthusiastic 'that's good.' Almost every dish seems to have in it nothing much but sweetened sawdust. It lacks—life! Now. there was no unloving fling in that word 'sawdust.' I spoke it thoughtfully. I know some Unitarians whom I love with a strong affection for their pleasing presence and nobility of character, and high qualities of mind and heart. As men among men they do not seem to lack—life. They do not give me the impression of being sawdust men, by any manner of means. But as a religious paper among religious papers this 'organ' of Unitarianism leaves a very insipid taste in my mouth. It makes a good deal of the Good Samaritan, but only intellectually, not practically. It proclaims the theory of brotherhood, but it seems never to get right down into the business of practical brotherliness, to actually plunge in among men of sin to seek and to save that which is lost. It has some things to say about Jesus, but somehow there seems to be in it no inspiration to go out among all classes and conditions of men in real imitation of the life of Jesus. Father Dolling, the Roman Catholic, was found with a couple of hundred thieves and prostitutes gathered about him, to whom he was telling the love of Jesus in the simplest language.' But I do not find anything in Unitarianism, as it is pictured in this paper, that would inspire anybody to go and do likewise. My own heart cries out for something that finds no satisfaction in the reading of this paper. I don't care whether people call me 'orthodox' or 'liberal'; but I do care for the Christ of the Bible; and the Jesus of this paper does not seem to be identical with the Christ of the Bible."

"You do not get much good, then, from the reading of this paper," remarked Bruce.

"I do not hink it has harmed me at all," I replied. "I am a little surer now that I know what I am dealing with, when I think or speak of Unitarianism. It does not attract me, because I feel that I have deep soul-needs which it does not satisfy. I want something that goes deeper than keen reasoning. I want the Paul vision of the divine Son of God and Redeemer of the world, rather than the Unitarian vision of Jesus. Read this paper for half an hour, Bruce, and then turn to any of the Epistles and read there for half an hour. and you will know what I mean."

Whatever may be the result, the development of events in Korea will be watched by many with the keenest interest, and not the least interested will be those who see in this strange outpouring of the Spirit at Pyengyang an analogous manifestation of that which preceded the great Wesleyan movement. You have only to read the journal of John Wesley and compare it with the account of the manifestation at Pyengyang to realize that the phenomena are very closely akin. There is in both cases an extraordinary manifestation of power; people are convinced of their sins by another force than reason, and the power that convinced gives them strength not only to overcome sin, but to convince others. The Koreans who were at the original meetings have gone forth like Wesley's converts far and wide preaching the faith, and like Wesley's converts their preaching has been wonderfully successful, so much so that there are not a few who say that it is through Korea that the light of Christianity will shine on the Far Eastern world.—The Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil (Church of England), in the London Times for October 28, 1907.

CHRISTMAS.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight,
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of palm trees and vine,
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright—
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace like a dove in its flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight—
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all,
No palace too great, no cottage too small;
The angels who welcome Him sing from the height,
"In the city of David a king in his might"—
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within—
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right;
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light—
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

—Phillips Brooks.

A STATEMENT OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE AND BELIEF.

[Professor George D. Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary was ordained to the gospel ministry at the meeting of the Bay Association of Congregational Churches last week. The sermon was given by President McLean of the Seminary, the ordination prayer by Dr. Hopkins of the First Church, Berkeley, the right hand of fellowship by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer and the charge by Professor C. S. Nash. The statement of religious experience and belief given by Professor Castor was so satisfactory that the association voted at once and unanimously to proceed with the ordination services. We give that statement herewith in full.—Editor.]

Religious Experience.

As I look back upon my religious life, I am impressed with how gradual its development has been. The gracious leading of our Heavenly Father seems so evident in every step of the way. I can remember those early days when I learned my catechism in the Episcopal Sunday-school where my parents attended church. A wholesome, lasting impression remains from those days. But religion became a more real, personal thing, when through the influence of some high school classmates I joined a Bible class in the Clyde Congregational Church of Kansas City, Mo. I was so happy there that with my parents' approval I soon became a worker in the Christian Endeavor Society, and deeply interested in all the activity of the church. I owe a great debt of gratitude to the Reverend J. H. Williams and his good wife, who was my Bible class teacher, for their wise helpfulness at that period, when, just growing into manhood, I was most susceptible to religious influences. No effort was made to get me to join the church, but I was taught to enjoy its work and to feel that I belonged to it. Not until one time when a service was asked of me which technically ought to be done by a church member was anything said about it. I had, in fact, been for several years a member of the church in all but name, so that my joining was only a formal recognition of the relation in which I already stood; but the act did not on this account fail to impress me. I saw for the first time how much religious work had really come to mean to me, and a conscious purpose was begotten to make my life of larger usefulness in the Kingdom of God. Circumstances of the following year tended to deepen this purpose. I can easily see now how in Divine Providence I was led step by step finally to devote my life to the Christian ministry. When I told my parents of the decision which I had made, my mother then revealed to me, what before she had carefully concealed, that it had been her earnest prayer even before I was born that I should come to this very decision. Nothing could have strengthened my purpose more than this. I gave up the business position which I then held, and entered Drury College. At Drury there was much to broaden and deepen my religious experience, association with noble Christians of very different types, and moral contests, such as there must be in every community, in which I had a part. After leaving college I taught for three years, but without for a moment giving up the idea of the ministry. In the meantime there was no lack of opportunity for Christian work. Indeed, I soon learned that few have a better chance to exert an abiding religious influence than the teacher in an American high school. Finally in the Fall of 1901 I entered Yale Divinity School, and became a theological student. After graduation I remained another year as director of student aid and instructor in missions. I was thus enabled to keep up my studies, and at the same time had an opportunity to come into close relations with most of the Congregational pastors of Southern Connecticut. Mrs. Castor and I then had the privilege of spending a year in Europe, with its chance for further study. Upon our return I became assistant pastor and director of religious education for the Protestant Church Federation of New Haven.

I might add that I began preaching before I entered the seminary, and have continued to do so ever since. I have had experience in all forms of church and city missionary work, and have performed all the duties of a pastor except officiating at marriages and funerals. I should have been ordained last spring if it had not seemed more fitting, in view of my intention of coming West in the fall, to wait until I arrived here. The New Haven Association renewed my license in order that I might do this.

My inner religious life has had its crises, but there has been no sudden change from early childhood to the present. The study of modern intellectual problems has had its deep influence upon me; but I am conscious of no vital difference between the faith on which my religious life rests today and that which first called me to Christian service.

Statement of Belief.

My faith begins and centers in Jesus Christ. It is through Him that I look up to God, and in Him that I see what my own life ought to be. All the universe bears witness of God. To no age and to no people has He failed to make Himself in some measure known. But it is God as He is revealed in Jesus Christ whom I worship. In Christ I behold the image of the invisible God, the eternal and divine histori-

cally manifested so that man may apprehend it. This is, I believe, the heart of Christian faith—faith in God as he is revealed in Jesus Christ: the God who is not only the creator and sustainer of the universe, but one to whom I may pray as to a Father, upon whose love and mercy I can depend; the God who is not impassive, but who has made known his sacrificing love in the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ; the God who is no absentee Deity but present with us in his Holy Spirit.

There is, moreover, another side to the life of Jesus Christ, a human as well as a divine side. These I do not regard as two separate elements bound together, but two aspects of the one personality. It is just because the life of Jesus is the supreme revelation of God that it has also become the model for men of all ages.

In that life were manifested divine authority and power. He spoke as one who knew the will of God; he wrought as one possessed with the might of God; but at the same time he taught his disciples that they should share his authority, and even mightier works than his should they do. Neither his works nor his authority separate him from humanity, Jesus' own followers regarded his life as free from sin, and after nineteen centuries of human development we can conceive no higher ideal of holy living. But Jesus as well as we looked to God as the source of all goodness. The life of Jesus was human, but ideally human, and therefore divine, for the divine and the ideally human are one.

It follows that in my thought man is the creature of God and akin to his creator. Man is and always has been religious. Man as man has what Schleiermacher calls a sense of absolute dependence, and likewise a divine unrest which can never be satisfied by any finite supply. In man's constitution therefore is implied a recognition of the infinite God and an assumption of man's kinship to God. While I regard this religious element as common to all normal manhood, I look on its attainment of supremacy in the individual character as the task of life. Man is also, through heredity and environment, heir to hosts of other impulses which contend for dominance. Because of the solidarity of the race a power of evil exists whose influence on the individual cannot be too strongly emphasized. In this respect modern science only confirms the verdict of Augustinian theology. Our Christian faith is bound to no one philosophy of evil, but insists on subordinating evil to the supreme, beneficent purposes of God.

Sin is evil consciously appropriated, the subordinating of higher, religious impulses to sensual or selfish impulses: speaking in terms of our faith, it is the voluntary transgression of God's will. A human personality is more than a link in the endless chain of causality, he is not bound to react to given conditions in only one way. Freedom and personality are indeed something to be achieved, but it is natural for man to achieve them. This is involved in that distinction which the New Testament makes, teaching us that the fatherhood of God is universal but the sonship of man is an ideal. Man was created to be a free moral being, a child of God, but he is still in the making.

You will perceive that I have tried to define man's nature in terms consistent with what I have been able to learn from modern science, but you will also perceive, I trust, that the key to my definition is in the personality of Jesus Christ. It is he who reveals to me not only what God is, but what I myself am. I rejoice in all that modern investigation has made know of man's origin and of his relation to the material world, but it is infinitely more important that I should know man's destiny—what he is to be. The assurance of this I have through faith in Jesus Christ; and by this rather than by the former is my interpretation of human nature determined.

However, as has already been said, the power of evil is a fact, and man's sin is a fact. I do not pretend to be able to explain why they should always be in the world as they are. Again and again I must fall back upon simple trust in God. Still it does seem to me that if it is God's purpose for man to share his own free moral nature, this necessitates the presence of evil and the possibility of sin in the world. But I must also believe with Paul that man's redemption is likewise a part of God's eternal purpose.

That which gives the unique significance to the sufferings and death of Jesus is the revelation they give us of God eternally sacrificing himself to redeem sinful man. Jesus on the cross is the supreme manifestation of God's hatred of sin and also of his readiness to forgive the sinner. However it is not enough for me to know that God hates sin and yet is ready to forgive the sinner, I need an inspiration which shall enable me to appropriate this forgiveness. This, too, I have in Jesus Christ. He awakens a faith within me, a faith which is more than intellectual belief—a loyal devotion, an earnest purpose to let his spirit dominate my life.

As long as I have this, I am assured that my life is moving in the right direction, and though I stumble and fall repeatedly, still God can forgive me. The atonement is nothing but a theological dogma until the believer makes it his own by letting Christ rule his life. When thus, to use Paul's figure, we live in Christ, we are indeed redeemed from a sensual and selfish existence to a higher, more complete life,—a life at one with God's will for us.

Moreover, I believe with all my heart that he who has accepted Christ is not left alone to struggle with temptation and affliction. God's Holy Spirit abides with us to strengthen and guide us. The power and freedom of the Christian faith is a message which is sorely needed today. Our faith is so associated with dogmas which men have come to question and doubt, that faith herself has grown timid and weak. We need not be ashamed to believe in Divine Providence, we cannot, if we are true disciples of Jesus Christ. We may indeed no longer regard God as breaking, like some hostile power, through the forces of nature, when he helps us; but on the other hand we ought not to enslave God to natural laws, for these in truth are only our own interpretations of the Almighty's ways of working. God is more than his laws; he is greater than his world; and his love is over us; his Holy Spirit is with us.

We should, as Christians, be able to face the trials and sorrows of life, to bear the heavy burdens which they sometimes lay upon us, and to do it with the faith and courage of Paul: "For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any creature, shall be able

to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

It is my earnest prayer that this faith may always be mine, and that I may thereby, with the help of God, be enabled to comfort and strengthen others.

I believe in prayer, the communion of the individual with his Heavenly Father, the great channel of Christian inspiration, strength and comfort. We may come to him with whatever burdens our hearts—come, not expecting that God will sacrifice the larger interests of his kingdom to satisfy our selfish whims or desires, but fully assured that he hears and will answer. As our lives grow more Christlike, in closer harmony, therefore, with the will of God, all doubts about his answering disappear. Christian prayer combines those apparent antinomies of religious faith, confidence and submission into one harmonious experience.

Another source of strength and comfort for our Christian lives is the Bible. The Bible is not itself the revelation of God, nor is it strictly accurate to call it the Word of God. The supreme revelation of the Word of God is Jesus Christ. The Bible, as I regard it, is the record of an historical, progressive revelation of God, culminating in Christ. It is a human record by no means infallible in historical details, but thoroughly reliable if its parts are studied from the standpoints of their various authors. It is therefore a most valuable source of ancient history, but its great importance to us is in the religious life it unfolds: the people of Israel ever rising into a clearer recognition of God, — the Hebrew prophets with their deep insight into divine truth,—and then Jesus Christ himself and his reflection in the lives and teachings of his disciples.

The different parts of the Bible are not of equal value; the Old Testament gives only the historical preparation for Christian faith, and within the New Testament the Book of Revelation is hardly on a par with the Sayings of Jesus, each part must be tested by the clearness with which it reflects Jesus Christ.

The New Testament is primarily a record of the experience of the first Christian disciples, their recollections and impressions of Jesus as they knew him in the flesh, and the development of their faith and Christian activity after his resurrection. Their experience must, I believe, ever be the form of all truly Christian experience. But as God's revelation to them was necessarily in terms which they could understand in accordance with the conditions and thought of their age, so every succeeding age must re-interpret that experience in order to relive it.

The New Testament is not a book of laws and rules,—not even the Sayings of Jesus are to be so regarded. It gives us principles of conduct and inspiration. It is not a book of statutes, but a guide leading us into the presence of God. Herein lies its authority, not in its ipse dixit, but that it has the power thus to awaken us to the voice of God within The Bible apologist is not called upon to deny all religious value to other books, nor to deny all inspiration to their authors, its supreme religious significance is independent of such theories; it rests upon what the Bible has done for Christian lives. The history of the oriental churches shows us what would be the fate of all Christianity if the Bible should be lost or neglected. Faith needs the objective norm which the Bible provides, if it is not to dissipate itself in whimsical mysticism nor harden into barren ritualism. On the other hand, Judaism shows us how even the Bible can become a factor instead of a prop to faith, if it is used as a legal authority to choke the free, natural development of religious life.

I might add that I believe in the modern historical and literary study of the Bible, for it takes us back of the letter to the religious life and experience. But I do not consider any study properly historical that is not sympathetic and appreciative. Surely no one will ever interpret the Bible writers truly who does not read them in a spirit of reverence.

I recognize also the help which the individual believer receives from the fellowship of the church. I call to mind how much I myself owe to my fellow Christians, and I only hope that I may pass on to others something of the uplift and strength which I have received from them. We cannot do the work of Christ in the world unless we are united in the bonds of love,—one body in Christ. The individual is not sufficient unto himself, neither is the single church, nor even the single denomination. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church as a goal to be attained in the near future, not however by complete unity of organization, but by unity of purpose and co-operation in method.

Another source of inspiration I find in the sacraments of the church: baptism, symbolizing the believer's repentance from sin and adoption of Christ, or, in the case of a child, the parents' purpose to lead the child into the Christ life; the Lord's Supper, symbolizing the believer's communion with Christ and with his fellow Christians, and also commemorating the Lord's sufferings and death.

The channels of divine grace are manifold. One of us may see God most clearly in churchly sacraments, another may hear his voice better in the silent hour of prayer, and yet another draw nearer to him in practical Christian service. To each of us God's grace comes if we open the way. We can all in faith be reaching up toward the ideal, even the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, or, to express it by the term so often on the lips of Jesus himself, towards the kingdom of God. I am in hearty sympathy with the modern tendency, so emphasized by Ritschl, of regarding the kingdom as an ideal to be realized in human society now. By thus limiting its significance, Christians have appreciated better their present duty, and the work of the church has become broader and more Christ-like. It is not merely for self culture, but for the larger service of the kingdom here and now, that we unite into communions of Christian believers. We must remember, though, that this, like all the ideals which Jesus presents to us, is infinite in its reach. Its full consummation means the perfect harmony of all in the will of God, the attainment by each of the fulness of Christ. To grasp the largeness of its meaning we must view life in its eternal possibilities.

I look with confidence to a personal life after death. One cannot believe in the God of love and mercy whom Jesus Christ reveals, and at the same time doubt man's immortal heritage. Our guarantee of the future is in the character of God. So Jesus taught the Sadducees. To his disciples this teaching was confirmed by his appearances to them after his crucifixion. The conflicting testimony of the New Testament regarding the form of these appearances

does indeed raise important problems, but ought not at all to shake our confidence in the essential fact, that Jesus did make known to his disciples not merely his continued existence but his continued care and concern for them. I agree with Paul in the supreme emphasis he placed upon the fact that Jesus rose from the dead.

Relation to the Larger Work.

My statement of belief might naturally close here, but I am mindful of the fact that in ordaining a man to the Christian ministry it is customary for our Congregational body to ordain him to a specific task. Since the particular service to which I am called among you is not that of the regular ministry, but a professorship in our theological seminary here on the coast, it is only fitting that I tell how I regard this particular service to be related to the larger work. I believe that it is the duty of a seminary instructor to keep himself abreast with all modern thought, to be a real leader in the task, which is ever arising, of readjusting theological interpretations to newer intellectual conceptions. But I believe that it is also his duty to take as active a part in practical Christian work as time and strength will permit, not not only for the little good he may do, but for his own sake and for the sake of his students.

I am not of those who wish to keep the seminaries independent of the churches. We stand or fall together. Apart from the churches, the seminary has no reason for being; without the seminaries the churches are sure to come to shipwreck sooner or later. Just now there is urgent need for an earnest, united effort in presenting the claims of the ministry of Jesus Christ to the youth in our Christian homes. A dangerous crisis awaits us if we fail in our duty. The seminaries cannot accomplish this alone. They must have the confidence and support of the churches. I trust that as one of the instructors in the seminary here I may prove myself worthy of such confidence and support.

Among the Churches.

Monrovia.—The First Church is planning for a handsome manse.

Elsinore.—Property adjoining the church has been purchased for $900, and will be remodeled and used as a manse.

Alhambra.—The Rev. S. T. Montgomery of the Third Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles has been called to the pastorate at Alhambra.

San Diego.—Thirty-six persons united with the First Church at the last communion service. Since Dr. Jordan came to the pastorate two and a half years ago there have been 207 accessions.

Palo Alto.—The new edifice of the First Presbyterian Church of Palo Alto was dedicated last Sunday. A sermon was given by the Rev. Dr. Dinsmore of San Jose, and a dedicatory address by the Rev. Dr. Baker of Oakland. The new building cost about $35,000. The work at Palo Alto is prospering under the leadership of the Rev. Walter Hays.

Los Angeles.—The Rev. Dr. Frank DeWitt Talmage has resigned the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, and will spend a year or more traveling in Europe. He asks that his resignation take effect the 1st of March. Dr. Talmage has been with the First Church four years, and under his leadership there has been large growth and prosperity. In ways manifold he has endeared himself to the people.

Los Angeles.—The tenth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Hugh K. Walker with Immanuel Church was celebrated December the 5th. During this pastorate of ten years 2,000 persons have come into the membership of the church. Losses by removals and death have been more than 1,000; but the membership stands now at 2,200. Money to the amount of $560,000 has been contributed for church work during the period of Dr. Walker's pastorate.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Mrs. Dr. Moore has not been well for the past few days and has been in the Cottage hospital in San Rafael for treatment. Dr. Moore supplied the puplit of the Second Church of San Jose last Sabbath.

Rev. William E. Parker, Jr., '05, pastor of Olivet Church, San Francisco, has been elected one of the commissioners to the next General Assembly to represent the San Francisco Presbytery.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of San Francisco, held Tuesday, December 10th, the pastoral relation between Rev. George G. Eldredge, '96, and St. John's Church was dissolved. Mr. Eldredge was dismissed to the Presbytery of Oakland, where a call is to be placed in his hands to become pastor of the new St. Johns in Berkeley. He will be much missed in San Francisco, where for eight years he has been a wise counsellor and a faithful, efficient helper of every good cause. There were many expressions of genuine regret on the part of Presbytery over his departure, though all were pleased that he would still be a near neighbor.

Rev. B. V. Bazata, '96, as been canvassing San Mateo County, which is now included within the bounds of San Francisco Presbytery, with a view to the organization of a new church at the most promising and needy point in that rapidly-growing section.

On Monday San Francisco Presbytery received Rev. Arthur R. Willis, '06, from Oakland Presbytery, and arranged for his installation on Thursday evening as pastor of St. Paul's Church.

Rev. Alfred H. Croco, '77, is prospering in his work at Brawley. The congregation has long worshipped in a hired hall, but are now planning to build a church.

MILLS COLLEGE.

The last Sunday of the fall term was marked by peculiarly interesting exercises. In the morning there was held a meeting of the missionary society, the "Tolman Band," which has been in existence for nearly forty years. Letters were read from missionary workers in various parts of the world, the principal one being from the Misses Oviatt, who are graduates of Mills and for many years have been doing excellent work in China. Word was received that a recent student of

the college expects soon to become a missionary in Africa. Collections amounting to about $200 for the term were reported, and statements made of the expenditures, both home and foreign.

In the afternoon an excellent sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, on "The Call of Samuel," after which the communion was celebrated. The church has recently been presented with an individual cup service with proper fittings, which is much appreciated.

A beautiful vesper service in Lisser Hall followed, with excellent organ music, vocal solos and Christmas hymns sung by the vested choir.

The work of the college is going on with renewed interest, and the number of college students is much greater than in any previous year.

THE PRICE OF RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

Every editor of a religious paper not infrequently hears something about the price of such papers, or in particular of the paper which he edits. No matter if he or the management state that they have viewed the question in all its aspects, it will be said ever and anon that the paper is not worth what is charged for it. This week we came across something good on this subject in the Central Christian Advocate, and we quote it, for it is of wide application, though, considering specifically the different Advocates published in the interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Central says:

"We have a letter just now taking up once more the cost of our Advocates. It asks if we ought not to agitate for the founding of a paper to compete with the Christian Herald—that is to say, an illustrated, brilliant and helpful family religious paper at lower cost. The letter says that there are many who will not pay $2 for a church paper and who therefore go off to the Christian Herald, which meets their requirements for a less price. The letter is fair, fraternal and appreciative of a real difficulty. We appreciate it. And if it were not, if it were sarcastic and omniscient, we should treat it fairly, because it does represent a feeling that exists and a difficulty that is hard to meet.

"There is no doubt at all that the Christian Herald is our competitor for Methodist dollars. Many Methodists do subscribe for the Christian Herald. And we are not jabbing them or it with darts of fault-finding.

"But we ask them, and our friend who publishes the Christian Herald (whom it has made a rich man), to consider whether we are set to create such a paper as that, and whether, after all, they would approve of us if we did do it. The Christian Herald is not a Methodist periodical any more than is the Ladies' Home Journal, the Christian Witness, or McClure's. The Christian Herald is in the same general class with them, only it is a general religious magazine. It does not assume to print the specialties, the claims, the appeals, the news of any of the churches. It could not. It never will. It has good matter in it. It is not expensive to create. And its field of conquest is everywhere its premiums can make a crack in the door.

"The Advocates, for example, are all that the Christian Herald is, except as to pictures. But they are more. They have general reading. They plead for every good cause. But they are specialists. They are the news-gatherers of Methodism, throughout its millions of members, its hundred and thirty languages, its presence in every continent and almost every tribe on earth; they are interpreters of Methodism to herself; they are pickets and unsleeping watchmen, noting carefully her rising troubles or opportunities, and calling in the best students and judges of her needs to speak the word that must be spoken in the crisis or the opportunity. The Advocates are not sectarian; they are not thundering at other churches; but they are the highly specialized organs of a world-girding, definite spiritual organism—namely, the Methodist Episcopal Church. That organism is so vast, so consequential, it must have specialized attention.

"These specialized organs cost money. Trade papers cost as high as $7 a year; and there is not so much matter in them as there is in the Advocates. No Advocate costs that, but they do cost four (one five) cents a week. Everything is on a rising scale of cost—wages and cost of raw materials—and in our own line because the age is so complex and each feature costs money. Ten thousand dollars could start a daily in Ben Franklin's day, or even in Horace Greeley's day, whereas the same accomplishment now requires $1,000,000. The combined circulation of the London daily press in 1851 was not more than 50,000, of which the Times had as much as all others combined. The evening papers did not reach 6,000. Now the morning papers have 2,000,000 and the evening papers 500,000 a day. This is not due to increase in population so much as increase in complex variety of service.

"We would like to edit a magazine with a million readers. We would like the record-breaking circulation. But it were infinitely better for the kingdom of our Lord and Savior to have less and have these readers men and women of might, men and women of thought, of convictions, of leadership, instead of a throng who were entertained merely, or won by many pictures and tod-bits of generalities. Nobody will understand that we are finding fault with our brother who brings out the Christian Herald—any more than we find fault with the Ladies' Home Journal. They have their place. But no one will say that they, both or singly, tend to build up Methodism, or its hard part in the evangelizing of this old world. Let them go their way. We, for our part, must continue to go our way, giving out bounteous food for the universal need of the heart—the hungry heart, the broken heart; also giving a careful scrutiny to the work and the needs of great and even restricted localities—to temperance, to Sabbath observance, to the great reforms—in every place where we are the official organ—and a careful recording of the great, wide world parish of Methodism, a careful scrutiny of encroachments on our doctrines, of subtle tendencies, and of our colossal enterprises and responsibilities as an organized branch of the army of Jesus Christ.

"To get all this we find it necessary to charge four cents a copy for the Central."

After reading the foregoing surely none of our present subscribers will hesitate about remitting $2 for The Pacific while we are endeavoring to double the list (taking new names at $1) so as to make a permanent reduction to all. As announced elsewhere in The Pacific this week, the reduction cannot be made unless the list is doubled.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained; knowest thou when Fate
Thy measure take? or when she'll say to thee
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"

—James Russel Lowell.

The Home.

SUNRISE.

By Celia Thaxter.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far lonely spaces slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the East another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears are wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope, and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
The sunrise never failed us yet.

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

"Now in the sunset glow I stand so near
The hills of light that all the past grows clear;
Even griefs transfigured in this softer ray
Take on new forms and shine above my way.
With dawning triumph in the words I read
'He taketh from us nothing that we need.'"

How much trouble in the world is caused by looking on the wrong side of providences! If only we could believe and act upon it, one of the first duties of life is to be optimistic.

If one should choose the gift of all others that would bring the greatest happiness to onesself and others, I think it would be this gift of always looking on the bright side.

We all have trouble of some kind, and the world is divided into two classes—those who accept their burdens, bearing them bravely, and those who rebel against them, and go through life whining and complaining.

Is it any wonder that the brave soldiers marching cheerfully along in spite of discomforts should sometimes be impatient with those who hang back and noisily call attention to their trials?

Have you ever noticed how, when one has any acute pain, one thinks if it would only go one would feel perfectly happy? And then, when it really does go we speedily find something else to fret about.

And it is just so with other troubles. If there is a scarcity of money we worry about that, and if there is no special anxiety on that score, why, then we worry about other things—our health, or our relations, or our clothes, maybe. Apparently nothing is too trifling to make us look on the dark side of Providence when we happen to be inclined that way.

Madame Guyon says: "Ah, if you only knew what peace there is in an accepted sorrow!'

An accepted sorrow. That's where it is. We refuse to accept the trials that we need to perfect our characters. We struggle against them, and crv out, calling all the world to witness what we suffer.

Perhaps we can't all be brave soldiers. But there is no doubt we could be far braver than we are if we tried. The pity of it is that so often we don't try.

"Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift—
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis— God's gift.
"Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame—
And fold the hands and acquiesce. Oh, shame!
Stand up, strive on and bravely, in God's name!"

There has always been a bright side even to the darkest hour if we could only believe it. The most disheartening failures have often proved the stepping stone to success. If we do but learn experience from every failure, and gather strength for new trial by persisting in walking on the sunny side of the way, we need have no fear. Experience teaches that by keeping the bright side uppermost, and never stopping to brood over the past, and by this means only, we can "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things."

And it is wonderful what a kill-joy a pessimistic person can be. We don't want to get reputations for being wet blankets, do we? And yet that is really what very many of us are who allow ourselves to get into the bad habit of looking on the gloomy side of everything.

There are none of us so strong that we can afford to compromise with bad habits. If we make up our minds not to try to see the silver lining of our clouds we may do so, but think you we shall be any happier for it? No, indeed, it is the optisimtic people who get the most happiness in this life, for they largely make their own sunshine as well as the sunshine of many other people.

Even illness does not remove this obligation to look on the bright side. Only think how trying it is for the people around to have to live with an invalid who is continually grumbling and complaining, no matter how they try to please her. It is impossible that everything in our lives can be wrong; there must be some spots of brightness somewhere. Let us make up our minds to see them, looking over the dark clouds that seem to surround us, and keeping our eyes fixed on the brightness beyond.

For there is brightness awaiting us all—not perhaps in this world, but certainly in the next—if we try to live up to the best of ourselves.

And if we do this we certainly shall learn to be optimistic, for our courage will be founded on an unfaltering faith in the omnipotent hand which is leading us through the night into the eternal day.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the cloud the sun is still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."
—Inland.

During my recent tour in the Far East I formed the deep conviction that if the present work on the part of the cooperating missions in Korea is adequately sustained and enlarged in the immediate future, Korea will be the first nation in the non-Christian world to become a Christian nation. I know of no mission field where larger or more substantial results have been secured, in proportion to the expenditure, than in Korea.—John R. Mott.

Young People.

UNDER SUSPICION.

"Has any one seen my gold cuff buttons?" asked Jack, coming anxiously into the room. He was making a hurried toilet for school, and the loss of his cuff buttons had just been discovered.

"Not your new ones, surely," began Ethel.

"Yes, my brand new ones—cuffs and all. I remember distinctly taking them off on the croquet grounds and hanging them on the limb of the pear tree, but I don't believe I put them on again when I finished the game. Anyway, I've looked and there's no sign of them this morning."

"Maybe the wind blew them away," suggested his mother.

"No wind, ma'am, last night; you remember how still it was."

"Well, I can't think—"

"But I can." Jack went to the window and flung it wide. It overlooked a sweet, old-fashioned Southern garden, and the breath of Autumn roses rushed into the room.

"Ned!" he caled. "Ned!"

A bobbing, kinky head appeared beneath the window.

"Yaas, sir."

"Ned, what were you doing on the croquet ground last evening?"

"Nothin'—nothin', sir, 'ceptin' I done ate two little bits of pears."

"I thought so. Why did you go there?"

"I dunno." Ned's eyes began to roll in an embarrassed fashion. "Sho' 'nuff," he added, "I jes' wanted them pears."

"Did you happen to see my new cuff buttons hanging on the tree?"

Ned shook his head emphatically.

"No, sir; I ain't seed nothin'."

"Very well." And shutting the window Jack faced the others.

"Now, you see," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "why we can't trust Ned out of our sight. No one else was on the croquet ground, and I'm sure I left my cuffs there."

"It does look strange," said Mrs. Ward. "Have you searched everywhere in the house?"

"Two or three times over. Mother, I wish you would speak to Aunt Lucy about Ned."

"He's such a good fellow, I don't believe he'd steal anything," said Ethel.

"I wouldn't care if it wasn't something I valued," began Jack.

"There is where you are wrong," said his mother, "a small theft would be as wicked as a great one. I won't speak to Lucy until I'm quite sure, because she'd punish him anyhow, and maybe he doesn't deserve it. The cuff buttons may turn up somewhere."

Jack shook his head, though he followed his mother's advice, but days and weeks passed on with no sign.

Finally the weather grew too bleak for croquet, and the pretty spot was abandoned. Jack gave up hoping. and contented himself with his old mother-of-pearl links. He still held Ned in suspicion, and no longer gave him pennies for candy, a slight keenly felt by the poor little darky, who placed so much faith in "Marse Jack."

So the winter passed, and when the early southern spring came the young ones, eager for outdoor games. rushed to the croquet ground to smooth and level it for playing. Ethel took a broom to brush away the dead leaves, and Jack a rake, with which he worked with a will.

"Hello," he exclaimed suddenly. He was just under the pear tree, and his rake had hit a hard substance. He stooped own and digging with his fingers he uprooted his cuffs. They were wet and mildewed, where they had soaked into the ground for so many months, and there were the cuff buttons, tarnished to be sure but unhurt in any other way.

"Ned must have knocked them down when he climbed up for those pears," said Jack sheepishly, but he was rejoiced, nevertheless. From that time, as if to make amends, he gave Ned so many pennies that even "Aunt Lucy" was forced to interfere.

"I declare, Marse Jack, if you gives Ned so much sweets you'll spile him inside and out. Buy him a cap—dat's what he's needin'."

And though Jack laughed, he took the hint.—Washington Star.

CAP, THE FIRE DOG.

Cap had lived with the firemen ever since he could remember. He had been brought to the station when he was only a little puppy, and every fireman loved him and declared Cap was the wisest dog that he had ever seen.

One fireman had taught Cap to stand on his back feet and say "Bow-wow!" whenever he was hungry. Another fireman had taught him to scratch the floor below the water faucet and bark whenever he was thirsty.

He could walk on his back feet, drink from the fire hose, and drag the hose about whenever he was told to do so.

The chief of the fire department said that Cap would do more "tricks" than any dog he had ever seen, and the best one of all he had learned to do without ever having been told how to do it.

The firemen slept upstairs over the station in long rows of white beds, and, whenever the fire bell rang in the night, they would dress before you could say "Jack Robinson," run to the four large holes in the floor, and come sliding down the poles one after another; then they would run to the horess, which at the sound of the bell had found their places in front of the engine, the hose-cart, the hook-and-ladder wagon, and the chief's cart, buckle on the harness, and each fireman would spring into place ready to drive away to the fire.

Cap longed to slide down the poles as the firemen did, but of course that was something no dog could do. So, if he happened to be upstairs, as he often was, when the fire bell rang in the daytime, he would run to the stairway, clear the steps at three bounds, and spring to his place on the seat beside the chief.

But at night Cap strayed downstairs, sleeping very near the telephone and fire bell; and, when the alarm sounded, the firemen would hear Cap's loud "Bow-wow!" almost as soon as they heard the bell, and, no matter how quickly they dressed, they would always find Cap in his place ahead of them.

"He is the best fireman in the station," the chief would sometimes say. "He is always dressed and ready for work." And the firemen would laugh and pat Cap's head, and say that, if they slept in their clothes as Cap did, they, too, would be ready and in their places in one minute.

But no fireman ever slept after the bell rang, and not one of them was ever known to say, "Wait a minute," or, "I am too sleepy to go." Even the horses would run to their places the instant they heard the bell, so Cap thought it his place to do the same.

One night there was a great storm, and something happened to the telephone and fire bells, so that they could not ring; and, in the night time, when all was dark and still, and all the firemen and the fire horses were sound asleep, a house caught fire, and the policemen on the street corner ran to the telephone to call the firemen out.

The fire bell tried its best to ring; but, instead of a loud "Ding-a-ling," it could say nothing more than "Bz-z."

Not a fireman heard it.

Not even a grey horse moved.

"Bz-z-z!" said the bell again, and suddenly Cap opened his eyes, and with a loud "Bow-wow-wow!" sprang to his place in the chief's cart.

The fire was soon found and put out; and, when the asked: "Did you hear that? Did the fire bell ring?" And the answer came: "No, it was only Cap barking; but he is certainly saying 'fire.' We had better dress and slide down and see about it."

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked Cap.

"Bz-z-z!" said the bell just as the first fireman came sliding down the pole.

"Fire!" shouted the fireman. "Cap was right. Come on!" And in a moment there was a clattering of many hoofs as the fire horses dashed to their places the jingling of harness as it dropped into place on the horses' backs, shouts of "Fire, keep out of the street!" from the policeman in front of the station, and "clang clang, clang!" from the gongs of the engine, the hose cart, the hook-and-ladder wagon, and the chief's cart as they dashed away down the street.

The fire was soon fonud and put out; and, when the people who lived in the burning house came out to thank the firemen, the chief patted Cap on the head and said: "Do not thank us. Thank Cap. He is the best fireman of us all." And Cap, who had never for one moment ceased his "Bow-wow-wow!" wagged his tail and said, dog-fashion, "I did the best I could, but I am not a fireman, I am only Cap, the fire dog."—Edna Everett, in Kindergarten Review.

ASIATIC ASSIMILATION

(California Christian Advocate.)

The California Fruit growers Association has passed a resolution with but one dissenting vote asking Congress to admit a number of Chinese and Japanese into this country as laborers. It appears impossible to secure white help to harvest the fruit. We do not agree with that part of the resolution which recites that non-assimilation for competitive labor is all right. The mischief of this whole Asiatic problem on the Pacific Coast is the presupposition that the Asiatic cannot become an American citizen. In the face of this theory many native born Chinese, both men and women, are enthusiastic and glorious citizens. The African makes a true, loyal citizen and there is no more reason in the nature of the case why the Chinese and Japanese should not become citizens than there is a reason why the immigrants from Southern Europe may not became citizens. This whole uproar on the Pacific coast about assimilation and non-assimilation is theoreticaly based upon race prejudice. The Jewish people are Asiatic in descent and yet they make good, liberty-loving citizens. The question of marrying and inter-marrying is a law unto itself. The primary thing is the brotherhood of all the races. The farmers and orchardists cannot afford to import a class of laborers into this country. This self-governing republic on the supposition that these laborers are non-assimilable and all the better by so much. If it is true, we distinctly deny it, that the Chinese and Japanese are permanently and essentially disqualified for citizenship in a free, self-governing republic than their exclusion from that republic is a necessity on a fundamental principle. There is no temporary or expediential reason sufficient. There is no doubt but that the farmers and orchardists need help and that the Chinese and Japanese help is the solution of their problem but no commercial or industrial need can justify the importation of laborers as sheer laborers. They must come into a free republic as men, with all the rights of men guaranteed to them. This country cannot continue to say one thing to the European immigrant and another to the Asiatic immigrant. That day has gone by. Japan is a world power. China is potentially a world power and it is utterly absurd for the politicians to imagine that Asia will stand any more abuse than is necessary to enable this country to get its demagogues and blustering agitators under control. Congress will have to rise to the level of the situation. Old things of the Dennis Kearney type have passed away.

ANTI-JAPANESE PERSECUTION.

The Fresno contingency who will neither work nor allow others to work has instituted a boycott on those merchants who employ Japanese. This is not surprising though it is to be profoundly regretted specially at this time while the new treaty is being put into shape. It is well understood that Japan closed out about thirty-five emigration companies, that hereafter no Japanese can get a passport to America to the main land unless he has at least a high school education, that all passports to Canada, to Mexico, to the Hawaiian Islands do not permit the Japanese to land in the United States. These proposals come from Japan herself showing that the Japanese government proposes to respect every wish of America respecting immigration. If Europe would do the same thing about half the contingency now causing so much disturbance in this country would be disqualified. If Japan gives a passport to Canada or Mexico she requires the Japanese to return to Japan in order to get a passport to the United States. Japan does not want her citizens to annoy in the slightest degree the laborers of any other country under the sun. Specially is she thoughtful toward the United States. Any persecution of the Japanese at any time is beneath the dignity of an American citizen. The aggressive agitation at this time is specially regretted. The attention of Governor Gillett should be called to this matter, the municipal authorities in Fresno and other places should exert their best offices to allay all agitation against the Japanese. The highest interests of the Pacific Coast and of the United States are involved. Japan being a self-respecting government cannot do less than insist upon fair treatment of the Japanese now already in this country. Good citizens should not lend their influence in anywise to promote boycotts, or discriminations against the Japanese, Chinese, the Irish or anybody else. We should be fair to all.—California Christian Advocate.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is an essential part of creation. The end for which the world was created is not in itself. God made the world in order that his son Jesus Christ might reveal himself in the acts of redeeming the world. Those who speak of the Incarnation as a temporal expedient, a thing belonging to time only, marking a crisis in the history of mankind, have an inadequate idea of the meaning of Christmas. In the plan of creation, Christmas was included. There is no adequate reason for an intelligent personal God to create a world if redemption be left out. The story of Christmas is necessary to complete the self-revelation of God. The coming of Jesus Christ into the world is not an evolution as some have taught but an act revealing the eternal love of God. To create man a free moral agent was in itself to make sin possible and to make sin possible required that redemption be also possible. We may admit that this subject can not be wholly freed from rational difficulties; at the same time we find it has a working basis of truth. Creation is not only inexplicable without Jesus Christ but is reasonably explained by the sublime and crowning fact of the Incarnation.

Christmas was but the beginning of the Incarnation doctrine. The union of the divine and the human natures in Jesus Christ required thirty-three long years. Christ was made perfect; that is, the Incarnation was made perfect through suffering. There can be no adequate explanation of the Christian system without the reality of the Incarnation. This argument is clearly and forcibly stated in that charming book of Gordon's, "Quiet Talks About Jesus." Mr. Gordon has put the case in such small compass as to be easily comprehended. In order to find a complete and convincing argument for the Incarnation we must comprehend what Christ did, what Christ said and what Christ was and is. Christ himself is the unanswerable proof of his Incarnation. There are three great forces set free by the life of Jesus Christ: personal power, wisdom or moral intelligence, and goodness. The coming of Christ into the world revealed these three forces in every possible juncture in human affairs. The Incarnation cannot be invalidated without changing the explanation of the whole fabric of the Gospel and without changing and reconstructing the whole fabric of Christian history. The trend of criticism for a dozen years has been against the reality of the Incarnation, but for the last three years the tide has been setting in favor of the genuineness of the historical account as given in the Gospels.

The practical value of this great doctrine is its complete and enduring defence. It brings moral and spiritual results in the lives of believers. We contend that any unsound principle will work out bad principles. The literal Incarnation is a great ultimate truth which gives the mind rest and peace and works out directly and indirectly the highest spiritual results in human life and character. The mystery is great but not confusing. It is the largest contribution to humanity ever made by the Creator. Without that great luminous truth human hope is a figment of the imagination. Christian people should not listen to the sneers of destructive criticism but cling with assurance of faith to the Christmas history.

EXCLUDING THE BIBLE.

This agitation in New York and other great cities like Chicago has awakened a deep interest over the entire country. The Christian Advocate of New York gives the following account of the origin of the difficulty. It goes on to say: "An estimable and pious man named Harding was principal of Public School No. 144 in the Brownsville District of Brooklyn (composed largely of Jews) at Christmastide a year ago. Two or three days before Christmas, calling the pupils together, he preached a sort of sermon, exhorting them to believe in Jesus Christ and to so model their lives as to be worthy of the sacrifice of the cross. Naturally enough the children reported to their parents what Mr. Harding said and immediately the Board of Education was besieged with vehement protests. Now the principal had violated the law and also the rules of the Department of Education, which forbid the expounding of any religious doctrine or faith in the public school. The Board of Education therefore believed that the protests were justified. The principal was put on trial; he was found guilty and cautioned; being, as we have said, an estimable man and a competent teacher, he was not expelled but transferred to a school where he was not likely to fall in error. Had this been all there would have been no trouble, but the Board of Education on February 13th last adopted these resolutions:

Resolved, 1. That the singing in the public schools of hymns or songs of a sectarian character should be forbidden.

2. That the reading from any distinctively religious treatise or book, other than the Bible, be forbidden, and that all such books and treatises, if any, should be stricken from the textbook list.

3. That assigning to pupils the task of preparing essays or compositions upon any distinctively religious topic be forbidden.

4. That in holding exercises at the beginning of the winter vacation, great care should be taken to eliminate therefrom any matter of a sectarian or religious character, and that the City Superintendent of Schools issue a circular letter annually cautioning the principals and teaching staff in this respect, with a copy of this report."

This action was followed by a great deal of agitation and on Nov. 27th, the Board of Education took up the matter again. In the meantime many changes were made in the books excluding the name of God and of Christ from them. The Board of Education passed at its November meeting the following resolution intending thereby to allay the agitation.

"Resolved, 1. That this board did not intend by the passage of said resolutions to abolish Christmas exercises as heretofore conducted in the public schools, and does not intend that the same shall be prohibited, and further, this board has not directed changes in any books or in any songs; and, further,

2. That this board did not intend to formulate any particular or specific rule for the guidance of principals in the conduct of the Christmas exercises, but necessarily left much to their own judgment."

The need is so commanding and the eagerness for the knowledge of Christ so resistless that the missionaries are overwhelmed in the attempt to meet the flood tide of opportunity. My earnest study of the field makes it clear to me that now is the strategic and crisis time in Korea. God's mighty Spirit is at work in such manifest and wondrous ways as to challange His Church to rise quickly and gladly to discharge the blessed responsibility now facing us. May He give us grace to be true to Him in answering this divine call!—The Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D. (Presbyterian), New York City, recently returned from a world trip.

A REAL SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus, I hang for you,
By the mantle, stockings two—
One for me and one to go
To another boy I know.
There's a chimney in the town
You have never traveled down.
Should you chance to enter there,
You would find a room all bare.
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not how you might try;
And the shoes you'd find are such
As no boy would care for much.
In a broken bed you'd see
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys;
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.
All he dreams then, Santa Claus,
Stuff the stockings with because
When it's filled up to the brim,
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Flossie and Bertie Hunter were two very happy little children, though Bertie was not old enough to know how good and kind papa and mamma always were to them. Of course they got angry and cried sometimes, just like other children, but it was because they were naughty, and not because they had anything to cry for.

On this blessed Christmas, when Flossie was six and Bertie was two, papa and mamma thought they would give them a surprise by having a large Christmas tree for them. Of course it was kept a great secret, so that the children would be wild with delight when they saw it. For two whole days the parlor door was kept locked and the blinds pulled down so that Flossie could not climb up and peep in to see what strange thing was going on, and I can tell you she puzzled her curious little brain sorely. But she didn't find out, though she did almost the day before Christmas. Late in the afternoon papa was in the parlor, and he came to the sitting-room door and called mamma. Flossie was on the watch, and she darted like a bird for the half-open door, and little Bert ran after her. But mamma was too quick for them. She held the baby back with her dress, while she called to papa to shut the door to keep Flossie out. Poor Flossie! But the secret was safe.

What excitement there was when Christmas eve came. The parlors were lighted, and a bright fire burned in the grate. Mamma put on a silk gown and dressed Flossie in her prettiest frock and tied on her biggest sash. Then papa took Bertie in his arms and invited mamma and Flossie to go into the parlor. My! what a Christmas tree it was! A great, beautiful green fir that reached to the ceiling, and just twinkled all over with the starry light of wax tapers.

Wild with delight? Indeed they were. Flossie danced around and hugged mamma, and Bertie yelled at the pretty sight.

Papa told the children he would give them their presents early in the evening as he had another surprise. Flossie got a beautiful doll that came all the way from Paris. It had long golden hair and big blue eyes, and the lovliest clothes that a little girl's doll could wish; then there were wonderful picture books and lots of other nice things. Bertie was only a baby, but he had a drum and a tin horn, and a little locomotive, and a whole regiment of soldiers. Of course there were oranges and candy enough for a dozen children. After a little while papa told them to put their presents aside, and then mamma sat down at the piano and sang very sweetly, "Hark, the herald angels sing." As she was singing, the door opened and in marched thirty or more poor little boys and girls that Mr. Hunter taught in his mission Sunday-school. Mrs. Hunter sang several beautiful songs for them, and then Mr. Hunter told them all about the dear Lord who came to tell us that God is love, and that we must love each other if we would do His will. He said we do not love as God wishes us to unless we share our good things with those who have none. How those children's eyes glistened with happy tears as Mr. and Mrs. Hunter gave them warm hoods and caps and mittens and shoes, and the pretty bags of candy and oranges that were hung all over that beautiful tree. Then after some more singing. Mrs. Hunter asked them all to come out in the dining room, and there was spread for them the most delicious supper they ever ate in their dreary little lives. They will never forget it.

When Flossie hugged her mamma good-night, she cried:

"You have made me and everybody else so happy, and I am going to make people happy as long as ever I live."—Cousin Eleanor.

ROOM FOR CHRIST.

Little Hettie had a model village, and she never tired of setting it up.

"What kind of a town is that, Hettie?" asked her father.

"O, a Christian town," Hettie answered, quickly.

"Suppose we make it a heathen town," her father suggested. "What must we take out?"

"The Church," said Hettie, taking it to one side.

"Is that all?"

"I suppose so."

"No, indeed," her father said. "The public school must go. Take the public library out also."

"Anything else?" Hettie asked, sadly.

"Isn't that a hospital over there?"

"But, father, don't they have hospitals?"

"Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old."

"Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Hettie, very soberly.

"Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of the town."

"Why, father," Hettie exclaimed, "then there's not one good thing left! I would not live in such a town for anything!"

Does having room for Jesus make so much difference?

Let us make room for Jesus this glad Christmas everywhere!

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for thee;
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come!
There is room in my heart for thee."
—Thoughts for the King's Children.

THE CAREFUL KING.

Once upon a time a certain king of Persia went out hunting with all his court. The chase that day happened to be long, and the king became very thirsty. But no fountain or river could be found near the spot on the plain where they rested for a short interval. At last one of the courtiers spied a large garden not far off. It was filled with trees bearing lemons, oranges, and

The higher in life a person is the more careful he should be, for all his faults are copied by those beneath him. —Chatterbox.

grapes. His followers begged the monarch to partake of the good things in the garden.

"Heaven forbid that I should eat anything thereof," said the king, "for, if I permitted myself to gather but an orange from it, my officers and courtiers would not leave a single fruit in the entire garden."

A GOOD LESSON

A boy was sitting on the steps of a house. He had a broom in one hand and a large piece of bread and butter in the other. While he was eating he saw a poor little dog not far from him. He called out to him, "Come here, poor fellow!" Seeing the boy eating, he came near. The boy held out to him a piece of his bread and butter. As the dog stretched out his head to take it, the boy drew back his hand and hit him a hard rap on the nose.

A gentleman who was looking from a window on the other side of the street saw what the boy had done. Opening the street door, he called out to him to come over, and the same time holding a sixpence between his finger and thumb. "Would you like his?" said the gentleman. "Yes, if you please, sir," said the boy smiling. Just at that moment he got so severe a rap on the knuckles, from a cane which the gentleman had behind him, that he cried out with pain, "What did you do that for?" said he, making a long face and rubbing his hand. "I didn't ask you for the sixpence." "What did you hurt that dog for just now?" asked the gentleman. "He didn't ask you for the bread and butter. As you served him, I served you. Now, remember hereafter dogs can feel as well as boys."

—Boston Budget.

An eminent man, who is a strict abstainer from both wine and animal food, is obliged, in consequence of this peculiarity, to refrain from dining out. He entertains, however, an occasional kindred spirit. One such was recently at his table. "You ought to have seen them," said the eminent man's son, "rioting over boiled carrots!"—The Christian Register.

BE WITH ME.

Whoever else may walk with me,
  Lord, be thou near;
Thy presence in life's mystery
  Will banish fear:
There is a shadow on my way,
There is a darkness in the day
  Till thou appear.

—Be with me in the silences
  And in the noise;
In that dim place where sorrow is
  And in my joys;
With me whate'er in life be wrought,
And what of pain, or work, or thought
  My minds employs.

Thy mercy is not very far
  From any one;
I see thee in the evening star,
  And in the sun;
And surely where thy children wait
Thou comest, ere the time be late,
  Forsaking none.

I know that thou art everywhere,
  In all my ways;
How sweetly through the summer air
  Earth sings thy praise,
For thou, its Lord, art very near;
O speak to me that I may hear
  In these glad days.

And then I will not be afraid
  Of anything;
I will again lift up my head
  And try to sing;
And I will no more be dismayed,
Thou hast my rest and comfort made,
  O Lord, my King.

—Marianne Farningham.

WEAR YOUR TROUBLES INSIDE.

Many a man gets into the habit of carrying his troubles in his face. The eyes tell it, the droop of the lip speaks it, the bowed head declares it, the very grip of the hand reveals it, and the footfall is full of it. He has run up the flag at half-mast, and he carries it everywhere, so that his whole little world is compelled to know his sorrow. Is this natural? Possibly. Is it wise? Probably not. Is it fair? Surely not. Is it a sign of weakness? Undoubtedly it is. It there a better way? Surely there is. First, a man must make up his mind to expect his share of trouble, and perhaps a little more. Then he should make up his mind to bear his trouble manfully, that is, with patience, with courage, and with hope. The world has enough trouble of its own, let us not add to its burden. It should be the aim of every Christian man and woman to become strong, and when strength is won to use that strength in bearing the burdens of others. Every sorrow mastered, every burden borne inside instead of outside, makes us stronger, and leaves the world brighter. Learn to smile, get the habit of it; learn to sing, make it also a habit; and you will be surprised how much brighter it makes the world, not only to others, but to yourself! The smile and the song lesson the burden and light up the way.—Christian Guardian.

SUNSHINE AVENUE.

It is located on Thanksgiving Street, near Eden Park. It is as far from Grumble Lane and Unhappy Alley as the East is from the West. There are 365 days of sweet sunshine a year, and the sunshine is not dependent on outward conditions, for it shines within.

"While blest with a sense of His love,
  A palace, a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
  If Jesus would dwell with me there.

"Content with beholding his face,
  My all to His pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place,
  Can make any change in my mind."

Oh, its a bright, sweet, beautiful place to live! Plenty of good neighbors, and they love one another, and don't get mad and storm because the chickens get over the fence and scratch up the garden. They love each other so well that nothing disturbs them, for they walk in sunshine, and have fellowship and pleasure and congeniality and peace.

The people are all optimists and they sing continually of a hope, pure and steadfast. They are not rich, as the world calls rich, but they talk and sing continually about the King, Whom they say they shall see in His beauty, and who even now has a residence on their hearts.

Say brother, sister, move out of Grumble Row; its too dark and gloomy down there. Come up on Sunshine Avenue, located at the junction of Thanksgiving Street, near Eden Park. For further particulars, see thirteenth of First Corinthians.

EBEN N. BALDWIN, in Methodist Protestant.

HONEY GUIDES.

"Mother, what are those lines on the morning-glory for?"

"Those are honey guides," said mother. "Each one of these lines runs into the center of the flower where the honey is. God put them there, so when a bee lights on a flower it can go right to the honey; and that is what the bees go into the flower for, you know—to get the honey in the center of the flower. Now go out and sit under the morning-glory vines and watch the bees for a little while, and see for yourself."

So Nellie ran out under the vines and sat down, and pretty soon a little brown bee came buzzing up to the flowers and settled down on one of them.

Nellie bounded into the house. "Oh mother!" she cried, "the bee did follow the line right up from the outside to the middle of the flower, and he got some funny yellow stuff on him, too."

"That was pollen," said mother; "the bee will take that home to feed the babies."

"Well, isn't that queer?" said Nellie, and she ran back to learn some more about the bees.—The Christian Advocate.

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VOL. V. BERKELEY, DECEMBER 26, 1907. No. 52

The Glory of the New Year.

From glory unto glory!
  Be this our joyous song;
As on the King's own highway,
  We bravely march along.
From glory unto glory!
  O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of
  Another glad New Year.

The fullness of his blessing
  Encompasseth our way;
The fullness of his promises
  Crowns every brightening day;
The fullness of his glory,
  Is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know
  The fullness of his love.

And closer yet and closer
  The golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord
  In pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider
  Shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God
  That mighty love to know.

O let our adoration
  For all that he hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God,
  While voice and life are one;
And let our consecration
  Be real, and deep, and true:
O even now our hearts shall bow,
  And joyful vows renew.

Now onward, ever onward,
  From strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly
  Shall from his fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition,
  From glory's foretaste here,
Until his very presence crown
  Our happiest New Year.

—Frances R. Havergal.

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ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE WORK IN OREGON.

A campaign against the saloon was brought to a successful close at Ashland, Oregon, last week, under the leadership of the Rev. J. R. Knodell. Inasmuch as Ashland is a place of nearly 4,000 population this is an especially noteworthy victory. Oregon has an excellent local option law, and the Anti-Saloon forces there are preparing to press the work vigorously under the direction of Dr. Chapman and Mr. Knodell. The law in Oregon is such that the question of saloon or no saloon can be submitted to the entire county, and a majority vote against the saloon outlaw it even in the municipalities. Already several counties have voted the saloon out, and there are splendid prospects for victories in several other counties.

It is thought that vigorous work in Oregon during the next two years will put that state well along toward the front among the states having prohibition of the liquor traffic through local option.

California will miss Mr. Knodell, who goes next week to establish headquarters in Portland, but there will be widespread rejoicing that he goes to a field where there is promise that his earnest, able efforts against this monster iniquity will meet with large success.

THE ALARM SOUNDED IN THE LIQUOR CAMP.

The well-known brewer, Mr. Adolphus Busch, is quoted as having said a few days ago, while en route to California: "I am in favor of local option. If the people of any community object to saloons they should vote them out." And he added: "The sentiment for prohibition seems to be rolling over the whole South; and even Oklahoma has voted prohibition, which has cost me a million dollars."

The St. Louis Christian Advocate remarks: "The greatest sermon, doubtless, ever preached to Mr. Busch was the San Francisco earthquake, through which he passed during his last visit to California. That awful convulsion of nature seems to have not only touched the purse strings of his liberality into a subscription of one hundred thousand dollars to the relief fund, but broadened his views in regard to the privileges and duties of communities suffering the unspeakable curse of the saloon."

Last week brewers from different sections of the country met in New York in the interests of their business. One of the most prominent said: "I have long known that this business should be regulated, and I anxiously have waited for the time to arrive when the public would be ready to assist in the duty of regulation. From now on I am stripped for action in a new fight. Heretofore it has been a matter of business—of dollars and cents, of fierce competition. From now on I will strive to the utmost of my resources to eliminate the evils that have grown like weeds around the business. . . . Hereafter, if the eagle, which is the sign and mark of our house, shall be found in a resort which is not orderly and law-abiding, it must come down, and I will join in any process for the elimination of such a resort."

Evidently the liquor interests are becoming alarmed. Doubtless many are wishing that they had been alarmed a little earlier. Speaking a few days ago concerning the Sunday-closing movement in Chicago, John J. Healy, the state-attorney, said:

"The law of the state is clear beyond a question. In the 'red light' districts, where the saloons are adjuncts to disorderly houses, more harm is done than all our courts can overcome. I am not discussing this from a religious point of view, for the Sunday-closing movement is no longer a religious movement. It is a moral and practical movement, a question of the proper conduct of city affairs. I told the brewers of the city more than a year ago: 'You are breeding a condition of affairs in Chicago that eventually will wipe you out of business. You have gone to extremes. You are going to create a condition of revolt that will close many of your saloons now doing business.' And that is the situation they have brought on today. We thought that the $1,000 license would help settle the question of the disreputable saloon. We have prosecuted some 400 or 500 of this class of saloonkeepers. But the best we can get is a $200 fine. The revocation of licnese means that the bartender or the cousin of the proprietor gets out a new one. When a man goes into a saloon at eight p. m. and stays until three a. m. guzzling beer he is in a fit condition to commit crime. They say the saloon is the poor man's club and therefore we should not deprive him of this solace on Sunday. That is a most fallacious argument. The man who works all day usually has a family, and the best place for him is at home getting acquainted with his family and saving his money."

A FINE SPECIMEN OF CHRISTIAN MANHOOD.

Was the prayer cheered? Or was it Mr. Bryan? Press dispatches announce that the presence of William Jennings Bryan in Guthrie, Oklahoma, recently, led the chaplain of the lower branch of the legislature to pray that he might be the next President of the United States, and that after the prayer the assembled legislators broke into a storm of applause which lasted several minutes. Undoubtedly Mr. Bryan is a much more popular man than he was when he first ran for the Presidency. During the years since then he has commended himself to the people in various ways, and if nominated again his election will be widely regarded as far more probable than it was in previous campaigns. Men who come in contact with Mr. Bryan from time to time are impressed by his evident sincerity, and his ability has long been beyond intelligent question. The Rev. Vernon Stauffer of Angola, Indiana, heard Mr. Bryan speak not long ago in Plymouth Church, New York. He writes:

"Mr. Bryan spoke for an hour on the impressions made upon him by the mission fields in China, Japan

and India. It was in every way the finest apologetic for Christian missions that I have ever heard. I am not a disciple in Mr. Bryan's political school, but for his manhood I have long entertained the very highest respect. Of his oratorical powers I have often heard. I was not prepared, however, for so truly marvelous an address. It was such a speech as must have brought conviction in the most powerful way to every thoughtful man and woman in the vast audience. He took up first the various objections urged against foreign missions. To the objection that we have work enough at home to do he replied in substance: Our nation is one in a family of nations. We have the gospel. Other children in the family groups do not have it, therefore our duty is plain. Upon this point he urged the reaction which will take place upon our own national life through such unselfish service. As when the two travelers among the Alps in Switzerland were quite overcome with the cold. One of them, entirely benumbed, sank down in the snow. The other made a heroic effort, pulled himself close to his friend and began to chafe his limbs, and by the exercise not only saved his friend's life, but his own.

"To the objection that God is too good to let the heathen suffer eternal punishment, he said: 'I do not know what God will do with the heathen in the future world, but I have seen the awful wretchedness of the heathen in this world, and I want to see them have the comfort and the uplifting power of the gospel in this life, regardless of what the future may old for them.' And so Mr. Bryan went on, now showing what the gospel had done for our country, now showing what mission churches and chools and colleges and hospitals were doing for heathen lands, now urging that while all cannot go in person, it is the duty, the privilege of all to help. He told the story of the little girl in Wales who, just before the great revival of three years ago swept over Wales, sat in the prayer meeting, and when all was painful silence, and no one seemed willing to speak, quietly arose and said: 'If no one is willing to speak, I want to say that I love the Lord Jesus with all my heart.' Her simple words, coupled with her brave spirit, were the spark that kindled the great fire.

"When I went away from Plymouth church last Sunday night I said in my inmost heart: God be thanked for William Jennings Bryan! Think of it, the greatest man in his political party, a man held by millions of our fellow citizens as the greatest man in our Republic, making such a simple, courageous, unaffected plea for Christianity and its missionary activities. I take off my hat to him. If in the course of human events he should become, as many fervently predict, the next President of the Republic, I, for one, shall feel confident of his moral sanity, his Christian manhood, his humble reliance upon Jesus Christ."

WHAT IS THE OUTLOOK FOR RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM?

Under the foregoing caption the editor of the Sunday School Times writes:

"Perhaps you have heard people say that religious papers are not what they used to be, and that religious journalism is a very different proposition today from what it was twenty years ago. When people talk that way they mean either that religious journalism is decadent, or that there is no longer a great field for it, or both. Are they right? Let us try to base an opinion upon something better than hearsay, and look at certain facts:

Twenty years ago there were 581 religious periodicals in the United States. Five years ago there were 836; three years ago there were 818; last year there were 809; this year there are 804. These figures include quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies. Twenty years ago four of the 581 religious papers had a circulation of 100,000 or over. Today thirty-six of the 804 have an average circulation of 100,000 or over. Of this thirty-six, it is possible to trace, from published reports in N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual, the varying circulations of twenty-six during the last few years. Nine of the twenty-six have a smaller circulation today than they had at one time or another during the last six years; seventeen show their largest circulation today.

"In other words, the total number of religious papers today is almost half as large again as it was twenty years ago. The 100,000 class today is nine times as large as it was twenty years ago. Less than one per cent of the religious papers of twenty years ago circulated 100,000 copies; four and half per cent of the much larger number today have that circulation. And the largest circulation today is seven times as large as the largest of twenty years ago. These facts do not look as though the field of the religious paper had disappeared yet. But the total number of religious papers has been slightly decreasing in the last five years.

"We can set it down that religious papers are not in the business of entertainment, though many legitimate secular papers are. The religious paper can make little appeal to the lighter or the purely secular side of people's interests and sensibilities; in any such attempt it is wholly outclassed by the journalism that finds a chief field there. But it has a clear title to the field of the deepest interests of men and women. And this field will go out of existence when the art of reading and the Kingdom of God are done away with. Not before.

"Are religious papers measuring up to their field? For if they are not, it will be taken away from them, and the great needs of that field will be met by other agencies. The figures of decrease in the total number of religious papers in recent years would seem to show that some papers did not measure up. The decrease in circulation, of certain papers that have survived the sharp struggle, would seem to show that they have not done all that they might do to meet the demands of the religious life of this age. The past few years has been a time of weeding out and a time of discipline; costly but richly profitable in the end, as such experiences always are.

"But there are religious papers that have increased in circulation—which means in the scope of their appeal—during this very period when some were having the opposite experience. What is the reason? Simply this: they have been getting closer and closer to the everyday needs of the religious life of everyday men and women. They have dropped preconceived editorial notions of what people ought to have, and they have sought to discover what people really needed, and how to give it to them in usable shape.

Lynn, Mass., has a No-License League which is doing wonders in the way of stirring up pure and undefiled temperance sentiment.

EMPLOYER AND WORKMAN.

W. N. Burr.

It was the Christmas season. The Employer had come down into the lower part of town to call upon one of his workmen, a favorite because of his faithfulness, who had been laid up for several weeks by an accident.

"Jim, has it ever occurred to you that there was definite purpose in the fact that the birth of the Saviour was announced to both humble shepherds and to wise men?"

The two had been talking for half an hour on subjects of interest in their relation as employer and employe, when, after a pause in the conversation, the Employer asked this quite unexpected question.

"Why, yes, sir," replied Jim, hesitatingly; "I've thought a deal about that, sir, but I didn't know you was much interested in such matters."

"Well, Jim, I suppose I have been so full of business that I've never taken time to think much about anything else. That shepherd-and-wise-men story has always seemed to me a little vague, just something for the children at Christmast time; but somehow tonight I've got a new grip on it, or it has taken hold of me with a new grip. It links in with some of the questions of the day, and that lifts it out of the dreamy past, and makes it real and practical. It never meant anything to me before that it was **shepherds** that heard the song. I just took that as part of the story with no special significance. But——"

The Employer hesitated. Jim understood why.

"There's humble shepherds and there's wise men in the world today, sir," said he, "and always has been. I've been thinking a good deal about social problems and class distinctions since I've been laid up here, and I've got some new ideas, too. I've sometimes done a lot of bitter thinking along this same line when I've heard the boys talking about their rights and their wrongs, socially and industrially. And you'll pardon me, sir, if I speak plain, and say that we work people have some considerable reason for feeling that we have wrongs, and that our rights are not always respected. You and I have always got along well together, because you notice a fellow once in a while, and take some little interest in him, especially when he's laid up, as I've been lately. But everybody knows there's a deal of discontent in our ranks, sir, and there's some little reason for it, as I said, because we're human and can **feel.**

But since I've been laid up, sir, I've found there is more of what's called the milk of human kindness in this world than some folks thinks there is; and it's not confined to one class of people, either. It's in among the shepherd class; but I've found, too, that some Wise Men have hearts as well as heads." Jim said this with a laugh. "Professor See knows all about stars, but his head is not always up in the sky, for he's been down here time and again since I've been laid up, and has helped to shorten and to brighten up many an hour that would have been long and dismal if he hadn't come in. And I'm more grateful than you'll ever know for all the attention you and your family have given us since the day I got caught in the machine and came near losing my life. As I said, I've been doing some all-around thinking since I've been shut up here, and I've come to the conclusion that there's a good deal more talk made about class distinctions in this world than there's any need of. There's rights and there's wrongs among all classes, but it's pretty hard for most any of us to see the other fellow's rights and wrongs as plain as one can see his own. And so we don't get hold of things just as they are, but only just as we think they are. Now, the Almighty knew just what a botch folks would make of their living and working together, when some are tempered one way and some another, and he's been working all through time to settle all the difficulties for us; and they might have been settled long ago if all classes and conditions of folks had just let him have his way with them. He sent us a Saviour to save us—I mean to save us all around, from our social and industrial sins, as well as to save our individual souls. And he has been telling us right from the very night that the Saviour was born that there would be peace on earth and good-will among men when all classes, humble shepherds and men of great wisdom, would just stop thinking so much about their differences and get together around the Saviour. They all have interests in him, for he came to open the eyes of one class as well as the other. Jesus Christ doesn't belong just to the humble people; he belongs to both humble shepherd and to wise man. And he doesn't belong just to the wealthy, and the cultured, and the high-born; he belongs to both the wise men and the shepherds. They were **both** told of it when he was born, and they both hurried to Bethlehem to worship him; and if shepherds and wise men had just kept their eyes on him and minded the words he's been speaking to them all these years, instead of getting all tangled up over their differences of one kind and another, we might have had peace on earth and good will among men long ago. But, of course, that ain't human nature, and as long as we let our human nature rule us without much regard for anything better, we'll have to take the consequences of our own foolishness. But I'm beginning to think, sir, that it's up to each one of us who gets hold of this in this way, to give the Saviour his chance, so far as **we** are concerned. If just **one** man gets more of a notion of paying attention to Jesus Christ than to himself as a shepherd, or wise man, or whatever he may be, there's that much less to be done to bring things along towards peace and good-will. It don't make so much difference whether we're shepherds or wise men, as it does whether we let Jesus Christ have his way with us or not. He's king, and we'll all have to to acknowledge it some day, and we'll all be enough sight happier if we let him rule us right now. I'm willing enough to be just a humble shepherd or a grimy workman, if that's my place, and I guess it is; but that don't need to keep me away from Bethlehem! I'll be just a better workman for giving up to Jesus Christ, I'm sure. Same way with—well, we'll call 'em wise men. Jesus Christ will settle all our difficulties, sir, as soon as we'll give up to him and let him."

"I guess you're right, Jim," said the Employer, as he arose and bade the Workman good-night.

A LOVING CUP FOR A CHINESE COOK.

[The article under this caption was written by Miss Lurita Stone, a student in Mills College, narrating an event of considerable significance which occurred recently in the college. It is self-explanatory. The article was written as a composition for use in the literary exercises of the college, and was entitled "A Step Towards the Brotherhood of Man." We give it here as a good report of an event well worth reporting in the columns of The Pacific Presbyterian.—Editor.]

Perhaps no greater or more since ovation has ever

been given to one of the Chinese nation, having neither wealth nor rank, than that tendered to Yep Wo at Mills College, California, on November the 18th. Yep Wo has been the faithful cook at the college for over thirty-two years. The occasion for the tribute was his departure on November the 20th for Shanghai, China.

On the evening of the 18th the school was gathered in the great dining-room, for dinner, after the annual basket ball game between the Seminary and College departments. In the midst of the jollity the girls called for Wo, for every member of the school loves the good, old cook. Members of the alumni, when visiting the college, almost always ask to speak to Wo, whose kindness and faithfulness have endeared him in their hearts.

The girls continued to call, but Wo did not appear. Hand-clapping was resorted to, lasting nearly four minutes, but to no effect. Finally Mrs. Mills, the president of the institution, whose birthday was being celebrated, passed through the dining-room. She returned from the kitchen with Wo at her side. The clapping was vigorously renewed, and after three long cheers they sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Wo made his bows to the dining-room and then went with Mrs. Mills into her own private dining-room. where the faculty were seated. Here he was again cheered. After he had made his acknowledgement he retreated as soon as possible to his own domain—the kitchen.

After dinner, when the school had assembled in the chapel for evening prayers, Wo and a few of his countrymen were invited to come in. Wo and the Chinese pastor, Mr. Jee Gam, were given seats on the platform to the right of the president. The school joined in the recitation of the twenty-third Psalm, after which the school hymn, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," was sung.

Mrs. Mills then rose and briefly told of the faithfulness of Wo, how he had served her through good times and times that were not so good. She said that she appreciated the spirit he had shown during the thirty-two years he had been with her, and wished to give him a token of this gratitude. She presented him with a silver loving cup, on one side of which was engraved "To Yep Wo in loving appreciation of thirty years of faithful service," and on the other, "From the faculty and students of Mills College."

Wo spontaneously rose to thank the audience, but Mrs. Mills interrupted him and told him she had still more to say. She placed an envelope in the cup, saying that it contained a check for one hundred dollars from the men who worked on the place. It seemed as though Wo could hardly wait to express his thanks. but the perfect dignity he maintained when Mrs. Mills told him to sit down could not have been equaled by an American.

When Mrs. Mills had concluded, two members of the Seminary Junior class presented him with a bouquet of carnations in a handsome cut-glass vase. This they sent to his wife in China, whom he had not seen for seven years.

With great simplicity Wo arose and said: "I be ver' glad be here. I thank you all ver', ver' much for all these many things I have. I live here lon' lon' time; pretty near thirty-three years. Now I go home Chine, an' maybe never come back. Maybe some time I will. Mrs. Mills she always been ver' good to me and treat me like her own children. She teach me to be Christian and do right. All the men and girls young ladies, I mean, always been ver' kind to me. I hope Mrs. Mills live man' man' years, and be ver' old. more than hundred years old, and go on do all the good work she do. I thank her ver' much for what she has done for me. I think we ought thank God for all man' things, for house, for good to eat, and everything. I give much thanks all of you."

Every heart was touched by the simplicity and sincerity with which every word rang. It seemed to burst forth from his very heart.

Mr. Keep, the professor of science at the college gave a few remarks. He compared the service of Wo in preparing the food to that which the Psalmist sang of—"Thou preparest a table before me." Both taught the dignity of service.

Professor Keep then led in prayer, followed by Mr Jee Gam in Chinese. After this another hymn was sung and the gathering broke up. Some crowded about Wo afterwards to look at the cup and bid him goodbye.

During the entire time that Wo sat on the platform there was no laughing, for he commanded the respect of all. Everyone present would surely have agreed with a statement made after the gathering had broken up: "True manhood will make itself felt, whether in the person of a cook or in the person of a college president. True manhood will command respect anywhere."

IS HUMAN BROTHERHOOD PRACTICABLE?

By W. D. Mackenzie, D. D.

Many will think that it is too late in the day to put this question. Some will believe that it is a sign of unfaithfulness to consider it seriously. For we have now nearly two thousand years of Christian history behind us. That history began with the person and work and teaching of Jesus Christ. In him the apostles found one who loved and served all who came to him with any kind of woe in their hearts and any cry for his help on their lips. Nay, more, the same apostles found in the power of the Risen Christ that which unites all men, even of differing races and colors and social standings in a new kind of human fellowship—"where there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all and in all." In the early fires of that new love which Christ brought into the world it seemed as if temporal and racial distinction, the wood, hay, stubble of earthly history had been utterly consumed, as if the gold and silver and jewelry of essential and universal human nature stood forth beautiful and precious as the very Son of Man.

No one doubts, in the light of these things, that although the phrase does not occur in the New Testament, yet "human brotherhood" is a great fact, a great law and a great passion which Christ first brought to light and first awoke in the hearts of men. Nor can it be denied that during the history of the Church of Christ the law has been ardently and abundantly obeyed. There have always been those, whether few or many, obscure or prominent, who have cherished the love of humanity in Christ's name and have put that love fully and nobly into practice. It is true that the Roman Church believed it necessary to segregate those who gave themselves ardently to the religious life from those whose hearts were touched with a cooler flame, or whose eyes had not seen the whole glory of the divine life. The former were expected to be brothers and sisters, in the whole meaning and measure of the word, to all human beings; while the latter might still carry on, as a mundane necessity, the arts of government and war, of commerce and culture with their rivalries and hatreds, their selfish greed and their sinister methods. We of the evangelical churches deplore this arbitrary division among believers in Christ. We urge that the moral law, as Christ would have us fulfill it, cannot be measured off into sections, all of which some may obey and only some of which all must obey. The law of love can never be understood or carried into effect unless it is apprehended as a universal principle, addressed to every will, and as a living principle which spurns the petty rules

of dead consciences and works in freedom upon the facts before it. But on the other hand we must acknowledge that we of the evangelical faith have, without saying that any class was exempt from the full demands of the law of Christ, at any rate learned to expect that certain classes will manifest their obedience more openly and more fully. We are disappointed and indignant if we hear of a foreign missionary whose attitude and habits are not those of one who practices the law of universal brotherhood. Hence also we deeply honor and admire those who become teachers and missionaries among the negroes of the South, who cut themselves off from the society of white folks that they may bring the love of Christ to their black brothers and sisters. That is to say, the question, "Is human brotherhood practicable?" must be answered first of all in a strong and triumphant affirmative. And the proof of it lies here, in that since Christ's day there always have been those who applied that principle to their own lives, with unimpeachable sincerity and with uncalculating surrender of self. In our own day they are actually more numerous and not less devoted than at any period in the history of the church.

The question before us can only be discussed in relation to the spirit and conduct of large classes of persons, both in the church and out of it, who have not given themselves to this specialized form of Christian service. And thus the situation is one which must awaken the gravest anxiety in all our minds. Nowhere, perhaps, is this particular aspect of the problem presented with more abruptness or in more perplexing forms than in this country. They feel it in Europe, of course; but there, where social traditions still hold the rule over individual impulses, and where nations are more homogeneous than with us, the matter is not brought home so vividly and insistently to the door of each conscience. Here class distinctions exist against the active and outspoken protest of every class, and here the children of various races are brought, under the spell of our flag and our national life, to face each other with this question: Can we be true and full and real brothers to each other? The New York policeman who said to me that he did not mind much if the Italians "knifed" each other, but he could not stand it when they "knifed" a white man; the young American college man in Chicago who told me that he left a summer hotel where Hebrews had begun to go because he wanted to live among white folk; the laborer on the west coast who told me that he hated to see Japanese laborers on the streets because this is a white man's country, were all speaking bluntly and frankly and rudely the thought that rules millions of hearts in this land today. There are four fundamental grounds on which this division of the people into unbrotherly fragments is established. These are **first**, the outward organization of the church. Forms of church government and of divine worship do create such divisions of sentiment as to stem the natural flow of even that mighty force which we call the love of Christ. And church divisions are sometimes defended, even on the ground that they suit fundamental differences of temperament. **Second**, the organization of society on the basis of material property; and **third**, the organization of society on the basis of intellectual culture: The millionaire and the laborer, the scholar and the boor, what can you find that shall bind these extremes together in any experience that is worthy of being called an active and actual human brotherhood? We call them, indeed, the children of our Father, but they do not live together; we call them citizens of our country, but the high uplands of legislatures and law courts are the scenes of their strife and the witnesses of their hostility. The lower in each class are very apt to regard their superiors with suspicion and envy, and too often carry in their own hearts the unhealed wounds of failure and defeat. The higher in each class regard their inferiors with a feeling either of faint benevolence, which is, perhaps, a minute product of Christian nurture, or of bare toleration for those whom we must always have with us. In the **fourth** place, we have the divisions of sentiment and antagonisms of conduct which are said to be explained and even consecrated by the ancient heathen principle of race prejudice. All nations and almost all individuals have this prejudice in some degree. But there are circumstances in which it lies dormant, as it were, viz., when the members of one race are not brought into daily, direct, personal contact with one another. This is true of the European races while living in Europe itself. When, however, people of divergent languages, religions, customs and colors are by great movements of the wars brought together, the quiescent sin of racial prejudice breaks out into more or less rabid and brutal forms. Such a scene is powerfully described in **Europe** itself by the author of "Ecce Homo," in what is still the greatest English treatise on Christian Ethics. He is describing the moral condition of the Mediterranean peoples at the rise of Christianity, and says:

"A number of nations which had before waged incessant war with one another had been forced into a sort of unity. What court-poets call a golden age had set in. . . . Yet, except to court-poets, this age did not seem golden to those who lived in it. On the contrary, they said it was something worse than an iron age; there was no metal from which they could name it. . . . If morality depended on laws, or happiness could be measured by comfort, this would have been the most glorious era in the past history of mankind. It was, in fact, one of the meanest and foulest, because a tone or spirit is necessary to morality, and self-respect is needful to happiness.

"The nations were thus forced into a unity for which they were not prepared. . . . When they treated a foreigner as a fellow-citizen, the spirits of their fathers seemed to reproach, and they derived but cold comfort from the approval of stoic philosophers. Men did what was right with the feeling that they were doing wrong. The most mortal evil that can befall mankind had befallen them—conscience took the wrong side." (Ecce Homo, Ed. 5, pp. 132-134.)

There are, indeed, great differences, but there are also most striking resemblances between that picture of the pre-Christian Roman world and the situation of America today. Here, too, on a broader continent and in vaster masses peoples of the most heterogeneous kind are living together as one nation. However, achievement is in many respects more brilliant, and the general standard of comfort more nearly approaches a general condition of luxury. The presence of Christianity and the influence of Christian traditions, centuries old, make an enormous difference. And yet that very presence of a divine law and a divine power is making the situation for our modern consciences more painful and the cry of the anguished human heart more bitter. Our generation does not need to sink into open and gross corruption in order to feel that the golden age is not with us, because a real brotherhood is not established. It needs only that having caught from the image of Christ a glimpse of what brotherhood means we should turn upon the divisions, the hatreds, the strifes around us. The contrast must surely produce in our Christian consciousness a shame, a sense of defeat and disaster no less keen and full of pain than that which grossest conditions produced in less enlightened Roman minds.

Here, too, an attempt is being made to create that moral situation in which the Christian conscience shall seem to take the wrong side. For example, what is called the race instinct is appealed to by those who forbid any effort after the exercise of a real brotherhood towards the negro. Would you advocate a mingling of these races in marriage, we are asked? If not, if you would not let your daughter marry a black man, then already we are told you have denied Christ's authority and your boasted brotherhood is a feeble sentiment or a piece of religious hypocrisy. Have done with it, and treat the negro as forever outcast from your true life. Again it is patriotism, that sacred passion, and the last refuge of the scoundrel, which is appealed to when the forcible exclusion of the oriental from our shores is defended. The earnest man is set as it were between two fires. If he, in the name of Christ's law of human brotherhood cry out that the generous doors of America must remain open to all the winds of humanity, and all races be welcomed on equal terms, he is denounced as a man who would sacrifice his country for an unearthly ideal. But if he shouts "Patriotism before humanity; let the yellow man be thrust back," he feels as if the Son of Man were standing "outside the fast-closed door." And the old words come back with a new and crushing force: "Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Which fire of a burning conscience do you prefer—the fire which labor unions and national politicians kindle in our bewildered hearts, or the fire of the Divine wrath?

And all this has come upon us because here, too, as in that ancient world, the mingling of races on our shores has forced them "into a unity for which they were not prepared." True it is that we are better prepared than they were; we have been partly prevented from the worst crimes and the most dismal despairs by our Christian inheritance. But the facts which I have already adduced in mere outline, and which our daily experience fills out into a great indictment o f our humanity, are proof that multitudes of consciences have been overtaken by the movements of the races with the lamp unlit and the loin ungirt for the vision of the

Son of Man. The cry has gone out, "Behold the Bridegroom of a unified humanity, the Friend of all the lovers of God's world is at hand," and here we are in a general assembly of the churches wondering if our little flame is quenched. The capitalists and the wage-earners, the cultured and the rude, the Romanist and the Protestant, the black and the white, the American and the Asiatic, they are all in this land and not ready for each other with the greeting of Christ's name upon their lips and his spirit of active love for each other in their hearts.

It is this whole situation that makes many men ask themselves, with a new directness and a fierce force, whether after all human brotherhood is practicable. Are there natural limits which no such ideal can ever abolish? Is this "enthusiasm of humanity," this will to admire and serve the Christ in every man, a poetic mirage which may lure devoted mystics into the desert to rescue a few souls for paradise, but not a living principle for the work-a-day world, not a law which all kinds of men can practice towards all kinds of men? There is a saying of Spinoza that "He who feels contempt for any living thing has faculties which he has never used." Does every man who spurns an oriental or a negro, does every worker or employer, when they despise each other, stifle some faculty within him whose true exercise would admit him to new joys? Or is that saying one more contemptible idol of the philosopher's den? There is a song of Robert Burns with whose phrases we are lal familiar:

"Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Are those ringing words the mere echo of the screaming French Revolution, the wild frenzy of a Scottish enthusiast who had never been asked to plow in the next furrow to a Chinaman or to live in the next cabin to a family of negroes? Or did the poet's eye see straight to the heart of the great human reality which is coming down the centuries, as they come down from the heart of God,—"as come it will for a' that?"

These are the questions which men ask themselves today everywhere. There is a widespread suspicion that human brothrhood is not practicable, and that the sooner we all admit the fact the sooner shall we find the way to the solution of the social and political problems which this vast mingling of the races has thrust upon us.

Now the question before us can only be answered if we know of and concerning whom it is asked. Is it with reference to the individual Christian man, then the answer has already been given in hundreds and thousands of lives that overflowed with a most real and generous and powerful love of humanity. David Livingstone was a brother to every child of Africa, men and women have over and over given themselves to the life service of leper settlements in India and on the islands of the South Seas; and they are living there now, while men ask, "Is human brotherhood practicable?" John Howard and his prison reform, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Martyn (I mix the names deliberately) and countless others in recent times have answered the question with their lives. And in the private walks of life there are multitudes who would never do an injustice or show a discourtesy to any human being, who are willing to help all whom they can help and whose needs are thrust upon their attention. Though they may fulfill the law of an active love, seeking out occasions of benevolence and desiring the task of personal sacrifice daily, yet it is, in view of all the circumstances, a notable and a cheering fact, that they would not willingly transgress that law or deny that love. It is possible, then, for any and every man who owns allegiance to our Lord to go out to practice human brotherhood. Anywhere between the extremes I have named, by the simple avoidance of offense, the simple helping of those who come in his way with kindly words and deeds, or by the complete surrender of his person and career to the love and service of every kind of man in Christ's name, the exercise of a real human brotherhood is possible to every one.

But if you ask now, Is human brotherhood practicable by the masses of men? the answer must indeed be of a very different sort. That depends upon what you mean by the word "practicable." Evidently, if we are thinking of the races as they are and of their conduct tomorrow, or even in this generation, we must answer honestly and bravely, "No! Human brotherhood for men as they are and at this time is not practicable." Is universal human honesty or charity or kindness or sobriety practicable here and now? Do we expect these laws to be obeyed everywhere and by all our citizens this year? On the contrary, we know that without a vast and sweeping change in man's moral nature the corresponding sins must continue to reign over the society in which we live. But where these sins reign there human brotherhood is disowned and the love of Christ is dishonored.

These, then, are the facts before us: First, that there is a considerable number of men and women in the world who are practicing the law of human brotherhood in a full and earnest manner. They are the hope of the race, the harbingers of man's coming springtide, the rare and pure snowflowers which announce that the depth of man's long wintertide, with its hate and greed, with its lust and lying, is beginning slowly and gradually to pass, the noble and high-souled prophets in whose hearts and lives God's great promise may be read that as these so all men in some wondrous day shall be the lovers of their God and the lovers of their kind. Second, that there is a larger class who occupy a middle position, striving humbly to avoid all words or deeds of active hostility to their neighbors, yielding a measure of allegiance to the law of Christ, but for the rest accepting the standards of their generation. Third, there is the great mass who do not hide their prejudices, who are kindly and honorable in spots, but who are unable to free themselves from the sway of greed, of anger, of appetite, and who hate the neighbor of any color or race, but especially those of other colors and classes and races than their own, who interfere with the joy of those passions.

But let us go back to that word "practicable;" for there is another way of looking at it. We may mean by it, not can all men become a living brotherhood tomorrow, but this leaves us ground for believing that it is God's purpose to create that brotherhood, and do we believe that he can do it? I am aware that some people would omit the name of God from their discussion of the subject. They hope that gradually an ideal state of society will be evolved, founded, as a recent French writer says, "on a national sentiment of respect for human dignity." But I do not find that anywhere an extensive elevation of human morality has ever taken place without the power of religion. And the supreme religion must carry the supreme energy; and that supreme religion must mean faith in the present action upon man's moral history of the will of the living God. Now we of the Christian faith believe with all our hearts that this will of God is working upon men through the name of Jesus Christ. And the answer for us, therefore, to the question, Why do we believe that human brotherhood is practicable? must be this: Because we believe that human nature in all its range of life is plastic material for the hand of God in Christ.

No one doubts that the social conditions, the economical class relations, the educational ideals of our peoples are extremely plastic. Today they change more rapidly than ever before, and that for two reasons: first, because man's conquest and uses of nature are vaster, and second, because man's exercise of personal freedom covers a wider extent of personal conduct than in any other age. We see ample illustration of this in Japan, in France, in Italy, in Russia at this very hour, as well as in the vast and daring experiments which are being made in all directions in this country. The same is true of the ecclesiastical organizations of the Christian world. The most rigid are feeling the immeasurable pressure created by the great changes wrought in the last century upon man's intellectual and physical life. And there are many signs that the wise leaders of all churches must today have keen eyes to discern what these changes mean and how the organization of all the denominations may be adapted to them. All the churches are slowly but surely being reorganized. They are revising their standards, not only of doctrine, but of practice, and those which try to remain as they have been must lose their heritage. And then, the same is true of our conceptions of what is meant by a race, and of the relation of all the races of mankind. Historical science is learning to deride the notion that there is any so-called pure race on the face of the earth. All the great peoples are mixed races. Monsieur Jean Firot, in his work on "Race Prejudices," says that "what Paul Broca said of the inhabitants of France, namely, that they exhibit every known type of Cephalic index, is applicable to all civilized peoples. All those whose

origins have been studied show the same richness of ethnical elements, which, intercrossed, have contributed towards forming their national unities" (Trans., p. 319). Anyone who imagines that this process is at an end has an imagination unillumined by past history and miserably short in its vision of the long future of mankind. Here, too, our human nature is plastic in the hands of time, nay, rather of Him from whom all time flows and whose eternal purpose controls all the means to his own end. And a vista is opened before our eyes which leads to the dazzling splendor of the real golden age, when the brotherhood of man shall be mere phrase of the physiologists, nor a melody of the poets, but a fact seated in the will and flaming in the heart of every man.

Human nature can never again even seek to be in a static condition. It must be ever moving under the imuplses of some great power, some **dunamis**, persistent, irresistible, unhasting and unresting. But what shall this **dunamis** be? The very law of human progress is that the power must work through man's will, through his living conscience and his mighty passions and affections. And if man's freedom and God's grace mean anything, they mean that God's end can only be accomplished through man's acceptance of it. If man accepts forever, as the law of his very being, race prejudice and class hatred and individual greed, this brotherhood must be forever unattained. But if that end is to be achieved it must be because some power, some **dunamis** of God is at work to crush these monsters of our human world. We of the Christian faith, we believe and know that such a power of God is actually in our world. When a man names Jesus Christ with reverence, with trust, with love, he feels active within him the powers of the world to come, the force that moves him towards the great consummation. And what moves is moving all who likewise name that Name. And what moves them is going out from them, a radiation of moral energy which rebukes and chastens the worst characters on earth. Christianity is thus creating a light in which the malice and the falsehood and the vice and the hate of man cannot live. In the presence of the right and the pure and good these things are shamed out of men's hearts by their own consciences.

What then are we to do as practical men and men who in the church of Christ are striving to hasten the full day of the brotherhood of man? If that human brotherhood is impracticable now, what shall we do to hasten its coming? Then these great features in our program about which I believe that the Church of Christ must become absolutely clear and untiringly persistent if it would fulfill its task. The first has reference to public or political situations and actions. There the church must insist on justice. Some would use other words. They would plead first for pity or sympathy or mercy. For me that is too sentimental and soft and weak. Justice is apparently hard and cold and mechanical. But it was a marvelous discovery of the Hebrew prophets when they came to see that the righteousness of Jehovah was the basis and fountain-head of his mercy. And they saw it so clearly that they appealed to his righteousness for their own deliverance from guilt and sin and national disaster. So is it always. Justice when stern, applied over the whole field of public life, to every man of every race and condition in life, will speedily spell itself out in syllables of charity and kindness. It is only safe in dealing with the broad issues of public life to act on great principles and let your feelings alone. Therefore, let justice be demanded by the church for every human being whose feet touch American soil. And let us not be daunted by the argument that justice begins at home, that we must be just to our own race, our own people, our own class, our own family, first. It may be that charity begins at home; but I believe that justice always begins from home. If a man is just to his own family at the cost of another man and his family, he is not a just man. And if a nation is just to its own people at the cost of the honor and rights of another people it is not a just nation.

There is one fact which in the study of the nature of a democracy which always seems to me to be of the utmost significance. Where people live under the authority of a government which they do not appoint the first question which they ask about any law is this: "Has the government really made this a law, and does the government intend to enforce it. That is the first question, and others, if the people are enlightened and spirited enough to go beyond, are yet of secondary importance for the practical conduct of the subject. But you will find that in a fully developed democracy the very first question which men are most apt to ask about any law is, "Is this law a just law?" That is the first instinct of a democratic people. It rises out of their sense of freedom, of power, of responsibility. These great elements of their consciousness have cleared their moral vision and they tend naturally and constantly to insist first on justice between man and man. When such a nation or a part of it are tempted to make and to enforce laws which wrong any class or race within their midst they have first to stifle the cry of wounded justice. They become blatant in sentimental appeals to passion; they become strident about their honor or their material interests, but they do these that the voice of justice may be stilled. It is aginst such a situation that all who call themselves by the name of Christ, the bringer of divine righteousness to men, must continually watch. The democratc instinct for justice between man and man must not go down while free men live under these skies. The church is not able to suggest what ought to be done in the details of legislation and international law. But there is one point at which the nature of any law or any public act most readily appears in its true light. Justice is the clearest, steadiest lantern to carry through the winds and tangled woods of a dark world. It is not easily blown out, it is easily carried everywhere; and everywhere it helps you best to see how things actually are and what roads lead to destruction. Therefore let the church of Christ stand always and in all things for sheer, unmitigated, glorious justice. And, secondly, the men of the Christian faith may well determine that in general social life they shall stand for courtesy. By courtesy I do not mean the mere formal rules that surround the steps of men who approach kings and haunt the palaces of the great. I refer to those daily acts and looks and words that express our respect for the man in every man and the woman in every woman. Here it is that much of the unbrotherliness of men appears. Here are wounds which no law court can avenge and robberies which no official inspector can detect. Here we are moving in that realm of customary law whose enactments are so subtle, so whimsical, so inscrutable in their origin and so swift in their spread through the social mass, whose enforcements are relentless and unerring and oftentimes most cruel. How shall we carry ourselves towards the people who are not of our class, of our set, of our race, between whom and us the viewless walls of prejudice stand, stronger than rocks and often higher than the heavens, where our worship goes? I know of no one word which in this region of conduct will cover more situations, convey more blessings and exercise more power than that ancient and beautiful and suggestive word, "courtesy." But again we must note that in this country the growth of courtesy must almost begin anew. For the country is covered with vast masses of people for whom courtesy meant mere general deference and submission to their superiors and a few sweet ways with one another, in the quieter days of poorer lands. Hence it is both amazing and pathetic to see how such people and their children and children's children carry themselves here. A new consciousness is being created in them as to their citizen relations, duties and privileges. They think first of their privileges and their rights. For these they clutch with eager hands on every side. Hence even on the street they assert themselves noisily, roughly. They push and shout, claiming their privilege and insisting on their rights. They do not mean to be rude. But they are afraid lest an act of courtesy should seem to be the confession of inferiority. They are merely in revolt against past conditions, and are not yet skilled to move easily in the new. But discourtesy of this kind may easily spread, and become allied with deep and stormy passions which we have already discussed. And habitual discourtesy both expresses and breeds suspicion and dislike. It confirms antipathy and becomes a new social law consecrating hatred. I am told that this is one of the roots of difficulty in the South, even in the bearing of foreigners and Northerners towards the negro. This practice of discourtesy on the part of the negro widened the gulf between him and the Southern whites after the war. It is notorious that in India and China the haughty and discourteous bearing of white men, even towards natives of culture and rank, is one of the main roots of bitterness in the hearts of the latter.

Against this evidence of an unbrotherly spirit this cause of unbrotherly relations, the church of Christ in this and other lands may well lift its voice. Habitual and deliberate discourtesy is no feeble foe of Christ. It causes more keen and constant mortification and humiliation, even, than unjust laws of property. It speaks contempt, and that in a language which no rhetoric can equal, with a force which no other weapon can rival. But to be courteous in the very name of Christ, is to draw men together in mutual respect

UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA

and confidence. It is the simplest, the easiest, the most natural way of beginning the actual practice of human brotherhood.

The third and last weapon which the church of Christ must use to promote the brotherhood of man is the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. To some men that sounds weak, to others it means hypocrisy. "See," these last will say, "here is the world dying for lack of brotherhood. Classes are divided, nations at war, the world covered with wrong. And then men utter the old weak cry, 'Preach Christ!' They do not mean to promote brotherhood. They are hiding their cold and hollow hearts behind an ancient and dishonored mask." And yet we say it because we know that in the name and cross of Christ the very power of God is still at work among the hearts of men. We, too, are men of flesh and blood and of like passions with our brother men, but we have found this true, and we have staked our lives upon its truth. We have given up, each man his own career, to this one great task. We believe that men are morally transformed when they receive upon their minds and hearts the whole force of the redeeming love of God in Jesus Christ. They become as new men. They must, if the event has been typically real with them, they must love whom Christ loves, and he loves all men. They must seek to save those whom he seeks, and he seeks all men. They must do justice and courtesy to all men towards whom he would do the righteous thing and the gracious thing, and he would do that for all men. If, then, so far as the church can persuade men to come under the whole power of Christ, so far the wondrous dream of a human brotherhood will be brought out of dreamland into man's waking life.

It is in this sense, through these means, and with that end as hope that we must answer our question, "Is human brotherhood practicable?" with a second and strong affirmative. Practicable because God intends it; practicable because Christ died for it; practicable because through a morality renewed by Christ in man, man can make that brotherhood real. But someone will say, when you speak of that brotherhood as an ideal set so high and so far do you not take the heart out of men who would seek with great ardor to realize it now? If they felt it to be within our reach in our own day there would be no limit to the sacrifice. No force could resist their zeal. But who can work with all his soul for something which only distant generations will enjoy? Nay, but let us remember that it is God's great way to set before us infinite ideals. The finite thing you can measure and shape and set before your eyes here and now, complete and finished, is a pity; and when it is there your heart is sick with hunger for the infinite it has lost when this finite was achieved. And let us remember that for the individual the joy of a true brotherhood is always within his reach. According to his faith and his endeavor it is always unto every man. The man who catches even a glimpse of what the brotherhood means tastes in that very moment the bliss of God's love and God's peace. And he who in the midst of all this weltering world of bitter hearts and shattered hopes, lifts a hand to free one slave or speaks a word to purify one darkened soul, or makes one real and costly gift to bless mankind, he must feel in the Holy Spirit of that hour his kinship with God the Father and Christ the Brother of us all.

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

By Murex.

The first article in the Apostle's Creed begins with this startling declaration. It implies that spiritual things must be apprehended by belief, not by knowledge. Probably most of us have been accustomed to believe in God from our childhood years. Our very coins bear the legend, now so much discussed, "In God we trust." In fact, we are so used to the idea of a supreme being that it is as real to us as the idea of our own existence.

And yet, when we stop to consider the matter, we find that the evidence of God's existence comes to us in the form of a belief, and not as a testimony of our senses. We may be just as positive that there is a God as we are that there are trees and flowers, moon and stars, pleasures and pains; but the proofs which support our confidence are seen to be very different when we compare them one with another.

Most of us also believe that it would be possible for God to demonstrate his existence by signs which would appeal to the senses, should he see fit to do so He might make the thunder speak words of huma language; he might cause the colors of the rainbow to take the form of letters, and spell out on the arch of the sky a convincing declaration of his existence. The fact that he does not thus proclaim his actual presence is no proof that there is no God. It is only the fool who has said that in his heart. But it does show that God chooses other means than the physical by which to reveal himself to his children. It exalts belief—belief founded upon reason, belief which is good for the health of the soul.

But the article of the creed does not stop with the simple declaration of belief in God. It describes his personality. He is "God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." The geologist, pondering over the stupendous operations shown in the rocks which form the crust of our planet, catches a faint suggestion of what that word "Maker" really means. The massive pile of Mount Shasta, the magnificent valley of Yosemite, the overpowering canyon of the Colorado,—these and objects like these, which have been thousands of years in the making, declare to us something about the mind which conceived them and the power which executed that conception.

Turning to the heavens, the astronomer is confronted with vastly greater works. Instead of a valley on the surface of a planet he sees whole planets themselves, some of them much larger than the one on which we dwell. He examines the sun, vastly greater than all the planets put together, struggling with a heat so terrible that were it puffed for a single hour upon the earth the mountains would all melt like wax, and the oceans would rise in clouds of scalding steam.

Moreover, far away in the depths of awful space, are myriads of suns and systems and constellations, so stupendous that the intellect is baffled when it tries to comprehend their vastness, and the oppressed heart can find relief in but one word—God.

The maker of all these marvels, both in heaven and on earth, is the one in whom we express our belief. To deny that they ever had a maker would be intellectual madness; to assert that we are able otherwise to explain their existence would be absolutely untrue. There is no escape, even if we should wish for it. We must believe; believe that they now exist; believe that an almighty power has been at work upon them for unnumbered ages; believe that that power is guided by infinite intelligence and wisdom. And so, realizing that these works were prepared for the use of feeble and needy children, we come back to that blessed word Father, and with deepest adoration cry out, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

A NEW YEAR'S ANSWER.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet—
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused. It answered low:
"God's Will to know."

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?" I cried;
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came: "Nay, this remember, too—
"God's will to do."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer softly fell:
"Yea, this one thing, all things above,
"God's will to love."

—Bertha Shaster.

THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

Plans in the Congregational Churches.

By H. M. Tenney.

At the annual meeting of the American Board in Cleveland last October, the right of way was given the Laymen's Movement in organizing the financial campaign this year, in all parts of the country. The initial conference in the interest of this plan was held in Chicago December 5th. While intended for representatives of the interior district, the secretary and laymen of the Pacific coast were invited, that they might get the impulse and transmit it to this newer region by the Western Sea.

Fisk hall was never honored by a more earnest or capable body of men, and the three sessions, presided over by Ex-Mayor D. Percy Jones of Minneapolis, were filled with inspiring addresses, notable discussions and practical planning for the great work at hand.

Secretary A. N. Hitchcock, fresh from his year's tour round the world, was invited to give his impressions of the "Opportunity" now thrust upon the people of our churches by the success of the Board.

A new sense of the wonderful readiness of the world for the gospel was born in many a hearer and a deeper obligation to meet the pathetic need of the people that walk in darkness, for the light rested upon our hearts as he finished his appeal.

Under the lead of the chairman, a very informing conference was then conducted, on methods of securing the contributions in the various churches. The consensus of opinion was that some method which secured definite pledges at the beginning of the year, to be distributed in accord with a system of percentages to each cause, was the most efficient.

President Capen in the afternoon session gave an impassioned address upon the needs, the character and the possibilities of the Laymen's Movement. He contrasted the women of the churches who are organized for study and contributions in the nation, the state and the local church; and the young people, who are organizing into volunteer bands under the missionary committees of the Y. P. S. C. E., and into Mission Study Classes, with the men who still are giving (if they give at all), under the impulse of the occasional contribution box, and who are making so little, if any, study of this greatest enterprise in the world, that the majority of them in the church would experience an exceedingly unpleasant half-hour if their wives should follow the injunction of the Apostle and "seek to learn of their husbands at home," about the missionary field and forces they were supposed to support. A pastor preached recently on foreign missions in a small church; the men sitting in the pews on one side were worth at least $75,000, and the offering was eleven cents!

The Laymen's Movement is an attempt by the laymen themselves to correct this lack of organization and of intelligent interest, and to bring this latent force in our churches into activity.

The plan contemplates inter-denominational cooperation. There is inspiration in the movement that is undertaken simultaneously in our sisterhood of churches. At Topeka, Kansas, under the leader of the National Secretary, Mr. J. Campbell White, the men present at an inter-denominational conference voted to increase their gifts from $12,000 to $25,000, and at St. Joseph's, Mo., from $12,000 to $50,000. From a recent conference at Toronto, Canada, the enthusiasm spread at once to the churches and quadrupled their gifts.

The plan proposes as a working basis in the Congregational churches the apportionment suggested by the National Council, of $2,000,000 as a total for our church benevolences this year. The denominational laymen are asked to organize in each district by the appointment of a special committee for the district, a local committee for each state, a key-man for each church, whose business shall be to organize the men of that church. Men's clubs are to be asked to consider this great theme of evangelizing the world, as appropriate for their consideration and action. The men at Chicago took steps at once to secure a mailing list of the men in our denominational churches in all the different states of that district, and the expense in some instances, of an office and mailing clerk were provided for on the spot by individual contributions. They proposed to let the men of the Interior know about the movement and to solicit their subscriptions to the simple pledge proposed. The pledge is as follows:

"Believing it to be the duty of the church of Christ to 'preach the gospel to every creature,' it is my purpose to pray, to give, to study and to work, as God may give me opportunity, that the church of this generation may obey this command."

Among the Churches.

Presbytery of Santa Barbara.—The pastor evangelist asked for by te Presbytery Santa Barbara has declined.—W. C. Scott, S. C.

Oakland.—A foreign missionary campaign will be inaugurated in Oakland Presbytery January the 15th and will continue for eleven days. The subject of missions will be presented in every church.

Livermore.—The Rev. J. B. Stone, who has had a successful pastorate at Livermore for six years, has been dismissed by Presbytery so as to accept a call from the church at Venturia.

San Jose.—The Second Church has called to the pastorate the Rev. George Irving Long of Cherokee, Iowa. Mr. Long is an alumnus of Park College and of Princeton Theological Seminary.

Oakland, Brooklyn.—At the last communion twelve were added to the membership. The money has been raised for painting the church building. This church, through its Endeavor Society, has held street meetings for two months past. They are well attended and will be continued while the weather permits.

Berkeley.—The George W. Lyons, D. D., died at his home in Berkeley on Wednesday, December the 18th, on his 59th birthday. Dr. Lyons' last pastorate was at Haywards, where he labored faithfully from 1894 to 1905, when failing heatlh compelled him to retire. His body was carried to its final resting place at Haywards, where he had greatly endeared himself to the people.

SEMINARY NOTES.

San Anselmo, Cal.

Rev. Arthur R. Willis, '06, was installed pastor of St. Paul's church, San Francisco on Thursday evening, the 19th. Dr. Wicher, the moderator of Presbytery, presided and propounded the constitutional questions. Dr. Landon preached the sermon. Prof. Paterson charged the pastor and Rev. W. J. Fisher, D. D., the moderator of Synod, charged the people. There was a very good congregation present and there are bright prospects of a happy and prosperous pastorate.

Rev. H. H. Pratt, '99, and his congregation, the Forbes Presbyterian Church of Portland, Ore., met with a severe loss on Tuesday, December 17th, through the destruction of their church building by fire. It was a new building, erected only two or three years ago. It cost about $10,000 and was admirably adapted to the work of its parish. Mr. Pratt and his people have been doing a splendid work.

Rev. Ng Poon Chew, '92, recently made a stirring address on "The Chinese View of Matrimony," if he is correctly reported by the public press. It was delivered before the Hillside Club of North Berkeley and is said to have been a scathing criticism of the American view of marriage. He thinks it suffers in comparison with the Chienese view, which he believes to be fairer to both parties.

Dr. Wicher is to preach in Calvary Church, San Francisco, next Sabbath, and declare the pulpit vacant The pastoral relation that has so long existed between Dr. Hemphill and that congregation was dissolved at a recent meeting of Presbytery, and the action of the congregation in electing him pastor emeritus was approved. Thus closes a notable pastorate. However Dr. Hemphill's labors do not cease. He will preach for his own people and be a kind of pastor-at-large on his own account. Dr. Hemphill is still a director of the Seminary, as he has been for many years.

Another daughter was born in Prof. Paterson's home on Friday evening last. He and Mrs. Paterson now have a lovely little family of one son and three daughters.

MINISTERS WANTED IN SAN JOAQUIN PRESBYTERY.

There are three fields vacant at present in this Presbytery needing good men. They are in the fast-filling orange section. One of these, may be two, will be self-supporting churches. Any ministers desiring to visit these fields please address Rev. George B. Greig, Merced, Cal.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC IN 1808 AND 1908.

In 1808 Thomas Jefferson, the great democrat, was closing his second term as president. The Aaron Burr fiasco was collapsing. Henry Clay was taking his initial steps in congress, Chief Justice Marshall was in the first period of his greatness as Chief Justice of the Supreme court. The real meaning of the federal constitution was interpreted by him to the world. To him we owe the forecast of the national government. To him we owe the prestige and power of the judicial system. No one since his day has excelled him in power of analysis and clearness of reasoning. He had the power to seize an abstract proposition and hold it as a concrete thing before the eyes of others until all its shades and colors became fixed and real. There was no subtlety he could not analyze. He could see clearly fundamental and ultimate principles and make others see them. Patrick Henry in a cloud of passionate feeling was opposed to the adoption of the federal constitution. But for the masterful power of Marshall he would have prevented Virginia from adopting the constitution. Daniel Webster did not appear in political problems until a few years later. He had just graduated from Dartmouth.

Jefferson was about to retire and like Roosevelt was much in earnest about his successor. It was understood that Mr. Jefferson had fixed his plans for Madison to succeed him. Monroe appeared on the scene but his political advisors retired him and Jefferson had his way. 1808 had its financial flurry. The embargo or non-importation act, as an act of retaliation against Great Britian, was as we see now very short-sighted. The commerce of 1808 suffered enormously. The exports fell from $110,000,000 to about $22,000,000. The American shipping interests were paralyzed. The ships were dismantled and New York resembled a city ravaged by pestilence. It was a retaliatory measure which like most such nonsense powerfully reacted. Merchandise of every kind lay rotting on the wharves and in the fields. The merchants and mechanics and wage-earners were driven to distraction. The belief that Jefferson had sold out to France and intended to strike at England was specially prevalent in New England and a civil war cloud larger than a man's hand could be clearly seen. Bankruptcy spread everywhere. Smuggling and dishonesty were the order of the day. The federal officers could do nothing but "wink at" what was going on.

It is scarcely necessary to add that this sort of small politics led to war and humiliation. Jefferson's admiration for French personal liberty and his implacable dislike for England separated him widely from such statesmen as Washington, Hamilton and Marshall. On account of this mad embargo policy, this retaliatory policy, 1808 was the most reactionary year in the history of the republic prior to the civil war. We think everybody knows how Jefferson's retaliatory policy was rewarded by the French men-of-war seizing over 500 American ships and driving American commerce from the sea. It was then that a new class of statesmen arose. Jefferson's small personal ideas were found inadequate. The friction of French concession and general hatred of Great Britain fatally twisted the American politician for a dozen years. The humiliation of the war of 1812 took that kink out of the leaders of the Republic of 100 years ago. Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun were young fellows, brilliant, vigorous and in for a fight. They had the fight. The chief glory of the contest was on the sea when America had been kicked and cuffed to finish. War of 1812 on land taught us to respect the Redcoats and taught the world to respect the American navy.

The United States treasury at the opening of 1808, and just prior to the financial flurry, had a surplus, strange to say, and a great canal scheme was proposed. There was to be a coast-wise system of canals crossing the Isthmus of Cape Cod, New Jersey, upper Delaware and extending to North Carolina. This was more formidable than the Panama Canal of today. There was no thought of railroads at that time. Stephenson's engine did not appear until 1814. There were only 23 miles of railroad in the United States in 1830. In 1808 it was determined to build some great national roads. The scheme was to

build a road from Maine through Georgia to New Orleans and from Washington to Detroit and on to St. Louis. Mr. Jefferson was so carried away with the idea that he recommended a constitutional amendment to enable the government to enter upon this expensive line of public improvements. When the surplus disappeared the scheme vanished. The canal system was not undertaken. That road system received a few small appropriations of money and a large bulk of Mr. Clay's eloquence. It was not finally abandoned until 1834 when it was given over to the states through which it passed. That was then. One hundred years is a short period in the life of a nation. The American Republic has made more progress in material things in the last twenty-five years than it made in all the previous one-hundred years of its history.

LORD KELVIN.

Sir William Thomson, one of the most noted physicists in the world, died recently. He has been one of the leading mathematicians and electrical engineers for the last fifty years. He represented the highest type of scientists. He combined the mathematical intuitional powers with the inventive faculty, and with the manipulative skill. Lord Kelvin as a philosopher has been on the conservative side. He has done much to promote sound philosophy. In 1857-58 he was the electrical engineer for the Atlantic cable, and since that time has been the consulting engineer for nearly all the great ocean cables.

THE BATTLESHIP FLEET.

The battleship fleet has started from Norfolk for the Pacific. There is some apprehension naturally as to the safety of the voyage. The coaling at sea is no small consideration. The danger in the straits is also considerable. The exact reason for moving the entire fleet to the Pacific is not stated. It may be set down with certainty that no warlike trouble is anticipated. The Pacific Ocean is henceforth to be the great arena of activity. Japan, China and Korea are waking up. The coming of the fleet will emphasize the importance of the Pacific Coast.

Korea has passed through a grave political crisis. The people feel that all worldly sources of strength have failed them as a nation and only God is left. While adjusting themselves to the new they need the comfort and consolation of our Christian faith. They feel the need of a newer and better manhood, and are turning to Christianity in order that they may find it. In connection with the troubles over the recent abdication of the former emperor, over 1,000 Koreans united with our churches in Seoul. One prominent eunuch from the palace who, with five others, joined our First Church, said: "Do not think this is a sudden thing with me. I have been contemplating it for some years. My life has been a wicked one and I want to save my soul." Our chief difficulty is the lack of support from home. We need men and we need equipment. Remove this difficulty and we will manage all others. There was a net gain during the Conference year,recently closed, of 21,000 conversions and there is in progress the most remarkable revival ever witnessed in Eastern Asia. The Koreans increased in self-support last year over 100 per cent, giving as much in the Conference year 1906-1907 as the Missionary Society appropriation to Korea in 1900. All lines of work have been indescribably successful.—The Rev. George Heber Jones, Methodist Episcopal Mission, Seoul, Korea.

According to the press dispatches Thomas Welton Stanford, brother of the late Leland Stanford, founder of Stanford University, intends to bequeath $250,000 to found eight annual scholarships at Stanford University for young Australians, who must pledge themselves to return to Australia and employ the knowledge thus gained in developing their native country. Thomas Stanford has lived in Australia for forty-seven years and wishes to link the two countries by an educational bond. America has learned several important lessons from Australia and it is not improbable that Australia may learn valuable lessons from America.

Some time ago we stated that the ordinance closing the saloons and theaters in Los Angeles was to be voted upon at the next election. We are advised that the saloons in Los Angeles have been closed on Sunday for some time and that they are closed every night from twelve o'clock to five next morning.

Mr. Bryce, according to published rumors, will return to England the first of the year and be succeeded by Ambassador Sir Henry Howard. Mr. Bryce is a favorite in America and his going away will be universally regretted.

New York has enjoyed a "blue" Sunday by closing all the places of amusements on that day. The whole nation would greatly profit if it should decide to strictly keep Sunday as a day of rest and religious education.

Chicago, according to the press dispatches, may hereafter "point with pride" to one square mile of her area as "dry." That is a good count for the Illinois State Local Option Law. The good work should go right on.

The Board of Supervisors of San Francisco have recently passed a resolution providing for the establishment of free markets in San Francisco. It is believed that this measure will effect a closer business relation between the producer and the consumer. The first of the free markets is to be located on West Mission street between Hermann street and Duboce avenue. In addition to this, plans are in readiness for a second free market to be constructed on state property located on the water-front at the gore formed by East, Pacific and Drumm streets.

According to the press reports Dr. R. A. Torrey closed recently one of the most remarkable evangelistic campaigns ever seen in Chicago. The meetings, which were held for the most part in a huge steam-heated tent erected at North Clark and Chestnut street, have attracted an average attendance of 8000 for Sundays and 3000 on other nights. Dr. Torrey has delivered 135 sermons to more than 275,000 listeners. About 3200 persons have professed conversion. Less than 1000 of these were women. The campaign was planned and financed by the Layman's Evangelistic Association, 250 members of which contributed $30,000. Of this amount $10,000 was expended for the tent and $11,000 for advertising. The association has made

plans for another campaign of a similar nature for next year. Dr. Torrey expects to open a campaign in Los Angeles in January. We hope the same profound results may be obtained.

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM AND INTERSTATE LAW.

An important bill has been introduced into the Senate respecting the shipping of liquors from one State into another. The bill provides that all intoxicating liquors transported into any State or territory or remaining therein shall, upon arrival within the State and before or after delivery to the consignee, be subject to the laws of such State, in the same manner as though such liquors had been produced in such State or territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced in original package or otherwise. This bill was introduced at the suggestion of Senator Tillman, but prepared and presented by Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. It seems to us that this bill is a perfect protection to the prohibition States. This is a hard blow to the liquor dealers, though it is eminently just to all. We hope the bill will pass both Houses of Congress and become a law.

The Home.

MY CHOICE FOR YOU.

Could I choose the way for you all through the coming year,
It wouldn't be all sunshine, but just enough to cheer.
You've marked the cloud-capt sunset when one small day was done,
Noted the brilliant beauty in each cloud one by one,
Seen how each held a glowing after the sun was set—
The picture revealed such splendor that we never can forget.
'Twas a far more glorious sunset than the bright, unclouded one
When sunk the sun from sight and then its light was done.

And the way I'd choose for you all through the coming year—
It wouldn't be all sunshine, but just enough to cheer.
I'd have some clouds to be tinted with that wondrous after-hue,
To brilliantly stand illumined against the soul's true blue.
And watching the old year twilight, ere breaketh the new year beams,
I'd have you see those troubles and all that disturbed your dreams
In the light of a powerful glowing—God's love; have you rest
In the knowledge inspiring—He knows; He sendeth the best.

—Katie F. M. Cleaves.

BENEFITS FORGOT.

Few of us escape moments in which we are suddenly brought face to face with perplexing conditions involving questions of gratitude. Our feelings are hurt by some friend for whom we have done much. We hurt the feelings of one who has done much for us. And almost invariably the first thought of the injured is: "What! And after all that I have done for them!"

We find it difficult to get away from the sense of what has "been done." And we are not altogether blameworthy in retaining some consciousness of it. For the spirit of gratitude is one without which no soul can arrive at perfection. More than that, a sure and certain way by which perfection may be attained is found in the cultivating it as a habit of the mind, beginning each day with a feeling of thankfulness for those.

And perhaps there is at work in our judgment of so-called ingratitude the instinctive, but misinterpreted consciousness that gratitude ought somehow to exist in every human being, its spirit be part of the very essence of man, since it is gratitude, rightly understood, which makes the true humility of all real greatness of character and accomplishment.

But for all that, I have sometimes thought that an individual is seldom in so much danger as when he or she, missing gratitude, begins to count the benefits bestowed.

When one begins to do that one has begun to retrograde, to hurt one's self, to blur the fine transparence of one's better motives, and to separate one's self and one's acts from the integral parts of one's nature, from the nobler, truer part where the diviner impulses lodge.

To sit down and say even to yourself in secret that the man or woman who has betrayed you, who has been unkind or inappreciative, is one whom you have materially helped; to go over in your own mind even the list of your benefactions is in reality not making your case against the delinquent stronger, but it is dishonoring the motives which controlled you in your action. You are setting up a standard by which to measure your desire to help. You are placing the values on your own acts which you wish to retain in the eyes of your friends. You are bringing everything down to a level of bartering for gifts.

If it is for gratitude that we work, we deserve the disappointment ingratitude brings. But none of us will admit that we work from any such desire. We excuse ourselves for the pain or the chagrin that we feel by saying, "I don't expect gratitude, and I do not want it, but I do like to see appreciation and politeness."

We who are offended against as often offend. We do it unthinkingly, and many times because we do not know how our benefactors estimate their acts, or what special value those who are gracious to us place upon their friendliness.

Spontaneous courtesies may be ours; another's courtesies may not be so spontaneous, and that person judges us as ungrateful for gifts or benefits the value of which, when we bestow them, we would altogether ignore. One person, for instance, counts hospitality as nothing out of the ordinary. Another measures it. One person, therefore, will expect no special gratitude for a dinner. Another, who overestimates its worth, or who has not the habit of hospitality, is pained at finding no special gratitude for one that has been given.

We measure another's responsiveness, therefore, by the estimate we ourselves have placed on our own acts. Egotism enters into this valuation, for we want to be rightly understood, to have our acts seen as we see them.

We who suffer, then, from ingratitude, have not given from a necessity of the soul, and because we acted as instruments of beneficence, messengers of good tidings. And yet this is the only way to act, the only way to give, if the pain of ingratitude is to be escaped.

Though we must cultivate the spirit of gratitude in ourselves, we must also nurture a spirit which in generosity looks for no gratitude in return, else we ourselves, and not another, degrade and misinterpret our own best impulses.—Harper's Bazar.

Young People.

How Bennie Applied the Golden Text.

The light of an early winter morning was struggling in through the windows of the Weaver farm house. Life there had not waited for the coming of the tardy sun, for the family were just sitting down to breakfast. There were only Mr. Weaver, Aunt Rachael who had been housekeeper since the death of the mistress, nine years before, and Joel Smith, the boy who was working for Mr. Weaver. Grace over the meal fairly under way, Joel said hesitatingly:

"Pa wanted me to ask you, Mr. Weaver, if you'd let him have six bushels of wheat for a grist and wait on him till he gits his pension, the first of March?"

"Is your father out of wheat?"

"Yes, he had to sell it when—"

"Had to sell it when he knew his family must have bread. And he raised nigh on to 200 bushels. No, I can't let him have it. It is not my way to encourage shiftlessness."

Joel's rough face flushed red. He bent over his plate without a word. The silence was broken after a little time by the opening of the door that stood ajar into the sleeping-room occupied by Mr. Weaver and his only child.

"Hello, Bennie," the father said, a smile lighting up his grim face. "What called you up so early?"

Bennie Weaver's parents had married ten years before his birth. The mother's life had gone out with the coming of the child. So there had been only the father and Aunt Rachel to care for Bennie. He was a bright-faced child, with frank, blue eyes and chestnut hair that curled in tiny rings around his open brow. "Just as Mary's used to," the father often thought with a sigh. In response to his father's question, Bennie replied gravely, hurrying to the sink to bathe his face:

"I heard you folks talking, and I thought of something you had forgot."

"That's the kind of a boy to have," the farmer said heartily. "What is it?"

"I'll tell you when I get to the table," Bennie replied, his face muffled in the folds of the big crash towel.

Aunt Rachel hastened to bring from the griddle a cake baked brown, as Bennie liked them. Mr. Weaver selected a bit of choice ham for his son's plate, and Joel pushed the syrup cup within reach of the little boy's hand.

"It's the golden text for next Sunday," the shrill, childish voice went on, while the bright eyes smiled thanks for each favor. "Now, papa, I just believe you didn't learn it last night, or else you've forgot it. You know Miss Handy says if we learn it the Sunday night before, we have the week to live it in."

Mr. Weaver nodded approval.

"Of course you learned it, my boy?"

"Yes. It's 'And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.' How do you suppose I knew you had forgot it, papa?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Mr. Weaver said reflectively, as he slipped a second cake on Bennie's plate.

"'Cause you thought we hadn't better lend Joel's father the wheat. That wouldn't be kind, papa, and we must live that golden text."

Bennie always said "we," even when talking to stern Aunt Rachel. And she, like the boy's father, never objected. Joel pushed back his plate and started to rise from the table.

"Don't go just yet, Joel. Papa, Mr. Smith had to sell his wheat to pay the bills for Mrs. Smith's sickness and death. Joel told me so. If it had been us, papa—though I don't remember when mamma died."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Weaver turned his head aside and Joel furtively wiped his eyes.

"How much wheat have you in the granary, papa?"

"Somewhere near three hundred bushels, Joel, you might as well stop this morning on your way to the saw mill and tell your father he can have the wheat. Do you think six bushels will be enough? 'Taint likely a young girl like your sister knows how to be real saving, though I'm sure the poor motherless thing does as well as she can."

"I guess it will be plenty. Mattie, she does fustrate. I—I'm much ob—"

"Never mind that." Mr. Weaver waved his hand. "It's all right."

Joel hurried out to his work, first giving Bennie a glance of almost adoration. This look was returned by one of frank comradeship as the child said to his father:

"How happy it makes me feel to be kind! Yes, Aunt Rachel, I would like another cake."

"Here's a nice hot one, child. And I put on this glass of plum jell for you."

"Why, Aunt Rachel, you didn't forget. We are living that golden text, all of us."

Late that afternoon Mr. Weaver heard the voices of Bennie and his schoolmates down the road. The farmer had just gone to the barn and stood in the doorway gazing at the western sky, where the sun was painting the clouds with red and golden lights.

"How much the little lad looks like his mother!" he said to himself. "But his ways are just like Mark's. He always took it for granted that you wanted to do the same thing he did. How fond I was of Mark when we were boys! All the brother I've got, and for three years not a word has passed between us. But I'll never forgive his trying to overreach me. Bennie is as fine a boy as there is in all the country," he went on, climbing the ladder that led up to the mow. "Perhaps Mary knows it now. That was her way, too, to live the Bible. How happy she would have been over that little thing I, we I mean, did this morning. Oh, I wonder if it made her happy! Sometimes I was thoughtless and—"

"Papa, papa," called Bennie from below.

"Yes, here I am;" and he descended to find Bennie and a strange child, a girl about the age of his son, below.

"Papa, this is Jennie Carter. She can't come to school any more 'cause her shoes are all worn out. Show 'em to him, Jennie."

Jennie, her face crimsoning, timidly put out her foot.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Weaver. "That's bad in all this snow," and notwithstanding his usual grimness, the father's heart beat quickly as he thought of his own child thus exposed to wet and cold.

"We are sorry enough to buy her a new pair, ain't

we, papa? That must be what the text means by being tender-hearted."

"I don't know. Run along, and I'll think about it."

"Think now, papa, please do," and Bennie's blue eyes looked coaxingly into his father's. "Let's give her the money to buy a new pair."

Now Mr. Weaver loved money, but he loved Bennie better, and the quivering of the child's lips settled the matter.

"Here, Jennie," and two silver dollars dropped into the child's hand.

"O papa, that's so nice for you—for us—to do! Come to the house, Jennie, and I'll give you some apples, and then you can go home."

The children ran off, and the farmer turned back to his work.

"I don't know, Hiram Weaver, but you are a little bit foolish," he muttered, but a little boy is all I've got, and Mary would have approved."

The next day was stormy. However, the snow had ceased falling when the sun went down. Aunt Rachel had promised to watch with a sick neighbor, so Joel was sent to take her to her destination. She gave Mr. Weaver explicit and rather crabbed directions about the fire and winding the clock, for she included the master of the house in her sweeping assertion that "men air uncertain, no dependin' on 'em."

"It's so nice for us to be alone, papa," Bennie said, drawing his chair close to the sitting-room stove. "I don't mean that I'm tired of Aunt Rachel and Joel. But you see, papa, us really means you and me; we are the family."

"I understand you, my boy." The usually gruff voice was as soft as Bennie's own. "Just you and me."

There was no sound in the room for a moment save the crackling of the fire. Then Bennie laid his hand on his father's knee.

"Now we are here so nice and cosy, papa, it would be a nice time for us to write to Uncle Mark."

"What! What did you say?"

"That we would write to Uncle Mark tonight. Write to him and tell him we forgive him."

"Bennie, you don't know;" Mr. Weaver spoke slowly. "Your uncle did me a great wrong."

"And I'm so glad we can forgive him. That's part of the golden text, and there was some more of the verse that Miss Handy read us 'bout forgiving as God had for Jesus' sake forgiven us. I'll get the pen and ink, papa."

Without another word, Hiram Weaver took his place at the table and wrote the letter, not granting forgiveness, but asking Mark to blot out from his remembrance the bitter words of his elder brother. "I ask it for Mary's sake, for my boy's sake, and for the sake of the Saviour, who died to bring forgiveness to us all," he wrote in conclusion.

Then for an hour Bennie sat upon his father's knee and listened to stories of the boyhood of the two brothers. When the clock struck nine the child went reluctantly to bed.

It was several ours later when Hiram Weaver stood at the bedside of his sleeping boy. Bennie was lying on his side, one hand under his rosy cheek, a smile parting his lips.

"God bless you, my boy," the strong man muttered brokenly. "Mary seems so near tonight. May her blessed influence and that of the Father above help me to live this golden text of Bennie's."—Hope Darling, in New York Observer.

TEMPLE BUILDING.

"Let Them Build Me a Sanctuary."

[The following hymn was composed by the Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pacific coast secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society. It can be sung to "Ortonville" or "Manoah." It was published first in the Church Building Quarterly.]

Come, let us build the House of God
  Where standeth none today,
That there the children of his love
  May meet to praise and pray.

A testimony it shall be
  Unto our gracious Lord;
A school of Christ where all may learn
  The precepts of his word.

In such a Zion oft 'twill be
  A man is born anew;
His fears dispelled, his hopes enlarged,
  And Heaven brought to view.

Within these courts both old and young
  May consecrate their all;
And each may inspiration gain
  To heed the Master's call.

Come, let us then our offerings bring,
  Our gifts both great and small;
Come, join with Christ, who man to save
  So gladly gave his all.

A CRAFTY OLD THIEF.

There's a crafty old thief, of nuisances chief,
  Who goes prowling around day by day.
She subsists on the hours which she slyly devours—
  Look out! for she's coming your way.

This crafty old thief may bring you to grief;
  She's robbing you more than you think.
If you say, "Wait a minute," she's sure to fit in it
  An hour, or more yet, in a wink.

Just say, "By and by that problem I'll try,"
  And she comes with her trap slyly set,
To grapple your hours, which by mites she devours,
  And not one word of thanks will you get.

When I hear a boy whine, "I haven't had time
  To do this hard lesson," I've found
That this crafty old thief, with her well-sharpened teeth
  Has always been prowling around.

What! Asking her name? Have you not guessed the same
  Ere this from the tale I have told?
This thief of low station is Procrasti-Nation,
  A sinner the universe old.

Marquis Ito, the resident general of Korea, always condemns the acts of violence on the part of the Japanese in Korea and commends the good conduct of the Koreans. He is not only a statesman, but a great-hearted brother. His selection to manage the affairs of Korea is fortunate for the Oriental world. His policy is broad as the moral base of mankind.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

How did the world come to have a Christmas? God gave it to us. It was his gift. The story is told in the New Testament. There is one great verse which tells us how it came: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Christmas thus began in the heart of God. The world did not ask for it, it was God's own thought. We love because he first loved us. All the love that warms and brightens this old earth was kindled from the one heavenly lamp which was lighted the first Christmas night. The Child that was born that first Christmas night was the Son of God. God so loved the world that he gave his Son.

Think what the problem of Christmas was. The mission of the Christ-Child was to change the sin and sorrow of earth into the holiness and the joy of heaven. Earth was very unlike heaven that night. It was a place of selfishness, of cruelty, of strife, of sin, of wrong, of oppression, of sorrow. Millions of men were slaves. There was depravity that reeked to heaven. Governments were tyrannous. Home meant but little. Here and there a few praying souls thought of God, and a few men and women lived pure and gentle lives. But the world was full of sin. Love—of course there was natural love. Mothers loved their children, friend loved friend. But the great multitudes knew nothing of love, as we now understand the word. Love, Christian love, was born that first Christmas night. Love of God, God's own love, a spark of God's life, came down from heaven to earth when Jesus was born. Christina Rossetti puts it thus:—

"Love came down at Christmas,
  Love all lovely, love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
  Star and angels gave the sign.

"Love shall be our token,
  Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
  Love for gift and plea and sign."

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows the work it takes,
  To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes
  Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
  Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
  Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
  Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
  Nobody—only mother.
Nobody knows of the lessons taught
  Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
  Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
  Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
  Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
  To thank the Heavenly Father

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Miss . Goitrox —George, dear, I'm afraid our wedding will have to be postponed.

Mr. Owings—Impossible darling . My creditors won't stand for it.—Chicago News.

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